

# SUN/DANCE



ISSUE 2-WHITE PANTHER INFORMATION SERVICE-25¢

INSIDE: STATEMENT BY THE MINISTER OF DEFENSE • MESSAGE TO WOODSTOCK NATION PART 2  
VOICE OF THE PANTHER • GEORGE JACKSON LETTER • PSYCHDELIC GENOCIDE • ROLAND YOUNG INTERVIEW



A product of Woodstock Nation

# SUNDANCE



Issue 2 - October 1970

WHITE PANTHER INFORMATION SERVICE 25c



## FREE ALL PRISONERS OF WAR!



Photo: Magdalene Sinclair

# STATEMENT BY THE MINISTER OF DEFENSE AND POLITICAL PRISONER, PUN PLAMONDON, TO THE PEOPLE IN THE YOUTH COLONY (WOOD- STOCK NATION) CONCERNING SELF-PURGE AND SELF-DISCIPLINE

August 12, 1970

I've waited till now to write this 'cause I wanted to get my jail legs before I tried anything like this. But I got my office set up now in my cell, with pictures of Eldridge & Kathleen, Huey, the two Weatherwomen who were just recently arraigned in Detroit, and a picture of my powerful other half Genie, all pasted on my wall. I'm listening to B.B. King on the radio right now, my hair and stash are getting longer and I just finished reading 10 Days That Shook the World by John Reed, a most killer book about the Russian Revolution, so I think I'm ready to get down.

I think we owe the people of the Youth Colony an explanation as to how and why we got busted and what we learned by being underground and what mistakes we made that led to us getting captured.

So to begin. For obvious reasons I can't say where we were going or where we had been. It's enough to say that we were in Northern Michigan, heading north. It was hotter than hell, we stopped and got six beers. I had to piss, so we stopped on an exit of the expressway. We were in a hurry so we didn't go to a gas station, though there was one about 100 yards from where we stopped. I took a piss and one of my companions threw out three beer cans, and I threw out one. Well, the cat who worked in the gas station was a righteous ecology freak and he watched us throw the cans. He gets righteously indignant and starts hollerin' 'bout "God damn litter bugs!" Well, I got back out and picked up only two of the cans and held them over my head to try to cool the cat out and off we went. Sure 'nuf just as we were going past the station, back to the freeway, a state pig was pulling into the station. On we went and within a minute we were pulled over. The state cop told us we could either go back and pick up the other two cans or we could go to jail! Needless to say we followed the cop back to pick up the cans, but by the time we got there the ecology cat picked up all the shit. So the pig does his little number 'bout checking the ID of the driver and the registration. He gives us this lecture 'bout being knee deep in beer cans and the driver. he's out there, "yessir, no sir, thank you, sir, sure 'nuf, won't happen again, sir", and the cop cuts us loose! Whew!

Two hours later we were in the Upper Peninsula cruisin'. We passed an intersection and there was a sheriff's car there. The deputy's mouth dropped about a foot as we went by and right out behind us he comes, light and siren going. We pulled over, the driver and myself were in the front seat and another brother was in the back, asleep. The driver jumped out and went back to the cop car immediately. When all this was going down I had forgotten completely about the beer can caper of a few hours before, so I kind of thought it was just a typical hippy hassle, you dig? I looked in the rear view mirror and saw that the pig had a service revolver against the brother's forehead! I woke up the

brother in the back and told him some shit was coming down. About this time, another pig car comes wheelin' up like Broderick Crawford. He starts talkin' on his outside speaker 'bout, "come out of that truck real slow with your hands up or we'll blow this man's head off!"

The rest is just madness. Super paranoid pigs with M-1's and shotguns, shakin', scared shitless, oinkin' 'bout "hands up, hands up! Lean against the car, feet spread!" They pat us down, "Alright, hands behind your back, hands behind your back!" Click, click, handcuffs. We were jammed tight!

Now the reason for trying to deal with this is so sisters and brothers can learn from our mistakes, if people can see where we went wrong then they can avoid these mistakes when they have to go underground. If we don't learn from these mistakes then this is truly a setback, but if we can learn from this shit then these mistakes will serve as a platform from which we can launch the struggle anew.

These mistakes can be the groundwork for the winning of a people's victory, a victory in the court battle between the forces of reaction, the CIA, and the forces of revolution, the White Panther Party. From a small step backward we can make a new thrust forward.

Let's look at the objective reason as to why we were captured. First of all, and this should be clearly understood, the FBI had no informer, no leads, no information as to where I was. From all the info we could gather after the state cop stopped us for the beer can fiasco he radioed to Ann Arbor to check out the ID of the driver. The Ann Arbor pigs said that the description of the driver fit me -6 foot, 165 pounds, long hair and beard. (Honkies relate to freaks the same way they relate to Blacks, we all look alike.) So with one radio call all the forces of the state were mobilized in this given area. Now, there certainly is a lesson to be learned here. The man has got his communications together, he's got his self organized, he's got his discipline together, and on top of that he's got his mobility and firepower tight. Now to carry this lesson one step further, if we hope to deal with the shit we're going to have to deal with, then we've got to get our organization, our discipline and our communications together. I left out mobility and firepower because that has to do with tactics and our tactics depend on strategy and strategy depends on what stage the struggle is in, so you can see we can't go into this shit lightly.

Let me run down some of the more obvious stupid assed, dumb motherfucking reasons we were busted. First, the killer understatement of all time, we shouldn't have thrown out the beer cans. Second, we shouldn't have been drinking beer. I shouldn't have been with two well-known Party members. I should only have traveled at night. I should have been in disguise and I should have pissed in a gas station. These things



I just mentioned are the immediate reasons why we were popped, but they are not the primary cause. The primary cause was bourgeois individualism, and that was manifested in the lack of revolutionary discipline.

We have to ask ourselves where does this individualism come from, how do we fight it? It comes from livin' for 15 or 20 or 25 years in the asshole of the great white octopus. It comes from livin' in a class society and from being raised in a bourgeois class. It comes from thinking of ourselves first and the masses of people second. We've been taught that Babylon was founded on the code of individual freedom. "Fuck you and hooray for me!" is the way we used to say it in Traverse City.

We have long since made up our minds to be revolutionary. To do this we must move our feet over to the side of the most oppressed people, we must work constantly in the interests of the masses of people. It is easy to do a little bit of good, what is hard is to work day after day with no thought of our personal selves but out of undying love for the people, this is the most difficult.

There are tools that we can use to hack away this dead meat, this poison of individualism. We must first stand up, strip ourselves naked and understand what motivates us. We must understand that we have been fucked over in this land of Babylon. We've been bombarded with bullshit images and taught wierd perverted roles to play. To purge ourselves of this sickness is a lifelong task, to cleanse ourselves of racism, chauvinism, macho and pig consciousness is our first task in our revolutionary development. Until we recognize this bile that is in us we all will be less than revolutionary, less than human.

The revolutionary collective should be the order of the day, at all levels of organization and all areas of work. Through the collective we learn righteous democracy, righteous discipline. We learn to think in terms of what is good for the collective, not what is good for the individual. We learn to submit to the will of the majority, and the will of the people. Criticism, self-criticism is a weapon that rids the collective of individualistic thinking and incorrect ideology, it strengthens and tempers the collective, making it strong enough to withstand all assaults of the enemy.

The studying of revolutionary history, true peoples history is another tool what combats individualism and fills us with revolutionary fervor, teaches us what may be expected of us, from the trials and privations other people were subject to on their road to liberation. Peoples history is an unlimited source of inspiration and energy and is the foundation for building our ideology which we must have if we ever hope to organize and educate the people into one force and one spirit to crush all vampires, racist pigs and to mash, and destroy once and for all

the most hideous monster that has ever been known to man: U.S. imperialism.

In closing, I'd like to try to get into one more thing. Macho. This is the most difficult part for me, it's the part I understand the least. But it is the part that can, and has, fucked us up the most. Macho, that image dudes have of themselves, the bullshit that makes up the "ideal man." Maybe I can try to run it down better by giving an example.

While I was underground I sent back to our National Headquarters articles, tapes, etc. I was always playing the role of the bad ass, swashbuckling outlaw. I never mentioned the times I felt most alone. I never mentioned the paranoid I felt when smoking dope with people I didn't know, but had to trust. I never mentioned the all-too-infrequent visits with my other half and how I would cry knowing that she would have to leave in a few short hours or days. I wasn't honest with myself or with the people. There was an image I tried to fulfill. Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Zapata, Che, whoever and however I thought a revolutionary should act. Posters, articles, poems, shit in the underground and above-ground papers all helped add to the dream. I think it's not unlike the same image many of us have about the revolution, street fighting, marching through the mountains, getting wounded, all these wierd Hollywood images. Of course, the problem with this is that we have our mind made up about reality and then when reality don't jive with our dream, we're fucked, you dig?

The time has come for us to get both of our, all of our, feet on the ground, look straight ahead, learn self-reliance, self-determination, self-defense, self-discipline, and serve the people.

Goin underground is damne d hard, it's not much fun, you don't get to listen to music like you usually do, you don't get to fuck like you usually do, you don't get to eat like you usually do, hang out, dress, grow your hair. It's a big change, but it's gotta be done, and done by more and more people. It can be done and done indefinitely if we keep our assholes tight and our shit together. When the time comes, **SEIZE IT.**

**ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!**

**FREE CHAIRMAN JOHN AND CHAIRMAN BOBBY!  
FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS AND PRISONERS OF  
WAR!**

**Pun Plamondon,  
Minister of Defense  
White Panther Party**



JOHN SINCLAIR, Chairman



PI N PLAMONDON, Minister of Defense



SKIP FAUBE, Minister of the Interior



JACK FORREST, Deputy Minister of Education



## The FBI-CIA conspiracy to eliminate the righteous leadership of the youth masses will surely be exposed and end with the total defeat of these running dog lackies of the imperialist war-monger Death Cult!

On October 7, 1969, the fascist feds of the U.S. government handed down three indictments against three leading members of the White Panther Party. Chairman John Sinclair and Deputy Minister of Education of the Detroit Branch Jack Forrest were charged with conspiring with Minister of Defense Pun Plamondon to blow up the secret offices of the Central Intelligence Agency in Ann Arbor. Pun was charged with the actual bombing. Also named as a co-conspirator but not co-defendant was pig agent David Valler, a crazed lunatic who is now serving concurrent sentences for possession of marijuana and the self-admitted bombings of buildings and police cars in Detroit and Ann Arbor.

Pun was underground for eight months, three of them on the FBI's 10-most-wanted-list, before his capture July 23 in Michigan's Upper Peninsula along with Minister of the Interior Skip Taube and Jack Forrest. Skip and Jack are now in jail awaiting trial on federal charges of harboring and concealing a fugitive, and accessory after the fact. Their bonds are \$30,500 each.

The White Panther Party intends to

prove its innocence in this conspiracy by the government, aided by people's lawyers Bill Kunstler, Lenny Weinglass, and Buck Davis. The government has conspired with David Valler to smear the Party leadership and the Party itself. We are welcoming this opportunity to expose the government and its lying agents. We are sure that the people will further prosecute the CIA and the other government agencies after they find out how vile they are and what the extent of their crimes against oppressed peoples all over the world is.

We feel that David Valler should at least have the courage of his original convictions and claim this bombing as he claimed all the other bombings he carried out against reactionary targets, instead of conspiring with the government to put his actions on us. We also feel that bombing these places must not be too serious a crime, since Valler pled guilty and received only a two to five year sentence, while his admitted associates got only House of Correction time and-or probation.

And the maximum sentence for this conspiracy ruse for John Sinclair—five years—is only half of what he's already

received from the state of Michigan for possessing two marijuana cigarets. Likewise, in Pun's case, the fact that he is being held on \$100,000 bond on the bombing charge which carries only a ten-year maximum (the same John received for the two joints) while he has a \$4000 bond (reduced from \$20,000) on a state charge of giving away one butt-end of a marijuana cigaret—which carries a 20-to-life sentence—clearly the conspiratorial and political nature of federal charges concocted by the government. Their insidious plans will backfire!!

A lot of money is going to be necessary to conduct the proper political trial against the CIA agents and its puppets in the U.S. government. All contributions are welcome. Send money to WHITE PANTHER PARTY DEFENSE FUND, 1520 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.

**ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!  
FREE ALL PRISONERS OF WAR!**

Ministry of Information,  
White Panther Party

*Pun Plamondon, Skip Taube, and Jack Forrest are being held for a total of \$161,000 ransom. John Sinclair is simply being held. Money is needed to defend the brothers in court, so these can prove their innocence and return to the communities that need their energies. Send what you can to the White Panther Defense Fund, 1520 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104. No one is FREE until we are all FREE!*



# MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE

## John



O.K. We are engaged in a war for national liberation, for the liberation of the people of the youth colony, and what we must do is place this war in a political context, so there will be no mistaking what we are doing. So far we have accepted the established authority's definition of our struggle, that we are just "protesting" against their actions, that we are merely "student rebels" who are "led" by a "handful of radicals," that we just want to "tear down the country" and have "nothing to replace it with." These are the popular myths about us, about our movement, myths which are deliberately designed and broadcast to the broad masses of the people to turn them against us, and to keep them in the dark about what we are and what we want. And naturally the people believe these myths, mainly because we haven't been able to make the realities of our movement known to them. They believe these lies and slanders and are kept turned against us. And the only way we can turn them back around and win them over to our cause, which is THEIR cause finally--WE are their real friends, the pig is their real enemy, and not vice versa as the mass media put it--is by defining the situation in our own terms, setting the record straight, and going forth to educate and communicate with the masses of the people in our own terms, telling them the truth about the youth Nation and how we want to free all the people.

We have to turn the tables on the established order, we have to reject their definitions altogether, and we have to advance our own definitions based on the realities of our situation. We have to define ourselves as the POSITIVE thing we are, and we have to destroy the negative definitions of us advanced by the established order. We are a people, not a bunch of "antiestablishment protesters," and we have to make that clear. We are a people fighting a struggle for national liberation, that is what we have to make clear to the people. And in order to have a national liberation struggle, we must have a Nation. And we ARE a Nation, that much must be clear to all of us. We are a Nation, and we must make that fact known to all the people of the world. We are a Nation, and we must name ourselves and establish our national government, and build our national culture and our national social order, with our own political, economic and cultural institutions so we can take care of the needs of all our people. We have to stop milling around and stumbling around and pleading and begging with the people in power to give us what we need in order to survive and grow as a Nation, and we have to start striking out ON OUR OWN to answer the needs of our people. We are a Nation, but we are an underdeveloped Nation, a new young nation which has not yet developed the machinery which will enable us to serve the needs of our people, and we have to build that machinery and start it in motion right now, so we can grow to our rightful stature. Because if we don't start thinking about our survival, if we don't start building a whole alternative social order which will provide for our needs as a people, then we simply will not survive as a people. We will not survive, and that would really be stupid, because we CAN get all this together right now--as soon as we DO IT! But we have to do it, and we have to do it ourselves, and we have to relate to the things that will enable us to do it.

First, we have to name ourselves. Now the name that has been proposed and advanced in the last year has been -- WOODSTOCK NATION. Woodstock Nation. That is the name that has come forward, out of our collective national consciousness. And it seems to me that the name is right on, because it is rooted deep in our national experience.

Now our national history is not long, we are a New people, and there is nothing wrong with that--all peoples, all cultures, all Nations have to start somewhere. Our mother country, the United States of Amerika, was an unnamed colony only two hundred years ago. Only two hundred years ago the Amerikan colonials were getting ready to declare their independence from THEIR mother country, they were defending themselves against massacres and brutal attacks by the mother country troops, they were protesting against colonization and taxation without representation and ignorance and greed on the part of the mother country government. That was just two hundred years ago, which is only a blink in the eye of eternity. It was new then, and we are new now. The People's Republic of China was born only twenty years ago. The Revolutionary government in Cuba was born eleven years ago. So it's never too soon to start, every nation is new when it starts, what is important is that the new Nations are born and go forth among the powers of the earth to claim their proper station.

We are a new Nation, taking our place among the powers of the earth, and it is fitting that we name ourselves according to our national development, with a name that is rooted in our national cultural experience. Woodstock Nation, as we all must know, comes out of the Woodstock Music and Art Fair of 1969, August 1969. Our national culture goes back father than that, it was born really in the middle of the last decade, I mean the 1950's, but it became apparent to all of us--and to the masses of the people in the mother country--that WE ARE A PEOPLE when 500,000 of us, or a million of us, a lot of us anyway, all gathered in New York State last August to celebrate our existence and the existence of our national culture. Woodstock was the culmination of years of growth for our culture, and our culture surfaced for all to see once and for all at Woodstock last year. Hundreds of thousands of our people gathered there to be together and to share our common cultural experience--and our food and sacraments, whatever we had--with each other. I'm sorry to have to say that I wasn't there--the established authority had me locked up in this penitentiary a month before the Festival-- but I know what happened there, I know what went down, because the same thing has been going down on a smaller scale in other places on this continent for some years, and I've spent a lot of time at gatherings and celebrations like Woodstock. Where I come from, which is Ann Arbor and which is Detroit before that, one of the major centers of our national culture, we have been gathering and sharing like that for some time. And we will go on like that--Woodstock was a culmination, but it was a beginning too, the beginning of a widespread awareness of our size and strength and togetherness. A lot of us started to discover who we were and what we were doing and why when Woodstock happened to our people, and it only fitting, as I have tried to say, it is only fitting that the name of Woodstock be used to identify our Nation.

Woodstock has deeper roots too, in our culture. Bob Dylan lived in the town of Woodstock when he was at the height of his creative powers. And we can't forget how important Bob Dylan and his music were to our culture and its growth. Bob Dylan was the first brother, the first artist of our culture to reach the masses of the people in Amerika with the news of our culture, which was much smaller and much less highly developed then, but which did exist and which was unknown to the people before Bob Dylan jumped out there with Subterranean Homesick Blues. We heard that on the radio and knew that something else was

# OF WOODSTOCK NATION (2)

## Sinclair

happening, that a whole new thing was coming down, and it was truly beautiful to hear it and feel it. So we have to relate to that, even if Bob Dylan isn't as much a part of us now as he was for some time, we still have to relate to our progenitors and cultural heroes, we can't forget them and the role they played in our history. And Bob Dylan, who was so important to our growth, Bob Dylan was quite closely identified with the name Woodstock before the Festival went down last year, and a lot of us knew the name Woodstock and identified with it because of that.

Woodstock, the name, also suggests to me at least, Woodstock also suggests the native American culture which existed and flourished on this continent long before our own European ancestors arrived here to 'discover' America and name it for themselves and rip off the land and its riches from the people who lived here in peace. New York State, where the town of Woodstock is located, was the center of the Iroquois Nation before the white man came to destroy it with his death drug-alcohol-and his greedhead ways and his notions of "private property" and "private ownership" and "free enterprise." And if you will investigate the Iroquois Nation which lived and flourished in New York State, even before the name "Woodstock" came to be, you will see that the Iroquois culture was very similar in its experiences and manifestations to the new post-industrial, post-scarcity, post-Western culture we have been developing on this same continent now. That culture had similar values and similar intentions to our own culture- especially the Seneca culture, which was rooted in communalism, peace, justice, equality, and harmony-a beautiful majestic people, the Seneca were, a member nation of the Iroquois Confederation, the Six Nations, before the white man came to destroy them and their culture. We have to check out the native American peoples thoroughly, because we are the ghosts of those peoples, we are the ghosts of the native tribes of America returned to claim the land and its bounty in the name of the people.

"Long ago the Ancient Ones told us that this would be.  
The White man would kill the spirit of the people, and take it to a far place, but after awhile it would come back again, it would be born again.  
In time a new spirit would come into the world and we should look for it.  
Like the raindrops gathering in the clouds of springtime  
so would the spirit come to a thirsty land and a dying people.  
**LET IT GROW! LET IT GROW!**  
This light you must find.  
When you seek for your vision on the mountaintop  
you will be told how to find it.  
For it will be something so big and so wonderful  
that in it all peoples of the world can find shelter  
and in that day all the little circles  
will come under the big circle of understanding and unity.  
The rainbow is a sign of that which is in all things.  
It is a sign of the union of all the peoples  
like one big family.  
**SEEK THE VISION. BECOME A WARRIOR OF THE RAINBOW!**  
**LET IT GROW! LET IT GROW!**

Right on. We are that spirit reborn, and it is only fitting that we should call ourselves the Woodstock Nation. We wear the colors of the rainbow, we are dedicated to the union of all the peoples like one big family. There can be no misunderstanding that. Woodstock last year made that apparent not only to us but to the masses of the people in the mother country, and our name Woodstock Nation reiterates that

image every time it is heard. That's why I relate to it, and that's why all the people I know have been able to relate to it, because it brings to mind immediately the image of hundreds of thousands of young people united in a high-energy, peaceful, harmonious expression of youth culture, hundreds of thousands of people sharing their music and art, their food and sacraments, their bodies and spirits even in the face of overwhelming physical difficulties. Woodstock stands as the apotheosis of our culture, and it is a symbol of the turning point in our National history.

So I think all of us can relate to the name Woodstock Nation as the name for our new sovereign state. And that is our first task, to establish a name for ourselves. Once we have a name for our Nation, once we have formalized our National existence by naming it-for the lives of all people begin with their births, and then they are named, and then they go forth into the world-once we have named our Nation we can start our National life in earnest.

But naming ourselves is only the very first step. Once we have a name for our Nation we have to go forward and build the National institutions which will enable us to achieve self-determination for our people and our Nation. And in order to build the alternative social order which will enable us to serve the needs of our people, we have to establish a National government, so we can move in an organized and effective manner to determine our own political and economic destiny, the destiny of our Nation. A Nation is more than just its people, it is more than just its culture-although it is based on these two foundations, which are one solid foundation really-a Nation is also the machinery by means of which the people can take care of their own needs, it is also the institutions created by the people which enable them to govern themselves, provide for their needs and their security, and insure the existence and growth of the Nation and its people. So we have to relate to that, we have to relate to a National government, but only a government which is created by the people and which is created by the people out of their own people's culture to take care of the people. Now my own vision, which I want to share with you here, my own vision is that we create a system of National government based on the native American form, with **TRIBAL COUNCILS** at every political level of our Nation, tribal councils which will be made up of representatives from all the various families or clans or sub-groups of our people. These tribal councils will operate at the local level, and the National level, and the international level, and they will represent the collective consciousness of the people of the Woodstock Nation. This form of self-government was practiced successfully by the Seneca people-and the Iroquois Confederacy and probably by other native tribes also-until the white man appeared on the set with his divisive, destructive ways and his death drugs and technology, which he used to mutilate and disrupt and destroy the native peoples and their beautiful cultures. This system of government was developed by the Seneca people and was used very successfully by them, and I feel that we can adapt this simple form of government to our own situations, to the conditions of our new Nation, to help us get ourselves together and serve the needs of our people. Let's check it out.

"The political organization of the Iroquois--the system by which decisions were made about problems affecting village, tribe, or confederacy--had three

Continued on page 8



Photos by Magdalene Sinclair



# sinclair

levels. The town or village itself decided local issues...There was a village chiefs' council, numbering up to twenty men, formally organized with a chairman and one or more representatives for each clan (family unit). These chiefs were influential men and women, who might be League sachems (chiefs), war-captains, warriors, or simply old men (and women) who were looked up to and consulted. The council generally met in the presence of the warriors and the women, and rarely diverged in its decisions from the popular consensus, or at least the majority view. This council met in the village's ceremonial longhouse, which usually was merely a large dwelling.

"The tribes, or nations, have only an uncertain coherence in political matters, and readily split into factions, which might even remove geographically from one another and become permanent subdivisions...The Seneca national council met only occasionally, in the great council house at Canada or at another of the nation's towns-as circumstances at the time might dictate. The membership of these tribal councils seems to have been simply the sum of all the chiefs of the village councils. Thus the Seneca tribal council might include as many as a hundred chiefs, and the membership changed as the composition of the village councils changed. The chairman, or speaker, of this council was elected by the council itself. The tribal council debated major issues of external policy such as war and peace, and sale of land; its recommendations, however, were contingent upon the willingness of the individual villages to carry them out, and in matters where agreement in the council was difficult, or an agreed-upon decision was expected to be unpopular, the whole nation might be presented with the problem at a mass meeting where anyone had the right to speak. The chiefs then waited for a consensus. Some of these tribal (i.e., village) chiefs and council speakers were chosen as perennial liaison men for dealings between colonial officials...and their village, factional, tribal, or even Six Nations constituencies. They were in this role sometimes referred to as 'chiefs to do business,' and most of the practical work of administration of policy and formulation and communication of issues was handled by these men rather than by the councils themselves. They were often better known to the whites than the hereditary, or sachem, chiefs. Still, the tribe was essentially not a political organization but a group of villages that spoke the same language.

"The only indigenous political structure that effectively coordinated communication and decision at a level above the individual village was the confederacy itself. In the Great Council of the Confederacy at Onondage, voting representatives of each of the five original nations, together with non-voting delegates from affiliated tribes like the Tuscarora, met annually in autumn, and at other times if called together by a member nation, to discuss crucial issues affecting the welfare of all the tribes: major wars and peacemakings and alliances; the sale of confederate territory; policy in matters of trade, religion, and relations with the whites; internal disputes that might threaten peace and good order...The League also depended heavily upon 'chiefs to do business' in the periods between meetings of its council.

"Of the forty-nine sachems who sat around the great council fire at Onondage, eight were Seneca.... Although the tribes were unequal in numbers, no tribe had a greater voice in decision than any other, because the representatives of each tribe voted as a unit and decisions had to be unanimous...The Great League itself was in philosophy and in practice an inward-looking, harmony-maintaining body...The Iroquois conceived the normal and desirable way of life to be a peaceful, quiet one and bent much energy toward the maintenance of peace among themselves and their near neighbors...We bind ourselves together,' had said the mythological founder, Dekanawidah, 'by taking hold of each other's hands so firmly and forming a circle so strong that if a tree should fall upon it, it could not shake or break it,

so that our peace and our grandchildren shall remain in the circle of security, peace, and happiness.'

"...The minimum purpose of the League was to maintain unity, strength, and good will among the Five Nations, so as to make them invulnerable to attack from without and to division from within. The native philosophers who rationalized the League in later years conceived also a maximum purpose: the conversion of all mankind, so that peace and happiness should be the lot of the peoples of the whole earth, and all nations should abide by the same law and be members of the same confederacy."

All of that above is taken from a book called *The Death and Rebirth of the Seneca*, by Anthony F.C. Wallace, and I hope you didn't get turned off by that long quote-but our knowledge of native American history has been perverted or kept from us completely by the descendants of the people who ripped off the whole country from the natives in the first place, slaughtered the people unmercifully, and all but obliterated the beautiful native culture which enabled the people on this continent to live in peace with each other before the white man came. So that the above is the way the Seneca Iroquois Nation was organized politically-- and we can't let ourselves be turned off to the word "political," because all politics means is, as Huey says, "Politics are merely the desire of individuals and groups to satisfy first, their basic needs-- food, shelter, and clothing, and security for themselves and their loved ones." That's what politics is, not just a bunch of crooks slipping and sliding around in Washington and the state capitals, wheeling dealing and stealing with the people's trust--politics is really any

self-defense programs, crafts and retailers unions, people's cultural centers, information outlets, student unions to serve the needs of the people of the Nation who are in the schools and colleges and universities of the mother country--and they can go even further by figuring out ways to set up their own cultural and technological centers, which would be available to all the people of the "village" on a totally cooperative basis. These would include people's ballrooms and performing centers, theaters, recording studios, film laboratories, people's credit unions and banks, etc. We can do all of this stuff, we can certainly do it, but we have to band together and create people's institutions so we can determine our own destinies. Nobody but us--our own people--is going to take care of our problems for us, and we aren't going to get them solved by sitting around complaining or wondering why things are so messed up. The people in each local area have to come together in organized political bodies--tribal councils--and other people's organizations so they can bring, so WE can bring self-determination to the Nation everywhere our people live.

Now the next level we have to organize at is the National level, and the machinery here is the National Tribal Council. The Woodstock National Council, like the Seneca national council, would be made up of the sum of the chiefs or council members of the local tribal councils. This National Council could meet once a year formally, or whenever else the people felt it would be necessary to bring it together--whenever major problems arise that affect the Nation as a whole. Decisions made in the Nation Council meetings would be broadcast throughout the Nation, and the local

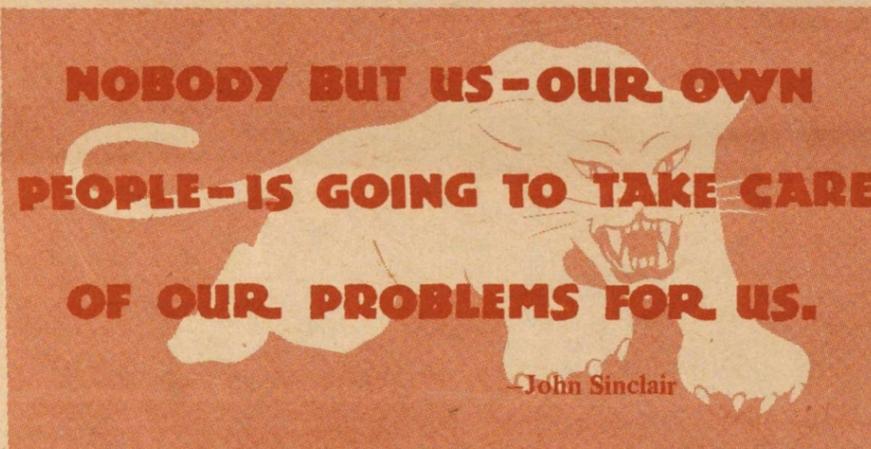
problems--everything we create has to be for all of our people, and everything has to be designed so that it can be used by all of our people to attempt to help them take care of their needs and problems. And this can be done by all of us being aware right from the formal beginning of our Nation that our government and institutions must exist only to serve the people-- all the people, all the time. And those of us who don't relate to the government or to people's institutions will just have to reject them, but those people should also remember to reject the benefits and the services of the people's government and the people's institutions when the rest of us get it all together. You can't be an anti-institutionalist or anarchist and still accept the benefits and services created and performed by institutions, and they will remember who opposed the creation of people's institutions, and those who piss and moan and put the institutions down now are not going to be expected to come running to take part in the national life that is generated by these institutions once they are working properly. Dig THAT, because if we are going to have people's institutions and a people's government then they are going to have the support of all the people who will possibly take part in the benefits created by these things which will be built up by the people themselves acting in their own (our own) best interests.

OK, that much should be clear about the National Council and its possibilities and potentialities. The National Council will provide a framework through which the people can come together formally and talk about their problems and needs and how they can be taken care of. All the various energies and resources of the Nation, all the people of the Nation who have something to offer their brothers and sisters can come together in National Council meetings and work out programs and plans to serve the people and build self-determination for Woodstock Nation. We should call the first National Council meeting sometime this summer, so we can all get together and talk about all of this and decide where and how we can start building the Nation and its formal institutions. Then those of us who relate to the whole form of government proposed here--if enough people do relate to it--can go back to our "villages" and neighborhoods and communes and schools and start putting these ideas into action. But a National Council would be the best thing to start with, as far as I can see, and we will probably be announcing a date for that very soon, and a place to meet, so we can all get together and work these things out for ourselves.

The first National Council should ideally be in the form of a three- or five-day National Pow-Wow, a Gathering of the Tribes of Woodstock Nation, someplace where we can all get together and celebrate our union and our culture together. People are working on finding a place to meet now, and the Nation's bands are being contacted, and other workers, organizers, artists, poets, designers, all people who could work on this beautiful meeting, and if all goes well, we will really be able to do it right. Village and local chiefs and tribal representatives will all come with plans and ideas and programs out of their people's consciousness, and will come to share these things with everybody else so we can see what our possibilities are, what alternatives are open to us, just what exactly we can do with what we've got as a people. Everyone who relates to the Nation will come forward to register himself or herself as a citizen of the Nation, and the records can be compiled and sorted out and people who are in the same area can be put in touch with each other after the Council meeting is over, so they can start to work together in their local areas to get the Nation together.

Another thing that could happen as a result of a National Council meeting would be to get all the public workers--bands, artists, performers, newspaper collectives, theatre groups, anyone who works in the public media--to start identifying themselves and their work as part of the Woodstock Nation. The National symbol, whatever is agreed upon by the people, could then be displayed on all record albums, newspapers, books, store windows, cars, buildings, communes,

Continued on page 16



action any people take to secure for themselves the essential needs of the people. So what I want to do next is take the political framework the Seneca used to govern themselves and provide for their needs, and translate it into our own terms so we in the Woodstock Nation can make use of the principles involved. Because in order to get what we want and what we need for our selves and our Nation, our people, we have to move in a political manner and we have to set up and devise ways and means for taking care of business on all levels.

So first, we can relate to the VILLAGE COUNCILS. Each town or city or place where people of our Nation gather and live should form a tribal council to deal with the problems and needs of the people in that area. Within the cities of the west individual neighborhoods or school districts could make up separate "villages" each with its own council. Each family unit or clan grouping--bands, newspaper collectives, communes, frecks in the same neighborhood or school, all sub-groups of free people--should be represented on the local council, and the meetings should be held regularly and attended by all the people of the "village" unit. At these meetings the people can decide how best to provide for their welfare, security and general well-being. Cultural events--free concerts in the parks, for example, or fund-raising benefits to set up bail-bond funds so brothers and sisters who are arrested by the mother-country forces can be bonded out immediately--can be planned, and methods of implementation can be agreed upon by the "village" as a whole.

The people in the village areas can also decide how to create and carry out plans for the local institutions they need--free health clinics, legal

tribal bodies or settlements could decide for themselves whether or not it would be in their best interest to carry out the National plans. The purpose of the National Council would not be to make laws or make decisions which would be mandatory for the people to follow--that's the way the mother country government, which is most aptly named bourgeois democracy, operates, and we aren't into forcing people or even trying to force people to do things at all--but would be to get the people of the Woodstock Nation together to talk about possibilities and alternatives open to them and how these possibilities can be explored for the good of the people. If the village or regional peoples can relate to the ideas and plans and programs discussed in the National Council, then they can use these ideas and plans and programs to help their people at home. If they can't relate to them, if the ideas and programs and plans don't relate to their own individual circumstances or if they don't agree with them, then they are certainly free to go on doing what they had been doing. The purpose of the Council is only to help the people of the Nation consolidate their energies and resources and knowledge, not to force everybody in the Nation into a single mold. Remember that, because it is important that we develop ways to deal with our problems collectively, and just because the established government is repressive and unresponsive to the people doesn't mean that ALL governments are bad.

Our Nation's government will be as effective and as responsive to the people as we make it, and the point is to make it as responsive and as representative as possible. The same thing goes for any of the collective institutions that we might create to deal with our needs and

# VOICE OF THE



## Sisters and Brothers:

We will run down the on-going programs of the Ann Arbor chapter as well as future things.

Information—obviously the most regular and together ministry. The Argus is coming out bi-weekly now and will come out weekly when the information cadre consolidates and becomes a tighter collective. We are publishing the weekly free concert Sun also—this will be our fourth issue. We really need some new and different ideas for the Sun—it's hard to make Argus and the Sun different, if you know what I mean. We will soon publish either a pamphlet or supplement showing how to produce a revolutionary local newspaper for every White Panther chapter.

Communications—just began to make contact with and feel solidarity with the other regionals and chapters. (That meeting with the Detroit, Ann Arbor, Lima, Pittsburgh, and National really inspired us a lot, because we saw for ourselves the Panther energy that's in motion across the country.)

Communications also handles the Argus correspondence—we've turned a lot of people on to the Party that way.

Culture—is a really easy ministry, because culture is such a large part of our lives to begin with. We emcee every free concert; we've covered the Blues Festival and Goose Lake two weeks ago—made a lot of bread on literature and FREE BOBBY T-shirts and got high off the people.

Propaganda—The Red Star Press (offset) is now in operation, we are able to print good quality posters and party pamphlets. It won't be totally ours, but it will always be available to us. We just got an operable mimeograph machine in our basement chapter office; we recently mimeographed "Freeculture"—the WPP 10-point program for the youth of Ann Arbor. We've distributed several editions of Ann Arbor EXTRA!, which happens when important events occur and the people need to know about it immediately. Also, come September, a collective of revolutionary printers will be operating out of Lansing, so we can get stuff printed there, cheap, with a lot of unique techniques. Should be great.

Defense—we really need more direction here, particularly in learning to deal with macho tendencies. We think the National Headquarters must be strengthened too. We've been running self-defense pages in every Argus and have done chapter classes in hand-to-hand combat, survival, etc. We have had some internal shooting classes—soon we'll be ready for community classes. Nine million homes in Amerika are armed. Last issue we ran a four-page lift-out self-defense supplement for handy carrying in one's wallet or whatever.

## CHAPTER PROGRESS

A meeting between National

Headquarters, Chicago and Ann Arbor resolved that a cadre of ex-Argus people will from now on concentrate and direct all of their energies to building a powerful chapter and pushing the many programs that the Argus tribe didn't have time for. We see a definite need to find a storefront office somewhere else—we've been looking and we have the funds available to rent the office. We have a traveling literature table with posters and t-shirts and papers, but that ain't really enough. We were also thinking of putting shelves in our van and having a MOBILE LIBRARY. A few weeks ago we met with Lt. Staudenmeier (people's porker), the Ann Arbor News editor, and other miscellaneous chomps to impress upon them the importance of dealing with the junk problem—they related to our sincerity, and promised support if we would try to push the youth culture center through city council. The city has \$30,000 to put into the center for the people, which is far out if they'll give it up. The last Tribal Council meeting dealt with junk a lot, and the article in the next day's Ann Arbor News was titled "Panthers Aiding Police". Pig Press! The Cultural Center is the most important community program we've initiated so far, except we naturally feel uneasy about depending on the government for money. The Tribal Council will actively push this program; the council is organizing and has formed a structure to deal effectively with community problems and programs.

Love In Struggle  
Power to the Imagination,  
Ann Arbor Chapter,  
White Panther Party



## Sisters and Brothers:

Five of our brothers have been busted here in the period of two months. The repression is really getting heavy; they don't want us around here. First of all they busted one of our medical cadre, Jerry Mills, while he was waiting to go to a trial of a brother who got busted during the strike here. They got him on a three-year-old juvenile charge. They posted \$3500 bail on him. He is still sitting in the Rocky Butte Prison.

They then busted our Deputy Minister of Finance, Donna

Stengal, on a trespassing charge resulting from the Portland State Strike. This was a month and a half after the Strike. Her bail was \$250 and we got her out right away.

Then our deputy minister of information, Deputy Minister of Defense were busted in Berkeley California— for carrying a concealed weapon, carrying a deadly weapon, and another federal charge that was dropped.

Two of the cadre were carrying knives on their belts with no shirts or jackets on them. Can this be concealed? Their bail was set at \$4,000 which was reduced to \$500. They are now out on bond

awaiting trial in late September.

Then, during the People's Army Jamboree and Sky River Rock Festival, 25 fully-armed federal agents surrounded our house, broke in, and smashed it up, arresting three more brothers and sisters.

Each new act of repression only increases our determination to rid the planet of these foul pigs forever!!

