

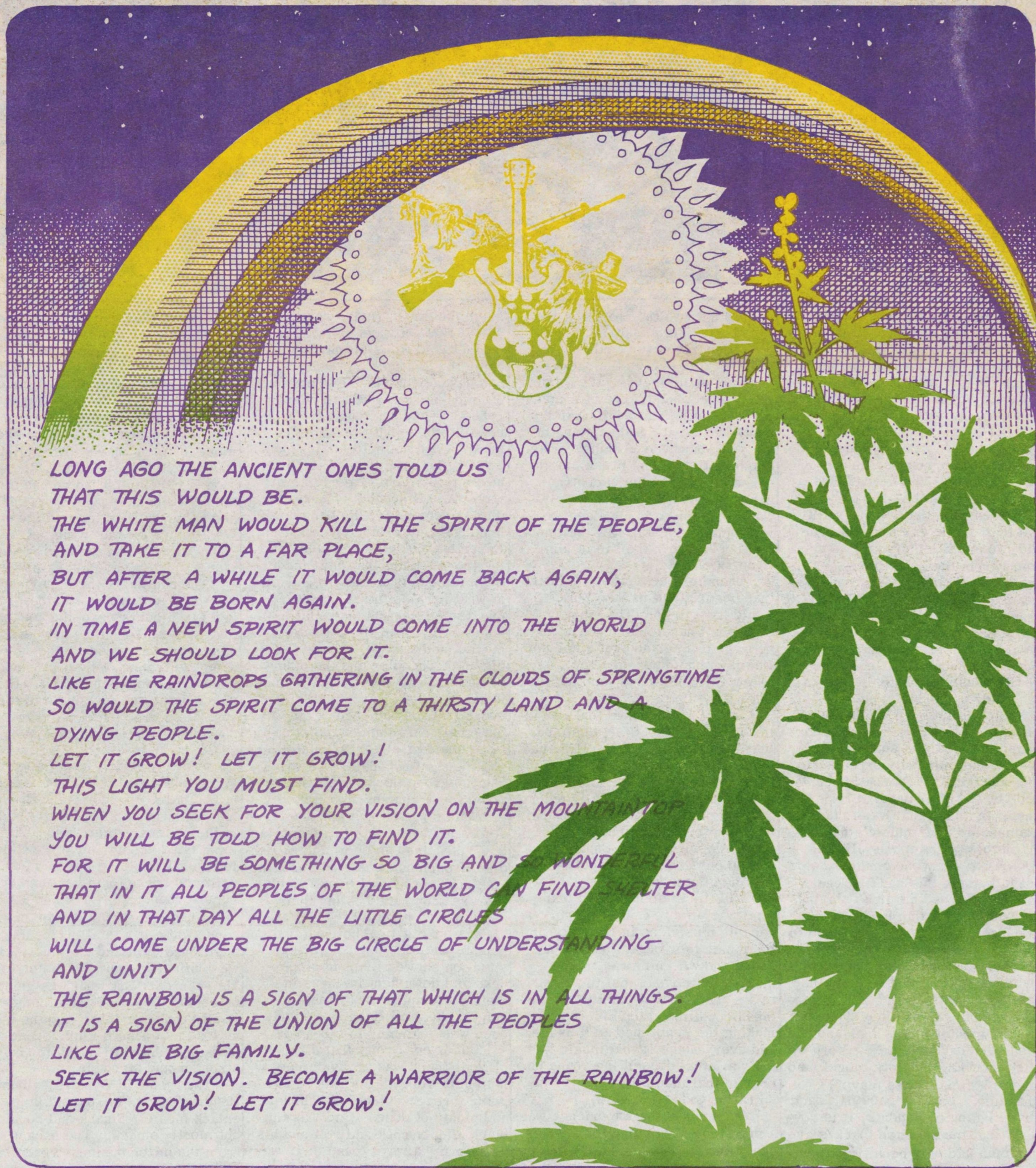


SUN/DANCE



WHITE PANTHER INFORMATION SERVICE ISSUE 3 FEB-MARCH 1971 25¢

**INSIDE: THE PLAGUE/SLAUGHTER AT STONEHEAD MANOR /CIA
CONSPIRACY TRIAL SECTION /2½ HIROSHIMAS EVERY WEEK
WHY WE STUDY MAO /ROCK AND ROLL REVOLUTION / & MORE!**



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 A WHILE 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 MOUNTAIN TOP
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!

VICTIMS OF

Early in the morning of Monday, October 5, 1970, Janis Joplin was found dead in an apartment in San Francisco, her arms filled with tracks, killed by an overdose of drugs.

Two weeks before Jimi Hendrix had met a similar fate in London--doctors say Jimi suffocated on his own vomit while nodding from an apparent overdose of alcohol and barbituates late the night of September 18.

In the 3 short years that we had come to know brother Jimi through his brilliant performances and recordings, he had become a true cultural hero to us. And righteously so, for we are a people, an oppressed people, whose highest goal must necessarily be that of FREEDOM--and Jimi was one of the freest, bold-est figures of his time. The bad guitar mangler, the wild mind blower, Jimi didn't take no shit.

And sister Janis wasn't known to take nobody's shit either. Joplin was one of the few of her sex to take the stage as a ROCK AND ROLL musician--and take the stage is exactly what she did, for that sister could take command of a situation, a song, and audience, and make of it what she wanted. Janis left her mark on all of us, and besides her high energy, emotion searing, blues-screaming voice, it was her shameless unfettered way about herself that we can never forget.

But in thinking and talking about these two beautiful people, we have to go past our images of Janis and Jimi and beyond these simple ugly deaths--for our life NOW demands that we move HIGHER than Joplin and Hendrix ever did; we are here now and we must learn from the good times they made and their mistakes and go ahead and build something BETTER than what we shared with them while they were still with us. We have got to check out the lives of these two people and see what really caused them to die the way they did, so horribly, so soon.

Back in 1967 our rhythm and blues bred and rock and roll fed consciousness was suddenly exploded and immensely expanded by the release of "Are You Experienced" by the Jimi Hendrix Experience, an album that was to become a pinnacle in our music's recorded history. Yes it was JIMI IS HERE and everyone couldn't help but talk about this bad black man who had learned his licks playing in countless rhythm bands in Amerika and had gone to England to find the jazz drummer named Mitchell and the guitar player who switched to bass just to be in the same band with Jimi.

Hendrix had paid his dues on the bar circuit in the U. S. and had been "discovered" in New York by slick mod English rock mogul (and former Animals bass player) Chas Chandler. Looking back on Chandler's signing of Hendrix, it is now clear that the unknown black/slave musician had only been transform-

ed into the wealthy chattel of the world-wide big money music industry. Hendrix never could have been his own man in the backup bands of soul singers, always scuffling for gigs and money for something to eat and get high on like so many of his race and so many of us, too--but even as things looked bright with the "big break" in his career that Chandler's contract gave him, it was obvious that it was Chandler, and not Hendrix, who would be making all the important decisions in the life of Jimi Hendrix.

Chandler decided that the band that Hendrix had in New York would have to go. The hippest thing for Chandler's new boy would be to go to England, get some new English musicians, and emerge as a new ENGLISH band, and so it was.

It just so happened that Chandler was right about the music business--that people in the U. S. had been conditioned to accept anything from the British Isles as the big new rave and almost totally ignore as good or better music from their own country. And Hendrix, the black Amerikan from England, turned out to be the perfect money-making gimmick.

And it just so happened that Jimi was able to find some very capable musicians in England, and the music they began to make around and with him was truly amazing. Jimi was just too close to his roots at that point to let business conditions stop him from making the music he had to make, and every ounce of that music was truly a lethal dose of the young energy of that man's life and his inspiration to his partners.

On records the Experience was a monstrous beginning for a whole new wave in rock and roll. And on

stage the music really was an EXPERIENCE, always so full and so perfect; and at its climax always came the dinosaurian feedbacks and savage smashing and burning of amps and instruments, the final release of the strongest and innermost feelings that the forms of the music could not hold.

But the reality was that Jimi never really could have his own way. As his popularity soared so did the demand for his \$\$money\$\$ making\$\$shows. Before long the Experience found themselves playing the few tunes that have made them famous over and over again at what became the most dreary procession of halls and auditoriums in city after city all over Amerika and Europe. It was the opinion of Chandler and the other promoters and pushers in the music biz that Jimi had to play the songs that the audiences of the impersonal, one-night-stand situations could most easily relate to, and the tight schedules that they ran the group through left little room for argument or originality.