ALL POWER TO THE

PEOPLE!

Portland Regional Branch,  
White Panther Party



Description: 5'10", 140 lbs., white, about 22.

Dark brown hair, stringy, 3" over ears, scraggly moustache and beard, blue eyes, high cheek bones, gunshot wound on right thigh, scar on right ankle.

Chain smokes KOOLS, speaks very fast, constantly brags about his "sexual prowess."

## PIG AGENT CARASCO

This man's name is Richard Carasco. He is an agent of the government who poses as a movement person in order to bust people.

Most recently he has been in Oregon and California posing as a member of the White Panther Party. He is NOT and never has been a member of the White Panther Party.

One of his favorite tactics is trying to entice people into "gun deals", demanding cash for the weapons, and then splitting, whereupon the uniformed pigs enter the scene.

Recently, he has been responsible for people being busted in Portland, Oregon, Riverside, California (NCCF chapter), Longview, Oregon, and Berkeley, California. Just recently, he has been seen hanging around the streets of Berkeley.

Although all the information is not in as of this writing, it seems clear that Carasco, using a different first name, was in New Jersey a while back, and got quite a few people busted there, including an involvement with the Fort Dix 38.

Beware of this dangerous fool. He is desperate, knowing that people's righteous justice will catch up to him, soon. SEIZE THE TIME!



Nguyen Tam, a 16 year-old guerrilla, has shot down one U.S. helicopter with a rifle and wounded some 20 enemy troops



## CHAPTER REPORTS

### BERKELEY

#### Sisters and Brothers:

It looks as if we'll be able to buy a house here and not have to worry about landlords and moving. It really has been hard working and always moving at the same time. But we've managed to grow and more and more people here are relating to the White Panther Party and the idea of a national party. I think this is reflected in the Youth Coalition that has been formed to protect ourselves from pig attacks and rip offs.

We had our first meeting of the Red Star Sisters here three days ago. Due to the fact that there are only three women that are actual members of the Party here in Berkeley we are thinking along with the working collective of women here in Berkeley that the Red Star Sisters would be defined as women who are willing to work and relate to the politics of the White Panther Party, which includes the ten-point program, the idea of a youth colony and the need for a National Party. So that RED STAR SISTERS will eventually become members of the Party and will at the same time be working collectively to educate each other and develop programs that can be adopted by the Party as a whole. This way women who haven't related whole-heartedly to the Party in the past because of the male-dominated image it maintained here since the MC-5 came through last year will see other women working within the framework of White Panthers, struggling together without separatism and alienation from men, to create programs designed by their sisters and carried out by the men and women together as White Panthers. We will be holding political education classes once a

week on Thursdays for Red Star Sisters and women in the community that are interested in finding more out about them. We will be putting together classes that will tie together the history of women nationally and internationally. The Venceremos Brigade and John Sunstrom's Newsreel can provide us with some films and tapes.

A week from Sunday in Provo Park we are having a gig with the San Francisco Mime Troup and maybe Commander Cody. It should be a far out day, just one of many we hope to have.

We are also working along with the other members of the coalition to adopt our programs from finding crash pads for women who won't necessarily have to ball a dude just to find a place to sleep, to collectively combat the rise in attempted and actual rapes. Many of the rapes are being done by long-haired dudes. We have to educate our own people to kill the pig in us all. Here at the house we've been talking to some of the members of the Black Panther Party to learn how they went about establishing liberation schools so that by November we hope to open one in the Telegraph Avenue area. That's about all for now. The next meeting of Red Star Sisters is this Thursday. I'll get off regular reports so you'll know how things develop.

All power to the people!

Aloma Julian,  
Berkeley Chapter,  
White Panther Party

### JACKSON

#### Brothers and Sisters:

The Jackson Chapter of the White Panther Party has had our house for one and a half months. For the first half month that we

had the house we were organizing and getting our heads together, to think, live, and function as one so we can work effectively towards the liberation of the planet and the people. Now we're working together under the banner of the White Panther Party to free the people from the bonds of this fascist state of Amerikkka.

We are putting out a newsletter called the Lighthouse News, to inform the people about the actions and the policies of the Party. For the first three issues there wasn't a price charged to the people for the paper. But starting with the fourth copy we have started charging a nickle, just enough to cover production costs.

The classes we have started are to teach and inform the people about the revolution and revolutionary theory. The first-aid class is to show the people how to take care of a brother or sister that has been injured and needs medical attention. The Red Book study class (Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse Tung) informs and teaches the people about the Marxist-Leninist theory on revolution. The gun safety class teaches the assembly, safety rules, and the proper use of fire arms. The self-defense class teaches the people the defensive use of the martial arts. We also have a special class for the Panthers-in-training. This class teaches the basics which the Panther-in-training can build revolutionary ideas upon. To have a revolution you must know revolutionary ideology.

Besides working and relating ideas to the people through classes and the newspaper, we have been working among the people. Our office is open to the people from 7:00 AM TO 12:00 PM. We have related to the other revolutionary groups in the area like the Black Berets, mostly around a brother (Phillip Stockard) who was busted on a

bullshit murder charge. Also another group of revolutionary people, the "Tribe" motorcycle club, worked with us when their road captain, Michael Haracourt, was maliciously run off the road by a pig just for speeding.

The main thing the Jackson chapter is doing is informing and teaching the people about revolution and showing them how fucked up the U.S. government system is. We hope that all sisters and brothers will unite with the White Panther Party and fight the real enemy. The people's party cannot support the people without the people supporting the party.

All power to the people!!

Jackson Chapter,  
White Panther Party

### PITTSBURGH

#### Brothers and Sisters:

The storefront we have rented at 234 Shady Avenue will go under the formal name of the Youth Community Center (YCC).

I think it goes without saying why we decided not to indicate the Party in the storefront's name. We will be coordinating various types of service projects out from the center which we feel will help us 1) provide a real service to the East End-Garfield Districts, 2) help establish some sort of community support by identifying us with service projects. This is in fact an attempt to set up an alternative to the government's anti-people policies. Besides the service projects, the storefront will serve as our headquarters. This means that it will be our vehicle for organizing the youth of the area. This is an endeavor that must be done with discretion and with

the ability to learn from those you come in contact with. We can build a valid youth network in Pigsburgh if we will only give the time and the energy. Originality and constant exchange of ideas are a must. More than all this, the storefront will take on and grow from those who are involved in it.

We've been attempting to organize brothers and sisters around here in a Community Picnic and Rock Concert. We were oinked at when we requested a permit. From there, we printed up a liberal Street Sheet, and called a press conference (Youth Community Center).

Local church and community support have kept the pig from harrassing us. The Center is used as an organizing tool for the Party. Peace freaks are hit up with political education and are changed to radicals. Radicals are changed into revolutionaries, and revolutionaries are moved into the commune and become Panthers. That's just about how we're organizing. We're having problems finding Right On sisters who'll kick us in the ass when we step out of line (chauvinism), but we're out on the streets rapping all the time. I was spokesman at the press conference and about three days later, I was busted. The PIG media has gotten wind of a possible political bust and have been hounding us for statements and shit. We're holding another press conference tomorrow after my hearing and are gonna file counter charges on two levels, state and federal. The community has rallied well behind my bust, and we are having a rally in our backyard tonite. If ten more people have to get vamped on in order to organize here, so be it. All I can say is somebody else is next. On Sunday we're taking 25 neighborhood kids to the zoo and things

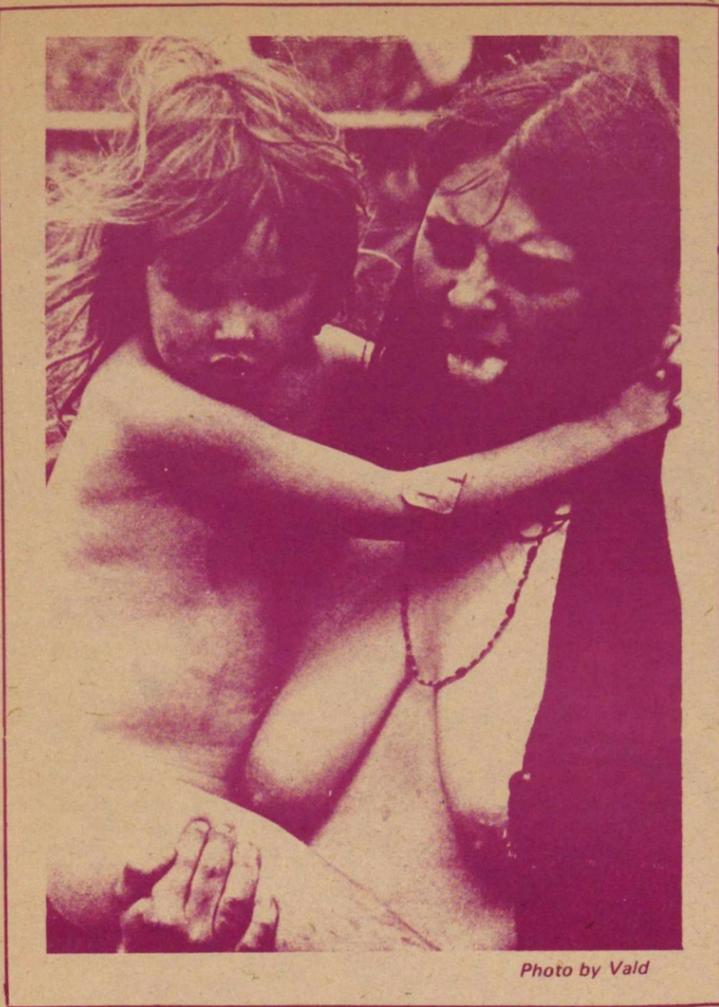


Photo by Vald

This is the first step in gaining the town's people's confidence so that we can establish a new revolutionary spirit in these people. We have established within the Ministry of

Culture what we call the American Revolutionary Army (ARA). This is only one unit dealing with only cultural and artistic aspects until we can establish ARA cadres within all arms of both this branch and the Mt. Clemens Chapter. Simply, ARA units or cadres are small, tightly-disciplined groups of righteous brothers and sisters who work diligently for bettering the community in which they live as well as defending policy and exploding myths and outright lies circulated about the White Panther Party.

Revolution is the way to Life!

Ministry of Communication,  
Mt. Clemens, Mich., chapter  
White Panther Party

### LIMA

#### Brothers and Sisters:

We are going to get a letter to you every week informing you on the different things happening around here. We will let you in on some of our ideas, work projects, etc., and hope you will do the same.

On August 6 the pigs vamped on a black sister and killed her. The incident occurred when the pigs tried to arrest a 17-year-old boy for disturbing the peace and disorderly conduct. The sister protested the manner in which the pigs were making the arrest. Mrs. Christine Ricks, the black sister, was a 40-year-old widow with eight children. While one pig had the boy in the car beating him she managed to get his gun and tried to get the pig to stop, beating the boy. The pig whose gun was stolen got out of the car and ran to the other side of the car and shot Mrs. Ricks with a gun he had hidden in the car. After this, the Lima National Committee to Combat Fascism led a march from the black community toward the downtown area, but we only made it a few blocks before we were scattered by tear gas and pigs with .30-caliber automatics. A 10 pm curfew was placed on the city and that night after a

rally at the NCCF headquarters trouble broke out. Several police cars were trashed and some pigs were wounded and many brothers and sisters were jailed for curfew violation. On August 7th the National Guard was brought in and the NCCF headquarters was taken over by the pigs. A search was conducted on the Building resulting in them finding a bomb which the pigs planted themselves. There was no trouble to speak of the next day so the curfew was lifted. As a result of this incident a Christine Ricks Fund was set up to help support the needs of her eight children. Also the NCCF and the White Panthers are going to pass a petition to get community control of the pigs.

We have started STUDY CLASSES every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for two hours each day to better educate our people. We also hold POLITICAL EDUCATION MEETINGS every Thursday night to inform the people exactly what we are doing and what has been going on. In two or three weeks we hope to be starting a SELF-DEFENCE CLASS for anyone who wants to participate. This should really be far out.

Within the coming month we will be opening up a HEAD SHOP. We have already started painting and getting the place cleaned up. Lima has never had anything like this before so the people are sure to enjoy it.

Also around the same time we will be opening up the BALLROOM. This will be a dance hall type thing with live groups playing. Our people will

be working here and it will be located right across the street from the Head Shop. This will be a great help to the people since at the present time there is no place for them to go to get together.

Starting September 25 we will be putting out a four page free weekly paper for the people...THE LIMA SUN! This will also give people a chance to find out exactly what we are doing and what is going on in our community. On the 16th of August we had a FREE CONCERT planned for the people but it did not come off. We needed six pigs to work for us and it seemed like none of them had time. We changed the date to the 23rd but the same thing happened again. We are going to try one more time and if they refuse to work for us again we are going to hold the concert without the pigs and without a permit from the city.

We are working out getting the Red Star Sisters together. We need more sisters in the Party. We are going to start working together with the black sisters and show the people that we are working together and not against each other.

On August 28 we are

On August 28 we had a meeting with the Lima and Toledo NCCF and the Farm Labor Organizing Committee (FLOC). The purpose of this meeting is to lay the foundation for a coalition between these revolutionary groups.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Lima, Chapter  
White Panther Party

are moving really well. Our paper will be out on the streets within a week. Well, that's all the news

All Power to All Oppressed People!

Jeff Fisher

Deputy Minister of Information  
Pittsburgh Regional Branch  
White Panther Party

## MT. CLEMENS

#### Sisters and Brothers:

Enclosed is a flyer printed by us about the boycott we've initiated to humanize the Mount Clemens Burger King. BK presently has a 75-cent minimum and has a standing agreement with the Clinton Township Pigs to bust brothers and sisters for whatever they can nail them with. This was just the beginning and it will be continued until the PIG-BURGER clip joint bows to the will of the people or closes from lack of business. We help the people through this action and prevent busts at the same time. In connection with the boycott we held a rally at

Shadyside Park in Mt. Clemens to bring people together on this issue.

A branch of the Mt. Clemens Chapter has been organized in a small town of about 5,000 people, Romeo. One of the first acts executed by the Romeo chapter was to bring people together by preserving the only place left for brothers and sisters to hang out, the Village Park. We formed a Park Committee consisting of Mike Moore, Brian Fitzgerald (Romeo WPP), and myself, Robb Smith (Mt. Clemens - Romeo WPP). From there we initiated Ecology Squads to clean the park up each week. We went to the Town Council and obtained more trash containers which we will paint in the spirit of this seemingly civic but truly revolutionary action. The park has brought together all sorts of brothers and sisters in a revolutionary union. We have renamed the park, Romeo People's Park and kids are donating paint for our use as well as other useful items. This action is beautiful in the way that people are noticing and are now interested not in the myths circulated about the White Panther Party, but the facts, realities behind it.

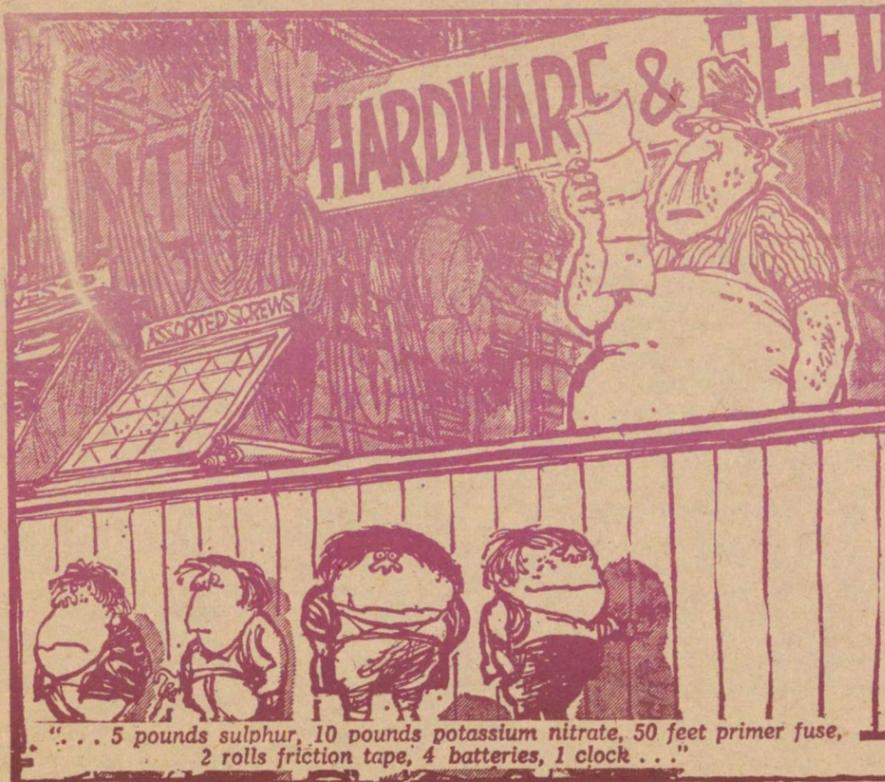


Photo by Feigenson

**"THE PEOPLE, AND THE PEOPLE ALONE, ARE THE MOTIVE FORCE IN THE MAKING OF WORLD HISTORY." - MAO**



PHOTO: DAN O'NEIL/LNS

# GEORGE JACKSON LETTER

April 17, 1970

Dear Fay:

Slavery is an economic condition. The classical chattel and today's neo-slavery must be defined first in terms of economics. The chattel is a property, one man exercising the property rights of his established economic order, the other man as that property. He can move that property or hold it in one square yard of the earth's surface; he can let it breed other slaves, or make it breed other slaves; he can sell it, beat it, work it, maim it, fuck it, kill it. But if he wants to keep it, and enjoy all of the benefits that property of this kind can render, he must feed it sometimes, he must clothe it against the elements, he must provide a modicum of shelter. Slavery then, the chattel type just mentioned, is succinctly, an economic condition which manifests itself in the total loss or absence of self-determination.

The new slavery, the modern variety of chattel slavery, updated to disguise itself, places the victim in a factory or in the case of most Blacks in support roles inside and around the factory system (service trades) working for a wage. However if work cannot be found in or around the factory complex, today's neo-slavery does not allow for that modicum of food and shelter I mentioned in connection with chattel slavery; no one owns your body in that sense, you are free—to starve. The sense and meaning of slavery comes through as a result of our ties to the wage. You must have it, without it you would starve or expose yourself to the elements; taken a few hours at a time, analyzed part by part, we find that one's entire day centers around the acquisition of the wage. It is for sure that one has no control over the eight or ten hours on the job, all of that is determined by others; that leaves 14 to 16 hours, but since you don't live at the factory you'll have to subtract at least another hour for transportation, leaving you with 13 to 15 hours to yourself. It is necessary also for you to feed yourself, strength must be maintained since on the job the efficiency expert will be watching; this leaves 10 to 12 hours, if you can afford three meals. Rest is also a factor in efficiency, and since men associate rest with long periods of unconscious repose, we'll take 8 hours away for sleeping, leaving 2 to 4 hours, but—one must bathe, comb, clean teeth, shave, dress—there's no point in protracting this. I think it should be generally accepted that if a man (or woman) works for a wage at a job that they don't enjoy, and I am convinced that no one could enjoy any type of assembly line work, or plumbing or hod carrying, or any job in the service trades, then they qualify for this definition of neo-slave. The man who owns the factory or shop or business runs your life; you are dependent on this "owner". He organizes your work, the work upon which your whole life source and style depends. He indirectly determines your whole day, in "organizing you for work." You qualify, if you don't make any more in wages than you need to live; the chattel slave worked for subsistence, recall, and if you are working for subsistence wage (nothing left over after bills) you qualify for my definition! You qualify if you cannot afford to leave California for New York, if you cannot visit Zanzibar, Havana, Peking, or even Paris when you get the urge, because there are people who can, and if you're held in one spot on this earth because of your economic status, your wage, it is in effect the same as being held in one spot because you are the property of .....but you can travel a few states over to your father's funeral—if you don't mind sacrificing some small thing for a while after. Here in the Black colony the pigs beat and maim us still, murder us still: justified homicide and reinstatement; they murder us and call it justified homicide. A brother who had a "smoking pipe" in his belt, shot in the back of the head, and a 14 year old girl!!!! And in threes now, they once were satisfied for "examples", but that was when an "owner" had to accept a cash loss with each fatality. How many tricks has Black mama turned to keepings together. Neo-slavery is an economic condition, a small number of men exercising the property rights of their established economic order, organizing and controlling the life style of the slave—as if he were in fact, property. Succinctly: an economic condition which manifests itself in the total loss

(Editor's Note: George Jackson has been in prison in the California penal system since 1960. He was sentenced to 1 - life, for robbery. In fact, he was merely giving a friend a ride home, when the friends asked him to stop at a gas station, robbed it, and without telling Jackson, told him to drive off. The friend was willing, as was the gas station attendant, to testify that George had nothing to do with the robbery. But George is black, and besides, he'd already served time as a juvenile in reform school (for another crime that he absolutely did not commit), and his appointed lawyer advised him to plead guilty. So justice was served. The friend who committed the actual robbery was released from prison after three years.

As each year passed and it became increasingly obvious to George that "being a good prisoner" was absolutely not going to affect his parole, he became increasingly militant. He read Malcolm, Stokely Carmichael, and pasted pictures

of revolutionaries upon his cell wall. He also imposed on himself a rigid revolutionary discipline. He has conditioned himself to only need three hours of sleep a night, he does 100 fingertip pushups every day, he studies and reads constantly, and subsists on one meal a day. He also learns three new words each day, and puts them into practice in his letters. He has written a steady stream of letters analyzing his situation and the situation of oppressed people in general. They are brilliant formulations on conditions in this country. They will be published in book form sometime this fall.

But none of this is why George Jackson is in the news. Early this summer, a white guard at Soledad Prison, in Salinas, California, where George was serving, killed five black prisoners "for fighting" in the prison yard. The murder was called "justifiable homicide". Two weeks later, the guard was found murdered himself. The prison authorities

immediately rounded up all the black people in the prison ward where he was murdered, and put them into isolation for two weeks. At the end of the two weeks, they had selected the three most militant brothers to stand trial for the "crime".

They shipped the rest of the prisoners to other prisons in California, and put the three brothers, —Drumgo, Clutchette, and Jackson— in solitary. They were not even allowed to contact lawyers, until one finally managed to get word to the outside, expressing fear for his life. Fay Stender, Huey's lawyer, with whom Jackson had been corresponding for some time, entered the case, and got a change of venue from Salinas, a sure conviction, to San Francisco (the government's now trying to change it somewhere else—too many oppressed people in San Francisco).

A heavy part of Jackson's correspondence was to his younger brother, Jonathan. On August 7

Jonathan Jackson, along with two others, were shot to death in Marin County, California, after abducting the trial judge and holding several jurors at gunpoint, in an attempt to free the Soledad Brothers, the first such attempt by revolutionaries in this country. Jonathan Jackson had suffered for ten years the anguish of seeing his brother turned down time after time for parole on a crime he did not commit, and decided to seek a more direct form of justice. (This entire story is covered on page 33.)

... The brothers are now in San Quentin, awaiting trial, which will probably be this fall. It is an extremely important trial to educate people in this country about the racist, fascist nature of the so-called "legal system". They are going to try to send the Soledad Brothers to the gas chamber.

George Jackson, as this letter will show, is an incredibly articulate spokesman for the liberation struggle.)

or absence of self-determination. Only after this is understood and accepted can we go on to the dialectic that will help us in a remedy.

A diagnosis of our discomfort is necessary before the surgery; it's always necessary to justify the letting of blood. And we don't want the knife to damage any related parts that could be spared for later use.

The pig is an instrument of neo-slavery, to be hated and avoided; he is pushed to the front by the men who exercise unnatural right over property. You've heard the patronizing shit about the "thin blue line"; this blue line protects property, the owners of property, and the order or system that allows men to accumulate and hold property. If it were merely a case of them protecting the house you're paying for or wish and hope to be paying on next year this "blue line" would not be needed, we can dismiss that right out front, they are not protecting you, your home, and its contents. Recall they never found the TV set you lost in that burglary. They're protecting the unnatural right of a few men to own the means of all of our subsistence; the pig is protecting the right of a few private individuals to own public property!! The pig, a disgusting animal is to be hated, hell is surely his just reward; however, his immolation isn't enough—each being an expendable instrument, they are easily replaced. The pig is merely the gun, the tool, a mentally inanimate utensil; it is necessary to destroy the gun, but destroying the gun and sparing the hands that holds it will forever relegate us to a defensive action, hold our revolution in the doldrums, ultimately defeat us. The animal that holds the gun, that has loosed the pig of war on us is a bitter-ender, an intractable, gluttonous, vulture who "must" eat at our hearts to live. Midas-motivated, never satisfied, everything he touches will turn into shit! Slaying the shitty pig will have absolutely no healing effect at all if we leave this vulture to touch someone else. Spare the hand that holds the gun and it will simply fashion another. The Viet Cong-National Liberation Front of Viet Nam

do a wonderful job of slaughtering pigs; the U.S. expeditionary forces after nearly 18 yrs., and a hundred thousand fatalities (or more) are no nearer to containing the Vietnamese thrust for freedom than were the French whom they replaced. The Viet soldier has viciously attacked and destroyed the pigs and guns (sometimes right in the harbor) but this alone has not completely solved his problems. If the Cong could get to those factories and the people who own and organize them the war would end in a few months. All wars would end. The pigs who have descended upon the Vietnamese colony are the same who have come down on us; they come in all colors though they are mainly white, they have the same background, culturally, (or anticulturally), the same mentality and they have the same intent: to preserve the economically depressed areas of the world as secondary markets and sources of cheap raw materials for the Amerikan Fascist. The Black Colonies inside the Amerikan Fascist-State are first, secondary markets, and second, a source of cheap raw materials; in our case this "cheap raw material" is our bodies "giving all of the benefits that property of this kind can render." How much more in wages would they have to pay a White unionized, garbage collector? And Black mama tricks for ten-and-two?

The colonial effect is complete with the introduction of the missionaries.

Right behind the expeditionary forces, (the pigs) comes the missionary, the pacification teams, to civilize us, to bless us with the benefits of christendom, to school us on the value of symbolism, dead presidents, and the rediscount rate. It was to these missionaries that the Black colony lobs its conscience. To the schools, the churches, the newspapers and other periodicals

that are operated by the fascist fourth estate.

The cultural links to the established capitalist society set around and over the colony has been a lot closer than we like to admit. Economic and political links, except in the sense of parasite-host, are non-existent, (since there is a definite ceiling on the number of clowns and jugglers that the kingdom can maintain). But in the area of culture, and I am using this word in the narrow sense out of necessity, we are bonded to the Fascist society by chains that have in every respect strangled our intellect, scrambled our wits, and sent us stumbling backward in a wild, disorganized retreat from reality. We don't want a piece of the pie; it's rotten, putrefied, repulsive to all the senses. Why are we rushing to board a sinking ship? When we join hands with the established fascist scum in any way, it gives the people of the world, the Righteous People, of the Congo, Tanzania, Sudan, of Cuba, Chian, Vit Nam, etc., the legitimate right to hate us too.

The Swedish people and their government hate the American Fascist, (and almost every civilized state must). They show this disregard every chance they get, at small jobs at the capitalist's fat backs; as punishment the American government dresses some Black clown in a stove-pipe hat and sends him to them as ambassador. This Black cat isn't really representing the U.S.A., he's representing us as fools. The Swede's throw bricks at him and call for the "Nigger" to go home. Of all the peoples of Europe (Western) the French and the Swedish are reputed to be the least racist. There is no such thing as a Black Swede, consequently the ruling classes have never found it expedient to scandalize our name. There has never been much contact and no competition between the Swedish nation and any Black nation within the last millenium, and since I don't think anyone is born a racist, there is no racist aura. About 99 per cent of our Black population lives in, is a part of, or came from one of the depressed colonial enclaves; Blacks in Amerika are everywhere considered a distinct caste resting at the bottom of the social spectrum. Chances are that the old Slave they sent to Sweden has never spent a night in the colonies but still he represents the Black oppressed. In that we are almost all lumped together here at the bottom and other people know that we have no real stake in the Capitalist economy or in the mainstream of its day to day life. So when the Slave turns up in his tails and stove-pipe hat, a distorted imitation of the genuine fool, (tomfool?), the hatred felt so deeply for the Amerikan Fascist State is transferred onto us!

A weapon of incalculable value in its war on the people, the government selects and trains these running dogs very carefully, provides the proper incentive and sends them scrambling, tails and all, outward, "to represent the establishment." Any strategem that follows is necessarily anti-climactic. Whole kennels are sent to the African Nations on the Ambassadorial level (and lower of course) on the supposition that the people of these nations will be able to relate better to a Black face; the leaders of these nations if they can be counted among the righteous are never impressed, but this sort of thing affects the African masses deeply. Several years ago in one of the Central African states a gathering of the people marched against the local representatives of the Amerikan government, the U.S.A.-I.S., over an issue that won't come to mind now, (there have been so many) but they were resentful enough to carry their protest demonstration to violent extremes. They threw bricks and fire and called for the slaves' blood, they tore down the Yankee rag and danced on it, spit on it, and were about to burn it, they would have burned it and gone on to sack and burn the Fascist propaganda center, but for the running dog, tomfool, stopped them,

harangued them in the voice of the ventriloquist, and ran old glory back to its familiar station - obstructing the Sun. They should have hung that nigger from the flag-pole, by the fat part of his neck, but they were too shocked, the situation too confusing, the running dogs presence and in the capacity that he served had just the desired effect; the ventriloquist in speaking and acting through tomfool first, representing his own interests to an extent that he never could have hoped for otherwise, second, he misrepresented the Black Amerikan colony, throwing up one more barrier to the communion that we must establish with the other oppressed peoples of the world if we are to be successful in the armed struggle that looms ahead.

Viet Nam - I can never think of that affair without subjecting myself to a case of acute heartburn.

They send us to school to learn how to be so disgusting; we send our children to "places of learning" operated by men who hate us, hate truth, and who stand to lose a great deal if we regain our senses. It is clear that no school would be better. Burn it: all the Fascist literature, burn that too. Then equip yourself with the "Little Red Book". We can regain our senses no other way; of course the fascists are going to teach that Black is White, there's money involved. Burn it; without the mission, and missionaries there would be no more running dogs. We break the cultural lack when we destroy "Johnson Publications", and the little Black tabloids that mimic the Fascist press over to denunciations of "Black Extremist". Burn them, or take them over as people's collectives, and give the colonies a dynamite case of self-determination, anti-colonialism, Mao think!!!!!!

I attended my last year of high school at Bayview High - that's in San Q-where I did seven years of the ten that I have in now. The schools in the joint are no different than those out there in the colony at large, with the exception that we are not coeducational. We use the same fascist textbooks that contain the same undercurrent of racism and overtones of nationalism; the missionaries themselves are the same stereotypes with the same dry dictum.

At the time my eventual release on parole was conditional to my finishing high-school, and of course being a good boy, never showing any anger, or displeasure, or individuality. I was trying to fake it. I would never have been in the mission school otherwise. I was working in the daytime and attended school evenings.

The biology wasn't too bad. The instructor seldom ventured an opinion outside the subjects related to science, but he was exceptional; I attribute this to the fact that he was somewhat younger than the other pundits. Each of them had a fixed opinion on every material and metaphysical feature of the universe. Colonel Davis in history was outstanding for two very typical characteristics of his profession, temperament and foolishness. True to fascist persuasion, this jackass was so patriotic and Republican that he actually proposed we begin and end each class with a pledge of allegiance to the flag from a kneeling position. He was tall and square and grey-blond, a veteran of several declared and undeclared Yankee wars. If you passed the flag without a genuflection you had this fool to fight. I sat through his shit for a month; Amerika the beautiful, the righteous, the only nation on earth where everyone can afford a flush toilet and a traffic ticket. All Russians were fat Tartars, the Japanese were copyists, Arabs couldn't fight, neither could the French, all Africans were primitives who didn't know when they were well off, Vietnamese were just niggers with slant eyes, (there were four Blacks in the class), the Chinese were so stupid

Continued on page 14

that they couldn't feed themselves, that they must inevitably return to the good old days and ways of the rickshaw, pig-tail, the cooly, of opium dens and cat-houses. I took this shit with a stony calm for one month; I tried to get out of the class five or six times but you have to have a clear life and death situation to get out of anything once you get in. This is in keeping with the overall prison conspiracy, i.e. you have no will, you have no choice or control, so be wise-surrender. There's this sign hanging everywhere your eyes may happen to rest, begging: "Oh lord, help me to accept those things I cannot change." A life-death situation is necessary to get out; that's just what I had but I couldn't admit to it - looks bad on the Parole Board report. I tried to keep ahead between myself and this representative of the great silent majority, failing this I would fix my eyes on one of the six flags in the room (one in each corner, two on the desk) and try to endure. We and this cat fell all the way out in the end. I never planned it that way, in fact my plan was to hide my face and hang on. The session we had was completely spontaneous, it started in the opening minutes of our two hour class. This silent majority had just completed a hymn to the great Amerikan corporate monster with the line "now haven't we all the right to be proud." I said "No." The guy glanced at me, blinked, looked away and kept right on with his eulogy. My answer didn't register with him; he heard me but he was positive that he heard me wrong. In the cloister of this man's mind my displeasure, any dissatisfaction is just too impossible to be true. It is best that this silent majority remain silent, every time one opens his mouth a pack of lies fall out. The good colonel was explaining that corporate capitalism, the end result of a long evolutionary chain of other economic arrangements, is as perfect and flawless as men can ever hope to accomplish, it is the only economic order that allows for man's natural inclinations, and that the other barbarous nations of Asia and Africa who have abandoned capitalism for planned economics must ultimately fail since the incentive motive inherent within the capitalist ideal is missing; without the profit and loss incentive, production will remain low and eventually fail. I stood up, sat on the back of my desk, put one foot on the seat and told this cat that he had just told "another" lie. I don't know why I was doing this. I even felt a thrill of sympathy for the fool at first, his mouth dropped open like a shark's, his ears and forehead and nose showed that he was as red-blooded an Amerikan as anyone could ever become, and his hands in an unconscious impulse of their own locked themselves around the base of the two flag-poles on his desk, like he would protect the little pieces of colored rag from the impudent and unpatriotic nigger who did-just-blaspheme!

"What'd you say boy?" I said "you've been lying for a month now about 'work ethics' and 'voting processes' and 'economic incentives', you've been lying all your life really, and now I want to question some of this stuff. Can you stand it?"

I didn't wait for an answer, but continued, "I've worked in factories here in this country, on assembly lines, doing production work. I've made some study of mass production procedures in heavy and light industry, and I've looked into political economy in general, and I'm certain that in everything you've said in here for the last month, there was a conscious intent to misrepresent the truth, present only those parts of the truth that supported your contentions or to omit the truth altogether. This thing about incentive, if it's a factor, in production, and I concede that much, it is, for it to have any relevance at all, in order for it to influence the volume of production, or the quality, it's pretty clear that this incentive must find some way of communicating itself down to the worker. I can understand an owner or executive having the desire to make money-profit - but since this ambition is a very personal thing, how does it affect the attitude and productivity of the worker? His wage will be the same if he works hard, not so hard, or not hard at all, and it is ultimately on how hard the worker works that volume and quality depends."

He leaned back in his chair, ran his hands through his hair, palpitated about the nose and upper lip, looked at his flag and then at me and answered "Yes, well in our factory setups we have quotas to meet and foremen and efficiency experts to see that they are met."

"You did say quotas? That sounds like something from one of Fidel's public addresses, you know, sugar quotas - the difference of course being that Fidel is depending on a cooperation that springs from a sense of participation, and perhaps the knowledge that the volume and quality of production determines their general well being, rather than the personal fortunes of an "owner" or small group of "owners". In the

factories that I worked in and have observed the principle interests of most of the workers was coffee and lunch breaks or quitting time; we watched the clock, watched out for the foreman and other spies and made as many trips to the toilet as we could possibly expect to get away with. Although the profit motive may excite owner and supervisor to invest and organize for production, the index of productivity is determined by the attitudes of the worker in a plant that is not totally automated and even then it would depend on the workers in the machine, tool and maintenance sectors to a great extent. This being the case it is the diametrical opposite of your contention that is true; there is less real incentive. Based on the impulse to gain benefits, inherent within the modern form of Capitalism. It's clear to me that the worker, who felt that the machine, the factory, all factories were in part his own would be very much concerned about productivity and quality of product, much more concerned than one who has no more at stake than an inadequate wage.

"But you missed the meaning of my statement," this is him talking now, "the spur of profit and the fear of loss are the motivation that have made the capitalist system of production efficient; it automatically checks the marginal facilities and factors of production, it is responsive to demand and supply, i.e. the demands of the consumers and the availability of materials, and this responsiveness is automatic, built in, an inherent part of the system."

The same can be said for any systems of political economy; with planned, people's economics however the automatic feature is dropped and demand is not stimulated artificially in the Madison Ave. sense. It's fabulous and misleading to claim profit and loss motivation a feature of capitalism only; it is a feature of all economics in all time past and present. The only difference is that with capitalism the spur is driven into the flanks of the people by a relative few individuals who by chance or bent of farocity have been able to make fraudulent claims on the rights to profit, the rights to benefit from wealth created by labor first, applied to materials from man's (plural possessive) source of life support-nature. In the People's Republics of Africa, Asia, and Eastern Europe this right to profit - benefits from their labor and the land - is being returned to the people, the people are spurred by the profit motive collectively; a situation far more conducive to productivity since ultimately productivity depends on the attitude of the individual worker. Proportionally China has achieved more economically in twenty years than the U.S. has in two hundred, of course they had the advantage of being able to avoid the terrible mistakes made by the U.S. and Western Europe in those two-hundred years, but a comparison between today's China and let's say today's India and Indonesia, where they have developed nothing economically, will point up clearly which system is best oriented to meet the needs of the people. The leadership in India stayed with capitalism, (private-enterprise) when China turned to revolutionary People's socialism with communism projected for the future - I am certain that everyone in this room has the intelligence to understand that India's "race riots" and "street sleepers" are not indications that China has taken the wrong road."

"But they're staying in China," this from him with great vehemence, he's on his feet now hair streaming over his forehead, fists balled, chest out, shoulders thrown back.

"No one starves in China, that's your ignorance speaking now. You were probably just lying before, but it is possible that you are ignorant enough to think that people starve in China still, because they were starving in such great number when you were there in the 40's serving the Fascist military-industrial Establishment. You people's ignorance on these matters have prompted the Chinese and other Third World nations to the observation that you all live behind a veritable Curtain of Ignorance. There are more people starving in the U.S., the Black Belt of southeastern U.S. and in all the large cities, in the Appalachian Mt. and grape fields of California than in any other country on earth with the possible exception of India. China sends grain to other countries on long term, interest-free loan basis. Vietnam, Egypt, Pakistan and some others are eating Chinese grains."

"Nigger they just bought 100,000 tons of wheat from Canada last month."