Within a year and a half after Jimi's big break into the scene, an obviously tired and bored Jimi Hendrix Experience was stuck with the task of doing "Purple Haze" and "Foxy Lady" and busting their amps on cue night after night after night after night. Their natural, human, artistic disgust with this situation showed itself in sloppiness and downright laziness in their performances. At their height, the Jimi Hendrix Experience was beginning to fall apart.

But at every city that Jimi played, there was always plenty to help him "forget" the shit he was going through--plenty of "chicks" and plenty of dope. Jimi was the black king of rock and roll and his "comforts" always found their way

to him, in what had to have been, many times, the most perverse manners.

It was no secret that Hendrix was one of the biggest all-time dopers of them all--name a drug and he'd sure as not have smoked, snorted, popped, sniffed, or shot more than his share. When Jimi was busted last year for possession of heroin in Toronto, he told the court he had "outgrown dope" and he never even touched the stuff. We all knew he was lying, of course, but that wasn't so bad, was it, just to save his skin?

The decline of the Experience showed itself on record, too. Their last two albums were nice and solid, but they lacked the newness and spine-tingling, good-to-the-last-drop excitement of the first record. Some tunes made the mark, others didn't; what was missing was the absolute perfection of the original, down home Jimi Hendrix Experience.

So it wasn't too long before the group broke up. After two years of bad dope, boredom, and the individualistic Holiday Inn life style of the pop star, there was just nothing left to communicate, nothing left to say, nothing left to do but split and try to form yet another super group.

All this seems so ironic because while it was all happening we still loved Jimi and his music and we continued to buy and listen to his records. But what was going on behind the scenes had to show itself sooner or later, and the indications that Jimi's whole scene was going downhill began to get stronger and stronger.

The "Band of Gypsies" album, Hendrix's last, is, by and large, smack music. Smack and cocaine, but mostly smack. The escape from the bitter business realities



PHOTO - MIKE BARICH

THE PLAGUE



PHOTO: DAVID FENTON

of Jimi's stardom that the killer pig drugs gave him is in every note of "Band of Gypsies."

Compared to Hendrix's first album, even compared to the last two, the music on "Gypsies" is hopelessly dull and tired--sleep music. Gone from his playing are the masterfully smooth guitar licks (and Jimi HAD thousands) which were the man's trademark. And the shitty backup musicians on the record cannot be offered as an excuse for its existence--it is only further indication that, through pig drugs, Hendrix was losing touch with his situation so much that he couldn't even get the kind of band together that he needed to play with.

Anyway, Jimi's whole scene slipped and slid along on lots of smack and downers and coke until it ended as it had to last Sept. 18--the death consciousness of the pig drugs (as opposed to the LIFE

force in marijuana and the psychedelics) finally manifested itself in real, physical death.

* * *

Janis Joplin's big popularity came later than Hendrix's did, with her biggest contribution to recorded rock and roll being the second album by Big Brother and the Holding Co., "Cheap Thrills." Their first album was not up to expectations because it was just a paste-together of random old tapes that the band had made, and it was released against Big Brother's wishes by Mainstream Records in Chicago to make some quick buck\$. But we heard what the band could really do on "Cheap Thrills"--that record is dynamite.

But the people who run the biz saw that Janis was the center of attraction of Big Brother and the Holding Co., the "star of the show" is the way they put it, and they tried to get her to quit the group to

sing with a band of THEIR own choosing, thus creating a "product" that would be more profitable to the big money music businessmen. As long as Janis was a member of Big Brother, all the profits the group made were split between them, but if Joplin were to sing with a "back-up band" of salaried musicians, much more of the money would stay in the hands of her promoters and managers--and of course that's exactly what music means to the music businessman: money.

Janis had been famous from the start for her use of vast amounts of alcohol, and she didn't try to keep it much of a secret that she used booze to cover up the reality of a band life that was filled with personal hassles with the other musicians in Big Brother. Rather than settling the differences she had with the band, she finally turned her playing situation over to big-time manager Al Grossman.

Signing with Grossman was her "big break" to stardom as a solo vocalist, or so it seemed.

Joplin left the band to join the businessmen--but the businessmen were only interested in exploiting her womanhood and her talent for some hot money. Her use of alcohol along with hard drugs was OK with them, for as long as Janis could stand on a stage she was a good investment, and when she was wasted on booze and downers it just made it easier for them to tell her what to do.

So then it was "The Janis Joplin Show" instead of Big Brother and the Holding Co. that was making the rounds--but Janis's backup band (handpicked by Grossman and his pals) never seemed to be able to get it on like Big Brother could. After some very embarrassing performances Janis and her managers finally managed to put an album together. "Cosmic Blues" was good, really nice in parts, but the trouble was that it lacked that communal feeling of "Cheap Thrills"--the overall effect was just about the same as the first record on Mainstream that Big Brother made and never wanted to be released for sale.

We can see that Janis fell through the big-time pop star scene the same way that Jimi (and so many others) did--the business exploitation of her life and music had to take its effect directly, and so her band broke up, her music took a setback, and she continued to slip even further into the escape ozone on bogus drugs like alcohol, smack, and downers, until her final massive dose of the shit October 5.

* * *

The way that Jimi's and Janis's talents were prostituted and degraded by the big men of the music business is very similar to the conditions which we, the people of the youth colony here in Amerika, are forced to operate under every day. Our energies and talents are misused and exploited by the schools, the government, the military "services", and industry and

business. It's not just the rock stars who are turning to death drugs as a way to cope with this horseshit--too many of us have, in our frustration and confusion, turned to the death drugs--drugs like phony THC (usually a deadly mixture of barbituates, veterinary tranquilizers, and other shit), smack, downers and speed, in a futile attempt to escape from the ugly reality of our every-day lives. Jimi and Janis are but two of the more obvious examples.

Last year, Rolling Stone Brian Jones' death on smack could be covered up by a few lies and a new guitar player. Now the shit is coming down much too heavy for any of us to ignore it. The downer O.D. death of Canned Heat's Al "Blind Owl" Wilson just a couple of months ago caused the breakup of one of the best white blues bands to ever reach our ears. Now Janis and Jimi are gone and music people's list of "who's next?" guesses include many of the best and most famous people in the business.

In 1971 smack is no longer limited to a few areas like New York or Los Angeles. The Haight Ashbury in San Francisco is just beginning to get itself together after the huge blight of speed and smack that almost entirely ruined that community two years ago. And this summer the suburbias and the freak strongholds of the Midwest and South finally got their first big stinging tastes of smack, and the energy level and overall communal sense of those places dropped to an all time low.

THE FACT IS THAT THERE IS A PLAGUE SWEEPING OUR PEOPLE; our new nation is in danger of crumbling before our eyes just as it is beginning to get off its knees. The bogus downer shit passed off as THC, the smack and the barbituates, and the speed being sold and used in our streets and ballrooms are part of a problem that touches each and every one of us.

In looking for solutions to the pig drug problem we can never forget that the cause for the existence and use of these drugs must be attributed to the pig-death-capitalist-control system which is in power today: the entire business/industry/government/military system which rules this country and attempts to control the lives of every one for its own selfish interests.

We have to recognize that we are an exploited people, just as black and brown and yellow and red people of this world are exploited peoples. The destruction of the frustrated youth of this country by pig drugs is just as systematic and effective as the dropping of napalm on Vietnamese people and the gunning down of black people in the streets.

It's obvious that the government and the schools of this country make no attempt to put out correct or useful information about drugs. As kids we were taught

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SANDY GARLAND



ARVILLE GARLAND

SLAUGHTER AT STONEHEAD MANOR

by JOHN SINCLAIR, Chairman, White Panther Party

"Children have no freedom. They are property just like a book. She's my property and I can do whatever I want with her."

--Arville Garland, speaking of his daughter Sandy

"We are just like millions of parents and Sandy was just like millions of daughters growing up."

--Martha Garland

"There were only a few of us at school. The other kids called us hippies and freaks but we were the first ones. Now they all are into it."

--Donna Potts, speaking of Sandy Garland and herself

Three days after Allison Krause, Jeffrey Miller, Bill Schroder and Sandy Lee Scheuer were murdered by National Guard troops at Kent State, three young brothers and a young sister were gunned down in their sleep on Lincoln Street in Detroit. They weren't demonstrating or burning down ROTC buildings or even woofing at the National Guard, but they were killed by the same thing that took the lives of their brothers and sisters in Ohio: they were killed because they were part of a culture, part of a people that is hated and feared by the dominant forces in Amerikan society.

They were sleeping in their room in Stonehead Manor, a "hippie commune" in Detroit's youth enclave. It was 2:30 in the morning of May 8, 1970, and Sandy Garland's father Arville charged through the door with a gun in each hand and blew his daughter, her partner Scott Kabran, his close brother Greg Walls, and Tony Brown, a 16-year-old escapee from the youth concentration camp at Whitmore Lake Michigan, all right off the set.

Arville Garland was convicted in Detroit's Recorder's Court Dec. 23, 1970 on three counts of first-degree murder (Sandy, Scott, Greg) and one count of murder in the second degree (Tony). He was held in the nut ward of the Wayne County Jail for some time, but Judge Joseph Gillis felt sorry for him and cut him loose on \$30,000 personal bond while he awaited trial. Gillis sympathizes with Arville Garland because he's the same way himself, only his own brand of genocide is more subtle than Garland's and it's carried out under the guise of the law. Gillis sends people like Tony to prison every day, people like Scott and Greg and Sandy, he kills them off little by little with prison-death because they get high and fuck without a license and refuse to go along with the death-program of honkie Amerika.

"Many people say that Sandy and Scott and Greg and Tony deserved to be punished for the way they lived. For their long hair and their unconventional lifestyles. For their hard-rock music, for their dope. People say they might even have done what Garland did, if they had walked in on their daughter naked in bed, asleep with a hippie, a black boy in another bed in the same room."

--from the Detroit Free Press account

Amerika is writhing in the first throes of a civil war, a genocidal war being waged by the merchants of death against all those people who refuse to go along with their program of fear, greed, insanity and total control. This is a war of cultures, a last-ditch attempt by the last generation of Euro-Amerikan people to retain their control over the rest of the people in the world. The civil war in Amerika is just one front in the world-wide struggle between Euro-Amerika on the one hand and all pre- and post-Western peoples on the other.

The Battle of Chicago in which Dean Johnson was murdered, the Battle of People's Park where James Rector was murdered, the Kent State Massacre and the Slaughter at Stonehead Manor on Lincoln Street in Detroit are opening shots in a war that will be fought to the finish, a war which could not have been predicted five or ten years ago simply because the people who are fighting it, the people who are on the side of freedom and self-determination in this war against the Euro-Amerikan monster, didn't even exist as a people five years ago. Many of them don't even realize yet that they are part of a national liberation struggle, part of an international revolutionary movement which is destined to win this world-wide war and secure the future of the planet and its people from the death merchants of the West. But as the repression, as the genocidal campaign is stepped up against black people and other oppressed peoples all over the world, millions of post-western young people will awaken, arm themselves with weapons and with revolutionary consciousness, rise up together and join with their rising brothers and sisters within the mother country and throughout the world to smash the Euro-Amerikan beast once and for all.

Let me back off a little and come at this from another direction. I want you to understand why and how WE ARE A PEOPLE, what it means to be a people, and that the murder of Sandy Garland and Scott Kabran and Greg Wells and Tony Brown has to do with our peoplehood and our struggle. These four people died not as individuals--Arville Garland didn't even know the three brothers he shot--but as part of a people, a people which is alien to Arville Garland and the culture he is representative of. Their death came as a political consequence of the way they lived their lives. They may not have been "political" people, but they lived as part of a people which is a political entity, a people which is defined by its own national culture and by opposition and resistance to the dominant culture of Euro-Amerika from which it has declared its independence.

I know it's hard for some people to relate to this slaughter as a political event, because we tend to have such a narrow view of politics as something separate from everyday life, some kind of abstract activity in the sense that one day you decide you're going to be "political" and go to a demonstration or throw some rocks through a classroom window or something, but that's precisely the sense we have to expand until we can sense that our lives themselves are political in the most functional term--that we LIVE our politics.

The question is not, are you "political," but, what kind of politics do you practice? Can you dig that?

It is in Western society that politics are most purposefully separated from daily life and treated as something superfluous to it. The average Westerner is brought up to believe that politics is activity which is carried on by professional politicians and which has very little to do with his or her life except for a few brief months every two or four years when politicians are "running for office." In the past few years another sense of "political" has emerged which is really no different: young people who concern themselves with the condition of their world and act in a more or less organized fashion to change it are "political" while the masses of their brothers and sisters who do not organize themselves are "not political" at all.

This new sense still perpetuates the separation of the political from the rest of life, and one chooses either to "be political" or not to "be political" depending on one's desire to take part in demonstrations, go to SDS meetings, join the Student Mobilization Committee, etc. And even with the "political" people there is still a great gap between their "politics" and their daily lives; that is, unless they become full-time politicians and spend all their time going to meetings, planning demonstrations, reading political literature, etc.

But what I'm talking about is a way of life in which the "political" is fully integrated with all other areas of human experience so that one's politics can be seen in one's total life-style, in the sense that one's whole life is the continuous blow against the established order, which has tremendous force and which strikes fear into the hearts of the pigs in power--so much fear, in fact, that they do not hesitate to shoot down, their own sons and daughters.

I'm talking about James Rector and Kent State brothers and sisters when I say it that way, and not about Sandy Garland and Scott Kabran and Greg Walls and Tony Brown who were murdered by Sandy's father acting not as part of an organized force like the National Guard or the Alameda County Sheriff's Dept. Yet it's all part of the same thing, because Arville Garland is just a powerless version of Richard Nixon or Ronald Reagan or David Rockefeller; they share the same culture and the same political beliefs. Arville Garland (and the "millions of parents" like him) are taught that their interests are the same as those of the pigs who do have power, that what affects the pigs adversely also affects them in the same term. They believe that, as Engine Charlie Wilson said, back in the good old Ike Eisenhower days, "what's good for General Motors is good for the country." And they act accordingly--they do what is prescribed for keeping General Motors and its accomplices in control of their society. When the National Guard, acting under orders, shoots down four young people at Kent State University their example is immediately followed by a man like Arville Garland, a member of the Detroit Police Emergency Reserves, who picks up his guns and drills his own daughter and her "hippie friends."

(continued on next page)

(from preceding page)

It's all part of the same thing. Sandy and Greg and Scott and Tony weren't what radicals would call "political." They were hippies and poets and weedheads and rock and roll fiends who loved to get high and fuck and hang out with their friends, who had a pile of Woodstock buttons on the table by the bed and Jimi Hendrix playing on the record player and a dartboard with Lyndon Johnson's ugly face on it and a poster of John Sinclair on the wall, who worked for Open City when they could and who were planning to march the next day in a demonstration against the massacre at Kent State--they were stone freaks who lived at Stonehead Manor and probably never read Mao or Lenin or Kim Il Sung, but the sum of their lives was thoroughly political and their deaths are now as political as anything I know. They were murdered because they were part of a despised people, a people as despised by Euro-Amerikans as black people or yellow or brown or red people are.

What I'm trying to say is that we are attacked because we are what we are, because we live our beliefs and not just mouth them as part of a political philosophy, because we are part of a people that is developing as something essentially different from Euro-Amerikan people--that we are assaulted and jailed and gunned down not because of our "politics" as radicals understand that term but because AS A PEOPLE we represent a threat to the dominant culture in this country, in the West as a whole, and the people who are part of that dominant culture feel every bit as threatened by the most "non-violent" peace/love hippie on the street or at the pop festival as they are by the "violence-prone Weatherman faction."

threats--measured against the hate-love of the honkies, which says I love you if you fulfill all these insane conditions, and if you refuse I'll blow you away. It comes down to that.

But Arville Garland is a dupe, just as the National Guard troops are dupes, just as our brothers in the U. S. Armed Forces are dupes of the pigs who run this country for their own gain. These people are every bit as much victims of Western culture as are the non-westerners this culture, this society, oppresses and murders to keep its own people "happy" with the shoddy consumer goods it gets thereby. That's something we also have to understand. Western culture is formed and propagated by the pig owners as a precise means of reinforcing their economic and political control over the masses of Euro-Amerikans, and they use that culture to instill their vile principles of greed, fear, insanity and control in the people who are within their reach. It is the perpetrators and benefactors of this culture--the pigs in control--who are our enemies, and not their dupes.