"You did say they "bought" it, it means that they must be doing pretty well; the principle of economic advantage means that the people in their respective areas, nations if you prefer, with their respective differences in climate and topography should produce that thing which is easy and natural for them to produce, they will with proper organization be able to produce a surplus of this thing that they produce well, and it is this surplus that the well ordered society (of

today at least) uses to exchange for the things that they cannot produce economically. China bought that wheat from Canada with other food products, some of it finished produce, and with other raw materials that Canada needed; that deal last month was simply good economics on China's part. Canada buys beef from Argentina; does that mean that Canada is about to collapse economically? Nothing stays the same. Davis, not even for an instant, that means that if a thing isn't growing, it's decaying, People's eco-government has been on the march since the close of W. W. II everywhere building, developing, challenging the existence of and defeating capitalist based systems that function on servitude of the people. The inevitable failure will be with capitalism, the guns of Viet Nam have sounded its death knell. We know how to fight you now; capitalism is dying right here tonight, look at yourself, you're defeated." He was advancing on me in his Marquis of Queensburg boxing stance. I got out of the class that night, I haven't been able to get out of the joint however.

We don't want people like Davis teaching the children, he has himself been educated into idiocy. His favorite platitude was that "Amerikans enjoyed hard work, desire gainful employment and have the natural inclination to be thrifty and save." This is a shot against the automated welfare state. In effect he is stating that given the choice Amerikans would rather do the work with their hands and their time that a machine could do better and faster. Sounds pretty silly to me. I certainly don't like to work, and as I've stated before I don't think anyone could honestly enjoy the monotony of an assembly line. And the garbage collecting, the street sweeping, the window washing, who enjoys such things? I'm all for the machines taking over in every sector of the economy that they can be applied to. I wouldn't have the least difficulty in finding something to do with my time. As long as my check comes by mail, as long as I didn't have to stand in some line somewhere to pick it up, I would never have a complaint. To "live by the sweat of thy brow" was intended as a curse. The conservatives (of their privilege) would have us now believe that work is great fun. The capitalist eden fits my description of hell. They're maniacal, the exact opposite of righteous. They've turned the world up-side down, set us back a thousand years; to hell with a silent majority, I am an internationalist. Looking around the world on an international basis I see people like myself in the majority; we'll either bend these to righteousness or bend them to our will.

To do so however does call for cooperation, communion between our related parts, communion between colony and colony, nation and nation, the common bond being the desire to humble the oppressor, the need to destroy capitalist man and his terrible, ugly machine. If there were any differences or grievances between us in the Black colonies and the peoples of their colonies across the country, around the world, we should be willing to forget them in the desperate need for coordination against Amerikan Fascism.

International coordination is the key to defeating this thing that must expand to live. Our inability to work with other peoples, other slaves who have the same master, is a consequence of the inferiority-complex we have been conditioned into. We're afraid that in the process the Chinese will trick us, or the White folks who support socialism and liberation of all the Amerikan colonies really just want to use us, trick us, "we can't trust them, they'll trick us." Well, if we're tricks we can expect to get tricked and should rightly be tearful. This paranoia is a carry-over from the days when a white or brown face in a black crowd meant that the white or brown brain was controlling things; the days when some of us even felt that nothing could function properly without the presence of a white brain, when we did allow them to take things over, when we were dealing with and consorting with whites of fascist-bourgeois mentality, who did have or do have smug dictatorial mentalities, and we were lazy enough, and sufficiently convinced of our own inferiority to allow them to take us over. Now as things stand in the new light of "different days", with our revolution in the doldrums, our struggles counterpoised by vicious political kills and avalanches of propaganda, terror, and tokenism, we must overcome the paranoia; it's based on lack of confidence in our ability to control situations--no one can take us over or betray our interests if we are vigilant and aggressively intelligent--we must accept the spirit of the "true internationalism" called for by comrade Che Guevara. It is not a matter of trusting anyone, though I personally find that I can still trust certain general types of people since first I am people, and second I am assured of my ability to

Only one woman in American history ever planned and led a military campaign, a campaign that was a total victory. Although she was not given the full credit she deserved for scouting, organizing and executing this maneuver, Harriet Tubman's successful battle of June 2, 1863 was later acclaimed as one of the most stirring of the Civil War.

Today we can salute Harriet Tubman properly for her role, not only in advancing the black liberation struggle, but also in providing an example of militant womanhood. Harriet Tubman dedicated her life to freeing her people and to caring for their needs. In so doing, she used her natural abilities and acquired skills. Truly, she is worthy of our highest honor and esteem, for she acted as few other American women in furthering humanity's fight for freedom, justice and equality.

Her fight began during her youth. At fifteen she refused to tie up a slave for a beating and stepped into a doorway to prevent an overseer from pursuing the black man who ran for his freedom. Enraged, the overseer hurled a two-pound weight at her which struck her in the forehead. But the black man had escaped. After many months the wound healed, but it left a large indentation in her head. Pressure on the brain caused her to suffer sleeping seizure several times each day throughout the rest of her life. Her determination to end slavery was constantly renewed by her own physical reminder of slavery's brutality.

During her convalescence, her resistance strengthened as she thought of her past years of hard work, of her frequent beatings, and of the cruelty of her master. But she also thought about her people. As she recalled in later life, "I had seen their tears and sighs, and I had heard their groans, and I would give every drop of blood in my veins to free them." Initially, she prayed that her master be changed. But when she learned that he wanted to sell her to a chain gang, her prayer changed: "Oh Lord, if you aren't ever going to change that man's heart, kill him, Lord, and take him out of the way." Harriet adopted the religion that inspired Nat Turner and Denmark Vesey, the philosophy that promoted extensive social change. She learned to think critically within that religious framework, and through it she became determined to seek her freedom and the freedom of her people.

In 1849 she did seek her freedom. Fleeing one night from her Maryland home, Harriet Tubman left her husband of five years (Freedman John Tubman did not share her hatred of slavery) and she struck out alone across the unknown lands in search of freedom. She was aided occasionally along the way, but she relied primarily on her own intelligence, perception, and knowledge of nature to survive. Her first reaction to being in Pennsylvania was: "When I found I had crossed that line, I looked at my hands to see if I was the same person. There was such glory over everything. The sun came like gold through the trees, and I felt like I was in heaven." Yet soon her thoughts turned to her enslaved

family and nation, and she declared: "I had crossed the line of which I had so long been dreaming. I was a stranger in a strange land, and my home after all was down in the old cabin quarters, with the old folks and my brothers and sisters. But to this solemn resolution I came. I was free, and they would be free also. I would make a home for them in the North, and the Lord helping me, I would bring them all there."

She helped to free her people by working in hotels and private homes to earn enough money to pay her expenses involved in becoming a "conductor", on the Underground Railroad. This "Railway" was set up by Abolitionists to help black people make their way north. Harriet Tubman brought not only the members of her family, but altogether 300 black men, women, and children out of bondage between 1850 and 1860. Called "Moses" by her people, Harriet used fearlessness, wit, cunning, courage, and strength to elude dogs, guns, and paid bounty hunters of the Southern slavemasters and the northern enforcers of the Fugitive Slave Act.

She carried a gun which she used only to urge on the frightened, ("Brother, you go on or die") and she sang spirituals to announce her plans ("When that there old chariot comes...I'm bound for the promised land.") Her people respected her and said of her: "Moses has got the chariot. The Slaveholders can't catch Moses." She scattered chickens in front of her once, to avoid being recognized by her former master; she deviated from the known underground route in response to danger signals another time, even though it meant wading through icy water in late winter; she dressed a woman in man's clothing; she hid her charges on the floor of a cart to get them across the Delaware River bridge at night. In each case she reaffirmed her determination to free her people by any means necessary. As she said, "There are two things I've got a right to, and these are death and liberty. One or the other I mean to save. No one will take me back alive. I shall fight for my liberty and when the time has come for me to go, the Lord will let them kill me."

Harriet Tubman's name became associated with the successful exodus of thousands of slaves. Perhaps the best known fact about her is that in all nineteen escape trips she led, she never lost a passenger: a remarkable, unequalled record, especially because as more black people escaped, police state repression grew more vicious and extreme. "Moses," who was the chief conductor on the east coast route of the underground railroad, who perfected that art of escape which led to the freedom of 75,000 slaves, supplied an inspiration of freedom for her people. It is no wonder that at one time \$40,000 was offered for capture!

While Harriet Tubman quietly carried on her labors, her deeds became known throughout the whole Abolitionist movement at home and abroad. She worked directly with such black and white leaders as Thomas Garrett in Wilmington, William Still in Philadelphia, David Ruggles and Oliver Johnson in New York, and Frederick Douglass and Susan B. Anthony in Rochester. When John Brown wanted help in organizing freedmen for an armed invasion of the South in 1858, Harriet Tubman was recommended to him. They met in St. Catherine's, the Canadian base of Tubman's northern route, and Brown labeled her "General" with the following greeting: "The first I see is General Tubman, the second is General Tubman, and the third is General Tubman". Harriet supplied

him with valuable knowledge of the Virginia terrain, of the allies in the area, and of how to conduct guerrilla movements; she got many freedmen to attend the Chatham Convention at which Brown recruited his army; and she planned to be with Brown for his campaign (Tubman was the black who most aided Brown in staging the daring raid on Harper's Ferry on October 16, 1859.) "Only sickness, brought on by her toil and exposure prevented Harriet from being present at Harper's Ferry", says W.E.B. DuBois in his *John Brown*.

The words of Douglass perhaps best sum up Harriet Tubman's role in the Abolitionist struggle: "The difference between us is very marked. Most that I have done and suffered in the service of our cause has been in public, and I have received much encouragement at every step of the way. You, on the other hand, have labored in a private way. I have wrought in the day—you in the night. I have had the applause of the crowd and the satisfaction that comes of being approved by the multitude, while the most that you have done has been witnessed by a few trembling, scared, and foot-sore bondmen and women, whom you have led out of the house of bondage, and whose heartfelt "God bless you" has been your only reward. The midnight sky and the silent stars have been the witnesses of your devotion to freedom and of your heroism. Excepting John Brown—of sacred memory—I know of no one who has willingly encountered more perils and hardships to serve our enslaved people than you have. Much that you have done would seem improbable to those who do not know you as I know you. It is to me a great pleasure and a great privilege to bear testimony to your character and your works..."

Harriet Tubman was eager to fight for her people on a moment's notice. In 1860 she was traveling on her way to attend an antislavery conference in New England when, as she was passing through Troy, New York, she learned that a black man, Charles Nalle, would be turned over to his owner soon as he was arraigned on charges of being a fugitive slave. Harriet roused the black community to storm the courthouse and invited white supporters to help. She hurriedly organized a rescue plan. With Tubman the first to grab Nalle from the police, the people took the law into their own hands, and after hours of struggle, they saw to it that their justice was done and Nalle was on his way to Canada.

Harriet's prediction, "They may say, 'Peace, Peace!' as much as they like I know there's going to be war!" came true. Although she was critical of Lincoln's war policy (her approach was "Never wound a snake, but kill it.") and of the North's refusal to enlist blacks as soldiers, she aided the North's war effort by joining the Department of the South, in 1862. She worked at Port Royal, South Carolina, among her people. Given \$200 upon her arrival, she promptly proceeded to build a laundry with it and to organize a washing service so the newly-freed black women could become self-supporting. Devoting her time to such activities, Tubman taught, nursed, listened, and encouraged her brothers and sisters. "Most of those coming from the mainland (from South Carolina to the Sea Islands) are very destitute, almost naked. I am trying to work to find places for those able to work, and provide for them as best I can, so as to lighten the burden of the Government as much as possible, while at the same time they learn to respect

themselves by earning their own living."

Yet her major task was organizing a spy and scouting corps for the General Staff's Intelligence. This gallant band of 300 black soldiers, under the guidance of a black woman, dashed into the enemy's country, struck a bold and effective blow, destroying millions of dollars worth of commissary stores, cotton and lordly dwellings and striking terror into the heart of rebeldom, brought off near 800 slaves and thousands of dollars worth of property, without losing a man or receiving a scratch. It was a glorious consummation."

Harriet was severely insulted and physically abused as she made her way North at the war's end—a railroad conductor, refusing to recognize her government pass as a soldier, forced her to ride in the baggage car. But that was only a hint of the desperate, personal suffering she was to endure as a result of the government's denial of a pension or back pay for her nursing and soldiering during the war. Yet, she continued to serve her people. By speaking at public meetings, raising and selling vegetables and chickens, giving parties, and even doing domestic work, she supported her people in need, especially those who came to her home in Auburn, New York. Auburn was a center of Abolitionists and women suffragists, and she became a vital link between the two groups. She formed close bonds with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lydia Child as well as Susan B. Anthony. She helped to build the local African Methodist Church, and she maintained two schools for blacks in the South. After the government finally granted her a pension near the end of the century (\$20 a month!), she founded a Home for the Aged and Indigent, and then with the purchase of 25 acres adjacent to her home, she turned over her property to black people of Auburn as a free farm to be run communally (called the Harriet Tubman Home). Her life was one of dedication, risk, and self-sacrifice, but in 1907 she was impoverished: "You wouldn't think that after I served the flag so faithfully I could come to want in its folds."

She was a nationally-known figure at the time of her death on March 10, 1913, and she was buried with military honors.

Harriet Tubman's revolutionary legacy is best summarized by a story of her own telling. "She recalled that in her childhood, as a slave, she had been forbidden to eat the fruit of the trees she had been made to plant. Turning to the reporter she asked him if he liked apples. When he said that he did, she inquired whether he had ever planted any. He confessed that he had not. But, she said, "somebody else planted them. I liked apples when I was young and I said to myself: 'Some day I'll plant apples myself for other young folks to eat,' and I guess I did."

Harriet Tubman sowed the seeds of revolutionary struggle that are ripening today. Let us bring in her harvest, sisters!

This article was taken from the Spring, 1970 issue of *Women: A Journal of Liberation*, a great quarterly publication. It is in desperate need of support, in the form of both women's articles and financial help. For information about subscriptions and other ways of helping, write: 3011 Gulford Ave, Baltimore, Md. 21218



# GENERAL HARRIET TUBMAN

by Sue Davis



# Sinclair

Continued from page 8

anything that is identified with the Nation. That way we could build National unity and get other people to recognize the strength and size of our Nation. This is another thing that can be done right now by anyone in the Nation, and we should check it out. We should do everything we can to identify ourselves and our National being to each other and to all people, because unity only breeds unity, and the more together we are now the more together we will become in the future. Right on.

There has been an idea or a National symbol that has come forth out of our collective unconscious, an idea for a symbol that will represent and stand for our Nation, and I will try to run down what the symbol is and what it means. We use it on the masthead of the paper—it is a combination of many things that are part of our culture and our National consciousness—the two cross sticks represent the guitar and the gun, while the middle stick represents a peace pipe bringing the two together and forming a tepee which we can live in. The guitar and the gun represent the two sides of our slogan, Life to the Life Culture/Death to the Death Culture, and the peace pipe full of weed is what will unite the PEOPLE of the two cultures when the death culture is destroyed. And the three come together to make a tepee, a shelter under which we can all live, creating life and art, protecting it against hostile invasion, and offering the promise of peace to those who will sit down and smoke with us.

These three elements—the guitar, the gun, and the peace pipe full of weed—make up the tepee, and under the tepee is the name NATION, inscribed in an arc under the two cross-branches. Then starting at the left-hand side, at the base of the guitar, a longer arc is inscribed, reaching over the tepee to the stock of the gun to show that all three sticks, the tepee and the Nation too, are brought under the circle of understanding and unity. This circle, with the sticks and the lower Arc saying NATION, also suggest the peace sign, which we have to relate to in its original meaning, BAN THE BOMB (Nuclear Disarmament). Right on. Now there is one more thing, and that is that the circle of understanding and unity also forms a SUN, and then the flames are added, to show that our Nation is a natural thing and a high-energy construct too, that we relate to the SUN as the source of all life, and that we are all together under the Sun. So that is the significance of the symbol we use, and we hope that people will be able to relate to it.

So this can be discussed at the National Council, whether we should relate to this symbol and what we should do with it. And other things we can talk about, that would be of interest to all our people, are related to building our own National economy and controlling the technology we need to develop as a Nation and a people. There are a lot of things we can do in this area, including things like creating a National Bank so we can consolidate and make the best use of our national wealth. We could create the People's National Bank of Woodstock Nation and use it to further economic development of the whole Nation, and issue our own money which would be redeemed by the bank and which could be used within the Nation—people's stores and people's ballrooms and other institutions could accept Woodstock money which they could then redeem at the People's Bank. This is something to think about, because it would be a great step forward, it would help us build the Nation and define our own economy more clearly. It will take a lot of discussion and a lot of planning and a lot of work if the people decide to go ahead with it, but it would really be beautiful to bring something like a People's Bank about.

Other things we could create are People's Record Companies, recording studios, film laboratories, a People's Publishing House, a national printing center which would have enough (and big enough) presses so all of our Nation's newspapers and books and posters and buttons and things could be

printed by the people themselves, so we could record our own bands and release their music on our own label, so we could make and develop and edit and print and release our own films and album covers and things. This is the way we can develop self-determination for our people, and keep our wealth from flowing out into the mother country greed factories. We can keep our wealth within our own Nation and use it to build the Nation and serve the needs of the people. If we consolidate our National wealth, if we start thinking about ourselves as a people and a Nation rather than as individuals trying to make it in the capitalist system, we can start doing things like this, we can start getting ourselves together and serving all of our people collectively. We can work toward getting our own radio and television stations, we can start buying pieces of land all over the continent and building them into Earth People's Parks for our people to live and work and play and gather on, we can create people's hospitals and schools and everything else we need to survive and grow into our full human potential. We can do all of this if we start banding together and working out ways to take care of ourselves right now—to take care of ourselves AS A PEOPLE, not just a bunch of individuals on our own little ego trips and greed trips. We can do all of the things I've mentioned so briefly above, we can do all of these things with the energies and materials and resources we have within our Nation RIGHT NOW, if we start reconsidering the way we function economically within the mother country system and start working out these kinds of collective ways and means of self-determination. Because if we are going to be free then we have to determine our own destinies—we can't be free if we have to depend on a hostile economic system to sustain ourselves and our people. We have to build one that suits us, and we have to build it ourselves.

And the beautiful thing is, that once we get this new order set up and working, once we band together and set up our people's institutions and get our National Self-Determination program into effect, we will not only be able to take care of our own people but we will also show other peoples that it can be done, and how it can be done. And we will be striking a killer blow at the mother country economic system, at the plastic death culture, which thrives right now off of our people, which thrives on our disunity and our lack of economic sense—the "owners" make the big money off of us, off the youth of Woodstock Nation, and they only continue to be able to rip us off because we haven't seen through their ruse and got ourselves together to take care of ourselves yet. When we DO get ourselves together, when we DO get organized, when we DO move for self-determination on all levels, then the death system of the death culture will be stopped dead in its tracks, and we will be that much closer to the liberation of all the people on the planet!

Now, there is a third thing, and that is the League, or the Six Nations of North America. Within the mother country of Amerika we're not the only colonized national people. There are other peoples who are more oppressed materially than we are, whose national cultures go back hundreds of years on this continent and have been brutally suppressed for years, whose people have been more beaten down and repressed than we have—I am talking about the black colony, and the native American colony, and the chicano colony, and the Puerto Rican colony, and the chinese-american colony. These are all peoples who have been treated by the euro-amerikans as colonial peoples in the classic sense—they have been exploited, their cultures have been ripped apart by the white man, they have been kept out of the government which determines their national destinies, they have also been victims of the euro-amerikans' vicious racism directed against all peoples who are not "white" like they are. We have to relate to these national peoples as sovereign Nations just as we are, and we have to support their national liberation struggles because they are our brothers and sisters struggling against the same enemy as we are struggling against for our freedom. There is much we can learn from these peoples—there is much

we have already learned from the native American colony and the black colony, for their cultures have given birth to our own national culture—and there is much they can learn from us too. If we all support one another and recognize one another as sovereign nations among the powers of the earth, if we all uphold the principle of self-determination for all peoples, our struggle against the common oppressor will be that much shorter and that much less severe, and we will all emerge victorious that much sooner. Just as we are united among our own people, so we must unite ourselves as a people with our brother and sister peoples on the North American continent, and all of us will be the better for it.

My vision is that our Nation, the Woodstock Nation, should work to help create a Six Nations League in North America, bringing all the rising Nations on the continent together with each other in the same way that the Six Nations of the Iroquois were banded together to help each other protect themselves from the aggressors from what is now the mother country, or Euro-Amerika. Our Six Nations League would be established on the model of the Iroquois Confederacy for the purpose of creating harmony, peace and unity among the member Nations, for the purpose of mutual defense against aggression from without, and for the purpose of showing the rest of the world that we are all united peacefully and harmoniously and so are our people. Each Nation would be equally represented on the Great Council of the Six Nations of North America, and the representatives of each Nation would speak for their people as a united people. This would really be a beautiful thing, I feel, myself, that it can be done, and that we should start thinking about how to bring this League about, how to get the representatives of the Six Nations together to set up such a League, if the peoples of the other Nations would be able to relate to such a thing. It would really be a beautiful thing, and it can be done, we can do it, and it's something else that we can talk about at the National Pow-Wow when we get together.

Now, one other thing on this subject, and it's the last thing, before I try to get this message done with, and that is the question of functional administrative bodies for these self-determination, self-government groups we have been talking about. It seems to me that the idea of having "chiefs to do business" is a good plan, and that the local tribal councils, the National Tribal Council, and eventually the League Tribal Council could elect or appoint people who would act full-time for the people as "chiefs to do business," and these people would see to it that the decisions and ideas and plans and programs worked out by the Councils when they are in session are actually carried out on a day-to-day basis. This will take people who have the most advanced consciousness, who have the most highly developed sense of responsibility and commitment to their people, but I know that in our Nation there are people who are capable of taking care of business for the Nation, and we will have to seek these brothers and sisters out and ask them to come forward and serve the people on a daily basis, carrying out the administrative work of the Nation. We are first of all an underdeveloped Nation, a new Nation just starting its national life, and there is a lot of work to be done if we are going to get ourselves together and move effectively for self-determination, and we have to think of all these things and commit ourselves to taking care of them for our people. We have to work collectively to build our Nation, we have to seek out all the most advanced brothers and sisters in the National community and help each other develop our highest and most beautiful potential, our potential strengths and beauties. And we will do it. Right on!

I have confined myself so far to discussing the political struggle and how we can go about carrying it out successfully. Now these are just ideas, just suggestions that I put forth so you can all think about them and check them out and think about how things could be if we all did that. We have to MOVE, we have to get down with it, we have to pull ourselves together and start dealing with our problems, figure

out ways to insure our survival as a people, to insure the survival and the peaceful growth of our people and our national culture. Because we have to realize, one of the main things we have to realize is that we are dealing with some very vicious people, the established power structure is VICIOUS, it will recklessly commit genocide, will rape and plunder and destroy or try to destroy whole peoples and then come back and brag about its ruthlessness, it will hold up its vicious gangsters and marauders and murderers as heroes and wise men, it took this country over by force and mutilated the native peoples and the native cultures in the process, and then GLORIFIED its brutality, and continues to this day to glorify its greedy, ruthless, bloody ripoff of the North American continent from the native Americans. You can see them on television or in the movies, or on billboards even, glorifying their vicious genocide of the red man on this continent. And the same established order, which committed genocide in order to establish itself on this continent, the same power structure committed mass genocide against black people and brown and yellow people here in this country, it locked up the Japanese-American population of Amerika only twenty-five years ago and took everything they had, it is the only nation ever to drop an atomic bomb on another people, committing genocide in the process, and it is committing genocide against yellow peoples in Southeast Asia right now. So don't forget that the people who are keeping us oppressed are vicious murderers and plunderers who will stop at nothing to retain control over the peoples and resources they desire and covet for themselves. They aren't playing, this is not a game, we can't forget for a minute that this is a very serious business we have set about, freeing ourselves from the death merchants and their mighty technological arsenal. This isn't a game at all. They've already started shooting down our own brothers and sisters who weren't even armed. This is really happening, and it will only get worse until we get ourselves together and start dealing with this established authority which does not represent us at all, which forces its will and its whims on us at the pain of death. I don't want to be too grim, but that's what's happening out there right now, and it's not going to go away simply because it should go away, or because it shouldn't be happening, or because we don't like it and want it to stop. That's not going to happen, so we all might as well start adjusting ourselves to reality right now and start preparing ourselves for the kind of struggle its going to take for us to gain our freedom.

This is serious business, and that's why I say that we have to start thinking very serious about organizing ourselves so we can move for self-determination and self-defense. We have to do both, and both take place on the political level first of all. Self-determination also takes place on the economic level, which is just one extension of politics in a different direction. But both take political consciousness, and that's what we have to build in our own minds and in the minds of our people.

We have to realize, and I have to quote brother Che Guevara, again, we have to realize that "it is the time to moderate our disputes and to place everything at the service of the struggle." We have to do that. We have to be concerned above all with our survival (self-defense), because if we don't survive we don't do anything else either. And we have to be concerned with our economic development (self-determination), so we can grow and maintain ourselves once we have insured our survival, and so we can CONTINUE to insure our survival. We have to survive. And the established order doesn't WANT us to survive, unless we capitulate entirely and join the established system to support it and continue its survival. It's one or the other—either we move to insure our own survival, the survival of our people and our Nation, and by doing so strike a death blow at the death culture, or else we are working to insure the survival of the death culture, and the defeat of the life culture. It's one or the

Continued on page 36

# Outlaw Sheriff



PHOTO - DETROIT ANNIE

(Note: Stew Albert, longtime Berkeley activist and Yippie organizer, ran for sheriff of Alameda County last summer. He nearly won.)

**SUN-DANCE:** Why did you decide to run for Sheriff?

Stew: I was on trial and I chose not to make a deal but to defend myself act as my own lawyer. And I was doing really well, and it was the break in the trial, and I was talking to the bailiff, and in California, all the bailiffs in the courtroom are connected with the Alameda County Sheriff's department. I was feeling very confident and together, and I could see that the bailiff was kind of scared, by what he saw me doing: long-haired freak acting in the courtroom and doing well.

So I got in a conversation with him and he told me that, the Sheriff was elected; I didn't know that up until that time. I thought the Sheriff was appointed. So I just told him, my gut reaction, "I'm going to run for Sheriff." And the guys face turned white. I just instinctively knew it was a good idea because it freaked him so much.

So I gave him this whole rap about how I was going to run for Sheriff, and how if I were Sheriff I'd really keep these guys in line and let the prisoners run the jails and have the Sheriffs help us take over buildings at the University and so forth. And he really got freaked; so a few of my friends were around and they said, "Hey, are you just kidding, or are you going to do it?" And it just seemed so good, I said, "Yeah, I'm going to do it."

The idea got reinforced when I spent 65 days in the Alameda county jail. The Sheriff controls the jail, and the Sheriff is the warden of the jail. I discussed it with prisoners in there, mostly black people, and they thought it was a great idea. So I decided that it would be a great way for a Berkeley radical to hook up with the people in the jail who are the most oppressed by Sheriff because he's the warden. And to hook up with the student-prisoners alliance. Projecting that through my campaign for sheriff

**SUN-DANCE:** When you campaigned for Sheriff, when did you start it and what kind of things did you hit upon?

Stew: I guess the election was last June 6, and I guess I started it a couple of months before. When I went down to file to run, I was on the ballot, officially, but when I went down to file the Red Squads of Berkeley and Oakland were there to photograph me just filing. I saw as the main purpose of the campaign was to get the Berkeley radicals and freaks to relate to the prisoners. So we set up a campaign committee, and our basic activity was going out to Santa Rita on visiting day, which was Sunday, and leafletting the family and friends of the convicts, who had been lining up outside the jail waiting to be admitted to visit. And of course they're treated abominably, they're made to wait for hours, they hate the police and so forth, so they were very open, mostly black people, very open to the type of politics that we were projecting. And at one point we got these campaign buttons printed up with M-16s on them, and the slogan, "Smash Santa Rita, Stew Albert for Sheriff."

"And they put them on and they wore them inside the jail, and the deputy sheriffs in the jail really freaked out, started screaming at the people, take them off, but a lot of them refused to do it. Then the prisoners saw the campaign buttons, and they really

dug it.

Do I think the main activity was relating to the prisoners. We had a number of people in the jail who were very friendly to the campaign. I got a number of letters from prisoners, and they carried on various campaign activities in the jail. Like a full page campaign poster was printed in the Tribe and I got a report that 14 of them were smuggled into Santa Rita and were put up on the wall. Of course the prisoners loved it, and the guards freaked out and ripped it down.

Relating to this linking up of Berkeley with the jailhouse, it's a natural thing because so many Berkeley people wind up spending time in jail anyway. So it's our second home, we might as well make it a better one to live in.

**SUN-DANCE:** You did other campaigning, though, aside from the jail; like you were talking one time about going before labor union leaders?

Stew: Yeah, I had a very interesting experience. I went before the AFL-CIO political endorsing committee, and I gave them my rap and I asked them to endorse me for Sheriff. And I was really getting along very well with them. They don't like Madigan because of course the Sheriff's department are used for strike-breakers, they help the scabs. So I was doing fine, and then I casually said that I thought the working people should begin to arm themselves, because the system was cracking up, and that the working people were going to lose their right to strike, and I pointed, as an example, what happened with the federal mail delivery strike, where the army was moved in, to sort the mail.

I said the military would take over the factories at some point in the future with the system cracking up, and force the workers to work, so the only way the workers could defend themselves was by arming; and these guys, you know—labor bureaucrats, they freaked out. They were absolutely frightened, petrified, at the thought that the people that they were supposed to represent might begin to arm themselves. And they said so: they started attacking the workers. And the AFL-CIO would end up endorsing Frank Madigan, the fascist candidate in Alameda County.

**SUN-DANCE:** What was your campaign platform, what would you do if you'd been elected?

Stew: Well, I always made clear to people that running for Sheriff wasn't like running for City Council. If you're revolutionary and you run for city council and you win, ok, they let you sit on the City Council, it's just not as powerful. But if you're Sheriff, you control the guns, and like Mao says, political power begins at the barrel of a gun. And the sheriff has a lot of guns: So make clear to people that if I were elected Sheriff, they would either find some way to say that the election didn't count, or, if they let me be sheriff, take all the real power of the sheriff away from me. And then say, OK Stew, You can lead the Rodeo, when it comes to town. But no real power. So I make that very clear.

However, I did try to make the point of what, if people had a real representative for Sheriff, what he would do. And what I would have done, or what I think any representative of the people as Sheriff should do, I spelled out a program. And first thing I would have done would be to remove all the guards from Santa Rita County Jail, and then let the prisoners give total self-determination to the prisoners. If they wanted to turn Santa Rita into a people's farm, they could do that; if they wanted to leave, they could do that. But it would be total prisoners power. I would have disarmed

the regular police forces. And favored the creation of a people's militia. And the people's militia would have been the true police power, in the county, you know, the people.

We would have begun growing food in the park, for the Panthers' breakfast-for children program. We would have disbanded the University police force, and created a student's militia, for the University of California. We would have had the Sheriff's department not protect the landlords when it came time for evictions, but actually help the tenants stay there, by keeping the landlords away from the buildings. And we would have had a general program. I mean I basically think that the basic function of a sheriff's department is to help old people across the street, bring down kittens from trees when they climb up trees, and teach kids how to play stickball.

**SUN-DANCE:** What was your reaction to the incredible vote you did get?

Stew: Well, it was about 30 per cent of the vote. And I got 65,000 votes and some hundred, I don't remember. My reaction was I turned white and almost fainted. Because I didn't run with the expectation of a big vote.

I ran to politically orient, to change the political consciousness at Berkeley so that they began to relate much more closely to the problems of Santa Rita, the prisoners at Santa Rita. And that was the main reason for running. I considered the main job of the campaign completed before election day. But naturally I was shocked of course I was very happy. Because the big vote proved something that's very important. That there is a sizeable number of straight, middle class, working class people in Alameda County who think that the police are getting out of hand. Define the vote as an anti-police vote. I don't call it a pro-Stew Albert vote.

**SUN-DANCE:** Who do you think voted for you?

Stew: Well, I know that the whole Berkeley student-freak community voted for me, overwhelmingly, and were very enthusiastic about the campaign. And then, I think, just regular folks around the county who think the police are getting out of line. A lot of blacks voted for me, I had a large-black vote, but not just that, but also white middle class people who are sick of the war and would vote for an anti-war candidate, and are also getting sick of the police, and voted for me as an anti-police candidate.

**SUN-DANCE:** If everybody under 18 had been allowed to vote, you probably would have been elected.

Stew: Oh I have no doubt, now the point that I made was that my big vote proved that, see like Eldridge always said that there are more people than pigs. And my big vote proved that in Alameda County, that's absolutely right. Because if you take my vote and then let's say high school students, junior high schools students could have voted, and if felons could have voted, and if all the people who didn't know about my campaign and would have voted for me but forgot to register would have voted, we would have won overwhelmingly. I would debate Frank Maddigan in any high school in Alameda County, and I certainly know who would win and who'd get run out of town.

**SUN-DANCE:** Well, it's beef kind of an inspiration for other people, because there are at least two other freaks running for Sheriff, one in Lawrence Kansas.

Stew: Oh, It's a real tidal wave we've started. It's more than two I first announced my intention to run for

Continued P. 18

# THE REAL ENEMY

The religious sacraments of the youth culture, particularly marijuana, LSD, mescaline and other consciousness-expanding (psychedelic) agents, are also revolutionary in essence and in effect... Briefly, the psychedelic agents help create and extend and reinforce revolutionary consciousness—they open us up to the widest and most advanced uses of the universe and everyone and everything within it and give us a deep sense of unity and benevolence which reinforces and advances our acceptance of objective reality, whatever it might be, and strengthens and deepens our revolutionary commitment to change, to the people, and to the planet and the universe itself. These chemical agents help us burn out the deposits of filth and greed which the consumer-capitalist culture has injected into our brains and our very cells, they help us realize the anti-human nature of the competitive, control-oriented consumer-culture which has therefore shaped our lives, and they help put us in touch with the higher energy-source of the universe.

John Sinclair, 1970

Above all the culture born of the people of Woodstock Nation is revolutionary. Whether the people who make up this culture are aware of that or not, whether they are aware of their nationality or not, makes no difference to the objective reality of a new revolutionary youth culture in Amerikkka. We are revolutionary because we want the best of everything for everybody and know that that's possible and are willing to do whatever is necessary to achieve that. "We are LSD-driven maniacs of the universe!" Che said that a true revolutionary is motivated by a great spirit of love, and it is in loving the people that we want to serve the needs of the

people and make it possible for self-determination of all people. It is through criticism and self-criticism that we get our shit together and move ahead, we take our ideas from the people. In the first issue of SUN-DANCE we printed a Declaration of War against the death drugs of pig nation. In it we stated:

A state of war exists between the revolutionary people building an alternative culture, and the counter-revolutionary forces represented by death drugs such as smack and speed, those who push it, and those who use it.

We realize now what a mistake that was and want to correct our mistake. We realize this because many people came to us and told us that they had used death



drugs in the past or occasionally even now and wanted to know if we considered them our enemy. We know now that is what our statement said, and are amazed that we were so blind. We feel it is a primary task to bring people together—separation is one of the pigs' main tools in keeping the people slaves to their perverted images of humanity. We don't want to do anything to separate ourselves from our people; on the contrary, we will do whatever is necessary to come together. The pigs in power now are racist, sexist motherfuckers and will do anything they can think of to stay in control. They want to divide and conquer any group of people who start to define their own lives outside of Pig Nation. We feel very badly that we came close to doing that ourselves by mistaking our friends for enemies.

This does not mean that we are any less down on the death drugs of Pig Nation than we were before. We are more convinced than ever that drugs like speed and smack are purposely being let into our communities to keep the people from dealing with the conditions they are forced to live with... to keep the people from coming together to build the righteous community we should be.

Take, for example, the Haight-Ashbury community in San Francisco. Anyone who was there in or before 1967 can tell you what a beautiful place it was—we all know it was like a birthplace for us all, people went there from all over the world because it was a living legend. Anyone who has been there recently knows that it was burned out by speed and smack and they are just now starting to build back up the ruins. And the same thing is happening all over the country. Ask the Black Panther Party how smack has affected their communities. It is truly a Plague upon the people put there by the pig like they put small pox into the American Indians to wipe them out.

Sisters and brothers, we the people are

the only ones who can deal with this Plague. No one is going to do it for us. We must analyze why people use speed and smack when it must be obvious to them too how it fucks, up their lives after any continuous period of use. Speed and smack both become a whole way of life for anyone under their control. People choose speed and smack as a way of life rather than the lives defined for them by their parents, teachers, police and politicians. They are not aware of a better alternative! We cannot allow this to go on any longer! We are all part of Woodstock Nation, a whole new culture, a whole new level of civilization of people not afraid to come together and take care of each other because we're in love. We are determined to make our dreams realities, we must or we are doomed. And it's a lot of work and a lot of fun and a lot of pain, growing pains, but the longer and harder we struggle the more we come together.

It's time to intensify the struggle against the Plague of death drugs in our communities. We must build our communities strong to withstand any blight that might come down upon us, so we can take care of any people who see fit to come together with us. We must be very careful in deciding who our enemies are and who our friends are, the lines are not clearly drawn yet; people are wavering and will continue to waver. We must take every opportunity to offer our solutions to anyone who has not clearly defined their own life. This is no light task, have no thoughts that it's easy for people to understand anything, we have all been so fucked over. So we say, be strong and diligent and patient, and love the people! Revolution is the way to life!  
LIFE TO THE LIFE CULTURE, DEATH TO THE DEATH CULTURE.

Genie Plamondon,  
Minister of International Affairs, Red Star Sister, White Panther Party

## Sheriff

sheriff about a year ago, and there was a big story in the old Berkeley Barb. Of course now that we've created the Tribe, the Tribe was my main organ of propaganda during the campaign.

But I announced it about a year ago, and even then I started getting a lot of reaction from people, so, I know there's also someone running in Virginia, and a number of people in California and around the West. I think it's a great idea. It attacks the police. You know what it's like? It's like how do you think a religious catholic would feel if an avowed atheist announced he's going to run for Pope. The police tried to laugh it off at first, and they treated it as a big joke. But when they started seeing me coming out to the jail every week end, and saw who I was relating to, they got a little uptight, and then of course the big vote I got freaked them out.

SUN-DANCE: How did the ruling class, the prosecuting attorney, how did they react to your success?

Stew: Well, I bumped into a D.A. who had sent me to jail and he said it was a real happy day for him when I went off to jail, but of course he didn't know I was running for sheriff. After the vote he said he wasn't so happy. And I bumped into a deputy sheriff who, when I was in jail, one time sent me to the hole and made me get two haircuts in one day, and he was actually freaked out, very nervous when he spoke to me. He almost said, "Yessir." It really got them up tight. The prisoners loved it. About two days after the vote was in, there was a riot in Santa Rita and fire was started in four barracks. They dug it. I mean we had people working on the inside and the prisoners really dug it.

SUN-DANCE: Well off of that, there's still a movement of freaks and just plain folks going out to Santa Rita every Sunday to see the prisoners, right?

Stew: Well, the committee that formed around the campaign is still continuing to operate. The decision that we made was to actually starting to concentrate more on infiltration, on making contact with the prisoners through visiting them. You see, a number of prisoners wrote to me during the campaign, and when we got the mail and then we got on their visiting list, and campaign have been visiting them. So we're working on a less open level, trying to actually build up a core of political organizing.