What we have to overcome if we are to avert the worst, if we are to have our freedom without an all-out civil war between the people of Euro-Amerika and the non-westerners who they see as their enemies, is the vicious propaganda put out about us by the pigs. We have to remember that the Arville and Martha Garlands of Euro-Amerika are not our enemies unless they insist on being that, that they attack us only because they have been made so crazed by the pigs who control their consciousness by manipulating their economic possibilities and the information on which they base their

exception--but that's what we'll do if we have to, because we will defend our people against aggression and we will destroy the domination of the West, and we'll do it by any means necessary even if it means all-out war. We'll do it because we have no choice, but we'll do it.

We have to build up our sense of peoplehood, our sense of nationhood, our sense of being something bigger than just ourselves and our close friends--we have to realize that we really are a people, that we must defend ourselves as a people, that we must move together as a people in all ways if we are going to have the world all of us, from the most militant radicals to the most spaced out hippies, talk about all the time. It's not going to come about by magic, it's not going to happen the way we wish it would happen, it's going to happen the way it's happening now, through struggle and bloodshed and war--not because we want it that way, but because that's what's being forced on us, and we either submit to the perverted demands of the Arville Garlands and Spiro Agnews and Henry Fords, we either submit to fascism and give up our culture and our dreams of new life for the planet, or else we defend ourselves and our people against it. We unite with each other and with our natural allies, our natural brothers and sisters in the black colony, in the other oppressed colonies within the mother country and throughout the world, and fight to preserve ourselves and our culture, to win self-determination for ourselves and for all people (including the Euro-Amerikan masses). We unite in every way possible and do everything we have to do to eliminate the imperialist beast that is oppressing all of us. Otherwise we can join these mar-

We unite in every way possible and do everything we have to do to eliminate the imperialist beast that is oppressing all of us.

That's what we have to understand, that we are all seen as a threat by the pig power structure and the people it controls, no matter what our individual differences. Just as a black nuclear scientist is still considered merely a nigger by the average Euro-Amerikan, the innocent hippie is seen as a dangerous degenerate who must be stomped off the set every bit as quickly and viciously as the protesters and bomb-throwers of the "radical left." The pigs know we are a people, even if we refuse to see it ourselves, and they are determined to give all of us the same inhuman treatment they give to other non-western peoples.

Sandy and Scott and Greg and Tony were murdered because they were part of an alien people, because they shared an alien culture which to Euro-Amerikans is only deserving of extermination and oblivion. Their deaths, as their lives, link them with slaughtered black people, with slaughtered Vietnamese people, with slaughtered American aborigines whose land was ripped off and whose culture was all but eradicated by Arville Garland's ancestors. Arville Garland gunned down his daughter and her three brothers for the same reason that the National Guard troops in Ohio gunned down Bill Schroeder and Sandy Lee Schouer and Allison Krause and Jeff Miller, because they were part of a people that rejected the Amerikan death-style, that could not support the repression and slaughter of black and brown and red and yellow people just so Euro-Amerikans can buy more television sets and more cars and more electric toothbrushes and shit like that.

It comes down to that. The distinction can be that clearly drawn. Sandy and Scott and Greg and Tony were together because they loved each other; Arville and Martha Garland stormed into their room and killed them. Arville "loved" his daughter too much to see her consorting and living and sleeping with hippies and niggers. One love--our love for each other, our love for our brothers and sisters given without demands and controls and promises and

beliefs. We have to make these people see, somehow, that the world we are determined to bring into being is THEIR world too, if they will only accept it--and accepting it doesn't mean giving up their own culture except insofar as that culture poisons them against people who are different from them.

They don't know this, they're afraid of us, they don't understand us and they think--they've been told again and again by the pigs--they think we're trying to take everything they've worked and slaved for all these years away from them. We have to understand how far they've been twisted by the pigs in power, and we have to try to untwist them somehow so they can gain their own humanity at last. They are not the enemy, we have to remember that, but they are the enemy's pawns and they will carry out the enemy's bidding unless and until we can teach them differently. We have to protect ourselves, we will protect ourselves, and a great number of Euro-Amerikans will have to die before the people of the youth colony and all oppressed people win their freedom. The point is to make it be as few of them as possible who die, or as I wrote in a poem some years ago, "how to get out/& dance, without stepping on any more heads/than we have to."

The slaughter at Stonehead Manor is finally and perfectly a metaphor for the larger struggle going on throughout the western world, as the children of the last generation of Westerners develop a whole new way of life for themselves, a way of life that prepares them to live in the New World, in the New Age which begins with the final collapse of the West. It is a grim struggle already and will get even grimmer as its internal dynamic develops--parents will be moved to murder their own children, and their children will rise up against the parents and strike them down if they have to. That isn't what we want to do--our culture is based on openness and free expression and love and sharing, not on repression and fear and greed and control, and we want to make it available to everyone without

tyred brothers and sisters of Woodstock Nation in the paradise of the death culture, which is to say, the graveyard. That's what it comes down to, like it or not, and we'd better wake up and get ourselves together before we wake up like Scott and Sandy did, with a gun at our heads.

I referred to these dead brothers and sisters as martyrs. But before I stop I'd better clarify that a little: if their deaths can inspire us and move us to recognize our common bond, our peoplehood--our nationhood, our identity as the people of a whole new culture, as the people of Woodstock Nation--if their deaths can inspire us in our struggle for freedom and self-determination as a people, then they are truly our martyrs. Otherwise they're just dead, and the thing they lived for and as a vital part of is too, dead and buried like they are now.

The last thing I'll say is this poem by Scott Kabran, which is part of a book of his poems printed after his death by his father Stanley in cooperation with The Alternative Press. The book is called "Motionless/Lest It Fall." The poem is about our people:

too many
a friend
i've had and lost

but now i think,
now i know

amongst these beautiful
people is a bond
of friendship

a feeling of love
a lasting hope
an eternal bondage
of love.

John Sinclair
Chairman, White
Panther Party
Jackson Prison,
November 4-5, 1970



NAKED LUNCH



Photo by David Fenton

Most of the food Americans consume is junk. Drained of vitamins and nutrients and shot-full of preservative poison by greedy little men sitting on the upper floors of huge corporate conglomerates, constantly searching for ways to chemically cheapen food production at the expense of people's bodies -- including their own. Nutritionally valueless pure starch white bread (helps break strong bodies 12 ways), canned vegetables, cheeseburgers, salad dressings -- nearly all processed food reeks of everything from cancer-causing additives to radioactivity. And all this SKONK is in turn plastic-wrapped and sold to us in neat little rows at exorbitant prices by rip-off Supermarkets, or flashed to us in neon by road-side stands, where 39 cents buys a small circle of round-ground death.

As an alternative to the Amerikan Food Monster and as a step towards self-determination (separation from the Beast), communities across the country are banding together in Food Cooperatives, supplying pure healthy food at wholesale prices to families and communes. Co-ops have recently been formed in Berkeley, Isla Vista, Eugene, Madison, Milwaukee and recently in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Getting one together is fairly simple. Every major city has a large outdoor wholesale market where farmers bring large quantities of fresh produce for sale to small grocery stores and individuals at prices usually half those you'll find at the local A and P. All it takes is a good-sized van or truck and a few able-bodied early risers. Gather money from the houses that want to participate, get a general idea of what people want (you can usually only manage fruits and vegetables to start with) and truck on down to your local wholesale market, which usually functions at its peak in the wee morning hours. Get some cartons and bags together, and divide the loot up when you get home. After you get the process down pat, it's possible to begin thinking about getting into grains, dairy products, bio-degradable soaps, and other serve the people products.



Chains of steel and rubber and plastic and glass bind hundreds of thousands of black families to the city of Detroit. Detroit makes cars, meaning, in large part, that the black people of Detroit make cars. Detroit also makes revolutionaries, meaning that more and more black people in Detroit know they've had enough.

The city fathers of Detroit--meaning the men at the top of the auto industry--have big plans for the city. It's no secret they'd like to see the next Olympic games held on their own turf, and their long-range blueprint for the future sketches a Detroit supreme among all commercial centers of the world, at the heart of Amerika's industrial mid-west. Their projections are awesome and brilliant on paper.

But paper isn't really where it's at. They kill people every day in their factories, drive others mad with endless repetition, and nobody cares what they've got written out on paper. There are too many black Vets who made it through two years in Vietnam only to lose their arms in a Chrysler factory back home.