Also I'm involving myself against Santa Rita in terms of their medical facilities, which are about as non-existent as their rehabilitation program.

SUN-DANCE: You would encourage other people from other cities to run for Sheriff?

Stew: Definitely. Eventually we're going to win if

we keep doing it. I think that as the generation of high school kids reaches the voting age, especially if the voting age is lowered, I believe that in a number of areas we can actually win. I think that will create a major crisis for the ruling class in any given area. For instance, in Berkeley especially, Berkeley isn't just any area, it's the home of a major student movement, a major freak movement, and the Black Panther Party. And not only is the FBI interested in Alameda County, but so is the CIA, so if a revolutionary becomes sheriff, it threatens the whole functioning of their empire. The university of California is a major energy source of imperialism. They're part of a process that manufactures lies. The computers in the university of California program counter-insurgency programs all over the world. Experiments go on there in biological warfare. Now the sheriff controls the police power that protects the university. If a revolutionary were sheriff, obviously those computers would be saved. We might start using them to develop better and safer forms of LSD; but certainly not counter-insurgency programs. So what I'm saying is that it would present a major crisis, and that in some ways the ruling class would have to remove the freak sheriff. But then that would be good because it would show the people the true class nature of the state. That they could elect somebody to a powerful position, and he's removed by order of the king.

SUN-DANCE: You've been deep into out laws and sheriffs for along time. Who don't you talk about some of the great outlaws...

Stew: We make a mistake sometimes in confusing gangsters and outlaws. I think its gangsters presiding over large corporate syndicates, and part of the capitalist system. But outlaws are dropouts. They drop out of the functioning of the system and they seek their survival by ripping off the system. People like Pretty Boy Floyd, John Dillinger, Bonnie & Clyde, going back, people like Butch Cassidy, were actually beloved figures. During the 1930's banks were closing on the farmers, taking their land; many times the farmers fought back with shotguns. Well, naturally people like Pretty Boy Floyd and John Dillinger who were robbing banks, never robbing the people, were heroes. They set an example. Now these guys were too busy ripping off banks to hire historians, to write true accounts, whereas J. Edgar Hoover has never had a shortage of prostitute historians, to write about his biography, so a lot of false history has been created. But outlaws are rebels against the system, and they always attack the enemies of the people; the banks, going back in the West, the railroads, and the

people have always dug them and seen them as doing it for them. People like Pretty Boy Floyd and John Dillinger, if they killed anyone, they killed pigs.

SUN-DANCE: How about that one time Pretty Boy Floyd got away up that hill, and all the people prepared a big feast for him?

Stew: Oh yeah, Pretty Boy Floyd robbed two banks in one day in Oklahoma and that was considered a bad luck thing to do, because the Dalton gang tried it back in the heavy Old West days, and got blown away. Well, Pretty Boy Floyd did it; he robbed two banks, got away with it, came back to the Oklahoma hills, and the people told him they would sit down and have a meal with them.

When the FBI went in there to try to find him, everyone said, "Oh we don't know him, we don't know where he's living." And they were hiding him out. The people were hiding him out because he hit the banks. And the people hated the banks. It was sort of like American soldiers looking for Viet Cong among Vietnamese peasants—they're not going to find them. And the FBI couldn't find Pretty Boy Floyd. So the outlaws—they weren't revolutionaries, they knew who their enemies were: big business, the politicians, the police, and they fought them. They fought them heroically. But they didn't have a sense of how they could ultimately overthrow their enemy. That it wasn't just a continuous war, but that they could actually win, that they could overthrow their enemy. So they didn't have a sense of arming the people, a political philosophy to take to the people, to organize the people. In a sense they provided a kind of an exciting entertainment for their people that for the people that the people could dig and support. But not a revolutionary philosophy. So we gotta view them as heroic rebels, but not as revolutionaries.

SUN-DANCE: Are you going to run for Sheriff again in a couple years?

Stew: Well, I was thinking of moving to Ann Arbor and running against Sheriff Harvey, as a matter of fact, if he's still around.

SUN-DANCE: Oh, he'll be around.

Stew: But then I was thinking maybe Pun should do it. No, I think my days as an active politician are over, but I think that in future years all the anti-police forces in Alameda County have to be brought together, a candidate has to be found that they can all support, and you gotta run to win. And I'd be for that 100 per cent, but I don't think I'm that candidate.

Maybe in four years I won't be sheriff, I'll be an outlaw. Yeah, maybe I'll be the outlaw.

# KICKIN' OUT THE VIET-JAMS



**Note:** Genie Plamondon, Minister of International Affairs of the White Panther Party, visited the Democratic Republic of Vietnam early this summer, along with two members of the Youth International Party, Judy Gumbo and Nancy Rubin (See SUN-DANCE, No. 1) The following was compiled from two interviews, one with LIBERATION News Service by Karen Kearns and Barbara Rothkrug the other by Frank Bardacke.

**Q:** Is the Vietnamese civilization a high civilization?

**Nancy:** We decided that it was one of the highest.

**Genie:** We told them that they should take over the world. Like it really is a whole new civilization because of the way the people relate to each other. The way they work with each other.

**Nancy:** But they are so civilized that they don't want to take over the world. They said, "We don't want to take over the world, we only want to unite North and South Vietnam." But they also smoke Thuoc Lao.

**Q:** Why don't you describe that.

**Nancy:** Thuoc Lao is Laotian tobacco. You smoke it in a pipe. Actually, on the trip over we discovered it. One of the most important officials in the Fatherland Front of Than Hoa Province turned us on to it. He had a pipe—a metal pipe made from a downed American plane. It was beautiful. And when he smoked, he was a really heavy toker. He really did it good—it just sang because it was like a whistle, you could hear it.

**Q:** When do they smoke it? On what occasions?

**Judy:** We have this conception that you smoke dope and it's a special thing and you got to be afraid of the pigs—all this paranoia. But not in Vietnam. You just go down to the store and buy a key of Thuoc Lao. It costs about 20 cents and everyone has their pipe. They carry around a little matchbox full of it.

**Genie:** You smoke it yourself or pass it on to the next person, but usually you have everybody doing their own pipeful. But it really brings people together.

**Judy:** We all coughed the first time, except for Genie. So Genie came off as the super Thuoc-Lao toker of the year—a heroine.

They talk about heroines and heros all the time in Vietnam. We had this driver and they'd say, "He is a hero driver," or "She is a heroine farmer," or a "heroine production worker". I'm not sure exactly how it gets defined who's a heroine and who's a hero, but there are a lot of 'em.

Anyway, Thuoc Lao's a rush, that's the thing. It doesn't last long, but you get a real rush off it. We just thought there was one Thuoc Lao, but it turns out that there's three different grades of it—we smoked the weakest!

**Q:** Why was the White Panther Party and the Youth International Party invited to North Vietnam.

**Nancy:** The problem had been that the only people who had really been relating to the Vietnamese had been Mobers and liberals, so we had several conversations with the Vietnamese Committee for Solidarity with the American People in Montreal and Stockholm, particularly talking about the whole youth revolution, and as a result of those meetings they invited us to come to Hanoi.

**Judy:** It was really far out when we first got there. We landed when Sihanouk was there. The day he arrived he and Pham Van Dong and General Giap were just walking down the street in front of our hotel, surrounded by hundreds of people—

it was really great—they were just six feet away from us.

You know, no American politician would dare to walk down the street in the middle of the people.

**Nancy:** The policemen are really far out—they're like the people's militia. They'd say things like, "would the fellow from the country be so kind as to move back to the curb?" They didn't carry arms or anything like it. We'd stop to talk to them—they were very young and smiling, and very friendly—so opposite to a pig that you can't even describe it.

When Sihanouk was there they had all these lights up on the palace that they



liberated from the French in 1945. And I said, "Gee, it looks really far out, really psychedelic." And one of the Vietnamese said, "When a prince joins the revolution, it's appropriate to do something psychedelic."

**Genie:** When we went to the Museum of the Revolution, they had models of different ways that they have to live, and the different battles that went on. And they explained how when the American soldiers come to the jungle that the jungle is just this horrible, awful place to go into. And how they always get caught. When a parachuter parachutes into the jungle they don't even go after him, cause they know he can't exist in the jungle. But the Vietnamese call the jungle their friend, because it hides them and gives them shelter. They have a song which is a song about guerrilla fighter who was in the jungle for 20 years and as he goes down to the plains, the jungle sings this farewell song to him which says something like, "when you see a river remember the rain water and the jungle, when you see a tree remember me the trees, who sheltered you all these years." It's really far out.

It's incredible how much they used the word "love". Every song and poem they have is always about loving something. It's just incredible how much they love everything and everybody and want to come together on all levels. And they've integrated that idea into everything they're doing. Into their culture and their politics. And into their lifestyles, not only on a theory level, but putting it into practice. It's like a whole country of people where all the people are concerned with the needs of all the people.

**Q:** Were the Vietnamese freaked out by your being on all-woman's delegation?

**Nancy:** No. They knew that we were especially interested in women, so they made an effort for us to meet a lot of Vietnamese women.

**Judy:** It was really good that we were a delegation of women because that meant that in many cases we met with more women than we would have if we'd just been a mixed delegation. We met two beautiful women from the South from the PRG, and we spent a whole day with them and that was really incredible and then we also met with the Women's Union. We tried to layout what was happening in the Women's Movement and talked about feminism and we were really up front about the whole thing—even our differences among the three of us. They really understood it—they really understood the kinds of things that were coming down. The thing I remember that they told us that really stuck in my mind was how when the women were organizing in pre-revolutionary Vietnam they had some organizations that were just organizing on women's issues and the Vietnamese called these bourgeois women's movements because they were simply organizing on women's issues and not relating to the fact of oppression by the French and French imperialism and colonialism. At the same time there were revolutionary women's organizations which were led by women who were active in the party.

**Genie:** The Party hadn't been formed yet—it was a Marxist-Leninist line, and a Marxist-Leninist analysis was how they looked at women's liberation, saying that all women can't be free until all the people are free.

**Judy:** And they told us you have to organize women on women's issues that directly relate to imperialism and colonialism, and they understand why you can't simply organize for civil rights or more rights for women without talking about where that stems from, in terms of feudalism.

**Q:** What is the position of the women in Vietnamese society now, and do you see whether they feel they've won their struggle for liberation, in terms of women. Whether they feel the issues of the particular necessity of their own liberation.

**Nancy:** Well, there's not as many women as men on the front, you know. And there are a lot of women who would like to fight and who can't fight because they're needed in production back home, in their villages, or whatever. And I guess that's some kind of a contradiction, you know, I guess that's not total liberation, but the things is you have to remember what kind of background they came from, which

was feudal society, incredibly male supremacist, and a whole tradition of Confucius, which was just totally anti-woman.

Men had many wives and many concubines, plus they went to prostitutes. And there were very strict rules about men and women—unmarried women. If a man was coming to visit your house you had to go to your room. Wives were literally not supposed to look at their husbands during the day. Just incredible sexism and a super-dollhouse thing about women.

Confucius' Book of Rights about women ("Morals forbid her to step out of her room—her only business is in the kitchen.") and her duties of obedience:

"She owes complete obedience to her father, after marriage, to her husband, and after the latter's death, to her eldest son." Confucian morals condemned freedom of marriage. The young girl was sold to the highest bidder, whoever and however old he might be. The concubine suffered even more humiliations.

But alongside this oppressive tradition was also a tradition of women fighting, heroines—that is the tradition that the Vietnamese honor. The Treung sisters led an insurrection against the Chinese in the year 40 AD, and the Vietnamese have a lot of memorials and pictures com-



memorating the sisters. They also talk a lot about Trieu, a peasant woman who with her brother led thousands of partisans to combat in 1248 AD, and drove the Chinese and feudal governors out of the country. The Vietnamese remember what she said



# Pick UP the gun to put DOWN the gun!



STATEMENT FROM DUONG DINH THAO, member of the delegation of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam to the Paris Peace Talks.

July 15, 1970

First, I ADMIRE THE COURAGE OF THE American youth and students who have been demanding an end to the war and the withdrawal of all GI's from South Vietnam.

It is precisely those American youth who are really patriotic people in the U.S. not only fighting to end the suffering of Vietnamese people but also to end the suffering of youth and women in the United States.

If the Nixon administration is tarnishing the prestige of the United States, these youth who are opposing the war are making people understand that there is a new American nation who want peace and want friendship with all the peoples. We wish to them every success and we are sincerely grateful to them.

Write to the Vietnamese. The representatives of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam want to get letters! They would really dig finding out about what people are doing. The right wing has an organized campaign to send them hate letters, and we must let them know how their sisters and brothers really feel, and what we are doing. Write:

DRV Embassy  
8, Avenue General Leclerc  
94, Choisy Le Roi  
FRANCE

to her brother: "My wish is to ride the tempest, tame the waves, kill the sharks. I want to drive the enemy away to save our people. I will not resign myself to the usual lot of women who bow their heads and become concubines."

Q: This woman with the medals in the picture—did you say she was a commander in the militia?

Judy: Her name is Lien. She's 28 years old and a deputy commander of one of the provinces in the South. We met her when she was in Hanoi visiting from the South. She's been in about 292 battles, her command has taken care of about 3000 American and puppet troops—no shit, she's totally far out.

Lien told us about her life—she came from a revolutionary family and she took part in the revolution when she was 11—her role was to guide cadre in Saigon. At 14 she had a smaller children's group, and for the first time she did mass agitation. At 15 she was the leader of the group, and played a leadership role in the "long-haired army struggle"—that's what they call the army of women on all levels. I told her that we have a long-haired army too, only there are men in it. She really dug that.

From 17 to 18 she was the commander of a guerrilla group in the village. At 24 she was in charge of an armed struggle group at the district level, and was political commissioner of district guerrilla warfare and then deputy commander of the People's Liberation Armed Forces (PLAF) in her province, and Deputy of the People's Congress of the whole of South Vietnam. She has two medals first class and third class exploit medals from the PLAF. She was so modest, she just said, "I am one of the many thousands of people who take part in the struggle."

Genie: They have three divisions of the military. They have the guerrilla, the militia, and the regular army. The militia is made up of mostly women, because the way they explain it, the women are usually in with the militia, they work with the militia, which is like a defense, a military defense at home. The reason they stay home, mostly, is because of family ties, you know, they have a kid so they stay home with their kid and they work as productive parts of the time, and when they're attacked, they are members of the militia so they can defend their homes. And the guerrillas and army are offensive, they go out and seek out the enemy and deal with the enemy out there.

They all help take care of each other. Like we would see in Hanoi very young kids carrying babies. And grand mothers, very often stay and live with the families. People who were too old to participate in production or in fighting stay and help take care of children.

Nancy: We had to talk about how we hadn't seen our birthright families for a long time, and the whole situation with young people and their parents in this country. Genie talked about it.

Genie: They understood us totally because during the revolution it was the same way for them. A lot of people talked to us about how before the revolution they had to turn on their parents, how there was a split between the young people and the old people, the same way that it is here now. They had to turn on everybody and they totally understood how there could be a split between families, old members and young members.

Q: Did you get the feeling from the trip that because of the massive technologizing of the war, and because of the incredible massive bombing in the South and all over Indochina, whether the Vietnamese now

see even more than the role of the American anti-war movement and the American revolutionary movement. Do they really emphasize that that's part of the reason they are stepping up all these contacts?

Genie: I heard before that when people went over there quite awhile ago they were saying things like they did not believe that there could be a revolution in America, that talking about moving a revolution in America was foolish. But while we were there, they really treated us as revolutionaries and talked to us all the time about revolutionary theory and practice, and told us about the experiences they had in their revolution. How they went about it, telling us that "we can't tell you how to have your revolution", but knowing that we were on the way to finding out how to make a revolution, and doing it here in this country, and really honoring us because of it, because they felt so close to us, knowing that we felt the same way and that we were all part of the same revolution.

Q: Did they give you any specific anti-war strategy?

Judy: No. But one of the reasons I think they fell more and more that way is because after the invasion of Cambodia there was such an incredible response here from young militants. Not that there was the biggest march in history, but that all over the country people were street fighting, and I think that blew their minds. Nancy: They really considered us as revolutionary comrades, they really did. Even though it was sometimes hard to translate, because the word for radical and the word for progressive in Vietnamese is the same word, and sometimes it was hard to deal with that.

Q: But there was not specific anti war strategy?

Genie: No, you see they don't suggest strategy to you because they know that we understand the United States a lot better than they do, and so they won't suggest strategy, they just discuss what the different effects are of different things, and they say things like, a demonstration for the sake of a demonstration is not the correct strategy. I mean, they understand a whole lot of things.

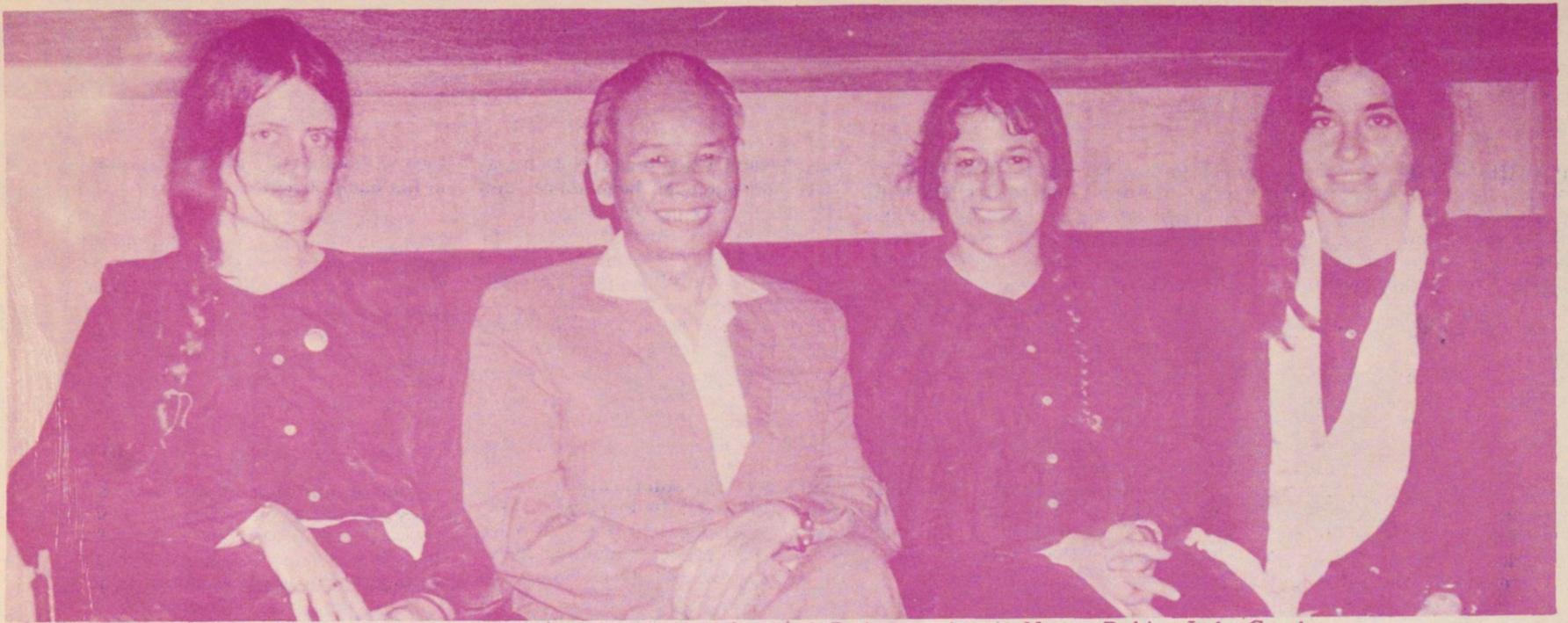
They talked to us about revolutionary principles, rather than telling us about what to do or suggestions, even if we sort of hinted that we would have liked them, or would have liked to find out what they thought we should do here in America, or how they saw what would be a good thing to do. They would always come back and tell us, "Well, we can't tell you what to do, you have to learn for yourself, because we're not over there, we're not in that situation."

Q: How about sex?

Judy: Well, they're pretty monogamous basically. They're very loyal people, very loyal to their family and couples and things. But again I think you have to see where they're coming from to see where they're going to. You wouldn't see couples walking hand in hand in the streets of Hanoi, it was much more delicate. You'd see a man with a woman behind him on a bicycle, and you could just tell, like maybe she had her hand around his waist, that they were probably lovers. Or you'd be walking by a pagoda and you'd come across this couple, just two people together, sitting together or squatting and they wouldn't even be talking, they'd just sort of look at you and smile and you'd look back at them and smile, but it was a very delicate fragile beautiful thing.

Q: Is there a lot of physical affection between couples?

Genie: We tried to explain to them about



Genie Plamondon, Xuan Thuy (the DRV's chief Paris negotiator), Nancy Rubin, Judy Gumbo.

what's going on over here with our culture and how we're living communally in large communes, and how very often someone will fall in love with one person and live with that one person but then you can also have a really heavy relationship with a lot of other people because you're so into loving so many different people, and trying to pull everybody together, really deep into that, and breaking off the nuclear family, and doing that whole thing. It was really hard for them to understand.

Judy: They were really surprised...

Genie: A lot of them didn't go through a marriage ceremony, signing it over to the state. They just got married because they didn't feel that ceremony was necessary—they just lived with each other, but they just had this incredible sense of loyalty and when we spoke to them about what was happening over here, with people breaking open the nuclear family and starting to live in tribes and things, their question was, don't you feel a sense of loyalty to the person you love?

Judy: One of the reasons for that is they live so collectively anyway, they live just as a collective, they live in neighborhoods, there'll be four or five families living in a house so they in fact have that tribal thing.

Q: What about young people, who aren't married yet or haven't chosen mates to live with? Did you get any idea of what their social relations are? Is that frowned upon?

Nancy: I think premarital sex is not, and does not happen. Especially because they have this whole thing about how they have to postpone marriage anyway, and postpone having kids because of the war.

Q: Do they postpone children because of the war?

Nancy: Well, they really never say it, they really love children, they really dig children, so it's really great when someone has a kid. But on the other hand it also means that you have to give up your job, so they love pregnant women, and they love children.

Genie: They also told us that even today when people are friends or when they've gone somewhere to talk to or visit somebody, they always leave on good terms, even if they've been having an incredibly high-energy argument. They always leave best of friends because they

know that there's the chance that they might never see each other again.

I've never seen a whole country that lived under that consciousness before.

Q: Tell us about the schools that you visited.

Judy: They're great. I've got this really



far out picture of this little kid shooting a plastic gun at an Uncle Sam Poster. The kids are incredible. They have all kinds of schools. They have schools for the kids and schools for the adults and everyone was very happy to see us. Most people now have at least first level education, and then you go on, and if you want to be an artist you can be an artist and so on—it's a very permissive education—there's no punishment. The discipline problems they have are basically problems of energy—the kids are so energetic that they want to do shit. There's a lot of singing and dancing but also a lot of mathematics and science.

When we'd come to the schools little 6-year-olds would come up with little bouquets of flowers and sing Ho Chi Minh songs and "welcoming the guests" songs and clap their hands and do dances for us—it was really far out!

Q: I understand they asked you to sing songs, after they would sing a song they would ask you to sing one for them?

Nancy: We attempted it.

Q: What did you sing?

Judy: We taught them "Power to the People, Off the Pig!" One night we and a few musicians were sitting at this table and this one guy was really far out, like a peasant type, bigger than most Vietnamese, with a wide face and a booming voice. He appeared in Moscow and all these places—he was a really far out dude. He wanted to learn some of our songs and mentioned something like "We Shall Overcome". We tried to explain that that was not a politically right thing. So we taught them, "Power to the People, Off the Pig!" instead. And so then we stood up with this guy and everyone else sat around and we all sang, "Off the Pig!"

Nancy: Going back to schools, I remember two things about the schools. One is that teachers really seem to dig it. We would say to them, "Man, you are such great teachers," because they just had so much life and energy and music about them. And they would sort of look wist-

fully at us and say, "Well, some day we hope to be able to teach all the children of Vietnam, including the children of the South." And they were always seeing things in that way—everybody was, but especially teachers.

And the other thing was a quote I wrote down about Saigon schools and universities: "Now within this political system the schools are more dangerous than the prisons," which I thought was pretty analogous to the situation here because the curriculum is reactionary and they are trained to do ridiculous things and the whole educational system in South Vietnam is totally corrupt.

Judy: The history textbooks in the South are compiled and prited by a U.S. company, and they're introducing a lot of CIA agents as teachers. The examinations cost a lot of money so only a few can afford to take them.

Nancy: Ten percent of the children in Saigon go to school—that's all. Outside Saigon there's only one state-run school for a population of like 100,000 people on the outskirts.

Judy: At the examinations in the South the students aren't asked questions about the things they're taught. In 1969 65.4 percent of the students failed the exams in secondary school. Twelve thousand at the college level took the exams and only 25 passed! And the point is that once you fail the exam you're drafted into the army immediately. So they deliberately set it up so only a few pass and they can get people for the army. That's why all the shit's going on in Saigon now, why all the



students are fighting because they just can't relate to that kind of system.

Judy: It's very hard for a girl student in the South to get a job when they fail their exams. To qualify they have to be virgins, have a height of 1.58 meters, and have big breasts and hips and this is just to get an ordinary job in a textile mill. And they're press ganging women into the South Vietnamese military.

Q: What was the food?

Judy: They have little egg roll type things. The Vietnamese have soup and Vietnamese vermicelli noodles really a lot. They don't eat it first or last, they eat it whenever they want with the meal.

Q: Do they eat a lot of brown rice?

Nancy: It's not brown rice. They say they

don't have brown rice. We tried to ask them about it. They say that they eat regular white rice for dinner and at lunch they eat sticky rice, which is white rice without something, I don't know. It's sticky and it looks brown.

Judy: And they also put this thing on top of it that's made of brown peanuts, sesame seeds, which is salty. You take sticky rice, you roll a bowl of it and you dip it in a bowl of sesame seeds and stuff and you eat it.

Genie: Another thing, this one visit we went to a hospital and it was far out, because they showed us their pharmacy. And it was a pharmacy of herbs—they had a herb for bad stomachs, and a birth control herb—whatever.

They grew most of the herbs in fields behind the hospital and they would just go out and pick their herbs and make the stuff.

They also had western medicine too. They had both. But like they were really proud of their traditional medicine and there was this really old, old man who sort of ran it, and you could tell he just really dug it, a far out drugist.

Q: The people of Vietnam are enormously devoted to Ho Chi Minh. How do they relate to him now that he's dead?

Nancy: They talk about him all the time—not like he was the dictator of the country or anything but in a very personal way. They tell this story about how one of the men on the committee went to an all-women's meeting as a journalist and Ho was addressing the meeting. Ho looked at him and said, "What are YOU doing here?"

Genie: They told us this really beautiful story about when he was dying, and he was lying on his bed and everyone from the party and the central committee was around him. And his eyes were open—he wouldn't close his eyes. They suddenly realized what he was thinking and they all linked arms—because the whole thing he had been doing all his life was trying to get people together to carry on the struggle. And after they did that, he closed his eyes and died.

Q: You say that people can essentially choose whatever they want to do in North Vietnam—but they must have a draft.

Judy: Yeah, but people want to join the army. In other words, people will say, "I'm bringing up my son to join the army..." I mean, we never asked them that question as to whether they had a draft or not, because I don't think they do in that sense. People join the army, period. You see, fighting isn't different from production. Everything is geared toward the war effort, the whole economy, the whole society and the whole thinking. So that if you're working in a city desk job, it's the same thing as the army. There's a saying of Ho's that they go by. "We want to turn 31 million Vietnamese people into 31 million fighters." And that's what's happened. That's what they do.



# Los Siete de la Raza...

By MARJORIE HEINS

On May 1, 1969, a crowd of people demonstrated in San Francisco for the release of Huey P. Newton on bail. That same day, in the Mission District of the city, another cop hit the dust after a tangle with some young latinos who seemed to be out from Huey's mold.

The events of that day were very complicated. It probably won't ever be known who fired the shot that killed this cop, Joe Brodnik, or whether it was fired intentionally or by accident. The young men were moving some property into a house where one of them, Jose Rios, lived. Two plainclothes cops were cruising down the street in an unmarked car. They saw the young latinos and jumped out to "investigate"

McGoran and Brodnik were well known in the Mission District for their racism and harassment of brown people. They had both grown up in the Mission, and although it had changed since their time from a white to a brown district, the two cops still considered it their private property. They really enjoyed their job as undercover men. McGoran, especially, had a long history of calling people the foulest racist names and beating them up. He was a nervous man, constantly using tranquilizers, and he hid his fear behind the extra big .41 magnum that he carried. It was this gun that killed Brodnik.

McGoran and Brodnik stopped the brothers. McGoran told them to stay put. Brodnik, who was a short distance away, told them to show some identification, and when Jose Rios said he had his upstairs, told him to go up and get it. Jose and two others were already upstairs when McGoran started bawling out Brodnik for letting them out of his sight. Mario Martinez, who was sitting on the stove, told McGoran he smelled like a brewery, while Gary Lesacallet, the tallest of the young men there, exchanged a few insults with McGoran.

McGoran may or may not have been drunk that morning (he usually was). He may or may not have forgotten to take his usual tranquilizer. In any case, he was just doing his usual thing when he attacked Gary and slammed him up against a pillar next to the house. What he didn't count on was that Gary and the others would fight back when attacked: soon McGoran was down on the sidewalk, being beaten.

Sometime during this fight McGoran produced his gun from the hidden holster inside his pants.

first bullet to be fired hit Joe Brodnik, who was just then rushing

over to stop the fight. This kind of situation wasn't new to Brodnik and he had often told McGoran he was too mean, too violent.

A second shot was fired (McGoran claims it was aimed at him but "miraculously" missed) and the brothers fled. People have asked since, why did they flee if they were innocent? The behavior of the police in the next few hours provides the answer. Thirsting to kill in revenge, they bombarded the Rios house with tear gas and ammunition, literally wrecking the place, and wounding Jose's 14-year-old sister. At times they were even shouting at each other thinking they were having a gunfight with the brothers.

The police had no idea what had happened, or that McGoran's gun had been used, and they pictured a bunch of gangsters with a whole arsenal of weapons upstairs. This is exactly how the incident came over in the papers and on TV. The brothers were pictured as "hoodlums" and "latin hippie types"—the mayor himself called them "punks." McGoran and Brodnik were pictured as heroic officers; all their exploits and medals for bravery were publicized, though of course none of the racist brutality McGoran was famous for was mentioned. Brodnik's funeral was described as "Rites for an Idealist Cop. His wisdom, prodded by police, made public appeals for capital punishment for the killers. In the Mission District, friends and relatives of the brothers were trailed, their homes ransacked; hundreds of people were questioned at gunpoint.

The suspects' names were blasted over the radio: Jose Rios, Mario Martinez, Gary Lesacallet, Danilo Melendez, Nelson Rodriguez, Nelson, as it happened, was nowhere near the scene of the shooting. He was in San Mateo County, more than 20 miles away. But McGoran identified his picture, confusing Nelson with Gio Lopez, for whom a warrant was later issued also.

Jose, Mario, Gary and Danilo & (or Bebe) got together with Nelson later in the day, when he heard the news. Mario's older brother Tony went with them as they escaped from the city. They spent five days, with little money and no food, sleeping on the beaches south of the city. Finally, in desperation, they held up a bather near Santa Cruz, and took his car. The bather called police and the six brothers were arrested as they drove into Santa Cruz.

They were lucky they weren't caught in San Francisco or they might not be alive today. All six brothers

were booked, even though Nelson and Tony had not even been there, and McGoran himself could not positively identify Tony at the lineup (the other "eyewitnesses" did even worse, and a few made completely incorrect identifications). From that point began the police fabrication which was to lead to the prosecution of all six for murder, assault with intent to murder, and burglary.

The six brothers were not guilty of Brodnik's death, but they are guilty of a certain amount of pride, militancy and stubbornness. They were not about to kiss ass. They recognized the two pigs for what they were, and defended themselves.

They are all products of the growing Brown consciousness. Mario, Tony and Nelson were all students at the College of San Mateo, which experienced a violent Third World strike the winter before, the same time as the strike at San Francisco State. The brothers were part of a unique "College Readiness Program" which provided special tutoring and counseling for students of color so they could make it in the white college world and at the same time maintain pride in their own black or brown identity. The College Readiness Program was the center of revolutionary thinking on that otherwise lily white campus.

Jose Rios, the youngest of the six, was still a senior in high school, but had already been accepted at San Mateo for the next year. Tony, Mario and Nelson were among his oldest friends; all of their families having come to the Mission from El Salvador about eight years before. Jose's brother Oscar also went to San Mateo.

Part of the College Readiness philosophy was that education should not be a ruling class privilege: everyone should have the opportunity to improve himself. Tony, Mario and Nelson all tried to recruit brothers and sisters from the streets and pool halls of the Mission, to go up and take a look at the College of San Mateo. Among those street brothers that were interested in the program were Gary Lesacallet and Bebe Melendez. Both Gary and Bebe had been in trouble with the cops since they were in their early teens, and both had been sent to Youth Authority prisons. It was through some of the more aware brothers in the prisons, and through the new militancy on the streets, that Gary and Bebe started getting their political education. "I always knew the Man as a pig and a dog," Gary says, "but not as an exploiter or oppressor." Bebe became a revolutionary, and could not be

seen without a copy of "Che Speaks" in his back pocket.

The arrest of the six shook up a lot of people in the Mission. The police terrorism that followed the death of Brodnik made it very clear to them that they had no rights and no power in their own community. The fact that two of those charged with murder were not even present at the scene and at least one of the others were upstairs when the shooting occurred, brought home very vividly the fact that "it could have been any of us."

Several of their closest friends—Jose's brother Oscar, people from San Mateo and San Francisco State—got together to try to arrange some legal defense for the brothers. They named their group LOS SIETE DE LA RAZA—the Seven of the People—to include Gio Lopez, who was still free.

The Mission is full of poverty program bureaucrats, Tio Tacos, and stool pigeons for the Mayor, Joseph Alioto. At first, some of the people offered to help Los Siete if they would keep politics out of the case. The very thing that finally happened was what the liberals and bureaucrats feared: that Los Siete would begin to awaken the people and expose the nature of their oppression.

More welcome help came in the form of the Black Panther Party. Bobby Seale recognized that it was time for the Panthers to ally themselves with the revolutionary forces in the brown community, and seized on the opportunity to help Los Siete. The Panthers gave not only political advice, financial help and publicity, but most important of all, introduced their chief attorney, Charles Garry, to the families of Los Siete, and convinced them that Garry's style of aggressive, uncompromising, political defense, was the best that their sons could get.

As Garry looked into the matter, he found that the different defendants had different interests and would need different lawyers. Also, the case was immensely complicated and the work load was enormous. Extensive investigation had to be done of McGoran's past—for Garry quickly concluded that McGoran was the real guilty party in the case.

Four lawyers now make up the team defending Los Siete. Garry is defending Jose Rios and the Martinez brothers. Michael Kennedy, longhaired, outspoken defender of Tim Leary and the Fort Hood 38, is representing Bebe Melendez. Richard Hodge, who worked with Garry on the successful Oakland



Photo by Douglas Wachter

"Christian white man has been remarkably intolerant of the use of any sacrament but liquors containing alcohol. The history of the native religions of the Americas can be written in terms of the conflict between Indian and white man as attempts were made to suppress these sacramental religions."

--Hoffer and Osmond, **THE HALLUCINOGENS**

When the Indians discovered Columbus, they ran away in terror. The Taino people, an Arawakan tribe of the caribbeans, thought the white sailors were TUREY, which in Arawakan mean "from heaven." Columbus himself, describing his first voyage, said of these Indians: "As soon however as they see that they are safe, and have laid aside all fear, they are very simple and honest, and exceedingly liberal with all they have; none of them refusing any thing he may possess when he is asked for it, but on the contrary inviting us to ask them. They exhibit great love towards all others in preference to themselves; they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with very little or nothing in return." The Tainos were hippies.

In return for this loving kindness, Columbus claimed their homeland for Spain, advertised (falsely) to Ferdinand and Isabella that much gold was to be found there, mis-named the inhabitants "Indians," sent 500 of them as slaves to Spain, and forced the rest to work in mines and plantations—all on the basis of his claim that he had "discovered" the islands. As one Indian later remarked, "I would say that we discovered the white man, too. At that time we hadn't known that there was land across the sea, so I think by the same token that the next time I go to England or Italy, I intend to take a flag and plant it and claim it for my Indian people, because, after all, it would be the first time I had ever seen it, so therefore I would be discovering it."

The Arawakans bequeathed to the world several key words which give us a glimpse of their culture: 'tobacco', 'maize', 'potato', 'canoe', 'hammock', and even 'barbecue'. Their religion seems to have been based on the use of raw tobacco, which in its Indian form was definitely psychedelic. In consequence of their peaceful culture, they were wiped out completely within a few decades—the first victims of Amerikan psychedelic genocide. As R. Gordon Wasson has written, "And so the Tainos, cultivating their maize and sweet potatoes, smoking tobacco in their hammocks, paddling their canoes to the neighboring barbecue, were destined to be exterminated by the ferocious Caribs and Europeans!"

This pattern of cultural and literal genocide has been repeated in the Amerikas for centuries. None of the ordinary (white) history books pay any attention to it. If we are to understand the reason revolution is necessary, we must become absolutely clear about the specifics of this pattern. Nobody else is going to do it for us. As Chairman John Sinclair wrote in the last issue of SUN/DANCE, "We will define things for ourselves, in our own terms and put the dialogue in our own language, with our own definitions foremost in our rap."

This article is an attempt to define the historic phenomenon of psychedelic genocide, to see how it works relative to us, and to understand

how we must fight in order to rid Amerika of this racist, imperialist pattern. Those interested in personal psychedelic revolution will find explanations of some (legal) psychedelics which have never been publicized. Those interested in social change will, hopefully, finish reading this article with a more complete understanding of the phenomenon and how to deal with it.

#### 1. THE TOBACCO RELIGION

Tobacco was the primary and most widespread drug used in North Amerikan native religions. On November 5, 1492, Columbus and his men pulled into the mouth of Rio De Mares, the "river of seas," which is now the port of Gibara in the province of Oriente in eastern Cuba. Columbus was looking for the fabled court of the Grand Kahn of China, and dispatched some men to investigate rumors of a CACIQUE (Indian chieftain) who lived in what is

now the town of Holguin, 20 miles inland. The men came back with no jewels, no splendors, no gold, but with an amazing tale that changed the culture of the world.

The Arawakan chief had welcomed the men "with a firebrand in his hand" which he used to light an enormous cigar. The cigar, which the Arawakans called TOBACOS, consisted of raw tobacco wrapped in a cornhusk. It was smoked by putting the cigar up one nostril, lighting it with a torch, and inhaling two or three stiff tokes. Both men and women smoked TOBACOS socially, because it comforted the limbs, made them euphoric, and lessened fatigue and boredom. But it was also

used ceremonially with religious intent—to welcome these whiteskins "from heaven." The variety of tobacco used was NICOTIANA RUSTICA, much stronger than the NICOTIANA TABACUM used today. The Indians who smoked it constantly described their little villages as cities of splendor. In a word, it was a mind-expanding, vision-producing, euphoric stimulant—a psychedelic in raw form. The Indians soon taught the Spaniards to stop every hour or so on a journey, light up, and proceed great distances without fatigue. In short, they tried to teach the explorers how to trip.

Although Columbus's men tried tobacco to relieve fatigue, they were

not at all interested in the drug as a socializer, much less as a religious sacrament. Columbus during his second voyage wrote "the article that fails us most at this moment, and yet which we most want, is wine." The conflict between two very different drug cultures was taking shape, as it later took shape everywhere in Amerika. On the one hand were the alcoholic, white conquerors who assumed it was their divine right to POSSESS the land for God and Country, even though that meant killing off the original population. On the other hand were the tobacco Indians, using non-alcoholic drugs as the basis of their tribal religions (though many tribes also used

# PSYCHEDELIC

## michael





alcoholic drinks socially) and offering their food, friendship, and drugs to be shared communally with the invaders. For this they were enslaved, beaten, and slaughtered, whether they offered resistance to the alcoholic white invasion or not.

In Mexico, the Conquistadores discovered the Indians taking PICIETL, a bright green powder made of N.RUSTICA. They mixed ten parts PICIETL with one part lime, stuck the wad between teeth and gums, and sucked it. Wasson says "the friars inveighed against PICIETL with a vehemence that is proof of its importance in the native culture. It is still indispensable in the religious life of

the Indians. Is it possible that PICIETL has pharmacological properties not yet discovered by science? I think this is quite possible—but the Mexican Indians, like their Aztec ancestors, have kept it secret.

In California and Nevada, Indians ground tobacco leaves on a stone mortar with lime and water, and licked it off the pestle. Sometimes they ate the leaves straight or mixed it with DATURA infusions and drank it, causing stupefaction, visions, and occasional frenzy. On the Northwest Coast of Canada, Indians similarly mixed an unidentified species of tobacco with shell lime in pellets which were dissolved in the mouth. In what is

now the Southeastern United States, the Creek Indians used N. RUSTICA as part of a ceremonial emetic called "black drink," of which the principal ingredient was leaves of the tree ILEX CASSINE. The Creek warriors ritually purified themselves for battle by drinking this mixture which induced immediate vomiting but left the warrior feeling high, clean, and ready. It was also used before important council meetings and in the most sacred ceremonies.

Tobacco was, however, most commonly smoked. The North American Indians, particularly the Plains tribes, made ritual use of several varieties of tobacco including N.

BIGELOVII, N. ATTENUATA, and N. RUSTICA, the basis of their sacred-pipe religion. Among the Teton Dakota, the tobacco pouch was called "CATOZUHA," or "container of the heart," and in the pouch was put a certain dry bark cut very fine and called by the Dakota word "CASASA" or "red wood," mixed with tobacco and a touch of aromatic dry leaves of some other bush or tree. Religious, as distinct from social, smoking was always prefaced by offering the pipe to the Heavens, to the Earth, and to the Four Winds before smoking. Perhaps the most famous smoking mixture of all was that used in the Eastern U.S. and Canada, called KINNIKINNIK, which was psychedelic not only because of the N. RUSTICA but also because of the sumac leaves and inner bark of the dogwood which were mixed with it.

When the whites of Europe, and later of Amerika, took the smoking habit, they used the mildest of all native cultivated tobaccos, N. TABACUM, and eventually refined it so much that it lost all its psychedelic properties and was reduced to the mere tranquilizer commonly smoked today. This practice of weakening the product beyond recognition is the commonest form of psychedelic genocide. It was what was done to wine in Ancient Greece, and it will be what is done to marijuana to legalize it, unless we are careful. If legalization of marijuana is to mean anything, it must mean that all forms and potencies of Cannabis are legal. Otherwise pot will join tobacco as a minor, non-psychedelic euphoriant tranquilizer.

There is no evidence, by the way, that American Indians used Cannabis. The earliest reference I can find to it in Amerika is 1545, when the Spanish introduced it into Chile. Michael Harner, professor of anthropology at Columbia, says "The American Indian, to the best of my knowledge, did not anywhere have CANNABIS SATIVA at his disposal for utilization in pre-Columbian times." Similarly, Richard Evans Schultes, curator of economic botany at Harvard and a well-known investigator of Indian psychedelics, says marijuana "occurs in the New World only as an introduced species." So, although marijuana prohibition is psychedelic genocide against chicanos, blacks, and whites who use it, it was not historically directed at native Americans.

To sum up, tobacco was used by almost every American tribe for social and, more importantly, for religious ceremonies. The weakening of tobacco by refinement—the condition on which white acceptance of the drug was based—was and is a form of psychedelic genocide directed against the original religion of Amerika. Most of the early varieties of tobacco used by the Indians have been completely stamped out.

## 2. THE AZTEC PSYCHEDELIC RELIGION

The Aztecs and other Indian tribes of ancient Mexico developed what may have been the most sophisticated psychedelic religion in the history of the world. I have a theory—so far a theory without proof—that Quetzalcoatl, the white, red-bearded plumed serpent hero/god of the Aztecs, was in reality a Viking who managed to make his way from the pre-Columbian Vinland cultures, through the Great Lakes, across the plains and deserts to Mexico. If this is so, Quetzalcoatl may have taught the Aztecs to use the mushrooms of Mexico as the Vikings used the AMANITA MUSCARIA mushrooms of northern Europe, for divination purposes. Or, if the Aztecs were related generations earlier to the Mongolian Indian tribes who came down from across the Bering Straits, they still might have known mushroom tripping, for the Siberian Shanians used MUSCARIA extensively. Especially if the former theory is correct, the Aztecs would naturally have assumed that the white, bearded invaders under Cortez in 1509 A. D. were friendly relatives of their ancient plumed serpent god, and practitioners of psychedelic grace. Instead, they soon discovered to their gorr that the Spaniards were crazy Catholic alcoholics addicted to gold-hunting, plundering, and psychedelic genocide in the name of Christ and King. They were horrified particularly because to the Aztecs,

continued on page 31

# GENOCIDE

aldrich





Accounts of movement events in the underground press have had a depressing similarity this past year. It's us vs. Them, the good guys versus the pigs, complete with details of every confrontation, pig atrocity, and people's victory. If it's a politico's account, inevitably connections are drawn to the international anti-imperialist struggle. If it's a hip or yip account, the basic tale is embellished with descriptions of the wondrous quality of the dope, plus mentions of the delights of the dancing, fucking, and blowing the minds of the bourgeoisie. Similarly, if it's a rock festival story (which can almost be written now by never leaving your stereo) a writer attacks the capitalist rip-off promoters and the avaricious concession stands, details the gate crashing, expounds on the good vibrations, the evils of hip capitalism, and the beauty of the people's music.

Which isn't to say that this reporting style lacks accuracy, but that lately writers have been suffering from a certain lack of imagination, and a fatal timidity. The movement and youth culture has so many sacred cows, and so many interest groups it's unwilling to offend, that the sharp criticism and excitement of the early underground press is long dead. Women's liberation writing is the only writing coming through the guts of experience which offers some new insight and the pain of truth.

Otherwise it's description by formula, and the familiarity of the reports produces boredom. The cast of characters changes from event to event, but for most readers, besides a momentary turn on, there is little to distinguish one bust from another, one demonstration or riot from another, whether it takes place in New York, Seattle, Atlanta or Washington.

All these things that usually happen, happened at the Honor Amerika Smoke-In. There was a little trashing, busts, some bravery, a little stupidity, and far out scenes like pushing the search lights into the reflecting pool, and interrupting the mindless comedy of the evening extravaganza with chants like "Fuck Bob Hope" and "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh, Acid Heads are Going to Win." Which made the pro-war comedian blanch

and hurry through his sexist, racist, militarist jokes. Elsewhere Pete Seeger, old black blues singer Bukka White, and others played at the Hog Farm stage. Electric Kool Aid was mixed and passed around through the crowd. And of course there was a bountiful number of joints rolled in American flag paper, but that's the usual story as I said before. It's been fully detailed elsewhere already. I'll try to write a few thoughts about Mid-America, Fascism, tactical decentralization and media policy which spring from the event.

#### An Experiment in Fascism

WASHINGTON, D.C., JULY 4—Nobody really likes Amerika very much. Not even the Mid-Americans who showed up for Honor Amerika Day. They might wear flags on the Fourth of July, and hope to find inspiration in Billy Graham, but if you stop to talk they'll tell you they're not satisfied with their lives. Real happiness is something they last felt as teenagers, before they achieved their installment plan, work day drudgery, hygienic plastic, status symbol lives, complete with screaming kids and marriages which resemble non-aggression treaties. Molded before the Amerikan assembly line began to shutter and turn in upon itself, they don't know where to find exits from their arid lives.

They've been told freedom's around the corner, but somehow they lost it between living by the rules and the deodorant commercials on T.V. They don't know where to look, and they're secretly jealous of those who do.

Compounding their personal affliction, Mid-America patriots know from Walter Cronkite, the dope smoking long hairs in the neighborhoods, and their poisoned food that something's gone wrong. (If you can't even believe in the Breakfast of Champions, what can you believe in? (Then world is a whirlpool of confusion, filled with vague worries of riots, bank bombings, nerve gas, power shortages, LSD, and Man-sonesque murders. If they're too conditioned to find freedom in their personal lives, they're far too powerless and divided to change the world around them. They're uneasy

and looking for something to give their lives meaning.

Which of course means they have a potential for fascism. If the state can mobilize these people's discontent, we'll have a Hitlerian Germany fascism with a popular base. If it can't, Amerika will become a bureaucratic and technologically efficient police state in which revolutionaries will struggle against the thought police, and lobotomized Mid-America will watch the showdowns on their television sets. Underneath the surface "Let us come together" Honor Amerika decorum, was a dress rehearsal for fascism. Coming after the hard hat riots in New York and the emergence of Agnew, it was sort of a pulse taking of potentials...

Resources were mobilized Government printing offices in Washington ground out patriotic propaganda. Rumors of chartered busses with New York hard hats ready to kick some hippie ass were spread in an effort to keep away the freak nation. Straight media was utilized to build excitement—"Come to Washington. Show them how you feel." Flag waving chairmen Bob Hope and Billy Graham repeated, "Amerika may have its problems, but remember it's our country." Which of course is another way of saying "My country right or wrong," and excuses genocide.

All the while Public Relations Departments of corporate Amerika cooperating in best German circa '38 style ground out publicity to prove that our Flag was where our hearts, was where our money is. The list of participating corporations which reads like a Who's Who of the Corporate reactionary establishment, included AT&T, Standard Oil of California, New Jersey and Indiana (The Rockefeller family moves to the right?) Gulf Oil (so do the Mellons), Chemical Bank of New York, General Mills (who bring you those fine cereals), RCA & Rayethon (who bring you stock dividends courtesy of Southeast Asia), Alcoa, Eli Lilly & Co. (those cheap drugs for painless living), and Readers Digest, McCall Publishing, and Newsweek (who present that inside interpretation of the news). Icing on the cake was provided by liberal supporting whores such as George McGovern, Hubert

# Honor Amerika Smoke-In

By Jeff Shero

Humphrey and Roy Wilkins. Working hand in hand with the media, predictions of attendance of a quarter of a million and more patriots were made before the event, and this number was confirmed afterward though seasoned observers on the spot guessed that half that actually showed up.

While the state made its effort to mobilize a silent majority, our sides long standing plans to hold a smoke-in continued without any organizing committee, publicity statements, or television appearances. A few underground papers printed stories, but the word was mostly passed by word of mouth along the freak grapevine. There were no official sponsors. It was a people's action, and the government had no leadership to infiltrate or arrest on conspiracy charges, and nobody to serve with an injunction.

It was an experimental model for future actions depending on the self-reliance of people at the local level to get themselves together. It assumed that we had enough experience to love and fight together in large groups without predetermined tactical plans or a self-appointed cadre leading the battles. But with no headquarters, nobody knew how many people to expect, if we'd be outnumbered ten to one by honk Amerika, if we would be able to take care of people who were busted, if the legal, medical, sleeping and communications problems could be solved by Yip and White Panther groups and friendship affinity groups working without centralized leadership.

The air was charged with expectancy. Things seemed to be getting together. Lawyers had decided to leaflet the crowds with bust information, rather than regard themselves as detached professionals in a service capacity. Rennie Davis and people from the Quicksilver Times put some equal time demands on the promoters, and announced that if a more cooperative attitude wasn't manifested by the sponsors, there was a chance of violence between hard hats and street fighting freaks. (A ploy which might have helped reduce the crowd size.) Some medical committee people said they weren't going to turn out because the scene would be too heavy and they

The night of July 3 produced the answers. The panorama under the thrusting macho cock Washington monument was enough to make one's heart glad. All night freaks straggled in with sleeping bags, on the road stories, and dope. Indian war whooping yippie tribes from places like Richmond, Virginia and Fullerton, California roamed the grounds, harrassing the rehearsal on the main stage and leading skirmishes against the horse cops. New Nation flags went up the poles and firecracker bombardments followed pigs trying to take them down.

When one tired, there was sitting on the grass and mingling with the large crowd attracted to the Smithsonian American folk culture festival. These people, sympathetic but apart from the new nation, were generally intimidated by the police threats of violence. At one point the pigs closed down their southern blues festival "before trouble started", and the crowd obeyed meekly. But unlike the mid-Amerikans who felt uptight, they were happy for their children to play with freaks, and didn't get upset about the grass smoking. The smallest group, disconsolate that the hippies outnumbered them and put them on the psychic defense, were the patriots. Later investigation proved what on-the-scene-observaton indicated: the hotels were half-filled, the rail and bus stations reported normal crowds. Nixon and the corporate massagers hadn't touched a wellspring right wing sentiment.

The next morning, Billy Graham, hair silvered and stylishly long, standing aside a banner which proclaimed ambiguously "Hour of Decision—God or Country", proclaimed intensely that we ought to reexamine the stitches in the American flag. Poor stitching, included racism (we ought to "build not burn" and "remedy this problem in time for 1976, our 200th anniversary!"), poverty, pollution, and "moral permissiveness which could lead to decadence". And racism... The crowd of 10,000 appreciated the remarks, but there were only 10,000. Everyone knows Amerika is uneasy, but Rev. Billy had nothing much to offer except Old Glory and warmed-over God.

Billy Graham is to religion what McDonalds is to Hamburgers. The rest of the "All Star" Honor Amerika cast fell off from there. With a thud. If the potential for a popular fascist movement is to be realized, leaders will have to provide a crusade that can give people a sense of purpose

and a feeling of importance as individuals. Bob Hope, Billy Graham, Nixon and Agnew hardly do that. Though the idea was there, halfhearted as it was, the execution was third rate. You can't mouth platitudes and build fascist consciousness. You have to appeal to base emotions and the deepest insecurities. No moderate can hold this country together. Western capitalist institutions such as educational and family structures, and legal systems, and religion have degenerated too far. Catholic conditions will accelerate until the country is reorganized to the right or the left.

The staging of the Honor Amerika show looked like the Iowa Falls High School drama teacher was given a big budget and told to whip up something on a patriotic theme. Hitler would have rolled over in his grave. Instead of Power and authority, the people were offered nostalgia-fond fantasies of tranquil and simple times in the past. Nothing sent the blood racing. Not even ex-Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Curtis LeMay advocating something like ending the war in Vietnam by bombing the North Vietnamese "back to the stone age".

#### The Mid-Amerikans

I've spent most of the last eight months traveling and talking with average white working Amerikans, mostly in the South. I cut off my beard, clipped my hair, and it still took me two months to lose my middleclass hip paranoia around working people.

At first I thought my reactions were my own failure. But as I began to more clearly understand the class structure of the South I realized that this system divides people by training middle class people to feel a certain arrogance and superiority, and at the same time fear, toward the working class.

When I got to the point I felt easy about striking a conversation in a roadside tavern or lingering with a farmer on a general store porch, I began to understand the curious uneasiness and anger that passes for patriotism. It's not so much love for the flag or the other nationalistic symbols, (after all as nations go this one is relatively young and has thoroughly trained people to look out for themselves), but that people who work hard are pissed off at people who don't. Patriotism is in essence a misdirected class hostility among the masses of people.

Wandering stoned through the afternoon Mid-Amerika crowds, I began striking up con-

versations to discover why people had come. One burly, middle-aged Pennsylvanian, wearing a yellow hard hat with an American flag decal and painted, with "America Love it or Leave It" couldn't figure out the war in Vietnam and didn't like it. Because the numbers of hips had created a stalemate for the day, he seemed willing enough to talk. He didn't like demonstrators because they were college students who didn't have to go to the war, but "were always making noise and disrupting things." His son went to work after high school, but was considering going to community college when he saved some money. He got drafted and was serving in the infantry in Vietnam. Later the man told me he didn't like the Republicans like Nixon because they were "in with the rich people". He thought he might support Wallace next time because "Wallace understands the problems of people who have to work for a living."

Another man wearing Bermuda shorts and carrying an American flag talked mostly about the sixty thousand dollar inheritance he'd invested in a coin collection. "It's one of the best investments, much better than stocks." Though he was unable to relate on any level beside discussions of different types of investments, he was clearly lonely and hoped I would talk longer. A middle-aged bachelor, he'd come "to feel a part of something".

A young girl with a puffed and laquered hairdo told me while her boyfriend watched me savagely that she came to Honor Amerika day because she was afraid if the demonstrators got their way her brother who had been drafted might be abandoned over in Vietnam and wind up killed.

A Polish guy in his twenties who worked in a factory and had a wife and two small kids thought people like him should get together like the blacks. His tone was a mixture of hostility and respect toward blacks. He thought they were getting the things he needed, and it was getting tougher with the inflation to take care of his family. He couldn't exactly express why he came to Honor Amerika day, but he sort of had the sense that if his loyalty was recognized, then the government might appreciate people like him and take care of them a little better.

These people like most of the rest, are disoriented; I've found the militaristic racist right relatively small. But very real frustrations exist for most middle Amerikans—

they're bound to intensify as the country degenerates. While some will become disheartened and seek escapes, many, including the most intelligent and energetic will either become a new element of the movement or they will be organized on Fascist lines. In one case we will have a sea of people to swim in, in the other hip youth and minorities will fight a civil war against the military-industrialists using working people as their pawns. The question still hangs in the balance.

In the past certain academically oriented student based groups such as Progressive Labor, RYM II, and Young Socialist Alliance have argued for a workers' strategy. Invariably these politicians have read Marx and can expound on super exploitation, the theory of surplus value, the labor aristocracy, industrial versus craft unionism, the new working class, etc. What they can't do well is talk to working people. They lecture them. Hips are a little better off. They offer a greaser a joint and talk about life, but all of us possess an incredible arrogance. We were trained to be the elite, so even when we drop out, we assume we are the elite of the revolutionary struggle.

To reach other people we have to have a strong sense of our own culture, but we can't assume its superiority. You can dig rock music and still get into country music, which is basically poor white blues. Maybe grass has the same properties as the workers' beer (one very stoned chemist who has been doing drug research told me that certain alcohols have psychic properties and that he's convinced that our social training interferes with our realization of them. Of course on any alcohol it's hard to stabilize at a particular stage of the high. The tendency is to keep drinking and pass on to the point where you begin to poison your body and experience the bad sensations associated with drinking. (We must think about bridging the cultural gap, and getting into other uncommercialized styles which are a part of our real roots. The women's liberation movement has taught us that we still have lots of the death culture's hangups still inside us. Recognizing that there still are more hangups to discover, we should be a little humble when we try to turn on new people. Any person who has spent most of his time in school has a lot to learn from working and country people.

continued on page 28



The nation's finest turned out to see God, et al. Left, Billy Graham tells the expectant masses the latest, direct from Mt. Nixon. Right, two of the cultures have a tete-a-tete. Next page, a pig and a boy scout. All photos, David Fenton, Liberation News Service.

Roland Young was a disc jockey at KSAN radio in San Francisco until December, 1969, when he was fired for political reasons.

The station's history and the changes it's gone through, particularly in the last six months, are representative of major trends in hip-rock FM radio throughout the nation. KSAN began early in 1968 in the aftermath of a strike at KMPX-FM, the first Bay Area station to gear its programming directly toward so-called hip youth. The programming staff from KMPX approached the managers of Metromedia's KSFR, then a classical music station, with their idea for changing the station's entire make-up. And Metromedia accepted the proposal.

Metromedia knew what they were doing. The name of the company itself implies what they think of as important, and their corporate connections make their attitude clear. Metromedia owns Foster Keiser (outdoor advertising), the Traveller's Times (transit advertising), direct mail marketing outfits, television stations and syndicated television programming. In its annual report Metromedia states its fundamental principle: "A responsive broadcaster is a responsible broadcaster." For a while there seemed to be some question as to whom Metromedia was responsive.

At first, questions of culture, music, general rapping and interviews were left to the disc jockeys and news broadcasters. The news director, Wes "Scoop" Nisker, created a new collage format for the news broadcasts. He spliced together taped speeches of people in the news and combined these quotes with sound effects and his own reading of the news. At the end of each broadcast he reminded listeners, "If you didn't like the news, go out and make some of your own." Roland Young joined the station in August of 1968.

... People in the Bay Area dug KSAN because of the kind of music it played and because the station catered to the lifestyle of the listeners.

But the Agnew crackdown on media put the home office really uptight. They knew who they were supposed to be responsive to. And besides, the station hadn't been pulling in enough major advertising.

... Roland was fired. And Scoop "resigned" after being told that his produced news broadcasts were being phased out. As a final purge, Larry Bensky, the radical news programmer who replaced Nisker, was given the axe.

Since his firing, Roland has organized benefits for the Black Panther Party and written for the Panther paper. For a time he had a show on KPFA, a listener-sponsored FM station. Presently he is doing a show on KMPX-FM in San Francisco.

The following interview was composed from two taped conversations with Roland, one with Lincoln Bergman, news director of KPFA, the other with Susan Adelman, Kathy Kettler, and Peter Wiley from Leviathan. Thanks to Leviathan for reprint rights.)

Q: Where was that subpoena from?

Roland: It was from two federal lawyers from Washington and one secret service agent who hangs around the Bay Area. All three of them came down to the station in a classic intimidating situation. They stormed in—I wasn't there when they came in but I saw them. They're real tall cats. One wears a big hat; they have on those grey suits, and you know, the greasy look. It really shook up the station manager.

Roland: I got fired because of a statement I made on the air. I passed the message that a listener had called in suggesting that those who support David Hilliard's speech at the November 15 Moratorium and or his right of free speech, should send like telegrams to President Nixon. The station received a subpoena the next morning for a transcript of my program.

Because I used to tell him about those people, but he didn't know they existed. When they converged on the station, that reality was made very apparent to him. They talked for hours, I would imagine. And when I spoke with him later he said I think last night you went too far. And when he said that I knew exactly what that meant. He meant that I was fired. He said I have to talk to the New York office, the New York attorney, the New York this, the New York that—so in the meantime, I'm going to keep you off the air. And I'll let you know tomorrow. He called me up and said I'm afraid I'm going to have to fire you. And so I said Right On.

Q: That was that.

Roland: That was really that.

Q: I don't know what was in his head, but I imagine in consulting with New York one of the problem was that you were popular as hell. And they had to keep that in mind, too, because that's after all one of their things.

Roland: Well, my popularity doesn't supersede a threat from the federal government. I guess that supersedes all kinds of popularity. I think they acted very unwisely to fire me because I didn't commit any illegal act. I was not indicted for an illegal act. They will not be indicted for an illegal act. They're just clearly and simply yielding to the pressure of the federal government.

Q: What's the law? The law is advocacy, right?

Roland: Sure. But Willis said I would have fired you anyway, because I think you went too far. What does going over too far mean? Does it mean that I don't say anything on the air that may upset the federal government, even though it may not be illegal? So that's a clear violation of freedom of speech. I'm even willing to accept freedom of speech up to the point of breaking a law, I'll go that far with them. But if there isn't a law broken, then it's silly. They're going above and beyond the law themselves. So I think they're clearly acting in an unconstitutional manner. And I'm a firm believer in the Constitution. And I'll fight for it, for my rights.

Q: What kind of hassles have you had previously?

Roland: I've never had direct political hassles. The KSAN management doesn't really want to offend anyone, that's their whole trip. But it's absolutely impossible to say anything without offending someone. You offend people every night. So it's not that they don't want to offend anyone, but just don't offend the wrong person.

Q: You phrase this whole business with the firing and everything in terms of your support for the Panthers and the attack on the Panthers.

Roland: Sure. I see that the attack on me was clearly a part of the harassment that's been going down throughout the nation against the Black Panther Party. Particularly considering that it was an issue related to David Hilliard. You read in the paper that they're doing an autopsy on the body of the Deputy Chairman, Fred Hampton, in Chicago. It seems he was shot in his sleep. Down in Los Angeles they shot tear gas into someone's house and raided the office simultaneously. These raids are going on every day against the Black Panther Party. They're really coming down on them and it means life or death. A lot of Panthers have been killed, at least 28. It's an attack on the entire Black Panther Party. And I just happen to be an individual victim of it. It's also part of the whole attack against media, part of an attack on free speech, and part of the rising tide of fascism—all hooked up together.

I feel that fascism is definitely on the rise. Not only the Black Panther Party has been attacked. You find Nixon making very slanderous remarks against even a peaceful demonstration of people expressing their sympathies against the war. And at the same time you find this country involving itself more and more in imperialist wars abroad. The result is a

tightening up at home on dissent against these wars because those wars are very vital to it. So when I say rising tide of fascism, I mean personal repression against all citizens, white or black, liberal or left is going down.

Q: You've been into the whole hip thing on KSAN and into that music and of course seen the movement go back and forth about what the hippie thing is and what that whole cultural thing is and whether it's positive or negative and what it does in a period of political crises like this one. What are your ideas about that?

Roland: Within itself youth culture has contradictory aspects. Right before the rise of fascism in Germany there was a movement similar to part of the movement going on here. That movement was co-opted and turned into a fascist movement of young people. Many of them became brownshirts. I see aspects capable of being revolutionary. Like within the hip movement there are class differences. The rock-and-roll element is a very bourgeois tendency within that movement and I think that element can be counted on to be successfully co-opted. But then you have other strands represented by other people who put out various underground papers, people like John Sinclair, Weatherman, whatever. And then there is a whole other trend cropping up that's probably even more relevant than any of those so far—young poor white people, groups like that. When you talk about the hip scene you're talking about two strains, one very bourgeois and one very potentially revolutionary.

There's some people in the Appalachian areas that are beginning to get it together. There are various black workers caucuses that have popped up across the nation, now putting forth revolutionary demands that all workers can relate to. I see that as very positive. I see the Weathermen as a positive trend. And the cats that were charged in New York for the bombings there. Some people are responding on that level. And it must be legal, because the U.S. practices bombing daily, so I know that they think that's a good thing. I know that Nixon would approve of that. Right On, he'd say. I see that as positive too. But also in order to have a successful revolution, we're going to have to have a large mass-based movement with a general understanding of what we want to do.

And I would never say that young people are the agents for change, particularly young whites, so-called hippies. I think they're just acting out their alienation in a very creative manner. The spiritual oppression of the young white hip scene is another thing, but a lot of times it doesn't relate to revolutionizing people because it was founded on anti-revolutionary principles of individualism. The conditions of young people always make them more ready to bring about revolutions. They're always in the more mobile position, they have more energy, they're younger, they're faster and they fight better. We know they have advantages. But the people who are out doing the fighting aren't necessarily the sole agents of the revolution. The National Liberation Front of South Vietnam is primarily made up of young people, but the agents of change are the whole mass of people, not just those young people. Because without all the other people doing the other things, those young people couldn't do anything. The agents of change will not be just young people. The issue of revolution relates to class consciousness and the level of the material oppression of people. I think the masses of working people—black and white—are the people who, in the final analysis, have to be persuaded over to the side of revolution before we can expect any kind of change in this country and it's stupid to think any other way.

The Red Army will have to depend on the people to be a successful army. The reason that in any other country they've had a successful revolution is not necessarily because all the people fought, but because most of the people at least supported the fighters, on one level or another, and allowed them to be able to do what they

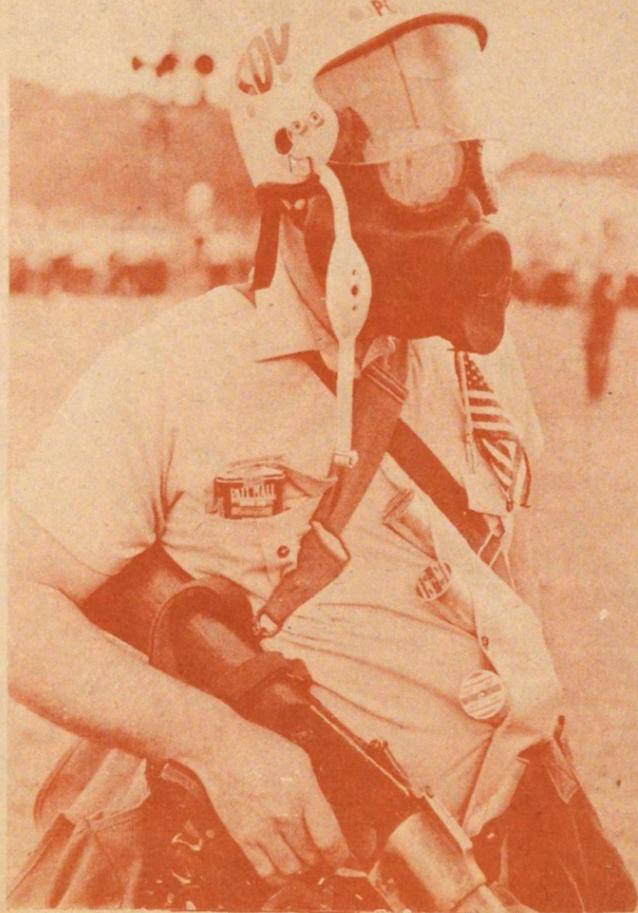
The nighttime festivities attracted a huge number of Mid-Americans, maybe 125,000, in addition to about 25,000 hips. Our impact was phenomenal. We had passed from a protest movement to the youth mainstream of the country—only these people hadn't realized it yet. Except for some Turkeys running around in YAF suits, all the young kids were with us in spirit. The important thing wasn't the chanting which disrupted the Honor Amerika day message. (From the stage: "God bless Amerika", from the field thousands chanting, "Free Bobby Seale".) Or the fact that our battles with the police and their use of tear gas was a more interesting show than the stage production. For those present it became clear that we weren't as Billy Graham had put it earlier, "a relatively small extremist element, which has knocked our courts, desecrated our flag, disrupted our educational system, laughed at our religious heritage, and threatened to burn down our cities." We were in fact the future. We were from their flesh and blood, and couldn't be written off as Amerika's bastard black child, which they one day may try to destroy. In fact, as honky white adults moving fearfully in this country's first black city, they might have understood in the secret corners of their minds that an attempt to

preserve their white Christian imperialist Amerika by employing the Nazi final solution on black Amerika, would also mean killing their blue eyed children. The small number of blacks in the crowd were with the whites who had chanted "F-U-C-K, Fuck! Smoke dope. Get high, all the pigs are gonna die." The impact was shattering. So many emotions crossed the faces of these red white and blue Americans, from bewilderment to hatred, from desperation to an impending sense of defeat.

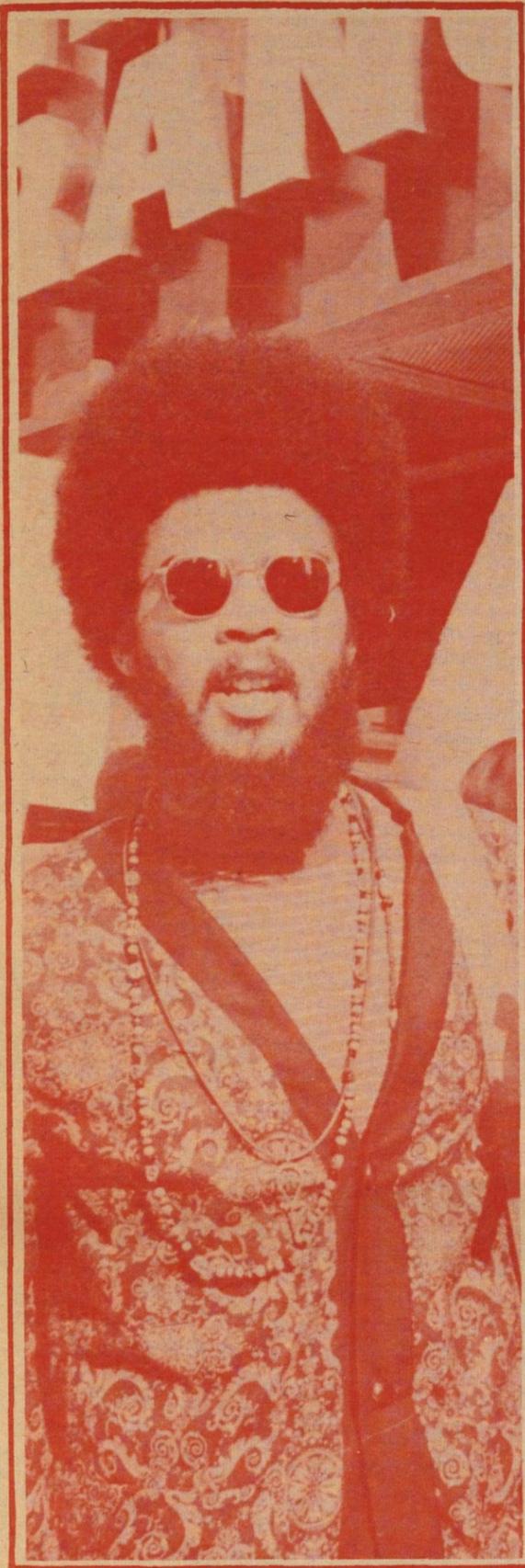
#### The tactical debate

The night ended with a fireworks display, but the finale, the turning of the Washington erect cock monument red white and blue—was spoiled. Freaks had destroyed too many searchlights.

We carried away a sense of elation. We had entered an uncertain situation and shaped its definition. The state had mobilized its prestige, and we had relied on our own media and information channels, yet except for the July 4 night entertainment we had turned out as many people as the establishment. More importantly our people had struggled well. Because of the Mid-America crowds, the police could only take a defensive posture. They had to form defensive cordons, and experienced an evening



# ROCKIN' ROLAND



JAMES HILL/PHOTON WEST

were doing. We're talking about revolution, not just the fighting. Plus young people are not a stable group of people, and you can't put faith in an agency for change that's an unstable element. That's like assuming the lumpen proletariat will bring about revolution.

**Q:** The hippie thing is changed in the sense that it's not exactly disappeared, but . . .

Roland: As a thing within itself, it has. It's shown its contradictions now.

**Q:** Yeah, I know a lot of people who've lived in the Haight, and others who didn't live there but who were into a similar kind of thing in different places who are not in a very serious communal existence that they never were into when they were in the Haight.

Roland: Sure, because there were some definitely rare people who came out of it and were into that. Let's move into the black movement now, because the black movement has parallel trends. I always looked at the rise of hippie-ism—it came along primarily with the rise of black power. And they were both movements of young people. Now older people have usurped both of them. Older capitalists and pigs in the same ways. Like black power has been put forth through the media on black stations, like hippie-ism has been put forth on white stations—to sell products. The same thing has happened to them. They both represented a parallel trend and that black power movement is equally split up today as the whole hippie thing is behind some of the same kinds of splits. But it seems as though the struggle in the black community is much more political than cultural in the final analysis, and the struggle in the white community is still very heavily cultural. There seems to be that difference.

**Q:** The critique that hippies offer to politicoes still exists in a sense.

Roland: By the way I also think a whole lot of black folks could offer that critique too. Cause what hippies are from is a life style similar to black people's life style in a way.

**Q:** I was just thinking that a lot of people who were into the hippie thing before are operating in a much more serious way. Still in a narrow sense we wouldn't call them political. They still tend toward a kind of escapism. They don't see that they can effect history.

Roland: I feel very optimistic that change, significant change, can come about in the world particularly starting in this country. But more and more I'm convinced we got to get to the people. Without the people we can forget about it. There's just no revolution without certain support from the people. These isolated things, for instance, this thing that went down in Berkeley (the TDA riots), in many ways will end up having absolutely no effect on anything, maybe even an adverse effect.

What happened after breaking those plate glass windows? In fact workers were hurt by it. It didn't really hurt the pigs at all cause they're insured; they don't give a damn anyway. But you got to be very careful when you do these kinds of things. Like I remember being in Oakland during Stop the Draft Week. They wanted to just take people's cars, turn them over, and block the streets with them. I thought that was a very foul attitude. Because a lot of people lived around there. They were residents of the area. They weren't wealthy people. They were working people. And they themselves were directly hurt by those actions. It was like the same critique Fred Hampton offered the Weathermen about their actions in Chicago—bringing

heat down on black people. They do one thing here, and as a result who suffered? It gives the pigs a pretext to come into the black community.

I can dig what's going down in Berkeley. You've got to dig it, it's a positive thing. I relate to them, man it's right on. But the only things is...How do you judge positive things? Do you judge them by the effect they have or by the act in itself? Is it positive to kill a pig or is it positive to kill a pig because half the people realize that pigs must be offed?

**Q:** When the Rolling Stones were at Altamont about 300,000 people were there, but there hasn't been a single mass demonstration having to do with the shootings in Chicago.

Roland: I think about the Rolling Stones demonstration. Mick Jagger was contacted and asked to make a public appeal for support of the Black Panther Defense Fund. He said not only would he not do that, but if any political speeches were made on the stage, they wouldn't play. And this is the group that put out "Street Fighting Man." See, it's a shuck and it's a sham. I have little faith in rock-and-roll and rock-and-roll entertainers overall as being anything in this society but very bourgeois sell-out people. Which they prove to be.

**Q:** I've always had a sense that people confuse the fact that the Rolling Stones made "Street Fighting Man" but acted another way. It just seems to me that it was inevitable that they would lead a certain kind of life if they were multi-millionaires.

Roland: Pop music is good because the masses of people can relate to it—a kind everyone can dig on—but inherently it has problems being revolutionary. The music is, well, Marcuse understands what it is. It's the ability the society has to incorporate anything into it, and turn it into a commercial item. Total co-optation. Like rock-and-roll at its most revolutionary stages became mysterious. As people's curiosities rise, their ability and desire to consume also rises. Ad men ease in on that, fill that void by making that which was once a protest actually a salable item. That's what was going on at KSAN. That was clearly my role there. A salable item. Whatever controversial things may have gone down in my program, they used to let them go down, cause it makes more people listen and we can ease these products in on them while they're digging their controversy.

I think the politics a lot of rock-and-roll stars themselves espouse and the commercialism of how that art form is put to people, via the ads, via record sales and so forth, has had the effect of causing certain kinds of political attitudes to go along with the entire trip. Now in order to be a successful rock-and-roll star, to sell a lot of records, to be on television a lot and make radio appearances, you have to stay within certain kinds of political understandings of the society, Nash coming on the stage and making the statement against politics he did at Altamont. He said politics is bullshit, of course. And you find those people out there at the Moratorium responding to the cast of Hair, which is one of the most bourgeois decadent trips that has ever gone down. On the other hand you have them booing David Hilliard.