Detroit's League of Revolutionary Black Workers is getting ready for battle. Its specialty is slow, careful, quiet work--building a RUM (Revolutionary Union Movement) in each of Detroit's plants, and fighting to return control of institutions in Detroit's black community to the people who live there. In a few years they'll be ready to up the ante.

But Detroit is a desperate place. A couple of hundred thousand people are out of work. The BIG THREE--animated only by the understanding that the automobile is Amerika's biggest profit maker--mess up heads and bodies, families, neighborhoods, and communities to suit their needs. So quite often someone jumps the gun.

This story is about someone who jumped the gun.

PICKING UP THE GUN AT CHRYSLER

"This whole society controlled by the ruling clique is parasitic, vulturistic, and cannibalistic, and is sucking and destroying the life of workers."

--Detroit's League of Revolutionary Black Workers

DETROIT (LNS)--A hot afternoon in the middle of July. Two foremen and a jobsetter lie dead. James Johnson, conveyor loader, Dept. 78, the Brake Shoe Dept., Eldon Avenue Gear and Axle Plant, Chrysler Corporation, tosses his M-1 carbine aside saying, "I'm satisfied," and walks down the aisles of the plant to the company guard shack where the Detroit police take him prisoner, charged with murder.

Hundreds of workers stood in the aisles in surrounding departments, thinking about the shootings they had just witnessed. Company officials ordered all lines immediately started, but the workers did not move. Orders came down for several departments to go home early. The workers left.

Groups of worried and shaken foremen gathered on Lynch Road. ELRUM (Eldon Revolutionary Union Movement, a division of the League of Revolutionary Black Workers) leafleted the plant the next day approving of Johnson's action. Black workers dug the leaflet, an ELRUM member reported. Many workers were saying things like "This evens things up," "Everyone has to die sometime," and "They won't be so fast to write people up now."

FLASHBACK: April 16. The second shift, Johnson's shift, wildcats when Chrysler fires a black worker who argued with his foreman, and refuses to discipline the white supervisor who had picked up a pinion gear and told the worker: "I'll bash your brains out." After two days, the United Auto Workers Local 961, which serves the workers at Eldon, gets cold feet and orders everybody back to work.

FLASHBACK: May 1. The plant is shut down by another wildcat, protesting Chrysler's summary firing of 14 stewards for organizing the first wildcat. Stewards are the foot-soldiers of the union, directly responsible to small groups of workers, serving as their first line of defense against the company.

Chrysler obtains a quick and easy injunction against the second wildcat with only token opposition from a UAW attorney, who at one point is heard to say to the judge: "I only vaguely represent Local 961."

The UAW always opposes wildcat strikes because they threaten its control over the workers in the plants, and therefore threaten the UAW leadership's tacit pact with the auto companies to trade uninterrupted production for dollar benefits. This leaves working conditions up to the corporations and toothless union locals.

FLASHBACK: May 3. Armed with the injunction, Local 961 officers and high-level UAW representatives order Eldon workers back to work without insisting the fired stewards first be reinstated. A second strike has failed. The workers have seen their strongest, most aggressive stewards thrown into the street. Without their stewards, they are completely at the mercy of their foremen and Chrysler. Morale is low. Chrysler is beaming.

FLASHBACK: The early weeks of June. Some of the stewards get their jobs back by signing an agreement to be fired if there's ever another walkout on the second shift. One of the stewards refuses at first, but agrees

after he's told that he'd never get back into the plant without signing. The stewards have many years of seniority to protect, and some would be hard-pressed to get another job at their age. Chrysler knows that.

* * *

Eldon Ave. Gear and Axle Plant is so unsafe that all of its 4500 employees are risking their lives each day they walk through the gates. In Dept. 72 there is an inch and a half of oil covering the floor and slopping up over the soles of the workers' shoes.

Eldon's entire ventilation system is inoperative. The jitney trucks have no brakes, lop-sided tires, no horns and no lights. The aisles are blocked by skid boxes, axles and scrap iron. Drill presses, cutters and grinders have no safety guards. Working conditions are so bad at Eldon that Chrysler has taken the unusual step of appointing a number of black foremen for the slight cooling effect that produces.

Eldon is far closer to a medieval sweatshop than one could ever imagine after taking in the standard dosage of tidy, clean-cut Chrysler ads over the tube. But Eldon, not the ads, is the reality of Chrysler.

* * *

FLASHBACK: May 13. Mamie Williams, a black woman with 26 years seniority, dies after being carried out of the plant on a stretcher. Her own doctors had ordered her to bed, but Chrysler's medics, although they noted her high blood pressure, gave her notice to return to work or be fired. A few days later she is dead.

FLASHBACK: May 25. Three tons of scrap steel fall off a fork-lift truck so unsafe it should have been scrapped long ago. Gary Thompson, a 22-year-old black Vietnam vet, is crushed beneath. Local 961 and Chrysler both send their boys to the funeral, but Local 961 is as unwilling to fight for the safety rules that would have prevented Gary Thompson's death as Chrysler is to implement them.

* * *

The pattern is clear. Intimidate the union until the stewards are afraid to aggressively represent workers on the floor of the plant. Lay off workers and speed up the lines to save profits in a time of inflation. Step up the threats, suspensions and firings of all workers who object to being pushed around. Eventually, high union officials will blink whatever the abuses. By this time, the plushness of their own offices will rival management's own.

* * *

FLASHBACK: Early May. James Johnson is involved in a car-crash which totals his vehicle and his doctors tell him to stay home from work. The company medics order him back to work. He protests but Clarence Horton, the steward who represents the brake shoe department, was fired for organizing the April 16 wildcat. James Johnson goes back to work, having no means to fight the company's order.

FLASHBACK: The first week of June. He returns to his job after a two-week summer vacation, but gets called down to the office where they tell him he's fired and won't get his vacation pay. No reason. James Johnson still has no steward to fight for him, but the abuse is so flagrant that the management takes him back two days later on its own initiative.

By this time, James Johnson has become a "trouble-maker." You become a "trouble-maker" whenever the company decides to get rid of you. After three years at Eldon, Johnson's turn has come.

FLASHPOINT: July 15. Chrysler replaces James Johnson with a worker hired two weeks ago. No longer a conveyor loader, he is told his new job is to work the brake oven: to place brake shoes in ovens to bake on their coating. The entire operation takes place in 120 degree heat.

James Johnson protests angrily, takes off to the labor relations office with his steward and his general foreman, Jim Rhoades. "I couldn't do nothing," the steward is reported to have said the next day, referring to the meeting with the labor relations slickies. Brother James Johnson had to protest all alone.

"We're going to give you a few days off to stay home and cool off," Rhoades is reported to have told Johnson as the meeting came to an end.

"No you won't. I'm going to come back here and kill you."

* * *

"As black workers rise up we have nothing to lose but our chains. The owners and operators of the means of production own our jobs, our homes, our families. We have neither security nor hope for the future.

"They control our places of employment, the schools that our children attend, decide what our wages shall be, and what kind of society our children will live in. They tell us when, where, how long and how hard we shall work. They own everything of value.

"They even think they own us."

* * *

GUNFIRE: James Johnson returned to the plant with a 30 caliber carbine in a desperate search for his general foreman. Reportedly, he asked all of his fellow workers to stand back because he did not intend to hurt them. In pursuit of James Rhoades, he encountered instead his foreman, then the foreman of an adjacent department, and finally a jobsetter who tried to disarm him. All three died on the spot.

* * *

"Often times in the past, black workers have been driven to the point where they could stand no more and have lashed out viciously at their tormentors. There have been individual acts of sabotage against property, all forms of wildcat strikes, and numerous caucuses have been formed--all in response to the monstrous oppressive conditions that exist inside basic industry.

"As black workers rise up, we have nothing to lose..."

* * *

This is what has been happening at Eldon Ave. Gear and Axle, and it must have all flashed in James Johnson's mind when he decided to handle the situation in his own way. It's obvious that workers who can expect no support from an intimidated sell-out union and who are being pushed around, over, down and under by the company will have to take matters into their own hands.

On July 15, James Johnson got the wrong men. Foremen in the plant are nothing but messenger boys passing on orders from above. They're as helpless to determine what happens as the workers they kick around.

The real criminals sit in their offices in Highland Park and Dearborn and the GM building and Solidarity House (the lavish Detroit offices of the leading UAW bureaucrats). The system operates for their exclusive ease and profit.

They don't have to worry about being shot down by an angry worker.

Not yet.

-- Ted Franklin

REFLECTIONS ON SUNDAY

Sounds that come from the soul are always the same

free

open sounds

giving the kind that reach out
and touch

that's what our sisters did/minimum
touching maximum/sharing oppression
and the wish for its

removal...

feeling those sounds
seeing them felt on others

watching faces smile
really smile for the first time in months -
getting high - on the natural power of the
people to resist/to smile/to laugh/to sing
shout/love/give
even here...

wild hair/funky guitars
long hair-funky voice (some said Bessie Smith
came to mind)

hair- all lengths, legs, arms, music

SISTERS- and us...

raggedy pea coats, cotton dresses, rocking,
swaying,
screaming

enjoying it-

crying too-even if not too many

let the tears fall free

... us- black/brown/white/poor- SISTERS-
and it was all a total exchange

of energy
communication

even if we did not share words

we all knew their soul songs were
saying

we understand

we know

we can see

what amerika is doing
to you - mother/daughter/child/woman
of oppression-

we can see, they sung -

and our voices answered their guitars,
horns flute-voice-cowbell-tambourine demand

for freedom with an unspoken right-on

... a feeling that one day-soon-

all people will be free ... and

we left

stronger

able to smile (for a moment)

till we returned to

rules that degrade

schedules that destroy sanity

racism that they cannot see

sexism that rapes us of our womanhood...

and the locks, keys, windows, walls

threats

warnings

bribes that harden our hearts and
chain our souls

the time

must be

seized

venceremos!

Erika Huggins

Niantic Concentration Camp

Conneticut

This poem was written shortly after an all women's band
played at Niantic.



January 24, 1969--the Eastown Ballroom--Detroit--young drummer Scott Bailey of the powerful Up ends his set by sending a torrent of little Red Books (Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung) into the writhing audience. The assembled sisters and brothers snatch them up and holler and scream for more, to the sound of the crashing drums...

Amerika's children are getting hip to all the lies we've been force-fed all this time by teachers, parents, politicians, TV--the list is endless. We've been lied to about the war; but people are learning the truth and want the war to stop. They lied to us about grass; but we know what the real deal is with grass and we want these stupid, repressive laws against marijuana abolished. They lied to us about China, telling us that China was that little island in the Pacific Ocean and the rest of it didn't even exist. The Amerikan government, visible or invisible, has done a good job of preventing any news about the real China from getting to the Amerikan people. Instead they have filled their honkoid newspapers with horror stories and their own fearful fantasies. What we know about China, little as it is, does not frighten us, but makes us just curious about what's really going on there.

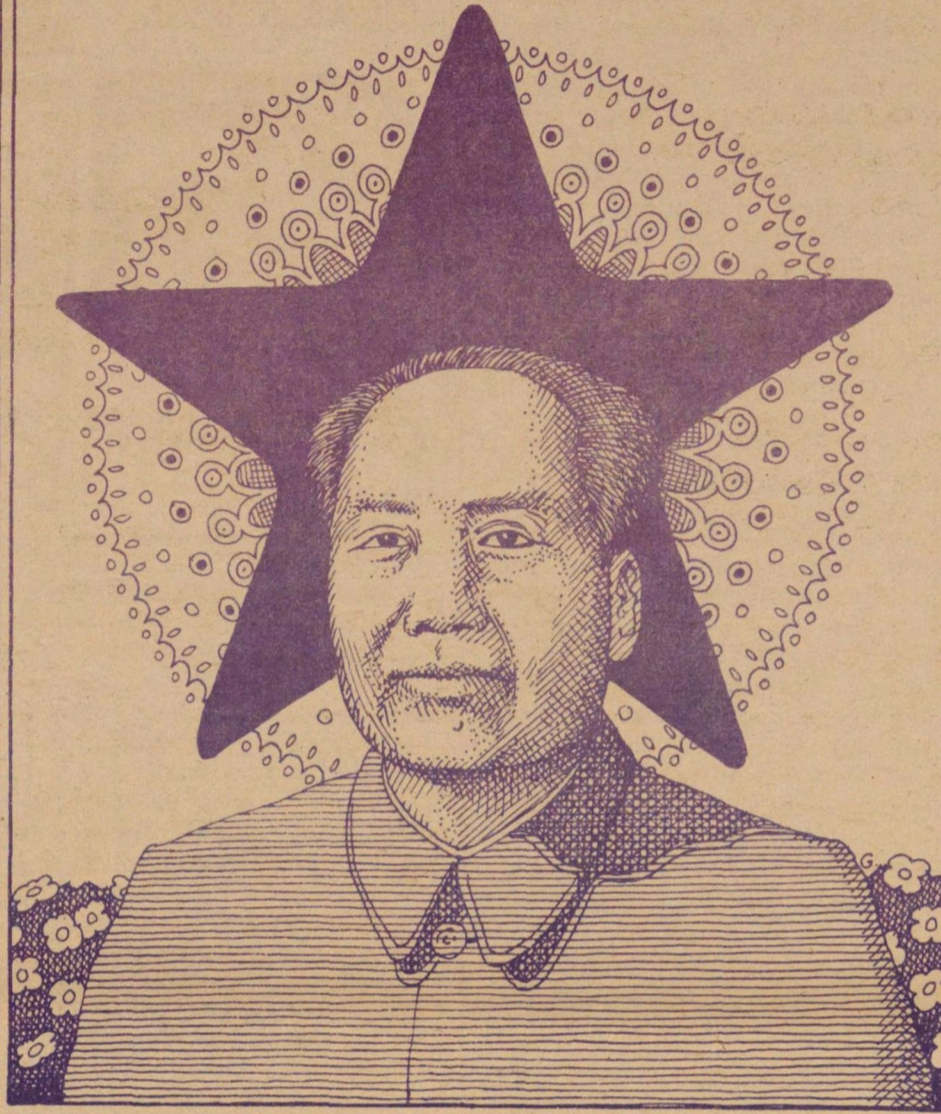
While it was in progress, real information about the Cultural Revolution in China and the Red Guards was very sketchy. The image we had was that of thousands and millions of young people leaving their homes and roaming the country, attacking bureaucracy and degrade' wherever they went, trying to get to Peking and maybe getting to see the Chairman in the flesh. Finally Chairman Mao had to issue a statement telling these millions of young people that it was far-out of them to come to Peking to see him, but that it would help the revolution more if they returned to their own communities and worked there among their own people, to bring about the Cultural Revolution. The CIA tried to spread all kinds of rumors about the Red Guards going around beating people up and murdering and pillaging, but young people greeted these reports with the same skepticism they would anything coming from the CIA.

In 1967 in Amerika young people were doing the same thing. They weren't consciously setting out saying: Let's have a cultural revolution in Amerika right now! but that's exactly what went down. They were leaving their homes in the thousands, sick and tired of the empty life-style of their parents, and drove, hitch-hiked, or flew across the country to San Francisco. They gave up school, jobs, private property, security and came to San Francisco to create a new society based on loving and sharing and living communally. The main attraction, like Chairman Mao in Peking, were the Jefferson Airplane, the Grate-

ful Dead, Big Brother and the Holding Co., Quicksilver Messenger Service, etc. But the Summer of Love couldn't go on forever in just San Francisco. There was nobody there to tell the hippies to go back home and start organizing and bringing about the new society in their own communities. But when the Haight-Ashbury became too degrade' and dangerous to live in, many of them left and went back home to Nebraska, Indiana, or Detroit, Michigan. They kept their hair long, went right on smoking grass, started bands of their own, and created a "hip" scene right in their own home town. The cultural revolution spread rapidly to all parts of the country, helped along by the mass media who called this the "love generation" and featured pages and pages of pictures on the hippies in all their weirdness, which only served to spread the message.

1968: No Summer of Love for Amerika's children: Thousands beaten and tear-gassed in Chicago; thousands put in jail for smoking weed (a quarter of a million are in jail for marijuana right now); thousands kicked out of school for having long hair. In 1967 the mass media looked on the "hippies" as a fad. By 1968 they realized that this was not just another fad, but was a whole new generation of young people that would never follow in their parents foot-steps. Something was happening here, but Mr. Jones, or Mr. Johnson, did not know what it was and began crack-

WHY WE STUDY MAO



ing heads and came down hard on this new threat to his empire. The people realized that they couldn't just "turn on, tune in, and drop out" and everything would be alright. They knew that they had to do something to save and protect their emerging life culture and started studying and organizing themselves.