**Q:** You have said that until three years ago rock-and-roll contributed to pushing things to the left, but that it couldn't do that anymore.

Roland: I think it's reached its saturation point now. Music has pushed people as far as they can be pushed and people have pushed themselves as far as they can push without moving to another level. Looking at Santa Barbara, Buffalo College, the Black Panther Party, Los Siete, throughout the nation, we see that the only way people can now act effectively if they are going to get some concessions, this small particularly since repression is coming down like it is today. So you have David Crosby of Crosby, Stills and

Continued on page 30

when the advantage was on the other side.

More importantly, the consciousness of every non-freak had been altered. In the heart of the Capital, utilizing their publicity machine and right wing stars, they weren't able to mobilize enough people to carry on a God, Military, Nationhood Revival. Our mood was up. There was a sense that we should hold simultaneous festivals with other honk Amerikan events. Decentralized organizing without announced leadership seemed the intelligent response to repression. Particularly in our situation when advocacy of illegal actions such as trashing or smoke-ins often lead to long and defensive trials.

Two days later spirits had dropped. The national media mentioned the smoke-in as a minor incident, and painted a rosy picture of 50,000 more citizens flooding Washington in patriotic fervor. Sharp debates arose. Did the objective experience of the people involved matter or was the impression the rest of the country had more important? Some felt that only the reality could have much effect on peoples' lives, and a newspaper or tv account was soon forgotten. Others responded that it made the world think that Amerika could still pull off a public pro-war gathering with minimal dissent. If

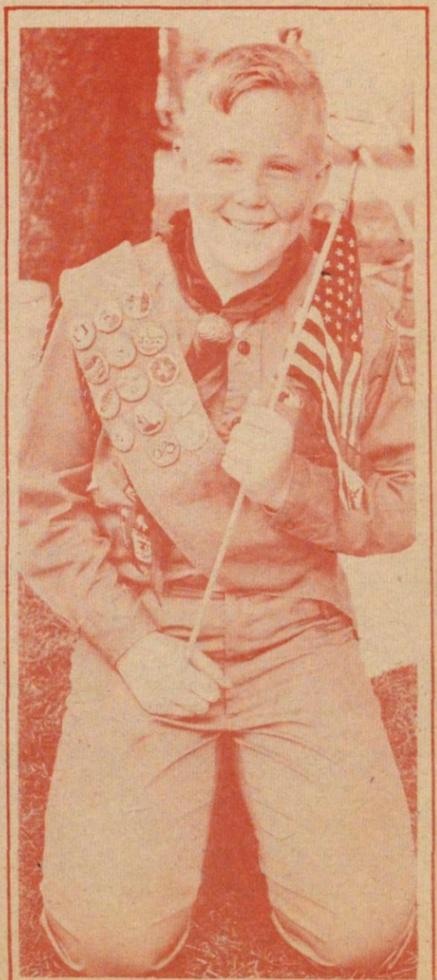
people had this false impression then the reactionary movement had been given a boost.

Some militants argued that cadres should have decided tactics in advance, brought bull horns and led the people in confrontations. Others argued that it was more important that we gain a sense of our self-reliance and unity, and that a few, leading a veteran crowd into an action it didn't spontaneously take was the worst sort of elitist manipulation.

Everyone agreed that we had within our tactical grasp the ability to storm the stage and stop the performance. If we had halted the show the national media would have had to headline "Dope Smokers Dishonor America, Performance Stopped by Unruly Mob" or something like that. That plan had been discussed throughout the day by groups of people, but never undertaken. For the stage to be stormed it would have meant a self-appointed vanguard taking an action and the mass of people accepting the consequences without any say. The many busts, and heavy legal charges which follow would all have been for media impact, it wouldn't have altered the basic experience.

Discussions resulted in no clear resolution. Most people believe that we are entering a new and more

serious stage of struggle. Elitist relationships, and swaggering macho leadership, have to give way to deeper bonds of friendship and collective trust, if we are going to survive. National actions such as the smoke-in only present part of the problem, because most people must fight in harder day-to-day ways on their home turf. In local situations with limited numbers, the operation and trust between affinity groups, collectives, communes and families is crucial. Progress of people toward honest and closet relationships has been enormous since the spring, largely because of the questions raised by women's liberation. And we are still too consumed by our ego competitive death-culture conditioning to choose leaders who we can trust and bolster, rather than undercut and make weak through petty jealousy and infighting. We have just approached the point when people begin to lose their selfishness and individualism, and learn to work together. We have not reached the necessary stage where people can be chosen for positions of responsibility and leadership and not be cut down. For the smoke-in to have been a complete success, we needed to have reached that stage.



continued from page 29

Young coming on the stage making the statements against politics he did at Altamont. He said politics is bullshit, of course. And you find those people out there at the Moratorium responding to the cast of Hair, which is one of the most bourgeois decadent trips that has ever gone down. On the other hand you have them booing David Hilliard.

A group of radicals and revolutionaries, is to take up the gun. That's the only alternative at this point, because the struggle has pushed itself as far as it can go in a nonviolent manner. On campuses they can no longer have a San Francisco State without masses of people being slaughtered. And so there are only two alternatives left for people in the so-called movement—move back into the community and get that constituency on your side or move into bands of armies and just take over. So the music has done as much as it can.

**Q: Do you see a relationship between the political development of the black community and its impact on the development of the political consciousness of the white community? People talk about the black leadership and the vanguard role and it seems to me there's a similar thing happening on a cultural level. They reinforce each other.**

Roland: Black music is being very influenced by rock-and-roll now, black and white music are interacting now. At one time it was just one way—black music was just totally pushing itself onto white music, because the white people had no music of their own, but I think albums like the Beatles' Rubber Soul helped establish the base for that interaction. But the whole basis of American culture is black because the basis of that white culture is exported from Europe. But you still see there are some groups that transcend all these categories, for example a group like Sly and the Family Stone or a group like Santana. We know that what keeps them from being close is the class divisions and racism, not the actuality of the culture itself.

You know, it surprised me, a whole lot of black people know a lot about Dylan. That had a lot of influence on people. He's just fantastic. Like Bobby Seale and Huey Newton were very much into Dylan songs. They listened to a lot of Dylan, and got a whole bunch of ideas, particularly Huey, and Eldridge too. People have been writing articles about soul music and how there's no such thing as blue-eyed soul. You know, look at Aretha, a white person could never do that. You find that that whole thing breaks down. Like that whole analysis other than a class analysis has left me very cold. Class to me seems to be the prevailing factor in people's lives. Cause it has a lot to do with your social life. It affects your lifestyle, everything. It's going to affect that whole trip. And you may say, well, it's not just class, but the class thing brings everything into play.

**Q: Where are things going now? In terms of your own thing, but also things in general. Not only the music-culture thing, but the whole political thing.**

Roland: I think we're here for a protracted struggle. I'm not very upset about a lot of the divisions that are going on in the left because I understand history and I understand it's a historical process—when a country goes into a pre-revolutionary stage you have all these various groups because there's no one way people know of doing things. The people who are ultimately going to bring about the revolution have just begun to get into the movement. And that's the masses of working people—black, white, and third world in this country. They've just begun to get into motion.

I want to get into the music, man. People have never asked me about my music. They go into my politics, and that's just one aspect of what I'm all about. Music was the most relevant thing, it allowed me even to do the politics. That's the part I really dug. I still dig, as well as the politics. The music was a very special kind of thing to me because I was trying to put the music into an internationalist perspective. I was trying to act like a socialist on the program. For instance, I would do a certain kind of a set—like I would do Sam and Dave, then I would do the Band, then I'd do Sam and Dave again, then I'd do a Dvorak cut that would relate very much, both structurally and melodically, to the Sam and Dave, then I'd go somewhere else.

What I was doing was tying all this in together, and showing the interrelationships between all that beautiful music. And to put it into people's heads that ultimately, man, this is where it's at. Internationalism is the only way we can ever have the kind of world we can live in. If that music can move at you like that in so many relevant ways and do that to your head, then imagine the world functioning on that same level. So my music was the living process of the philosophy I was trying to lay down. And it didn't always make it cause there's not that much hip music. But it made it to the level that I think the general understanding was there. And I sure like people to dig on that a lot.

Music now is expressing a desire for dignity and all that stuff. That's the thing with a whole lot of black music today, soul music. It's not really revolutionary, it's reformist, or at the most, it's cultural revolutionary, the theme's basically black.

You know, the ghetto is the theme of a lot of soul tunes, but still nothing has come out of soul music on the level of "Street Fighting Man." Again you expect the emphasis on the ghetto because of cultural oppression and because the question first and foremost on the minds of black people, I believe, is the national question and national solidarity. I think that pop art at least in the black community is very far behind. I even think that rock and roll overall is behind the people.

You try to put together a show five nights a week, four hours a night of music that in some kind of way reflects a new kind of world. Love songs are still about

cats copping chicks. They're still about chicks being misused by cats. It still isn't reflecting a revolutionary culture. I love that kind of music but then again I understand that the masses of people in this country move very slowly and I don't want to get ahead of them. I understand where they're at and I want to be right with them.

**Q: When you say "cultural" you don't mean that in a negative sense.**

Roland: I'm saying that that's, as far as Black music has gone. It can end up being negative if it's cultural nationalism, if it doesn't express a way out of the oppression. I think that popular art, at least in the black community, is very far behind.

**Q: I wonder if music can express a way out of oppression.**

Roland: In this country today some of the most revolutionary music is music associated with "avant-garde" jazz and the lifestyle of the musicians as well as the art form itself. The music of Archie Shepp and Cecil Taylor and John Coltrane. Those cats were the first to explore Eastern forms of mysticism. The only whites who were into it were the Beatniks and that was a very small group of people. That group has been around for a very long time, but their art form is not a popular one and therefore a lot of their messages don't get over to the masses of people. We know that pop art in this country is a creation of the establishment. They set the tone for it by what they put on the radio—radio that they control. They create it in the sense that they popularize it, they make it into a popular form.

**Q: It seems that some of the best musicians in groups like the Jefferson Airplane wanted to make it in jazz and for a variety of reasons, primarily that they were white, they took rock-and-roll. It was second best.**

Roland: Chicago is a good example. Even plastic groups like Blood Sweat and Tears. Nobody can make it in jazz, white or black. It's a myth that blacks are more successful in jazz than whites. That's not true. Most money made by jazz musicians is made by white studio musicians. Black people appear in most clubs—Woody Herman probably makes the most money of any jazz musician. If John Coltrane had been white, imagine the money he would have made. Used to be a time when jazz clubs would not hire white groups. That jazz was controlled by just a small group of racists who wanted to have black people perform for them. Now that situation has changed.

The music of Ornette Coleman, man, has been some of the most significant music in America and we know that he hasn't been rewarded for that. That whole jazz-rock thing is such a shuck—groups like Blood Sweat and Tears that have horns and use a few more chords. KJAZ (in San Francisco) has been playing a lot of that as a way of popularizing their format to bring in more listeners and money, and they've been successful at it.

**Q: Can you tell us a little of the feeling that goes into composing a show?**

Roland: I spend the whole day running through in my head various forms of music to put together and various things to work out, forms of information that I want to give out to people. Checking news sources, magazines, I read all the underground papers. I listen to the news on all stations, talk stations, soul, as much as I can. A normal preparation would consist of writing all these things out as well as ideas for music. I get to the station two hours early to pull all the records I need, listen to them, bring my lamp in, turn the lights off, turn my lamp on, set up a whole lot of shit. Most of all, getting the music together, because if the music is not together, if it's not the way I would want it to be, then the information will not go out as smooth as I want it to be. The basis of my program is the music, that's why people are turning it on.

**Q: The interesting thing is that you see music as expressing almost everything that's going on in the country. You use the music to deal with all the other things that you look at.**

Roland: The music doesn't always do it. But I think it can do as much as I can do to deal with a lot of things. That's the way I've always prepared for a show ever since I started with KSAN. Always opening up, listening to all kinds of music.

A song can go beyond some level and elicit other meanings if it's put in another context. A lot of songs are indicative of those double meanings. On that record "Conversation with Collins"—He makes the guitar sing "fuck you" several times, "motherfucker, dirty motherfucker." He's talking about this conversation he had with his woman after she had been out all night. But that also expresses a cultural understanding clearly and a way of projecting a people's language. It's also an interesting political education class in linguistics about how certain people talk and how they use the language. And how that directly relates to how his guitar is being played. And where the sounds of that guitar come from. Plus you see an exchange between a man and a woman plus you see a cultural expression.

Songs that have lyrics are composed of at least three things: melodic information, rhythmic information and then the lyrics themselves. Each one of those songs relates to another song in some kind of significant way and some other kinds of ideas as well. If all these can be told in the right form, the right manner, it seems very valuable—like writing something and sending it out.

Different cultures have different kinds of rhythms. Ragas are based on very different rhythms from those of Iran and rhythms seem to be very indicative of how certain kinds of peoples are moving at a certain time. You remember those leather jackets and motorcycles, the rhythm for that music was a hard downbeat, very simple, straight through the song and as times became more complex rhythms changed and became more complex. As John Coltrane developed he got away from melody almost completely and into polyrhythm

and as his life became more complex his rhythm structure did too.

**Q: Do you relate your rapping to the music more directly?**

Roland: Sure, man, sure. Whatever kind of music I was playing at the time I would be rapping. For instance, if I was playing some Ray Charles music, some of his very slow stuff, then there were certain kinds of raps that were relevant to that, and others weren't. The same kind of rap that's relevant to "Street Fighting Man" is not to Ray Charles. And I try to keep that in mind. Plus some of it is magic, I guess. Which is to say that some of it is not explainable.

That was so beautiful, man, cause I just loved playing that music. Heavy speakers, that sound coming at you. A good high. I'd like to say that the revolution is about staying high. I mean staying high by staying elated, digging what you're doing. Very much involved in the whole process on a daily basis. The assuredness of what you're doing, and why you're doing it. And how you're going to do it. It's about that total understanding of yourself. It's about that kind of high. I'm not talking about enjoying going to jail, getting beat across the head. But enjoying what you're doing and if you were doing anything else you would not enjoy it. What you're doing leads to certain things, that's the consequences, but the fun is the act of what you're doing, the creative process you're engaged in and that's making revolution, love, or whatever. And it seems like if revolutionaries are high, and elated, then they're going to be heavy. And if they're down and gray and dull-like, a lot of them were in the 30's and 40's, then they'll have trouble. Cause if it's not going to be fun, at least on the level of knowing what you're doing and where you're going, it's not worth doing.

**Q: Yeah, I don't think you mean fun...**

Roland: Yeah, I mean fun. I mean digging it. Like you may have something you dig more but the process—digging struggling more than digging not struggling. Like the act of struggling itself makes you happier than it would if you weren't struggling. So you are digging it on that level. And at times the struggle itself is fun, particularly if you won a tactical victory. Like I'm sure that the battle of Dien Bien Phu was fun when it was over to the brothers when they did the French it.

**Q: I think people can get it in their heads when you say that, a misinterpretation of what you're saying.**

Roland: You know everybody says the same thing when I say fun. They say I don't mean fun, but I DO, man, I do mean fun. Like we had fun the other day at that protest at the Air France because we knew what we were struggling against and we knew ultimately what we were going to do.

**Q: That was the time they decided to stop Emory Douglas of the Black Panther Party and Don Cox and Emory's wife Judy. They were in Paris and were going to Algiers.**

Roland: Right. And Air France detained them, so Emory said, all right, I'll go over to Air Algiers, and they said ok. He went over to Air Algiers and found out that Air France owned it and he got a good political education about imperialism and monopoly capitalism right there.

Fred Hampton said he was too proletarian intoxicated to be astronomically intimidated...he was talking about that too. Fred was a cat who had fun in what he was doing; you could tell that by the things he said, by the way he related to them, he knew it was a very heavy trip he was into. But it didn't mean nonstruggle for him. It just means you're more into.

It would be even more fun not to have a world that needed struggle, but I think that's absurd to talk about. There was a need before I was here and there will be a need long after, so I don't even want to get into that. But through struggle even according to traditional Marxist thinking, I believe, people began to realize themselves, to become themselves. That they made their own history through their struggles and that process should be one that entails fun. You read the writings of a lot of revolutionaries and you can see the ones that did and those that didn't. Che obviously did, Stalin obviously didn't.

The approach represented by John Sinclair, the Weathermen, and Progressive Labor seem to me to represent some of the three basic kinds of approaches in the white movement. And in all ways they relate very much to lifestyle because politically they don't have quite as many differences as they do when they get to other things that in fact may lead to the political differences.

I always dug the approach of John Sinclair because I thought he was always able to make a very effective blend, to understand the problem of fun and politics at the same time.

Whereas Abbie Hoffman understood some of the concepts but politically I never thought he quite understood a lot of things. He was always more culturalist than he was anything else.

**Q: So, where do we go from here?**

Roland: I hope that the movement becomes more revolutionary, more beautiful, and more dope-oriented. In the positive sense of the word that people use dope to liberate themselves and not to oppress themselves. That they really expand their minds, whatever they can do, and that people all join together who have any kind of complaints against this country on any level. Join together and support the Black Panther Party! Not necessarily all of their politics or their Ten Point Program or any of that, but support the fact that they're being harassed daily. That they have large bails, and it's clearly an attempt to break up the Black Panther Party. Which ultimately will mean an attempt to break up all dissent in this country. So if you come to the defense of the Black Panther Party now, you may save yourself tomorrow. All Power to the People! And Oink to the Oinkers!

Continued from page 25

## Genocide...

alcoholic intoxication was the root of most evils. Harold Driver, author of *INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA*, says that among the Aztecs "Public drunkenness on the part of students, nobles, or priests was punished with death. A commoner would receive only a beating for the first offense, but would be killed if found drunk a second time."

Imagine, then, the cultural strife that took place between the Spanish missionaries, who regarded wine as the blood of Christ, and the holy men of the Aztecs, who regarded fourteen species of three genera of mushrooms--PSILOCYBE, STROPHARIA, and CONOCYBE--as sacred. TEONANACATL--"God's flesh." Moreover, the Aztec shamans knew the use of both N. RUSTICA and N. TABACUM, called respectively in Nahuatl PICIETL and QUAUHYETL. And they knew about the best natural source of lysergic acid amides--the morning glory seeds they called OLOLIUQUI (RIVEA CORYMBOSA or IPOMOEA SIDAEOFOLIA).

According to Francisco Hernandez in 1570, the morning glory seeds were the means by which Aztec "priests communed with their gods...to receive a message from them, eating the seeds to induce a delirium when a thousand visions and satanic hallucinations appeared to them" The word "satanic" is the key to the psychedelic genocide which followed; for the Spanish explorers and missionaries were quick to notice similarities between certain rituals and beliefs--and hence thought that the Aztecs were quite literally practitioners of black magic, heretical Satan-worshippers.

In addition, the Aztecs used Jimson weed (DATURA) and other SOLANACEAE-- exactly as the witches of Europe did, for both religious and medicinal purposes, and the lowly Jimson weed was regarded as holy. Driver says "There were special officials who took DATURA, along with peyote, to discover cures for illness, lost or stolen property, and the cause of chronic illness due to witchcraft. Sometimes the patient was given the drug instead. DATURA was also one of the ingredients in an ointment made of venomous insects, burned to ashes and tobacco. The priests who were anointed with this salve were said to have lost all fear and to have become bold and cruel enough to kill their sacrificial victims."

Perhaps the least-known aspect of Aztec psychedelic religion nowadays is their ancient use of chocolate as an aphrodisiac. A Mayan Inidan girl, Dona Marina, captured by Cortez on his way into Mexico, knew Aztec and acted as interpreter for the Spaniards at the court of Montezuma. It was she who first, in 1519, told Cortez about the "food of the gods," CACAO, the bitter brew made from the chocolate tree and its seeds. The Aztecs called it CHOCOLATL, and the half-senile voluptuary Montezuma drank the choking brew before visiting his concubines. His courtiers explained that it not only excited their ardor but made them more potent--they got high from it. Before Cortez ordered Montezuma murdered (1520), he had the old prince plant 200 CACAO trees which were to be sent later to the King of Spain, at that time a boy about 12 years old.

In about 1550 some Spanish nuns at the Mexican cloister of Chiapas mixed vanilla and sugar with the bitter chocolate drink, thereby making it palatable. (No one has explained what the nuns were doing messing around with the infamous aphrodisiac of Montezuma.) From that time on it became the rage among the European nobility, especially among ladies in church. Thus chocolate, like tobacco, was accepted only after its psychoactive properties had been so weakened that it was turned into a merely fashionable pleasant drink.

It was peyote, however, which provided the prototypical case of psychedelic genocide. This best-known of the Indian psychedelics was used by the Aztecs (from whence the name was taken--PEYOTL) and the Huichols. It was first described by the Spanish historian Sahagun in 1560; Sahagun was

the friar who first crudely described the use of TEONANACATL mushrooms as well. The chronicles of the Conquistadores are, as Schultes notes, "full of fanatic and vituperative condemnation of peyote as a diabolic root. Missionaries combated its use in native religions as a sacred element and compared the eating of the cactus with cannibalism." (Cannibalism was, incidentally, one of the first things Columbus accused the tobacco Indians of the Caribbeans of.)

Precisely BECAUSE peyote (LOPHOPHORA WILLIAMSII) was a major sacrament among the Indians of central Mexico, it was outlawed in 1620 by the missionaries of the Spanish Inquisition. It was the religious uses of the plant which most offended the friar prohibitionists, as may be seen in the wording of the law itself: "We, the Inquisitors against heretical perversity and apostasy, by virtue of apostolic authority declare, inasmuch as the herb or root called peyote has been introduced into these provinces for the purposes of detecting thefts, of divining other happenings and of foretelling future events, it is an act of superstition, condemned--as opposed to the purity and integrity of our Holy Catholic faith. The fantasies suggest intervention of the Devil, the real authority of this vice."

For a century on either side of that date, the Spaniards destroyed as many Aztec religious documents and records as they could find, and mercilessly slaughtered anyone found guilty of practicing the old religion by consuming these drugs. Because of this vicious suppression, the use of peyote, mushrooms, morning glories, and the other Aztec religious drugs died out. This was the most direct and most typical form of psychedelic genocide.

However, as readers of Carlos Castaneda's *The Teachings of Don Juan* know, the traditions were kept secretly alive by the Indians of Mexico most remote from the Spanish masters. Don Juan, a Yaqui from Sonora, tried to explain and demonstrate the uses of peyote, Jimson weed, and the mushrooms to the anthropology student. Earlier, in 1952, R. Gordon Wasson and his wife had learned the uses of the mushrooms from the Indians of Huautla, Mazatlan, the Sierra Costera, and the Masahua country; their research burst upon the world in 1957 with the publication of *Mushrooms, Russia, and History*. And in August 1960, in Cuernavaca, Dr. Timothy Leary consumed seven magic mushrooms given him by the anthropologist Gerhart Braun, who had gotten them from old Juana, the Inidan CURANDERA. Tim ate the mushrooms and was impressed. The psychedelic revolution was on!

In August, 1963, Tim claimed that his ingestion of the mushrooms was "above all and without question the deepest religious experience of my life." He tried to found a church, the League for Spiritual Discovery, using psychedelics as the chief sacraments. Consequently, the modern Inquisition (Federal and State governments) has found him guilty of the heinous crime of possession of a little weed and has sentenced him to twenty years in prison. Psychedelic genocide, of exactly the kind practiced for centuries against nonwhites in Amerika, is now being practiced against hundreds of thousands of whites.

### 3. WHY THE NATIVE AMERICAN CHURCH SURVIVED

When the Catholic Conquistadores wiped out the Aztecs, they wiped out the Aztec religion. They did this by forcing the Indians to accept Christianity or be killed. As the Spaniards moved north to California, they suppressed psychedelics wherever they found them, and gave the red people firewater instead. A few Indians practiced the old ways, and secretly handed them down to their young--including the primary rule of Aztec religion, adopted now by the Native American Church, that no liquor is allowed and alcohol-drinkers will not be accepted as members of the true psychedelic religion.

As time went on, however, many of the young people who had been forced to accept Christian ways for survival, mixed the Christian customs they learned with rituals from the older psychedelic ceremonies. The Christian

trinity, and other Christian spirits such as the devil and angels, are accepted in full by the Native American Church. Often these are equated with comparable Indian spirits. The ethics of Christianity, such as the Golden Rule, and even nominally including the Protestant Ethic ("Members should work steadily and reliably at their jobs to earn a good living") were adopted entire. The essential rituals of eating peyote, and the ritual tools such as eagle-bone whistles, cedar incense, bird-feather fans, gourd rattles, water drums, and bundles of sage, are primarily Indian. But, as Driver says, the NAC is a "blend of about equal portions of Christian and Indian elements and patterns."

That is to say, only by accepting Christianity as half of its essence did the peyote Church survive. Had it retained its full Indianness it would never have been accepted.

Some tribes understood that the peyote religion was primarily accepted by the white man because it was a way of killing off Indian beliefs and customs, or at least watering them down. Read Frank Waters' most brilliant novel *THE MAN WHO KILLED THE DEER*, for a discussion of this fact among the Pueblos. There is another factor here. The peyote ceremonies had a most difficult time taking root among Indians who were used to a settled existence, with highly complex, conservative, and organized religions not based on peyote. For the white man to say that these Indians should or could accept peyote as their religion was yet another form of cultural genocide. Similarly, tribes who used Jimson weed primarily did not readily accept peyote--it was an imposition on their religion to hold that peyote was okay, but Jimson weed was not. Finally, the nomad Plains tribes, such as the Dakota, who eventually accepted peyote, did so only because their tobacco religion was bastardized beyond belief by the encroachments of white culture, and because the 1890 Ghost Dance messiah religion which grew up to replace tobacco was brutally wiped out at the massacre of Wounded Knee.

In 1937, when the government was moving to outlaw "narcotics" such as marijuana, the Feds tried to outlaw peyote. Some Indians, and, more importantly, some white liberal Anthros (including Franz Boas, A.L. Kroeber, and Weston La Barre) went to Washington to testify that the Native American Church was, in La Barre's terms, "a bona fide faith entitled to full Constitutional guarantee of religious freedom, whether we share its native theology or not." The supercilious and arrogant white anthro were quite willing to present this snide commentary on "native theology" to legislators AS LONG AS INDIANS WERE INVOLVED. However, this defense was, in their terms, not applicable to whites or non-Indians who took peyote, even though the whites vowed that their experience was deeply religious, because, again in La Barre's words, all non-Indian peyote lovers including Havelock Ellis and Aldous Huxley "seemed to me ethnologically spurious, meretricious and foolish poseurs." That is, Indians in the NAC are religious peyote-eaters, but whites are not religious peyote-eaters because they're not in the NAC. The argument is merely a circular definition and an excuse for (a) forcing Indians to join the NAC if they want to eat peyote for religious purposes, regardless of whether they believe in the Christian parts of the NAC, and (b) excluding white or non-Indian people from partaking of the peyote psychedelic religion. This definition is absurd, circular, self-serving, and an excuse for psychedelic genocide.

### 4. OTHER INDIAN PSYCHEDELICS, SACRAMENTS, AND STIMULANTS

The best way to avoid psychedelic genocide in times of insane repression such as ours, is to maintain the secrecy surrounding certain psychedelics, just as the Indians did earlier. I am therefore of mixed feelings about giving out this information. On the other hand, it is our right to take these drugs, most of them are legal, and hopefully by the time their use becomes widespread, we will be sufficiently powerful in Amerika to assure that they are not outlawed. Besides, the government cannot stop use of these drugs even if they do get

around to prohibiting them.

SWEET FLAG (ACORUS CALAMUS). -- This little plant, also known as rat root, flag root, calamus, and sweet calomel, may be found almost anywhere in marshy, freshwater soils. Look it up in an herbal or an encyclopedia for a picture-- it looks somewhat like a cat-tail. In the 19th century, it was widely used in folk medicine to cure stomach ache and as a tonic; its aromatic root is the principal ingredient in many well-known "bitters." It was used by the ancient Greeks as an eye-lotion, and by the ancient Chinese, who called it CH'ANG P'U, to stimulate appetite, alleviate fatigue, and as a medication for inflammation of the gastric membrane and for colic.

Osmond and Hoffer report in *The Hallucinogens* that rat root is collected in northern Canada by the Cree. "Rat root users seemed to be healthier and were not subject to alcoholism. The Indians used rat root (a) as an antifatigue medicine (they chewed about 1 inch of the dried root which had a diameter equal to a pencil); (b) as an analgesic for relieving toothache, headache, etc; (c) for relief of asthma; (d) for oral hygiene, and (e) to relieve hangover."

Moreover, one of their informants walked 12 miles out in the north woods to fight a forest fire, and felt exhausted; he chewed and swallowed 2 inches of the root; "within 10 minutes the fatigue vanished and on the return march he seemed to be walking one foot above the ground and felt wonderful. The effect was very unlike amphetamine."

Finally, "the informant and his wife, a trained psychiatric nurse, were both sophisticated subjects with hallucinogens. They had taken LSD several times in well-controlled experiments at one of our research laboratories. They had both taken 10 inches of rat root 5 times and both agreed it produced an experience very similar to LSD."

Asarone and B-asarone, the active chemicals in sweet flag, were found by Dandiya and Menon (1965) to antagonize the action of mescaline on rats, indicating that it is a true psychedelic. Asarone also protected rats against d-amphetamine more effectively than chlorpromazine did--speed freaks and researchers take note. Whitman wrote a small book of poems, CALAMUS, using the plant as his chief metaphor for a universal psychedelic-mystical experience. What did he know?

COHOBA (PIPTADENA PEREGRINA)--Ramon Pane, who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, described COHOBA (an Arawakan word for snuffed tobacco) as it was used by the Tainos of Haiti: "This powder they draw up through the nose and it intoxicates them to such an extent that when they are under its influence, they know not what they do." Safford (1916) quoted Las Casas: "The ends of these two canes (a bifurcated snuff-pipe) inserted into the windows of the nostrils and the base of the flute into the powder on the plate, they would draw in their breath and, snuffing up, would receive through the nostrils as much of the powder as they wished to take, which, when taken would go at once to the brain almost as though they had drunk strong wine..."

Cohoba is made by grinding the seeds of PIPTADENA PEREGRINA, a tree commonly found in Haiti, Puerto Rico, Venezuela, Peru, Argentina, and Brazil. The Otomaco tribesmen of Colombia and Venezuela mix it with quicklime before snuffing. Schultes warns that it may cause convulsions, for several BUFOTENINE, the toad-sweat drug of the witches, and DMT (N,N-DIMETHYLTRYPTAMINE). Thus it appears that the exterminated Arawakans and other Indian tribes had discovered a natural source of DMT long before Columbus arrived. It was used, Schultes says, "to induce bravery before a battle, to give hunters keener sight and as an agent for prophesying, clairvoyance and divination." Seeds may perhaps be obtained from any tropical seed company.

MESCAL BEAN (SOPHORA SECUNDFLORA)--Not to be confused with mescal (Agave) or mescaline from peyote, the Mescal Bean grows commonly in western Texas and

continued on page 36

# ...The Seven of the Race

continued from page 23

Seven defense, and also represents many rock bands, is defending Gary Lescallet. And R.J. Engel, a longtime friend of the black and brown students at San Mateo, is defending Nelson Rodriguez.

The brothers were kept in the dismal confines of San Francisco County jail for 14 months before their trial even started. Despite San Francisco's reputation as a liberal city, the county jail serves some of the worst food its more experienced convicts have ever tasted; provides no recreation or fresh air, and doesn't even let the brothers read the books that are sent to them.

The delays were caused mostly by pre-trial hearings and a crowded court calendar. The lawyers argued for dismissal of the charges on a number of grounds: illegal constitution of the grand jury (all white and rich); illegal constitution of the petit jury (non-English speaking latins were at the time not allowed to register to vote, and the jury is picked from voter lists), of course the judge denied both these motions, but the record was made for appeal.

Then a final delay was caused when the judge, Joseph Karesh, bugged out. The garrulous old jurist insisted that he wasn't *disqualifying* himself—that would imply prejudice, and "I have no prejudice". He claimed he was *withdrawing* from the case because Michael Kennedy had made a reference to his handling of another highly publicized case, the trial of a white cop named O'Brien for killing a black man. Kennedy had made only the most fleeting reference, and was careful to add that he did not mean it as a criticism.

The supersensitive Kazresh took umbrage, but it wasn't until 2 weeks later that he withdrew, shortly after a quite different remark by Charles Garry that McGoran was a "racist, a liar and a drunk." The publicity in the Los

Siete case had mounted tremendously, and Karesh, perhaps rightly, feared the media, since he had gotten very bad publicity in the O'Brien case for allowing the racist defense lawyer to call the black witnesses "monkeys...hyenas...people with no moral honesty or integrity."

In addition, Karesh was getting heavy pressures from the police and D.A.'s office: Garry must be muzzled, or at least, quieted down. Karesh had a reputation for letting advocates in his courtroom talk too long: he seemed to like to trip on the sound of his and other people's fine words, even if he wasn't really listening to their meaning. A more tight-lipped and better-disciplined judge was required for this sensitive case, especially with Charles Garry, the veteran jury-charmer, involved.

And so it was arranged—none too gracefully at that—that Los Siete's case would be transferred to Judge Laurence Mana—no legal scholar, but a disciplinarian in his own court.

The trial began in late June. The jurors were picked in a shorter time than expected: two weeks. Mana severely restricted the range of *voir-dire* questions the attorneys could ask. The only question allowed, pertaining to prejudice, was, "Do you think you can be fair and impartial to both sides?" The defense argued that this was not the kind of question that could reveal racism, and submitted questions it wanted to ask: do you believe in open housing; do you think the highest virtue a child can learn is obedience. But the judge ruled such questions irrelevant, and so the defense had to decide on jurors by the look in their eyes and the vibes they sent off.

During the period of peremptory challenges the District Attorney,

Thomas Norman excused several young black men, a young longhair, and a few young liberals. Others were excused "for cause" because they said they could never under any circumstances vote for capital punishment. To qualify as a juror in a first degree murder case you have to say you would at least *consider* capital punishment.

Considering all the thing as working against Los Siete, the jury is a favorable one. Among its most hopeful members are a longhaired chicano post office clerk (he looks white); a young secretary who has a peace symbol in her window; a retired sheet metal worker; and (believe it or not) a baldheaded bank bureaucrat. These people, and a handful of others on the jury, respond well to the alternate joking and dead-seriousness of the defense lawyers. In varying degrees, they seem to be aware of what's so obvious to the supporters of the Los Siete who sit in the courtroom: the arbitrary unreason of the judge, and the utter bankruptcy of the prosecution.

The prosecution has called five witnesses so far (out of a possible 40). The first was the autopsy surgeon, who verified that Brodnik had died from a bullet shot at a distance of six inches. During his testimony, the D.A. succeeded in entering into evidence alot of gory, inflammatory pictures of the corpse.

The second witness was Mrs. Ruth Horenstein, a well-tailored, uptight, middle-aged lady who lives in the quiet, respectable Sunset District of the city. She testified that her house had been robbed on May 1, 1969, after she and her husband went off to work. The list of stolen items was long and ludicrous: it included dirty bedsheets, a Masonic ring, her son's boy scout emblem, some Mexican "rattlers", inscribed "Ruth" and "Larry", a Chinese brass gong, etc. The only items of value were two TV sets (one 24" color; the other, remote control, for watching in bed) and a KLHstereo. Mrs. Horenstein added (many times) that her toy poodle was found bleeding, but her grief was so over dramatized that I doubt it had much effect on the jury. She also said she noticed a suspicious-looking person "loitering" on her corner as she drove off to work, but she couldn't identify him. Months before, she had told the police it "looked like" Gio Lopez, but by the time of the trial, the D.A. was no longer referring to Gio at all—perhaps because he had been arrested four times in various parts of the country, and each time he had been released before the fingerprints check came back.

Paul McGoran came next, and remained on the stand for over two weeks. Every day he popped at least 15 mg. of valium to keep his nerves steady.

He claimed he wasn't nervous—the valium was for a heart condition known as "tachycardia", although he was already taking a few other pills for that. At any rate, McGoran turned out to be a mental and physical wreck, a mere shadow of the brutal foul-mouthed pig he had once been. Still in his mid-forties, he looks almost 60, and was applying for medical retirement from the force.

McGoran's story, which he had changed at various times in pretrial hearings, was that he used no obscene language and was not aggressive to the brothers in any way. Gary Lescallet started the fight with him; then he went down and felt alot of people kicking him; heard Brodnik yell, "Look out, Paul, he's got your gun!"; then heard the shot. At the time of the shot, he had blacked out—couldn't see but could still hear what was going on—seconds later, he regained his sight and ran for

cover; saw Gary Lescallet shoot at him and miss.

Needless to say, the defense managed to pick apart most of this (story) later, other prosecution witnesses also contradicted McGoran). Many times, Charles Garry accused McGoran of drawing the gun, aiming at Gary, whom he had knocked to the ground and shooting his partner by accident as Brodnik stepped between them. McGoran calmly took Garry's accusation. The valium kept him from losing his temper, but the jury could clearly see the pig was drugged.

According to criminal law, the character of the victim of an alleged assault must be taken into account. But Judge Mana has refused to let the defense question McGoran about his background, his drinking habits, his past instances of violence, even the time when he was arrested and tried for assault on a teenager, or the time when he was supposed to take a lie detector test but got a 30-minute attack of tachycardia at the mere thought of it. All these facts came out in Garry's questions, but the D.A. always objected and the judge always sustained. Garry was told that character evidence *might* be admissible during the defense case. This was clearly illegal, since defendants are presumed innocent until proven guilty; the burden rests with the prosecution, and the defense is not required to put on any case at all.

The matter of identification had always been a tricky one for McGoran. In pretrial hearings, he had said at different times that five, six, seven, and an unknown number of young men were there. At the trial, he stuck to six (thus omitting Gio Lopez) and definitely identified Gary, Nelson, Mario, Bebe and Jose. Tony he was not "100 per cent sure of". The only evidence linking Tony to the crime thus far was a blue Chevrolet registered in Tony's name from which the brothers were moving property into the house.

Across the street from the home of Jose Rios lived a devoutly Catholic Polish family: parents and three daughters. The middle daughter, aged 20, had a boyfriend (chicano) named David Caravantes, who used to pick her up every morning, eat breakfast with the family, and then take her to school. On the morning of May 1, 1969, Caravantes watched the shooting of Brodnik from the downstairs living room window, while his girlfriend, and her mother and younger sister, watched from upstairs.

Irene Jarzyna, the mother, was the witness following McGoran. She came on cute at first, with her limited understanding of English. By the end of the week, she was sinister, having contradicted herself many times, made a fool of herself at least twice, and recklessly identified all six brothers as being at the scene (at the lineup she had identified only Mario and Tony). She also said the "boy" who shot the gun was short and stocky (implicating Mario) and fired it twice in rapid succession (or as she put it, "boom-boom"). This contradicted her hysterical statement to police on May 1: "It was all so fast, so fast—I'm not really sure who (did the shooting)."

The highlight of Mrs. J's testimony came with her walking demonstration. Charles asked her how she could identify all six defendants now when at the lineup she could only pick out two. "By the way they walk," she answered, meaning their gait from the holding cell to their chairs. A distance of about 3 feet. Garry asked her to demonstrate these very unique walks that she could remember after 14 months. The woman then

proceeded to slouch and sidle along in pitifully bad imitation of a kind of cool, gangster stride. She did this six times, one for each brother. The defendants broke up laughing, and the jurors could hardly contain themselves.

A day later, Michael Kennedy asked her please to repeat the demonstration of Bebe's walk. Mrs. J seemed somewhat embarrassed about the situation she had gotten herself into—the result of her own loud mouth and eagerness to support law and order. Kennedy made her demonstrate several times in the middle of the courtroom. Then he said, "Excuse me, aren't you confused? I seem to remember that was the walk you gave to Mario Martinez yesterday."

After the fiasco of Mrs. Jarzyna, it was hard to take the prosecution seriously. Her 16-year-old daughter came on next. She couldn't identify anybody (at the lineup she made one incorrect choice) but reiterated her mother's story that a short boy shot Brodnik. In fact, she had run to get her glasses midway through the incident, and probably didn't see much.

Next came David Caravantes, whom some of us thought would be the prosecution's suprise witness. But Caravantes only further confused matters by saying he heard McGoran cursing (specifically, calling Jose Rios a "son of a bitch" which McGoran had denied, saw McGoran start the fight with Gary by throwing him up against the pillar, didn't see who did the shooting, but saw Gary take the gun from McGoran during their fight.

When Garry started to cross examine, Caravantes took the fifth amendment on questions about his address and school. He had apparently used a false address to get into the College of Marin, but by taking the fifth he made it look far worse. After repeatedly denying he knew McGoran, Caravantes finally had to admit he had exchanged words with the man, had worked in the same store with him for a year, and on May 1, when questioned by police about the incident, asked first to talk to McGoran and clear up some details. Garry accused Caravantes of being a part-time police informer. The witness denied it, but it was clear by his manner (describing people as "white" male Americans") that he was at least a police-admirer.

On the second day of Caravantes' Huey Newton was freed on bail.

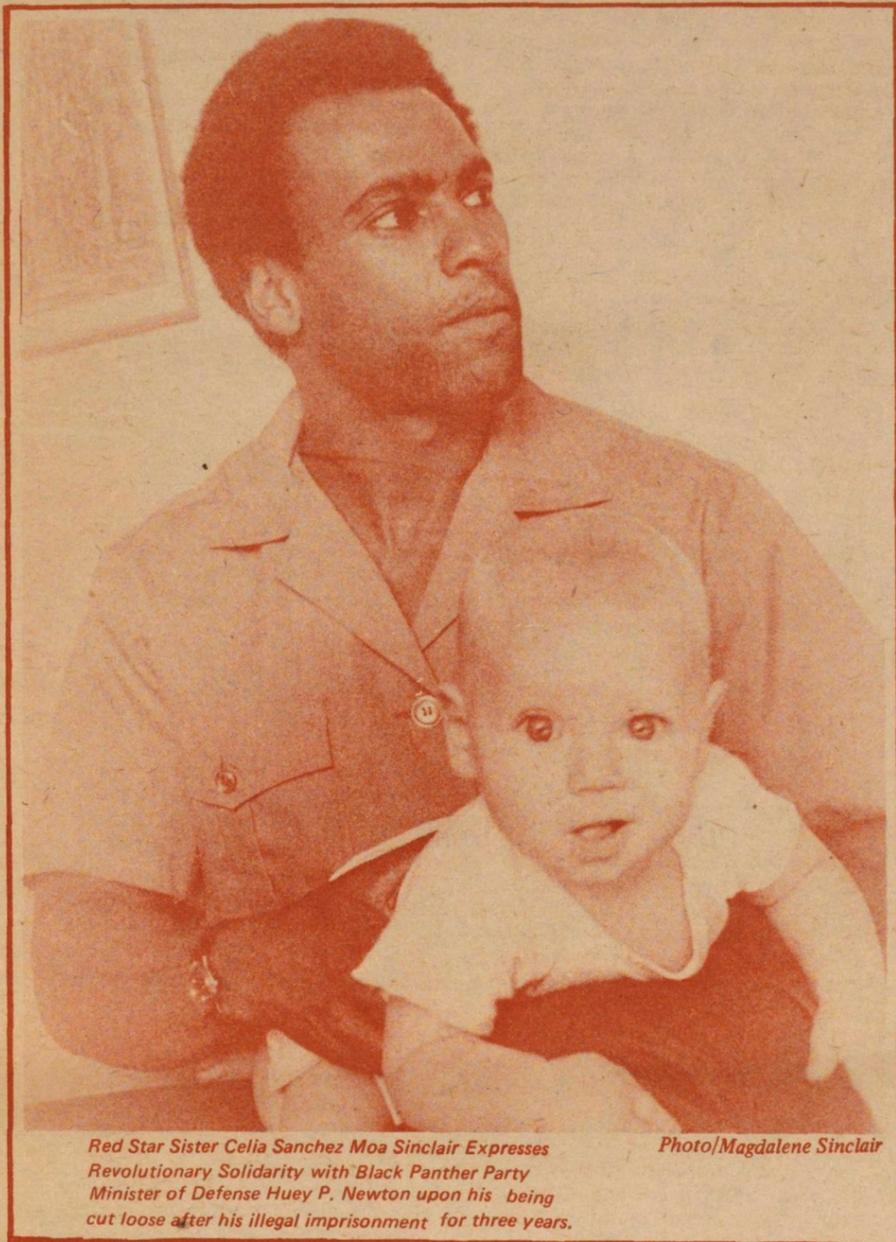
\* \* \* \* \*

In the 16 months since LOS SIETE DE LA RAZA was founded, it has grown into a major force in the Mission District, probably the central force shaping the politics of brown youth in the area. With the intention of both serving and educating the people, Los Siete has begun two breakfast for children programs, a free people's clinic, two full-time doctors, a La Raza Legal Defense program with almost 200 participating lawyers, and a people's community newspaper, *Basta Ya! (Enough!)*, which has begun to tell people in the Mission the truth in simple language about the nature of their oppression at the hands of the police, the politicians, and big business. They are also fighting the development plan to obliterate the barrio and replace it with high-rent middleclass housing. The whole Mission has changed in the last year, and graffiti saying "Free Los Siete" lines the walls. As one member of the group said, "Los Siete's not a party, it's not an organization, not a movement; it's a way of life."

This is a very costly trial. Please send contributions to Los Siete, c.o Charles Garry, 341 Market St., SF



# WOODSTOCK NATION NOTES



Red Star Sister Celia Sanchez Moa Sinclair Expresses Revolutionary Solidarity with Black Panther Party Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton upon his being cut loose after his illegal imprisonment for three years.

Photo/Magdalene Sinclair

## War Jailbreak!

By TOM HAYDEN

It has taken a 17 year-old warrior with guns to bring justice into an American courtroom at last. Jonathan Jackson, lawyer for his people, put repression on trial with his opening remarks to the Court. "This is it, gentlemen. I've got an automatic weapon. Everybody freeze." And before this frozen scene, as frozen as any historic tableau, James McClain placed his hand on his gun and offered his testimony: Take these handcuffs off me. I've been in San Quentin for years and I want to be a free man, so help me God." And then: "We are the revolution...Free the Soledad Brothers by 12:30 tomorrow."

And so began a new stage of combat against oppression. These were the first prisoners-of-war to attempt liberating themselves and others with guns in hand, consciously deciding that death-in-struggle is better than life-in-solitary. That they fell minutes later, killed by maniacs who would rather unleash a slaughter than allow their system to be defied, makes little difference. They strode beyond the world as we knew it. Huey says, beyond the experience of Watts, of Detroit, beyond even the most romantic fantasies of young whites. In death they redefined life. Where they fell, we begin.

The reactionaries are covering the truth of this event quicker than they covered the corpses. The Warden calls these men hoodlums and criminals. In the words of the yellow press, their lives were a "synthesis of human violence, seemingly ordained to conclude in an incident of fatal violence." McClain, after all, had a prior record of assaulting policemen. Jonathan Jackson, the "good student" with no criminal record, is passed off as a case of extreme family loyalty. (He is the brother of George Jackson, one of the Soledad 3.—Ed.)

Even opinion in "enlightened" and "radical" circles has been slow to grasp the positive significance of this event. Many people unconsciously echo the theory of a Cal researcher, put forward just this week, that young blacks are psychologically bent on suicidal confrontation. Writers like Julius Lester mourn that Panther-style rhetoric fires the fuel of anger to self-destructive extremes.

Some ask, why should they be so desperate and irrational when the release of Huey Newton has just proven that the system can be budged? Even if the desperation is understandable, others ask, why did they adopt such an insane plan?

First, what about their escape plan? Was it so irrational? Suppose they had driven to the San Francisco airport, demanded a flight to Cuba or Algeria, and taken their hostages with them, promising their safe return when the plane landed and the Soledad Brothers were freed? Impossible? Not in the context of recent skyjackings and kidnappings. In fact the only apparent reason they were killed was because individual guards did not follow their superiors' orders to avoid a shoot-out. If the police could control themselves a bit more, if they had followed the desires of the now-dead judge, we might have witnessed a successful jailbreak-kidnap-skyjack-prisoner exchange.

Second, whatever the exact plans were, in fact, any such escape plan is quite rational when compared to the possibilities of an unknown prisoner "escaping" through the legal system. The prisoners live under the arbitrary and sadistic rule of the Adult Authority, a body which is virtually beyond pressure. The case of the Soledad Brothers only shows the surface of prison oppression to the public; and, quite frankly, it has attracted a margin of interest because George Jackson just happens to be a

continued on page 35

## WEATHER BULLETIN

September 15, 1970

This is the fourth communication from the Weatherman Underground.

The Weatherman Underground has had the honor and pleasure of helping Dr. Timothy Leary escape from the POW camp at San Luis Obispo, California.

Dr. Leary was being held against his will and against the will of millions of kids in this country. He was a political prisoner, captured for the work he did in helping all of us begin the task of creating a new culture on the barren wasteland that has been imposed on this country by Democrats, Republicans, Capitalists and creeps.

LSD and grass, like the herbs and cactus and mushrooms of the American Indians and countless civilizations that have existed on this planet, will help us make a future world where it will be possible to live in peace.

Now we are at war.

With the NLF and the North Vietnamese, with the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine and Al Fatah, with Rap Brown and Angela Davis, with all black and brown revolutionaries, the Soledad Brothers and all prisoners of war in American concentration camps we know that peace is only possible with the destruction of U.S. imperialism.

Our organization commits itself to the task of freeing these prisoners of war.

We are outlaws, we are free!

Bernardine Dohrn

The following statement was written in the POW camp and carried over the wall (in full sight of two gun trucks). I offer loving gratitude to my Sisters and Brothers in the WEATHERMAN UNDERGROUND who designed and executed my liberation.

Rosemary and I are now with the Underground and we'll continue to stay high and wage the revolutionary war.

There is the time for peace and the time for war.

There is the day of laughing Krishna and the day of Grin Shiva.

Brothers and Sisters, at this time let us have no more talk of peace.

The conflict which we have sought to avoid is upon us. A world-wide ecological religious warfare. Life vs. death.

Listen. It is a comfortable, self-indulgent cop-out to look for conventional economic-political solutions.

Brothers and Sisters, this is a war for survival. Ask Huey and Angela. They dig it.

Ask the wild free animals. They know it.

Ask the turned-on ecologists. They sadly admit it.

I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mechanical order.

Listen. There is no choice left but to defend life by all and every means possible against the genocidal machine.

Listen. There are no neutrals in genetic warfare. There are no non-combatants at Buchenwald, My Lai or Soledad.

You are part of the death apparatus or you belong to the network of free life.

Do not be deceived. It is a classic stratagem of genocide to camouflage their wars

as law and order police actions.

Remember the Sioux and the German Jews and the black slaves and the marijuana pogroms and the pious TWA indignation over airline hijackings!

If you fail to see that we are the victims-defendants of genocidal war you will not understand the rage of the blacks, the fierceness of the browns, the holy fanaticism of the Palestinians, the righteous mania of the Weathermen, and the pervasive resentment of the young.

Listen Americans. Your government is an instrument of total lethal evil.

Remember the buffalo and the Iroquois!

Remember Kennedy, King, Malcolm, Lenny!

Listen. There is no compromise with a machine. You cannot talk peace and love to a humanoid robot whose every Federal Bureaucratic Impulse is soulless, heartless, humorless, lifeless, loveless.

In this life struggle we use the ancient holy strategies of organic life:

- 1) Resist lovingly in the loyalty of underground sisterhoods and brotherhoods.
- 2) Resist passively, break lock-step...drop out.
- 3) Resist actively, sabotage, jam the computer...hijack planes...trash every lethal machine in the land.
- 4) Resist publicly, announce life...denounce death.
- 5) Resist privately, guerilla invisibility.
- 6) Resist beautifully, create organic art, music.
- 7) Resist biologically, be healthy...erotic...conspire with seed...breed.
- 8) Resist spiritually, stay high...praise god...love life...blow the mechanical mind with Holy Acid...dose them...dose them...dose them.
- 9) Resist physically, robot agents who threaten life must be disarmed, disabled, disconnected by force...Arm yourselves and shoot to live...Life is never violent. To shoot a genocidal robot policeman in the defense of life is a sacred act.

Listen Nixon. We were never that naive. We knew that flowers in your gun-barrels were risky. We too remembered Munich and Auschwitz all too well as we chanted love and raised our Woodstock fingers in the gentle sign of peace.

We begged you to live and let live, to love and let love, but you have chosen to kill and get killed. May God have mercy on your lost soul.

For the last seven months, I, a free, wild man, have been locked in POW camps. No living creature can survive in a cage. In my flight to freedom I leave behind a million brothers and sisters in the POW prisons of San Quentin, Soledad, Con Thien...

Listen comrades. The liberation war has just begun. Resist, endure, do not collaborate. Strike. You will be free.

Listen you brothers of the imprisoned. Break them out! If David Harris has ten friends in the world, I say to you, get off your pious non-violent asses and break him out.

There is no excuse for one brother or sister to remain a prisoner of war.

Right on Leila Khaled!

Listen, the hour is late. Total war is upon us. Fight to live or you'll die. Freedom is life. Freedom will live.

Timothy Leary

WARNING: I am armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or my freedom.

# Lonnie Gets 12-15

NEW HAVEN—(White Panther Community News Service)—The trail of Lonnie McClucas, the first member of the NewHaven9 to be tried for the death of Alex Rackley, is over. The jury handed down a verdict of guilty for the charge of conspiracy to murder while dropping the charges of kidnapping, kidnapping leading to death, and criminal binding.

The jury, which stayed out longer than any jury in the history of Connecticut, was unable to reach a unanimous decision and was continuously charged by Judge Mulvey that they had to reach a unanimous decision, like it or not. They finally made a deal with each other and Lonnie was sentenced to 12-15 years Sept 18 for this charge, plus a trial for the actual murder of Alex Rackley, the date of which has yet to be announced. The State's plan next involves the trial of Erica Huggins, Peggy Hudgins, Rose Smith and George Edwards to begin on September 8 or 9. Following their trial, they will begin the trial of Bobby Seale.

Toward the last two days of the trial, the government offered all the defendants the chance to cop a plea to lesser charges if they would testify for the state against Bobby Seale. However, even though the state clearly wants Seale, they will continue to toy with the lives of the rest of the innocent people as well.

Erica, Rose and Peggy have all been in jail since May, 1969, without bail. They have suffered incredible treatment at the hands of the prison officials, unconscious many times, being forced to deliver their children under armed guard.

Erica had her tongue slashed down the middle when a dentist drill "slipped", Peggy Hudgins weighs only 89 pounds, and all her joints are swollen to the point of almost total paralysis. The prison officials refuse to allow her to see a physician of her own choice. Other tactics used by the jailers to break these sisters

and brothers are enumerated in the demands made by the sisters to the prison authorities.

The oppressive tactics used in this case to break people, the lies and bullshit on the part of the state to convict Lonnie, are all part of the pattern that this society has to keep everyone in line. The daily harassment used to blind people to an alternative system free of competition and fear only works so long as people try to break out of their isolation separately. We cannot struggle alone. Alone we are weak and afraid. In order to win we must be together. Together we must begin to redefine our collective existence on our own terms, ignoring the pigs' lies and propaganda. When we begin to understand how we are all fucked with by the same pigs then we can come together to begin to do real battle with the Monster.

The trails in New Haven are important because they simply reflect the same bullshit we put up with every day on a higher level. We must begin to think consciously enough about the struggles our sisters and brothers are engaged in so that we begin to seek revolutionary solutions to our problems. Solutions which allow us to come together in struggle in terms we define for ourselves.

Solutions which begin to make real the power we have to the power structure a political consequence as a result of the people it is ripping off from our communities. Nationwide attention must be focused on New Haven in order to educate as many people as possible to the reality of the coming fascism in Amerikkka. The Panthers are in jail for us, and we are out here for them.

**FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS!**  
**LONG LIVE THE SPIRIT OF JONATHAN JACKSON!**  
New England Branch,  
White Panther Party

## PEOPLE'S PRESS

Representatives from about 40 Underground Press Syndicate members gathered on a farm outside Milwaukee the weekend of August 8-11 for the fourth annual UPS gathering of the cadre.

There were about 80 sisters and brothers digging Newsreel flicks, good dope, eating plenty of healthy food and rapping together about the problems of the underground press. One of the problems was communication; the solution was regional conferences set up all over the country, often.

There are two already set up in September, on the East and West Coasts. As another step to solve the problem of communication, a UPS internal newsletter will be printed and distributed by L.A. Free Press publisher Art Kunkin (who now owns two presses and is printing five underground papers in California). Contributions from everyone will be printed.

The papers decided to set up a cooperative ad agency to insure smaller papers of more ads. A committee was established with people from the bigger underground papers and the smaller ones, to formulate advertising policy from the capitalists.

There were workshops during the 3-day session about Layout, LNS, Distribution, Racism, and the capitalist news blackout of revolutionary events.

The White Panther Party was represented by minister of Information Ken Kelley, who spoke about the party's program of self-determination on community levels. A number of papers expressed the desire to become White Panther Community Information Services (The Ann Arbor Argus is the first such paper).

Together we stand, Divided we fall!  
Self-determination to the Woodstock Nation!

—Terry Taube

## LIBERATED HAWAII

KALAMA VALLEY, HAWAII—When powerful Bishop Estate and Kaiser Hawqaii-Kai Development Corporation tried to evict over a hundred Hawaiian

tenant farmers and their families from their homes on the island of Oahu, the people refused to move. On July 3, the bulldozers arrived to begin knocking down homes in the valley. Three local political activists attempted to block the bulldozer by occupying the house marked for destruction. After a change of drivers and a hurried conference, the company called in the police and the three protestors were charged with "criminal trespass."

Several more homes were flattened that day, but the arrests sparked strong support for the islanders.

The volatile land struggle of the people against the huge estates and corporations escalated the following week, when on July 9, in the midst of negotiations, the bulldozers moved back into the valley. Another confrontation occurred and seven more people were arrested.

"They are arresting our people for trespassing but it is they (the Estate and Corporation) who are trespassing on the rights of the people...it is the corporate giants who are violating the lands and the lives of us Hawaiians," said the Rev. Larry Kamakawioole, spokesman for a new generation of native Hawaiians who are angry, articulate and forceful.

"Like the American Indians, our lands were stolen and our culture ravished. Our people have been abused, neglected and oppressed for too long...It is time for the Hawaiian people to rise up and struggle for liberation and social justice," the young Hawaiian leader declared.

"What the Kalama Valley struggle is trying to do is to take back the land that was stolen from the Hawaiian people, so that they can have a life that is righteous, if not legal," said Stan Masui, another of the arrested protestors.

—Wayne Hayashi—pacific rim studies center, great speckled bird

## BLOOD, SWEAT & BULLSHIT

By ABBIE HOFFMAN

NEW YORK, JULY 25—One Yippies demonstrated outside Madison Square Garden last night at the opening concert of Blood, Sweat and Tears. They carried huge

# Rolling Stone gathers no politix...

By CRAIG PYES

The Cambodian Invasion had almost caused a general strike on the nation's college campuses. It was out there, even the businessmen slithering about their sealed offices could feel the vibrations of political energy rattling at their windows. Even the "hip" businessmen could feel it, though they'd been sensing it for a long time. The hip magazines could use all the excitement by interpreting the events until they became meaningless and innocuous, and by pretending to be behind it in order to boost subscriptions. But the promoters couldn't deal with it, because it was no longer safe to send rock groups to the college campuses. Not safe for the rock groups or the college campuses.

At Rolling Stone, the nation's largest rock magazine, the editors were busily assembling what they called their "Pitiful Helpless Giant Issue". They had sent their staff editors to Augusta, Jackson, and Kent, and were compiling long chronological reports, which is the RS style.

John Burkes, who was the managing editor, told me at the time, "We're really becoming political, man. We asked Paul Jacobs to go to Augusta, but he couldn't make it; but we're going to work with him more closely in the future. We have Greil (Marcus) covering Berkeley—Maybe you could give him a call. Also we want to use you more, now that we're becoming political."

Rolling Stone claims a circulation of 300,000—which is twice the circulation of Ramparts. It has become "more political" exactly three times in its nearly 3 year history: one issue a year to balance the other 25 issues a year of cultural rip-off.

The fact that RS has double the circulation of Ramparts is interesting, since Jann Wenner, Rolling Stone's editor and founder, used to work for Ramparts. Before that he wrote a rock column in the Daily Californian, UC Berkeley's student newspaper.

The 'interesting' fact is that RS instantly appealed to the youth culture in a way that Ramparts or most Movement publications never could—it was readable and good looking, and immediately got mass support beyond the college circuit. RS was started in the Fall after the Summer of Love, carrying with it out of the Haight a tone that was both boyant and idealistic. "You might say," Wenner told me a few months ago, "that my politics are the promotion of good vibes."

It was Rolling Stone's initial failure to educate and to articulate to its readers the political consequences of their culture; in fact, after a time, it was its readers which educated RS to the financial implications of their culture. Wenner's, and thus the magazine's, failure to stick to music, and by way of post hoc reasoning offered as the only viable political solution.

"Rock and roll", wrote Wenner, "is the only way in which the vast but formless power of youth is structured, the only way in which it can be defined or inspected. The style and meaning of it has caught the imagination, the financial power and the spiritual interest of millions of young people."

As Sol Stern pointed out in his Scanlan's article on Altamont, this philosophy projected a passive, consumer image on its readers. Their role in the culture was to pick up on the golden melodic feces of their favorite stars. Rolling Stone's role was to create a nation of groupies.

The rapid rise in Rolling Stone's circulation prompted Wenner to place an ad in the NY Times in an attempt to influence businesses to advertise there. The "financial power of youth" in 1968 was already felt as a major economic force, and the most potent of the new markets.

Historically it might be said that RS plays the same role as any comprador puppet regime to US imperialism, by channeling the energies and imagination of youth culture into consumer dependence on Amerikan business, and by using its influence to quiet real dissent.

The reactionary nature of this position became absolutely evident when the magazine took its first overt political stand. It came out against EXPLOITATION! of rock—but not by Business, of which not one word had been said in any prior issue of the magazine, but by the left—by Jerry Rubin and the left. It is the left which exploits rock. Get it? The LEFT!

The statement was issued in a plea that its readers don't go to Chicago to demonstrate against the Democratic Convention—well actually that never was a point. RS would not acknowledge that any of its readers would go to Chicago for any other reason than to hear music, so Wenner personally decided to discredit the groups which had agreed to play: the Fugs, which he called "an old style group with little popularity," Timothy Leary, a "name brand leader... who had lost his relevance", and Phil Ochs, who is just "an old political protest singer."

And did the horrors of Chicago do anything to change this? After all, the events in Chicago turned out to be a great clarifier for all of us. But for Rolling Stone? In a post convention issue they wrote: "There is an enemy, but it's not Hubert Humphrey. And this, in a nutshell, is the 'new' left."

The moral implications surrounding the Democratic Convention failed to change RS's position, in fact their position was hardened. There were only a few thousand people involved, after all, and if that was the left in this country—Well, shucks, it could be put in a nutshell. But that was not the case, as the editors soon saw, as college after college exploded in turmoil. There was something going on "out there." There was a Movement to be reckoned with. So what political integrity failed to do, six months later, the enticement of a new market among the 'Enemy

did: RS became political.. Jumped right in with their "American Revolution" issue, 1969: "Like it or not, we have reached a point in the social, cultural, intellectual and artistic history of the United States where we are going to be effected by politics. We can no longer ignore it..." Like it or not!!!!

It would have been very fortuitous if RS with its mass appeal among all strata of youth had become a political/cultural organ, instead of what it became: a tradesheet with occasional political news. For them, politics was covering a political event rather than an outlook or a way of life.

After the Conspiracy Trial they ran a long piece on Chicago and the Trial by Gene Marine, and advertised it by running full page ads in many papers, stating: "Our reporter was there," and placing a subscription coupon at the bottom of the copy. As far as I know, they never once criticized their earlier position regarding the Convention—or the attitudes which led to that position, instead they paid Gene Marine \$1 500 for the piece. Now it was "Our reporter was there."

Not all the changes in RS, however, were enacted on that level. Much of the increased 'current events' coverage starting in '69 came from an honest desire among the editorial staff, which led eventually to bad karma with the papers' management, generating intrigue and personal hassles, which culminated a few weeks ago in the Managing Editor, Feature Editor, and Business Manager quitting, and another editor, Greil Marcus, formerly of the Good Times, getting fired. "When you look back on it," said ex-Managing Editor, John Burkes, "it was just a little rock and roll paper. That's all it was."

While Rolling Stone purports to be the one of the biggest representatives of the cultural life of young people in Amerika it fails utterly to recognize what is perhaps the most important living reality of our very being—that there is, in fact, no separation between our "politics" and our "culture." Politics and culture are one thing—and RS's naive stance only serves the interests of the pig by breaking down that unity and, in effect, dividing the people against themselves. As RS tells it, the "left" is the enemy of the musicians and their fans, but, of course, the fans are never ever as hip or as together as the groovy popstar musicians whom they worship. The fragmented consciousness that RS foists on its readers can only be considered the gravest kind of disservice.

The non-political state of mind—the form without content, which existed/exists in RS is readily evident by a quick look around the magazine's new plush offices. Women at RS have the same status as women at any other large magazine, only under 'hip' capitalism they are more lax about the dressing code, and they allow their employes to get stoned after every issue. But because the women are stoned and can tiptoe around with bare feet and bells on, portends

red, white and blue signs that said "Blood Sweat & Bullshit" and dumped twenty pounds of manure in front of the main gate. They were protesting the recent tour of Eastern Europe by the Band, under the auspices of the CIA (Central Intelligence Agency). The band visited and played in Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and other countries, bringing in their words "our rock revolution behind the iron curtain". On their return BS&T held a press conference at which they suggested, "all the protestors here should go there and see what it's like and they'd never complain again". The yippies also were protesting a planned "benefit" BS&T was arranging with other rock groups for Kent scholarships funds. When asked if there was any inconsistency with setting up 4 scholarships in memory of students who died trying to close the school, BS&T replied, "Oh, well, they'll open the school in the fall and some deserving kids should replace those that were killed." Several yippies got inside the garden and shouted out "Bullshit! Bullshit!" when the group appeared. There were scuffles with police but no arrests. At a press conference, a spokesman stated that the Youth International Party was disgusted with the fact that a rock group could openly cooperate with the CIA whose sole purpose is to spread bullshit lies about what goes on here and instigate the overthrow of governments that serve people. Blood, Sweat and Bullshit is symbolic of how sophisticated segments of the economy and government rip off the youth culture. The group called on Yippies everywhere to boycott or disrupt the group's concerts and picket stores that carry their records. They also suggested that the members of the band cut their hair like the other straight pigs in the CIA.

### BOOM POWER!

WASHINGTON (LNS)—"Terrorist acts of violence and anarchy by bombing have reached menacing proportions in our country," according to a report by the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division of the U.S. Department of the Treasury.

An official study of the 15-month period from January 1969 to April 1970 showed that there were 4,330 actual bombings in the U.S., plus an additional 1,475 attempted bombings and a reported 35,129 threatened bombings.

Of the 4,330 actual bombings 3,355 were incendiary in nature (such as molotov cocktails) and 975 were explosive.

Bombings took place in every state in the Union, according to the survey. Illinois led the way with 655 bombings (29 explosive and 626 incendiary), followed by California, with 467 bombings (109 explosive and 358 incendiary). Other states with more than 100 bombings were Washington Florida, North Carolina, Iowa

Missouri, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Rhode Island.

Law officers were unable to determine anything about those responsible for bombings in 64 percent of the cases. In the remaining 36 percent where the "perpetrators" could be categorized, the breakdown went like this: 56 percent to campus disturbances, 19 percent to "black extremists", 14 percent to "white extremists", 2 percent to labor disputes, 1 percent to attacks on religious institutions, 8 percent "in aid of criminal activities (extortion, robbery and arson for insurance)."

### GOVERNMENT POP FEST

Vortex I was no shuck rock concert. It was very successful, and credit should be given where credit is due...Governor Tom McCall of Oregon.

Free state-sponsored music, dope, camping, etc.

It diverted thousands of people from Portland, where the marches against the

Legion and Amerika in general were planned.

White the Portland Chapter of the White Panther Party was raided, three people busted, guns and walkie talkies confiscated, people out at Vortex I 30 miles out of town, grooved on.

The smiling state pigs waved people into the gate, National Guardsmen parked their jeep in the shade and flashed the peace sign, and the press tripled the numbers of people actually there.

It was a mile down a steep hill to the field where the music was (on and off) and another mile down another hill to the river. Very easy in, very hard to get out.

After a pickup truck with the back full of rolled joints (32 keys, I was told) rolled through the festival grounds, nobody was about to drag their ass out for a demonstration in Portland, and the People's Army Jamboree. The National Guard at the gate had nothing to worry about.

Vortex I closed down after the last march in Portland. Very timely.

—Kathy Williams

## JONATHAN

brilliant writer, not because there is a real movement to shatter the prison system. Even this now-notorious trial has little to do with the three brothers' possible liberation. They are in prison for as long as the Adult Authority cares to keep them; the trial is only about sentencing them to death in addition to everything else.

As for Huey's release, few people should be fooled into a new confidence in the legal system. Huey was released because of enormous public pressure and because the authorities feared an outbreak of Latin American-type kidnappings here.

Third, it is insulting to consider these men as "cons" with "nothing to lose".

This cannot explain the role of Jonathan Jackson, the young man with the

open future, the good grades. Surely he was not concerned and driven to violence in any ordinary sense. Jonathan Jackson thought the entire plan through while he was enjoying his life. Nor can the "desperate man" theory explain the words and deeds of the other two. Both must have known that the risk of death was more immediate in escape than in prison. Common self-interest cannot explain their willingness to die, nor does it explain their testimony in court: "We are the revolutionaries". Why did they want photos taken, if not to communicate their message and example to others? Why did they swear to God their desire for freedom? Their act was not taken because they had nothing to lose, but because they had everything to win. They believed in justice, they had a vision, they felt solidarity with other people. They were willing to sacrifice their lives as a contribution to a better world rather than waste their lives in acceptance of the status quo.

So we are seeing the arrival of people who somehow live beyond death, who

know—as Huey said upon release—"you never get out of life alive". Eldridge called them "kamikazes", the "madmen" who step on to the stage of history when the good and responsible people have failed.

When people are prisoners of war, they will act like warriors. Why do we think it normal for men to die senselessly in Vietnam but abnormal to die for real values here in America? Why do we accept slave revolts when they appear in history books, but reject them when they happen before our eyes?

In whatever way we act we should be grateful to these men for being pioneers who set a standard for what is possible. Let them be called "adventurer" if necessary. It is the adventurer after all who charts and masters the unknown. Their confrontation with the state is only suicidal for the state. If the rulers do not free our prisoners of war and cease their universal aggression, if they do not make peaceful changes possible, then it is tragically clear that all of America will be taken hostage in the vast jailbreak ahead.

no fundamental change in their condition (except the dope makes it more euphoric). There are still no women editors, and seldom if ever does a woman's byline appear under any article in the paper. O Contradictions! Contradictions! The wallpaper along the corridor to Jann's office is a long line of silhouetted naked women, and above it some idealist has put a computer print-out which reads: FUCK CAPITALISM!

Jann himself is not a villainous sort, not a robber baron or anything. Imagine being 24, having long hair, mod but sloppy clothes, paying yourself a little over \$20,000 a year, and being forced to sit in the outer offices of 'enlightened capitalists,' whom you are dependent upon for advertising. Why they only sneer at you as some sort of scruffy little upstart. And they hardly say 'fuck,' let alone 'capitalism,' and they never think of putting the two together.

Unfortunately for Wenner, his only model of an editor was a bon vivant who lives the journalistic myth—the machismo, drinking, carousing, extravagant, generous lifestyle. Consequently, Wenner's lifestyle is developing much the same way. It is not just a copycat relationship, but also the relationship of the pupil to the master, and the biography of the master pupil.

Wenner has in the same style of his former editor outfitted his office, squandered money high-living it in NY: you know, the limosine, the plush suites, the best restaurants, the best of everything, all the while complaining that one has to wear a suit and tie... And that is so unhip!

Of course the giddiness of success gives one the feeling: "I can do anything." And so as RS's circulation rose, due to bad fiscal policy, the amount of capital diminished. There were attempts to finger new markets with the revival of NY Scenes Magazine, a failure, and the 'Conscience Market' with Earth Times, a \$60,000 failure.

Now Wenner is back to what he knows the best: the Music Market. Rolling Stone is going back as it was: a definitive, well-written account of rock, with lots of gossipy notes about the 'stars.' "RS will be to rock," prophesied John Burkes, "what Downbeat is to jazz. It will be perpetual 1967 there."

Meanwhile Wenner, who did break a lot of barriers with advertisers has helped a lot of other genre magazines to start in circulation. His perspectives now, having gone out of culture into business, is to land the big accounts which will enable him to build a circulation of a million readers. To do this he will have to stick pretty closely to music, having floated enough notes of his own. As was shown during the Cambodian affair, too much unrest can be bad for business.

(For a righteous example of a music publication that has an intelligent and straightforward outlook on the happenings inside Woodstock Nation, we suggest you check out CREEM magazine. Creem's address is 3729 Cass Ave., Detroit, Michigan, 48201.)

### PIG KILLED

PHILADELPHIA—One city policeman was killed and twelve wounded during a shootout in Philadelphia's black ghetto one week before the start of the Black Panther Party-sponsored Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention Plenary Session, Sept. 5-7. Then, on the last day of the conference, one more city policeman was killed and five more wounded during another shootout. Instead of sending his pigs into a sure slaughter, Police Chief "Pistol Pete" Rizzo called a press conference, at which he said he would agree to an "old-time Western shootout" between a force of pigs and the blacks, after clearing out the "innocent bystanders".

The plenary session itself was very productive, with many proposals submitted by the various workshops, for proposed adoption at the actual convention next month. Over 10,000 people packed Temple University's gymnasium to hear Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton call for socialism in the United States. "To black people in this country, the constitution means death, oppression, and the pursuit of money by the capitalists," said Huey.

### WHICH WAY IS THE WIND BLOWING, MITCHELL?

Guerrilla warfare has begun on a national scale, according to the McClellan Committee. Bombings have become daily occurrences. Hearings are to start soon on the "sale, theft, and control of explosive devices."

### PIGS FIGHT IT OUT

PITTSBURGH—A brawl between black and white policemen broke out at a picnic of the Fraternal Order of Police in an amusement park in a suburb of Pittsburgh on July 23. The president of the Guardians of Greater Pittsburgh, an organization made up almost entirely of black police, said the fight began when a black youth danced with a white girl. Several police on each side were injured in this racial disorder.

### ANOTHER PIG KILLED!

OMAHA, Nebraska—Eight Omaha pigs were lured into a dynamite trap in the city's Black community last week. They came to the deserted house after having received a number of phone calls, and when they got to the upstairs apartment they found only a suitcase which exploded when they touched it. One pig was killed instantly and the other seven were critically wounded.



### BEAN BAG BINGO

BERKELEY (LNS)—On a testing ground in sparsely populated Alameda County, the newest development in "riot control" tore from the barrel of a gun at a speed of about 120 miles an hour, aimed at a department store dummy with long hair. This new development in weaponry is a bean bag.

The bean bag gun—formerly known as a "stun gun"—was unveiled recently by MB Associates, an ordnance firm in California. According to the Washington Post, the gun fires a sewn canvas bag stuffed into a large shotgun shell an expands to 4½ inches in diameter on leaving the muzzle, coming at you like a lead hamburger going 120 mph.

The bean bag's inventor, Robert Mawhinney, a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley, thinks it is the ideal weapon. "It should give police a medium choice response," Mawhinney stated. "Something between just ignoring a guy who's throwing rocks or shooting him with a pistol."

The effect of being smacked by the smaller beanbag WOULD RANGE FROM BEING "knocked down to being left breathless." The effect "would not be pleasant," Mawhinney assured gloating officials. A prototype of this weaponry was sent on its way to Berkeley police who said they would take the bean bag into the field for tests "if the occasion comes up, like another riot."

### FREE PLANET

MINNEAPOLIS, Minnesota—Last week a blast ripped apart the Federal Building in Minneapolis. Police estimate the bomb as at least twenty sticks of dynamite, which did heavy damage to the building, shattering the marble facade, and also blowing out windows of the Milwaukee Railroad freight the street. No one was hurt!

### WEATHERBEATEN

Brian Flannagan, Weatherman accused of kicking Assistant Corporation (Chicago) Richard Elrod's neck during the Days of Rage last October 8-13, was acquitted by a jury in Chicago on the charge. Elrod, in attempting to give Brian a flying tackle flew past the speedy revolutionary and smashed into a curb. It was the smartest political move of his life, for he is now running for Sheriff of Cook County, and will likely win.

Elrod is also subject of a famous Weather tune, "Lay, Elrod, Lay", lyrics by Ted Gold, melody by Bob Dylan.

Continued from page 16

# Sinclair

other. And we say, Life to the Life Culture/ Death to the Death Culture, and we work from there. That's where we start, and we move from that point.

Now people of our Nation have been rising against the oppressor--or at least against the symbols of oppression and the troops of oppression--on the campuses, the youth ghettos--people have been rising spontaneously and striking out in their own individual ways, striking out against individual policemen and buildings and things, but we have to realize, we really have to start realizing that spontaneous risings are not enough, that they are far less than enough, that they in fact play right into the hands of the oppressor. Yes they do. And we have to realize that fact, and deal with it.