We started checking out the Black Panther Party. Reading Eldridge Cleaver's book *Soul on Ice* blew us away. Brother Eldridge ran down in there how it was Rock 'n Roll music that first started white people on the road towards rediscovering their own bodies; the beginning of the end of 2000 years of Western civilization with its separation of mind and body.

"So Elvis Presley came, strumming his weird guitar and wagging his tail across the continent... sowing seeds of a new rhythm and style in the white souls of the white youth of Amerika, whose inner hunger and need was no longer satisfied with the antiseptic white shoes and whiter songs of Pat Boone... Bing Crosbyism, Perry Comoism, and Dinah Shoreism had led to cancer, and the vanguard of the white youth knew it." (p. 195)... They came from every level of society, from top to bottom... feeling exhilaration and soothing new sensations, release from some unknown prison in which their bodies had been encased, a sense of freedom they

had never known before, a feeling of communion with some mystical root-source of life and vigor, from which sprang an awareness and enjoyment of the flesh, a new appreciation of the possibilities of their Bodies."

That was us Brother Eldridge was talking about. We had acid running through our brains and we knew he was right.

We started checking out the teachings of Huey P. Newton. In an interview with the Movement newspaper Huey ran down how it was time for white people in the movement to stop trying to organize in the black community. Black people weren't the problem. And the only people who could organize white people were other white people.

We took that advice literally. We had already been trying to organize hippies with everything we were doing, but without any organization and any plan. So in the fall of 1968 the White Panther Party formed. The party at first had little resemblance to any other political organization in this country or on the face of this planet for that matter. In the first statement issued by the party John Sinclair said, "We are LSD-driven total maniacs of the universe. We will do anything we can to drive people crazy out of their heads and into their bodies."

Some brothers from the BPP came down hard on us for our lack of knowledge of revolutionary theory and history. They told us that if we wanted to call ourselves revolutionaries and call ourselves the WPP we would have to study and learn the language of revolution. That made sense to us and we finally started opening up our little Red Books (which up until that time we had just carried around with us as a fad) and started relating to its content. When we were all hippies in 1967 many of us had the I Ching, the book of Eastern Wisdom, to guide our lives from day to day. Now, sitting around stoned on grass or acid, reading the Red Book together, it seemed to us that the teachings of Mao Tse-tung were nothing but the wisdom of the I-Ching put in a political context and made more usable. It blew our minds and made us check it out closer and closer.

The language of the Red Book as well as other theoretical texts might be a stumbling block for people like us who are trying to become more illiterate and non-linear. But terms like "communism" do not turn us off like they do honkies. It's only "common" sense to live "communally" in our "communities" and old dogmatic creeps in business suits who call themselves members of the "Communist Party" have nothing to do with it except to give real communism a bad name. For a while we were thinking of asking Brother Ed Sanders of the famous Fugs to translate the Red Book into people's language so that any kid could understand and dig on it. But that might not be necessary anymore. Just dig this selection from the Quotations from Chairman Mao:

There is an ancient Chinese
(continued next page)

(from preceding page)

fable called "The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains". It tells of an old man who lived in northern China long, long ago and was known as The Foolish Old Man of North Mountain. His house faced south and beyond his doorway stood the two great peaks, Taihang and Wangwu, obstructing the way. With great determination, he led his sons in digging up these mountains hoe in hand. Another grey-beard, known as the Wise Old Man, saw them and said derisively, "How silly of you to do this! It is quite impossible for you few to dig up these two huge mountains." The Foolish Old Man replied, "When I die, my sons will carry on; when they die, there will be my grandsons, and then their sons and grandsons, and so on to infinity. High as they are, the mountains cannot grow any higher and with every bit we dig, they will be that much lower. Why can't we clear them away?" Having refuted the Wise Old Man's wrong view, he went on digging every day, unshaken in his conviction. God was moved by this, and he sent down two angels, who carried the mountains away on their backs. Today, two big mountains lie like a dead weight on the Chinese people. One is imperialism, the other is feudalism. The Chinese Communist Party has long made up its mind to dig them up. We must persevere and work unceasingly, and we, too, will touch God's heart. Our God is none other than the masses of the Chinese people. If they stand up and dig together with us, why can't these two mountains be cleared away? (page 201)

That's so far out! I don't see how we could improve on it.

There are a lot of paper revolutionaries running around who have read all the "right" books and can talk and argue about theory from morning to midnight. But when it comes down to putting this theory into practice,

they don't know how to go about it. They might quote Mao saying "the people are the real heroes," but when it comes down to it, they show nothing but contempt for the masses or sometimes they don't even know who the "masses" really are. All the theory in the world is wasted if it is not applied in practice. But the practice has to come first. Theories can only be formed out of practical experience. These theories then have to be applied and tested. If they work, the theories must be correct. That is the only way of testing them. This we learn from Mao.

Our theory must be based on objective reality. Just studying books about revolutions in other countries and then trying to make that knowledge fit into our own situation doesn't work and will only lead us to the wrong conclusions. When we check out history we find out that the revolution in Russia was made by the industrial proletariat--the factory workers. The predominant theory was that revolutions could only be made by this group. Mao studied the Russian revolution, but objective reality in his own country showed him that the theory did not fit his own situation. There hardly was a proletariat in China at that time. The peasants were the most revolutionary class. So Mao took the principles of the Russian revolution and adapted them to the specific situation in China and led the revolution to victory. Mao didn't even get any support from the Russians. Stalin, for instance, supported reactionary Chiang Kai-shek and not Mao. But Mao knew exactly what he was doing because he lived and worked among the people. His theory grew directly out of his practice.

One of the things that we as westerners have to learn from studying the Red Book is new methods of thinking. For over 2000 years people in the West have thought in abstract terms. Chinese thinking is much closer to reality than ours. Chinese language is still a picture language. The Chinese character for man for instance, is still a picture showing a man. In all West-



ern languages the written word is an abstraction from the sound of the word which is a double abstraction from reality. Ever since "classical" times all knowledge has been categorized and classified and abstracted. Schools today are the perfect example of this kind of mis-education. All knowledge is divided into unrelated subjects which are almost completely divorced from each other. In reality there is no separation possible between the geography of a place from its history, economics or sociology. Schools themselves are separated from the reality of everyday life of the student and separated from the community. When students try to become active in changing reality around them, they first have to de-educate themselves and get rid of all the useless knowledge that burdens their minds and keeps them from relating to things and people as they are in reality and not in their textbooks.

People in the west are not brought up to think dialectically, e. g. in terms of constant change. We are told that things are the way they are because "they have always been that way." Or things "will never be different." "There will always be wars," etc. etc. Most people believe in change only in quantitative terms. That is that they will think that things can get better or worse, but never completely different. This leads to the belief that revolution in this country is impossible. The invention of LSD in the west changed all that. Acid teaches us that anything is possible. The so-called experts, the ones that have never tried it tell us that acid causes brain damage. Acid has some effect on the brain, that's for sure, but it isn't damage. It's change. Once you have begun thinking dialectically, once you have broken through to the other side, it's impossible to ever go back to the old way of thinking and looking at reality. Once people have grasped the theory of evolution, they'll never again be able to believe rationally that the earth was created in 7 days by God. Beate of centuries of thinking

in terms of static, unchanging conditions, it took a long time before the theory of evolution was understood and accepted in the west. As late as 1954 a teacher in Kentucky was arrested for teaching Darwin's theory of evolution in school. My own grandfather, who died in 1944, believed to his death that the earth was flat and that it was the center of the universe.

Studying Mao does not make us Maoists. That is even a contradiction in terms. It does show us that we have to study our own history, our new culture, and base our theories on our own real-life experiences. We have to learn from our spiritual ancestors, the American Indians. We must learn to unify our people around their common needs, because once we unite our own people, we'll be able to unite with revolutionary peoples all over the planet and dissolve all unnatural boundaries.

From Mao we can learn that a revolution is not made in a few days, or even a few years--it took the Chinese Communist Party several decades of careful, painstaking work before they were together enough to turn the government over to the people. Revolution in this country will take a long time--we can't have one until all the people in this country who are scared of the word revolution now lose their fear and come over to our side. Which shows that our most important task right now is to educate the people as to who their real enemy is and to who their real friends are. That's gonna be slow, hard, careful work.