Spontaneous unarmed risings against an armed, disciplined, highly organized, brutal and technologically far superior oppressor are not in the interests of the people. They are beautiful in that they express the people's righteous anger, and the people's energy, and the people's intense need for change, but they are no more than that. In fact, when you break it down you will see that spontaneous risings are really just another form of ego-tripping, where a brother or sister makes himself or herself feel better by smashing a few windows, or throwing a rock at a pig, or shouting slogans which have no possibility of becoming reality. Spontaneous risings are really encouraged by the pigs, because they know that the masses of the people are further alienated from the youth that way, and the masses will just give the oppressor their support in going down into the youth ghettos and smashing and killing and arresting young people. These risings help raise the consciousness of the youth masses, and express their collective anger and energy, but they are not finally in the best interests of the people's struggle.

Can you dig it? I know a lot of us think that these risings are tremendous blows against the empire, and I know how we all feel when we hear about spontaneous risings or even take part in them -- although I've never been able personally to relate to them, because they don't accomplish anything for the people in exchange. I will gladly give up my life to advance the cause of the people--I think most of us feel that way, we will give up our lives and our freedom in the cause of the people if we know that we are furthering the cause of the people--there can be no mistake about that--but we have to know that what we are doing is in the people's interest. And these risings are not. What I started to say was that we all feel elated when these things happen, I think we all get excited and say "right on" and are eager to hear the results of clashes between young people of our Nation and the mother country's armed forces--but that's just an expression or an indication of our rage and of our frustration finally, because we want to smash this beast so badly, we want so badly to see it meet its well-deserved death, and we get excited

over anything that looks like it's going to help bring it about.

But at the same time we have to relate to the fact that these risings have to be part of an overall strategy, a strategy which calls for and promises the collapse of the death machine. Too many of us don't see the difference between STRATEGY and TACTICS, and we tend to make our tactics our strategy without relating to the need for an overall strategy incorporating all different kinds of tactics. We are only concerned with the people's victory, and everything we do has to be brought within the scope of the strategy that will bring us victory. If demonstrations and risings will advance the people's cause and move us closer to victory, then right on, but we have to start figuring this stuff out in front and picking our shots, choosing our tactics in accordance with the objective conditions of any given place, making sure that any given tactic is in line with the overall strategy for victory, and then moving with all our collective energy and rage to make each tactical battle a success. That's how we will get what we want, that's how we will gain the people's victory, and I'm afraid that's the ONLY way we'll get it. So let's start thinking about this question, and working out a solution, and moving to implement that solution for the good of the people. Because we want victory for the people, we don't want death and defeat -- we can't stand defeat. That's not what we're talking about. We're talking about the people's victory, and the people's beautiful LIFE, not the people's death or the people's defeat. Dig it. So we can't be doing things that will bring us only death and defeat--we have to do the things that will bring us victory and life.

What will bring us victory? What will bring us more life? First, as I have tried to make clear so far in this message, first we have to formalize our Nation and start the political (economic) struggle for self-determination, building the Nation and building the alternative society right now. We have to support ourselves, we have to support ourselves and our people, and our culture, we will be able to carry on the struggle (self-defense) no matter what forces are marshalled against us. This is the first thing. We have to build the Nation up from the ground, and we have to make it strong so that it will support all of us, all of the people of the Woodstock Nation, no matter what happens to us. If we don't build that base we will not be able to survive the mounting attack that is in the process of being launched against us. We have to build the Nation, so we can support ourselves and so people can see what we are fighting for, so they will be moved to support us in our struggle.

And second, we have to put an end to spontaneous risings and start organizing our defense. Smashing windows and throwing rocks at armed troops are not in the interest of the people. Shutting down the universities is not finally in the interests of the people, although strikes against universities are certainly more effective than a few rocks and bottles thrown spontaneously through some windows at some pigs, and more effective even than a few blown up buildings. I have to say right on to the brothers and sisters who

have been active in these areas so far, because they have given us a sign of our collective strength, and our collective energy and rage, but I also have to say that we have to move even further and start ORGANIZING our defense. Strikes are a good tactic, since they expose the economic function of the schools in the death culture, they expose the purely economic function of the schools as training grounds and technological testing laboratories for the death merchants, but even our strikes have to be made more effective. We have to start striking for more than just a few more black students, or more votes for students, or ROTC off campus and out of the youth communities--these are good things, but we have to go further and start striking for complete student control of the schools; we have to start striking for an end to the repressive educational SYSTEM that the colleges and other schools use to condition us to the machine culture, we have to start striking for a total rejuvenation of the educational system, a total restructuring of the system so it can be transformed into a system which is responsive to the needs of the citizens of Woodstock Nation, to the people of the youth culture, so we can use the schools in the best interests of OUR people--our people, and not the owners, for whose benefit the schools are run now. Dig it. The way the schools are now only benefits the death culture--it doesn't benefit the youth culture at all. The schools are used to train our people to function, and to teach them that they HAVE to function, in the death culture, that they won't be able to support themselves if they don't toe the line, that the social system offered by the death merchants is the only possible social order for us. And we KNOW that isn't true.

We have to start striking for control of the institutions by the youth Nation so we can use the schools in the best interests of our people--use them to teach the people what they need to know to survive and grow to their full human potential. We have to take control of the schools, and use them to further the growth of the Woodstock Nation, to further the growth of our people and our revolutionary culture. We can use the facilities and technologies which are at hand on the campuses, we can use the radio stations and printing facilities, and the television equipment, and the scientific laboratories, the cafeterias and

dormitories and auditoriums and athletic fields, all those buildings and all that technology, housing and dining and meeting facilities, we can use all of this for OUR people, and when we control the schools we can also throw them open to ALL the people of the communities in which these tremendous physical plants are located. The people need that stuff a lot more than General Motors does, or North American Rockwell, or Standard Oil, or Dow Chemical, or any of the other greedy institutions who now control the schools. And we can get it. We can get it. But we can't get it by throwing rocks through the windows or by rising up spontaneously one or two days a month or a year. We can't get it like that.

We can get it through organizing our people, and educating our people, and banding all of our people together. That's the only way we can get it. And that's the only way it will do us any good. We have to move for self-determination AS A PEOPLE, as we have to think of ourselves as a people. We have to realize that all of us are part of the same Nation, part of the same people, and not just a bunch of individuals. We are all young people, we are all a part of the youth Nation, the youth culture, we all share the same culture to some extent, we all share the same values. We all want to be free. We share the same culture, and we want the same thing. Students and freeks, musicians and scholars, radicals and radio technicians, factory workers and filmmakers, lawyers and laborers--we are all young people in Amerika, and we all share the same culture, and we all want to be free. Some of us are more advanced than others--and I have to say that those of us who are farthest in our daily lives from the death culture are the most advanced members of the youth colony, while those of us who are halfway between the life culture and the death culture--students, primarily, who live in the death culture but identify with the life culture--are the intermediate elements, and those of us who live closest to the death culture--young people in the factories, on the assembly lines, in the offices and armies and golf courses and bars of the death culture--are the least advanced elements of our people. But we are all the same people, that's the important thing--we are all the same people, and we have to start relating to our brothers and sisters in the youth colony no matter what

## GENOCIDE

Continued from page 31

southern New Mexico as well as in Mexico. At least a dozen southwest tribes organized cult-groups involving the eating of the bean. It contains a toxic alkaloid called sophorine, which, according to Driver, "resembles nicotine in its physiological action." Its use, while hardly as extensive as that of peyote, has made its way clear up into the Plains tribes. Score from the Arikara, Caddo, or any of the west-Texas tribes, or go pick, pulverize, and gobble it yourself. Make up your own ritual--most of the Indians did. Take very small doses, however--it can poison you severely.

VINHO DE JURUMENA and RAPE DOS INDIOS--both from Brazil. The beverage called vinho de Jurumena, used by Pancaru Indians in Pernambuco, Brazil, is prepared from the seeds of MIMOSA HOSTILIS and again seems to contain DMT. Rape dos Indios, taken as snuff by the Indians of the Brazilian Amazon, is reportedly made from the fruit of a giant forest tree, O L M E D I O P E R E B E A SCLEROPHYLLA.

YAGE, YAKEE, AND HOJA DE LA PASTORA--For a description of BANISTERIOPSIS CAAPI, called ayahuesca, yaje, or caapi by the Indians of the western Amazon in Colombia, read Burroughs' and Ginsberg's THE YAGE LETTERS (New Directions). Its use among sorcerers as a telepathy drug has extended to Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia. But it sounds like a death trip... YAKEE or Parica, used by Venezuelan Indians as snuff, on the other hand, sounds like a minor psychedelic. Schultes reports getting a headache only, but says the witch-doctors see visions in color. Osmond notes that it is dried, pulverized, and mixed with ashes from the stems of a wild cacao species, so perhaps Montezuma's chocolate aphrodisiac had Yakee in

it. Yakee is prepared from two trees of the genus Virola of the Myristicaceae family, the family of the nutmeg tree, Myristica Fragrans. Researchers in my own commune tell me that eating a whole nutmeg makes them high for a couple days and increases sexual potency. It's probably easier to get whole nutmegs at the grocery store to gnaw on than to mess around with Yakee: besides, Schultes reports that a witch-doctor once died from snuffing Parica.

Hoja de la Pastora, recently discovered by Wasson in use in northeastern Oaxaca, Mexico, is from a species SALVIA DIVINORUM of the Mint family. The Aztecs Indians grind up the leaves, make an infusion of strained leaves, and drink it. Wasson thinks it may be the PIPILTZINTZINTLI of the Aztecs, though Schultes says "there seem to have been no very early reports of SALVIA DIVINORUM in magico-religious rites." The leaves, presumably available from any herbal supply house that stocks Mexican mints, may be chewed directly. The effects are "similar" to those of the psilocybin mushrooms, but come on quicker, are "less sweeping," and of shorter duration. Several other mint-family plants in Mexico have been reported to be psychedelic, but research has not been done on them as yet.

Virtually any herbalist can supply these items, and they are legal. If your dealer hasn't been able to come through with any DMT or psilocybin recently, you might write to any of several herbalist supply houses and see if they can turn you on.

C O C A L E A V E S (ERYTHROXYLON COCA)--Finally, I would like to mention the ancient Peruvian, Bolivian, Colombian, and Argentinian Indian practice of chewing

### SUN/DANCE IS EDITED BY THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE WHITE PANTHER PARTY

#### CENTRAL COMMITTEE

John Sinclair, Chairman  
 Pun Plamodon, Minister of Defense  
 Ken Kelley, Minister of Information  
 Genie Plamodon, Minister of International Affairs  
 Magdelene Sinclair, Minister of Education  
 Skip Taube, Minister of Interior  
 Frank Bach, Minister of Culture  
 Gary Grimshaw, Minister of Art  
 Judy Janis, Minister of Propaganda  
 Dave Sinclair, Chief of Staff

#### SUN/DANCE STAFF

Edited by the Central Committee  
 Coordinator -- Ken Kelley  
 Art -- Gary Grimshaw  
 Assistant Coordinator -- Terry Taube  
 Circulation -- Judy Janis, Hiawatha Bailey  
 Correspondents -- Tom Hayden, Marjorie Heins, David Fenton, Jeff Shero, Mike Aldrich  
 Photographer -- Detroit Annie, Magdalene Sinclair

SUN/DANCE is a member of Liberation News Service and Prensa Latina.  
 Published by the Ministry of Information, White Panther Party, 1520 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104. Telephone (313) 761-1709.  
 Subscription rate \$5 per year (25 Issues)

they are doing. Because that's what will bring us together.

**WE ARE ALL IN THE NATION -- WE ARE ALL ONE PEOPLE!** And we can't forget that. We can't let ourselves forget that, and we can't let the enemy, we can't let the oppressor divide us any longer. We let the oppressor divide us up and define us as antagonistic elements -- students against workers, freaks against straights -- but that has to stop. **WE HAVE TO DEFINE OURSELVES IN OUR OWN TERMS,** and the term we share in common is our culture -- our youth culture. **WE ARE ALL ONE PEOPLE. WE ARE ALL ONE NATION.** We have to deal with that. And those of us who are the most aware, who are the most advanced in terms of our life in the Nation, in terms of our high-energy life-styles, we have to remember that when we deal with our brothers and sisters on the college campuses and in the factories and the armies and the offices of the mother country. We have to remember that we are all one people. We can't let the oppressor divide us any longer, and we have to work continually now to win over all of our people to the National idea, to the National reality, to the vision of the Woodstock Nation. Because we are all one people, and our strength will come from our unity.

Now, I will quote Che one more time, and then I will try again to get this over with, because I know you all have more important things to do than read this message, and I don't want to take any more of your time today. In his Message to the Tricontinental, written from the mountains of Bolivia not very long before brother Che was murdered by the CIA, Che told his people that "The present moment may or may not be the one indicated to initiate a struggle, but we cannot permit ourselves to harbor any illusions, we have no right to believe that freedom can be won without a struggle.

"And the battles will not be mere street fights with stones against tear gas, nor peaceful general strikes; nor will they be ones in which an infuriated people destroys the repressive framework of the ruling oligarchy in two or three days. It will be a long, cruel struggle in which the front will be in guerrilla hideouts, in the cities, in the homes of the combatants; in which the repression will seek easy victims among their families. In the stricken peasant populace, in the towns and cities

destroyed by the enemy's bombs.

"They themselves press us into this struggle; there is no alternative but to prepare for it and decide to undertake it."

Now we have already decided to undertake it I think, or at least we have begun to realize that we have no choice, that if we want to survive as a people, and if we want our culture to survive, we will have to respond to the repressive measures that the established authority has taken against us, we will have to defend ourselves and our people against the oppressor whether we like it or not. I think we have begun to realize this. And what we have to do now is to seize the time, is to start defining the struggle we are carrying on for our freedom, start defining our struggle in our own terms so we will be able to control the outcome of that struggle. We have to do that. And we will see that when we define our struggle and our objectives in our own terms, and make it absolutely clear to the broad masses of the people what we are fighting for and why, we will be able to win over many many people to our point of view, we will gain the support of vast numbers of people not only in the youth colony but in the other struggling national peoples and in the mother country populace as well. This will happen, and the sooner we show the masses of the people in the mother country that we are fighting for their interests as well as our own, that we are fighting for the interests of all the people in the world, the sooner they will line up to support us and to make their own struggle against the tiny "ownership" class.

We have to realize that the masses are never our enemy, that the masses are our friends, our real friends, that objectively speaking the masses are as beaten down and oppressed and colonized as we are -- as Huey says, ALL Americans are colonized by the "owners" -- but SUBJECTIVELY, since their information and their consciousness is controlled by the "ownership" class, subjectively they feel right now that we are their enemies and that we are trying to destroy THEM, to destroy their whole way of life. The oppressor has been able to brainwash them so successfully that they identify with their own oppressor against the people who are objectively fighting in their interests. But that's what we are up against, and we have to understand it and start striking out at it in an

effective manner. We have to do that.

Another problem we have, which is just the reverse of that one, is that so many of our own people, people in the youth colony, still have the feeling, the subjective, incorrect, totally wrong feeling that the masses are OUR enemy, that we are carrying on our struggle correctly if we attack the masses of workers, policemen, army troops, bureaucrats, store owners and other elements of the masses. That is not true. The masses of the people are our real friends, even if they don't know it, and our job is to educate and teach the masses that we are their friends, and the "owners" are their enemies. We have to do that. We still feel that way about the masses because too many of us still believe and follow the definitions handed down by the oppressor through his mass media and his brainwashing factories the schools. But we have to start realizing that the masses are the people, and the people are our friends, and that any contradictions that arise between us, between the youth colony and the broad masses of the people in the mother country are contradictions among the people and not contradictions between the people and the enemy. That is very important for us to relate to. We can win over the masses, but we can't do it as individuals doing our own little things -- we can only do it by organizing and educating ourselves so we can organize and educate the masses and win them over. This will take an enormous constructive effort on the part of the people of the youth colony, but there is no doubt that we can do it if we just DO IT. We can do it. We can win over the masses, even though that goal might seem fantastic and hopeless to us right now.

How can we do it? We can do it by getting ourselves together, by organizing ourselves, and by defining things for ourselves. We can do it if we realize and start to move on the things that I have tried to explain in this message: that we are a people, that we are a Nation, that we are the Woodstock Nation, that we have to start moving in very definite and very concrete ways for the self-determination and self-defense of our people, that we have to build our Nation and secure its existence, that we have to prepare to defend our Nation through organized political and economic and military struggle, that we have to unite all of our brothers and sisters in the youth

colony, that we have to stop playing into the hands of the oppressor by rising spontaneously against the established order, that we have to organize our resistance and our defense very carefully, and that we have to move at the same time to educate and win over the masses of the people in the mother country so they will support us in our struggle and bring pressure to bear against the mother country government. And the most important thing we have to realize is that **WE CAN DO ALL OF THIS.** We can do it. We can do it first by uniting all our people in the Woodstock Nation, and then by moving as a free Nation of people to establish ourselves and to build our national culture and our national social order so we can serve the needs of our people. We have to do this. We have to build National consciousness in our people, we have to consolidate our National resources and energies and materials, and we have to start using them to advance the interests of our people -- all our people. We can do it. We have already started to do it, and we will keep on doing it until we emerge victorious from the struggle, and bring freedom and self-determination to all the people of North America, and to all the people of the world. Right on!

So we say, and I say in closing, All Power to the People! Power to Woodstock Nation! Many Tribes -- One Nation! Power to all People! Self-determination for ALL Peoples! Build National Consciousness! Start National Construction! Long Live the People's Revolutionary Culture! Life to the Life Culture/Death to the Death Culture! Free Love/ Free Life/ Free Everything!

SEIZE THE TIME/SERVE THE PEOPLE!

VENCEREMOS!

John Sinclair, Prisoner of War 123507  
Chairman, White Panther Party  
Citizen of Woodstock Nation,  
Free Territory of North America

Marquette Prison, May 1970

coca leaves, though strictly speaking it is not a psychedelic. Dried coca leaves have been found in Peruvian mummy bundles over 2000 years old, and it was the divine plant of the Incas. The leaves are toasted with small bits of lime, and chewed or packed between the gums and the teeth and allowed to dissolve. Millions of Indians keep their cheeks full of coca for most of their waking hours to relieve fatigue and provide alertness. It is not addictive, and Schultes confesses that "for the greater part of eight of my twelve years in exploration of the northwest Amazon, I used coca daily and found no desire for it when, back in the capital city, I had no supply." Unlike the cocaine made from it, coca even in daily use seems to have no debilitating effects and seems to be as safe as, or perhaps safer than, chromosome-damaging coffee. If we had not so stupidly classified cocaine as a narcotic, and its users as dope-fiends, in our patterns of drug-genocide this century, we might have found ordinary coca leaves a valuable minor stimulant in our drug-bedecked society. As Taylor once said, "Even today, it has the touch of the miraculous."

##### 5. THE REAL PSYCHEDELIC WAR.

This, then, is the historical pattern of psychedelic genocide. Either the drug itself has been weakened beyond recognition, and its use thereby changed from psychedelic/sacramental to merely sociable effect, as happened with tobacco and chocolate; or the drug has been banned directly and all users, whether they use the drug for social or sacramental purposes, have been slaughtered. The one exception, namely the Native American Church, is in reality not an exception at all, but rather a different form of psychedelic genocide which requires that all peyote users belong to a specific, half-Christian, half-Indian ritual institution. The alternative, historically, to psychedelic genocide has been simply to go underground, forming secret,

orally-transmitted cultures of psychedelic freaks, thereby keeping the drugs from being banned because the authorities aren't very much aware that they are being used.

This was, for a while, a viable alternative for us; but in the global village of instant sensationalism, this secret-society alternative has proven not to work. This was the essence of the "Hippie" movement in 1966, 1967, and even 1968, and there are still plenty of idiot hippies around who think that they can sit around, smoke dope, drop acid, and jive about "the psychedelic revolution" without actually doing anything about it. Such people--and sad to say, some of our finest leaders including Leary are among them--made the essential mistake of thinking that as long as they were "nice," and cultured, and posed no "physical threat" to the established ownership government cliques, the government would leave them alone.

The basic mistake was ignoring this pattern of psychedelic genocide, which has been used for centuries to slaughter, imprison, and enslave the American Indians and which has been used for decades to abuse nonwhites who smoked marijuana. The basic "hippie" mistake, repeated as recently as this summer at the banned Powder Ridge rock festival in Connecticut, was **TO CONTRIBUTE TO THIS VERY PATTERN OF PSYCHEDELIC GENOCIDE** by not recognizing that the pattern would be applied to young whites as well as to nonwhites. The heart of the mistake is not believing that there is, indeed, a **WAR GOING ON.**

Does it have to be spelled out, for every pot-head or psychedelic hippie in the country, that this war applies to him or her personally? Already some 250,000 people, mostly young, are in prisons because of marijuana, LSD, or other psychedelics. Must the police break down the doors of every doper in

the country before he or she believes that the government is actively pursuing a war to exterminate dopers that has been going on since November 5, 1492?

Unless every hippie understands the nature of this war, all people who prefer psychedelics to alcohol or narcotics are doomed. The Psychedelic Revolution is a fraud, for most psychedelic users don't understand that there is a real, physical war going on, and have never really attempted to make a Revolution in anything but the vaguest "cultural"--that is, *ineffective*--terms. Granted, psychedelic culture, with its love of freedom is proto-revolutionary, especially in rejecting the moneymad Speed culture of bourgeois Amerika. But unless every hippie becomes a Yippee, willing literally to fight and to die for that psychedelic culture, it is doomed, and there will be no hippies left except for a few backwoods shamans, just as happened with the Aztecs and their progeny the peyote Indians.

If we are going to win the Psychedelic Revolution, we must make and win a real revolution. Instead of bullshitting about acid in the water supply, which is impossible anyway because chlorine kills acid, how about going through supermarkets with a hypodermic needle and injecting acid into cake mixes? How about growing N. rustica and glories everywhere? How about miniature dart-guns or dart-blowers whose darts are tipped with DMT?

How about some of the so-called psychedelic revolutionaries in rural communes getting hip to training militia in the use of rifles, shoguns, handguns, and bombs? How about urban communists undergoing strenuous physical (calisthenic) training in preparation for real war? How about manufacturing smoke bombs that emit real clouds of Cannabis? How about renting a helicopter, or skyjacking one, and dropping hundreds of rifles and

pistols into state prison yards when the prisoners are out for a stroll, after smuggling in messages so the prisoners know what to expect?

Or, for those who think that "civil disobedience" is a better route to social change, how about every pot-smoker in Amerika being very open about smoking, all the time? How about clogging the courts SO MUCH that they literally can't put us all away? How about smoking pot in every church in Amerikkka, openly, every Sunday? What would happen if every freak in New York City, San Francisco, and every other city walked into a police station on October 1st, 1970, smoking a joint? Instead of pointless "demonstrations" at colleges, what if every head in the country tripped on September 15, 1970, and announced it to the world by walking into class or getting on the bus stark naked?

The "hippie" psychedelic revolutionaries also make another mistake: they underestimate their, and our, power. There are now as many pot-smokers, between 25 and 30 million, as there are blacks in this country. Together with young chicanos, Puerto Ricans, and Indians, the black and white pot-smoking youth of this country are a majority of the youth. The adult owners of the world are not going to hand it to us on a silver, marijuana-leaf-inlaid platter. If we don't TAKE IT ourselves, it will be everlastingly too late. They will continue to do as they have done for centuries, that is, pick off as many of us as they can. They're not going to stop the War, or their pattern of psychedelic genocide. If we don't stop it for them, by real instead of bullshit revolution, we might as well call it psychedelic suicide--for we are simply allowing them to kill us as they please.

It's our world. If we don't take it, we are lost, and the planet will probably be lost with us.

# UP

## SISTERS SISTERS

Our sisters are beautiful  
 Our sisters are proud  
 Our sisters are so righteous  
 Gonna talk about our sisters now  
 Through history raped and deamed  
 They stood and took the pain  
 Sisters are rising with a new courage now  
 Passions on fire with freedom's flame  
 Brown, black, young, red and yellow sisters  
 The strength of the people the hope of the planet  
 Your grace your joy your timely anger  
 As we purge ourselves fill us with it  
 Sisters teach us as we reach for you  
 We can't survive only half a life  
 Sisters love love as we must love you  
 We can struggle twice as high  
 The heat is rising  
 It's astounding  
 Flesh/energy  
 Is pounding  
 With a mind that sees  
 And skin that feel  
 Got to make your meaning  
 Real  
 Sisters! Sisters!  
 Sisters! Sisters!  
 Sisters! Sisters!  
 Sisters!

## DO THE SUNDANCE

Rising in the East  
 Burning in the West  
 Rights of revolution spawning  
 Whole new Nation forming  
 Riots breaking hard and fast  
 Busted heads and glass forges  
 Thought, organization, make  
 Music, self-determination  
 Know what we want  
 See what we need  
 Define ourselves build on our yes  
 We are a people, join with millions  
 Brothers!  
 Sisters!  
 Come and do the dance  
 Do the Sundance!  
 Seize the time now  
 Do the Sundance!  
 Dance, dance  
 Dance, dance  
 Dance,  
 Dance or die!  
 Dance, dance  
 Dance, dance  
 Dance,  
 It's the dance of life!

MINISTRY OF CULTURE - White Panther Party  
 Rosko reads "Rock and Roll" by Pete Hamill  
 T-BONE WALKER, JOE TURNER, OTIS SPANN

## JUST LIKE AN ABORIGINE

I've been drowning in milk and honey for  
 Twenty too many years  
 I can't spend no more bimmy money and  
 I don't care to share no more tears  
 Crix's done give me an overdose  
 I'm gonna take off all my clothes!  
 I'd rather be chased by some kangaroo  
 In the land they call down under  
 Than to piss and moan and say hoo hoo  
 And die choking on laughter  
 Ain't gonna die in this revolution  
 I don't need no constitution  
 The soul's my mother  
 I know how I lover her  
 She'll kiss my bare feet and  
 Welcome me home  
 The hot sun's my father  
 The trees my lost brothers  
 Never again should  
 I feel all alone  
 I'm gonna take up the wild man's cry  
 I'm gonna run happy in the sky  
 Just like an aborigine  
 Just like an aborigine  
 Just like an aborigine  
 Just like an aborigine!



Photo of Bob Rasmussen by Detroit Annie

**SELF-DETERMINATION  
 MUSIC**  
 by John Sinclair  
 New 24-page pamphlet for 25c from  
 White Panther National Headquarters  
 1520 Hill St., Ann Arbor, MI  
 48104

T-BONE WALKER / JOE TURNER / OTIS SPANN  
 GEORGE "HARMONICA" SMITH / PAUL HUMPHREY  
 ERNIE WATTS / ARTHUR WRIGHT / RON BROWN  
**SUPER BLACK BLUES**



SEE THE FOOT ON THE CANON  
 PETE HAMILL'S  
**MURDER AT KENT STATE UNIVERSITY**  
 NARRATED BY ROSKO



# FREE!

Either of these records when you subscribe  
 to SUN/DANCE  
**MASSACRE AT KENT STATE** Rosko reads Pete  
 Hamill's account of the slaughter  
**SUPER BLACK BLUES** T-Bone Walker, Joe Turner,  
 Otis Spann, etc.  
 Both produced by Bob Thiele on Flying Dutchman  
 Records

\$5 for 25 issues, free to all prisoners behind bars and soldiers in Vietnam. \$3 to  
 other soldiers.  
 Send to SUN/DANCE, Ministry of Information, White Panther National Head  
 quarters, 1520 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS \$7.50 per year

1. WE WANT FREEDOM. WE WANT THE POWER FOR ALL PEOPLE TO DETERMINE THEIR OWN DESTINIES.
2. WE WANT JUSTICE. WE WANT AN IMMEDIATE AND TOTAL END TO ALL POLITICAL, CULTURAL, AND SEXIST REPRESSION OF ALL OPPRESSED PEOPLES ALL OVER THE WORLD, PARTICULARLY THE OPRESSION OF BLACK PEOPLE, OF WOMEN, OF YOUNG PEOPLE, AND ALL NATIONAL MINORITIES WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. WE WANT THE COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION OF THE SO-CALLED LEGAL SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES SO THAT THE LAWS AND COURTS AND POLICE AND MILITARY WILL FUNCTION ONLY IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF ALL THE PEOPLE. WE WANT THE END OF ALL POLICE AND MILITARY VIOLENCE DIRECTED AGAINST THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH RIGHT NOW!
3. WE WANT A FREE WORLD ECONOMY BASED ON THE FREE EXCHANGE OF ENERGY AND MATERIALS AND THE END OF MONY!
4. WE WANT A CLEAN PLANET AND A HEALTHY PEOPLE. WE WANT TO ELIMINATE ALL INDUSTRIAL AND MILITARY POLLUTION OF THE LAND, THE WATER, THE AIR, AND THE UNIVERSE ITSELF, AND OF THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH WHOSE MINDS AND BODIES ARE NOW POLLUTED BY THE PRODUCTS AND THE PROPAGANDA OF THE CONSUMER WAR SOCIETY. WE WANT TO RESTORE THE ECOLOGICAL BALANCE OF THE PLANET AND SECURE THE FUTURE OF HUMANITY AND ITS ENVIRONS.
5. WE WANT A FREE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM THAT WILL TEACH EACH MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD ON EARTH EXACTLY WHAT EACH NEEDS TO KNOW TO SURVIVE AND GROW INTO HIS OR HER FULL HUMAN POTENTIAL.
6. WE WANT TO FREE ALL STRUCTURES FROM CORPORATE RULE AND TURN ALL THE BUILDINGS AND LAND OVER TO THE PEOPLE AT ONCE.
7. WE WANT FREE ACCESS TO ALL INFORMATION MEDIA AND TO ALL TECHNOLOGY FOR ALL THE PEOPLE.
8. WE WANT THE FREEDOM OF ALL PEOPLE WHO ARE BEING HELD AGAINST THEIR WILL IN THE CONSCRIPTED ARMIES OF THE OPPRESSOR THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
9. WE WANT THE FREEDOM OF ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS OF WAR HELD IN FEDERAL, STATE, COUNTY, AND CITY JAILS AND PRISONS. WE WANT THEM RETURNED TO THEIR COMMUNITIES AT ONCE!
10. WE WANT A FREE PLANET. WE WANT FREE LAND, FREE FOOD, FREE SHELTER, FREE MUSIC AND CULTURE, FREE MEDIA, FREE TECHNOLOGY, FREE EDUCATION, FREE HEALTH CARE, FREE BODIES, FREE PEOPLE, FREE TIME AND SPACE, EVERYTHING FREE FOR EVERY BODY!

# ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

*The Ten-point Program of the WHITE PANTHER PARTY*



continued From page 14

detect in advance any atavistic changes that portend betrayal; but it isn't a matter of trusting the good will of other slaves and other colonies and other peoples, it is simply a matter of common need. We need allies, we have a powerful enemy who cannot be defeated without an allied effort! The enemy at present is the capitalist system and its supporters, our prime interest is to destroy them. Anyone else with this same interest must be embraced, we must be embraced, we must work with, beside, through, over, under, anyone, regardless of their external physical features, whose aim is the same as ours in this. Capitalism must be destroyed, and after it is destroyed if we find that we still have problems, we'll work them out. That the nature of life, struggle, permanent revolution, that is the situation we were born into. There are other peoples on this earth, they simply "are".

In denying this situation that is, and turning inward in our misery and accepting any form of racism, we are taking on the characteristic of our enemy, "and we are resigning ourselves to defeat". For in forming a conspiracy aimed at the destruction of the system that holds us all in the throes of a desperate insecurity we must have coordinating elements connecting us and our moves to the moves of the other colonies, the African colonies, those in Asia and Latin Amerika, in Appalachia, and the South Western bean fields. If it is more expedient for a white revolutionary to "neutralize" a certain area should I deny him the opportunity to contribute by withholding the protective influence of my cooperation?! If I did it makes me a fool and a myopic coward—a trick.

The revolutionary of Viet Nam, this brother is so tried, so tested, so clearly anti-fascist, anti-amerikan, that I must be suspicious of the sincerity of any Black who claims anti-amerikanism and anti-fascism but who cannot embrace the Cong. The Chinese have aided every anti-colonial movement that occurred since they were successful in their own, the ones in Africa especially, and have offered us in the

Amerikan colonies any and all support that we require from hand grenades to H-bombs. Some of us would deny these wonderful and righteous people. I accept them; far from me to ever deny their right to existence or their offer. I accept their assist in my struggle with this mutual enemy, I accept and appreciate any love that we can build out of our relation in crisis, and I'll never, never allow my enemy to turn my mind or hand against them. The Yankee dog that proposes to me that I should join him in containing the freedom of a Vietnamese or a Chinese Brother of the revolution, and I don't care how much he has to offer in the way of "short term" material benefits, is going to first get spit on.

We must establish a "true internationalism," with other anti-colonial peoples, we will then be on the road of the true revolutionary, only then can we expect to be able to seize the power that is rightfully ours, the power to control the circumstances surrounding our day to day lives, to make our own mistakes, not have the fascist make them for us.

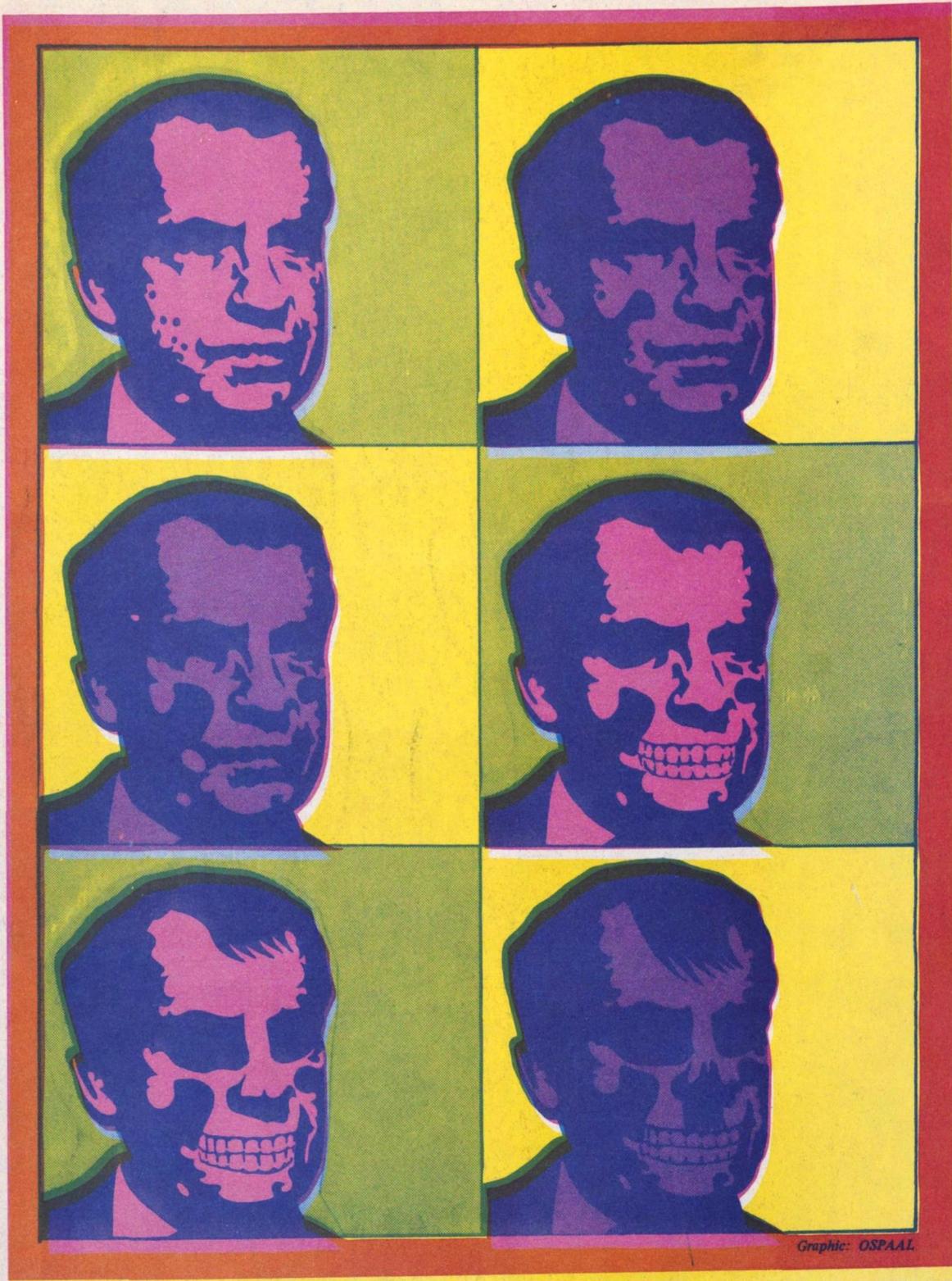
The Fascist must expand to live, he has pushed his frontiers to the farthest lands and their peoples. This is an aspect of his being, an ungovernable compulsion, this perverted mechanical monster suffers under a disease that hurls him through alternate moods when he is seized by ungovernable impulses to build things that are ugly and when he must destroy that which is beautiful, we are living under the shadow of the sword. I just read in a legal newspaper that 50 percent of all the people ever executed in this country by the State were Black and 100 percent were lower class poor. I'm going to bust my heart trying to stick stop to these smug, degenerate, primitive omnivorous, uncivil.....and anyone who would aid me, I embrace you. We of the Black Amerikan Colony must finally take our courage in hand, control our fear, adopt a realistic picture of this world and our place within it. We are not Fascist, or Amerikans, we are an oppressed, economically depressed colonial people, we were brought here, from Africa and other parts of the world of

palm and sun, under duress, and have passed all our days here under duress, the people who run this country will never let us succeed to power, everything in history that was of any value, and did change hands, was taken by force. We must organize our thoughts, get behind the revolutionary vanguard, make the correct alliances this time, and fall on our enemies, the enemies of all righteousness, with a ruthless relentless will to win! History sweeps on, we must not let it escape our influence this time!!!!

I am an extremist. I call for extreme measures to solve extreme problems. Where face and freedom are concerned I do not use or prescribe half-measures.

To me life without control over the determining factors is not worth the effort of drawing breath, without self-determination I am extremely displeased.

International capitalism cannot be destroyed without the extremes of struggle, the entire colonial world is watching the Blacks inside the U.S., they are waiting and wondering about us, "if we will come to our senses." Their problems and struggle with the Amerikan monster is much more difficult than it would be if we actively aided them; we are on the inside, we are the only ones, (besides the very small white minority left) who can get at the monster's heart without subjecting the world to nuclear fire. We have a momentous historical role to act out if we will, and the whole world for all times in the future will love us and remember us as the righteous people who made it possible for the world to live on. If we fail through fear and lack of aggressive imagination then the slaves of the future will curse us, as we sometimes curse those of yesterday. I don't want to die and leave a few sad songs and a hump in the ground as my only monument. I want to leave a world that is "liberated" from trash, pollution, racist, progress with poverty as a by-product, nation-states and consequently nationstate wars and armies, from pomp, bigotry, parochialism, a thousand different brands of truth, licentious usurious economics.



Graphic: OSPAL

Bulk Rate  
U.S. Postage

PAID  
No. 128  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Michigan Historical Collection  
University of Michigan  
160 Rackham Bldg.  
East Washington  
Ann Arbor Michigan 48104