Most importantly, Mao teaches us that revolution is possible. He has proven it in his country of 800 million people--and that feat is a continuing source of inspiration to all people struggling against the old social order on this planet. Not only possible, but inevitable. So, dare to struggle, dare to win, or Kick Out the Jams, motherfucker!

Magdalene Sinclair
Minister of Education
White Panther Party



C.I.A. CONSPIRACY TRIAL SECTION

THE TRIAL SO FAR

During the summer and fall of 1968 there were a number of bombings in the Detroit/Ann Arbor area: draft boards, police cars, the ROTC building at the U of M, the CIA office in Ann Arbor (a CIA office in Ann Arbor?), the Institute of Science and Technology. On the streets of the Warren/Forrest in Detroit it was pretty common knowledge who was doing it: crazy David Valler, who ran for President of the United States by handing out leaflets in Detroit and when he didn't win got frustrated and decided bombing was the only thing left to do to bring about change. Shortly after an interview with Valler appeared on the front page of the Detroit News, he was picked up by the police for sales and possession of marijuana and held in the Wayne County Jail. It was also pretty common knowledge that David Valler was an overdosed acidhead who took massive doses continually over a period of a year, including in the County Jail. After that it was hard to find out any information as to his whereabouts or condition except from the True Confessions articles that began appearing in the Detroit News about his fucked-up life as a hippy, and how drugs had messed up his mind. He admitted to all the bombings, and to the sales and possession of marijuana, receiving a 7-10 year sentence for the weed and a concurrent sentence of 2-5 years for all he had done! So dope is more of a public menace than bombs?

Meanwhile, back in reality, Trans-Love Energies moved from Detroit to Ann Arbor and became the White Panther Party: not only was John Sinclair writing about an alternative culture and lifestyle, but was putting it into a political context with constructive ideas for change in this country.

In the summer of 1969 John was sentenced to 9 1/2 - 10 years for possessing the sacrament weed. The indictment came down on John, Pun, and Jack for the bombing of the CIA office in Ann Arbor the following fall. John was already in prison, Jack had a broken leg and was arrested while lying in bed, and Pun heard about the indictment on the radio and split underground for 10 months. His offers to come back and face the actual bombing charge if the 1984 conspiracy thought-crime charges were dropped against John and Jack were met with a position of honor on the FBI's 10 Most Wanted List. He was captured because of some stupid mistakes on his part on July 23rd, 1970.

So now, two years after the bombing, court proceedings have begun. Damon Keith is our judge. He has the reputation of being a liberal, and he's black. Buck Davis of the Detroit National Lawyers Guild, and Len Weinglass and Bill Kunstler, well-known for their exploits at the Chicago Conspiracy Trial last year, are our lawyers. The first series of pre-trial motions, argued in October, 1970, struck out at the astronomical ransom on Pun's head (\$100,000), requested a psychological examination of the government's star witness, madman David Valler (named as a co-conspirator but NOT a co-defendant!), and requested a separate trial for Pun on the bombing charge. We also asked for more facts from the government about their concoctions in order to help prepare a defense against them, and for information on the federal jury selection system.

The atmosphere in the courtroom was incredibly intimidating with all kinds of Federal Marshalls and agents standing around. Near the end of what was happening Kunstler asked Keith if John Sinclair could speak. John got up and introduced the Court to his people, us freeks who had filled the court and the hall outside in support of the three brothers. He talked about us as a people, how we are orderly, and will show respect for the Court if the Court shows respect for us. None of us had heard John speak for over a year. It was really far out.

All of these motions were denied by Keith, with the exception of small-time information about the jury lists and sketchy info about the electronic surveillance of the defendants. What a drag. From the little information obtained two more pre-trial motions were prepared and argued at a series of hearings held January 14-16.

The first motion asked that we be allowed a jury of our peers, as guaranteed by the Constitution. From what we found out about how juries are selected, this is impossible. Juries are picked from the 1968 voter registration list, so no one under 23 can possibly be on one. We also found out that the average age of the jurors is 44! And there are lots of young people now eligible to vote who haven't registered, people from 18 to 21. So we requested that the method of choosing a jury be changed. Older people can't possibly judge us. They're too engulfed by their culture of death to really understand what our LIVES are all about. To prove this point we brought in three witnesses to testify as to the existence of a separate class of young people in America, with attitudes and lifestyles drastically different from those of the people who usually sit on juries -- Allen Ginsberg, spiritual father/poet, and two State Legislators; Jackie Vaughn III from Detroit, and Julian Bond from Atlanta Georgia, who's been heavily involved in the civil rights movement since the early 60's.

It was so obvious just from sitting in the courtroom what we were talking about. In the prosecution's corner we have short, stubby, greasy-hair Hausner; boy-wonder Clark Kent Lowrie; and man-tan beach-boy handsome Guy, all up-tight in their suits and thin black ties. And then over here there's John, Pun, and Jack; all growing their hair long with the help of a court order (to enable proper identification), and our lawyers Buck, Bill, and Len, freeks themselves, sitting around talking to each other, smiling at the people they hadn't seen in so long, with bright colored shirts and dancing eyes. And the people, whew! With babies (whose noise always puts death culture people up-tight), smiling, trying to understand what was going on, all of us getting high on being in the same room. Uptight marshalls and agents stationed around the room, only a little less obvious than before. We are a whole new class of people. Asking for more young people on the jury to ensure a fair trial is similar to past attempts to balance out representation of black people and women on juries.

The prosecution freaked at our witnesses and challenged whether the judge should even listen to their testimony. Hausner tried in vain to discredit Ginsberg especially, saying

"I don't think there's a generation gap, only a Ginsberg gap." And then nonsense like "Mr. Ginsberg, how many Sunday Schools have you visited in your travels? How many Boy Scout Troops have you talked with. How many Veterans have you met who were injured fighting to defend their country in Vietnam?" all in an effort to prove that young people in America really aren't different, and that Ginsberg doesn't represent the majority of fine, up-standing Amerikan youth (who don't exist anymore anyway).

But Keith agreed to classify them as experts on young people. All three brought tears to our eyes from time to time with their understanding of where young people are at these days.

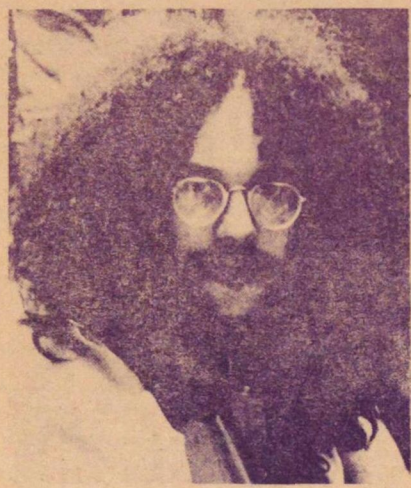
At one point Hausner threatened to bring in his own youth experts (he mentioned Richard Nixon and John Mitchell as possibilities) to contradict defense witness' testimony. Lenny Weinglass responded saying he'd welcome the opportunity to prove that such men don't represent young people in America AT ALL.

We thought surely Keith would see what we were seeing and would grant that the jury be picked from sources that would insure a greater number of young people. But he denied it: by 1972 there will be no jurors in federal court under the age of 25, and no doubt more and more young people the victims of death culture prosecution because of our lifestyle, sacraments, and basic nature.

Our second motion proved to be more important than we thought. Keith granted it, delaying the trial again for we don't know how long yet. We argued that the logs of the electronic surveillance of Pun, ordered by Attorney General Mitchell in the interest of "national security," must be turned over to Pun because the wiretap was unauthorized (not warranted by a judge) and therefore illegal. Keith agreed. In a courageous opinion he held that in cases where only national security is concerned (not international) the government may not order electronic surveillance without a court order. In order to determine whether the case against Pun is based on illegal evidence, Keith ordered the government to disclose the contents of the wiretap to Pun and his attorney, Kunstler. It's really an important decision that will affect all other conspiracy cases. The government has indicated that it will appeal the decision to the Supreme Court if necessary and if they can't get Keith's decision reversed they will DISMISS THE CASE rather than turn the tapes over and admit they are illegally tapping peoples' phones. Mitchell has made a statement that he can tap any phone he wants to if he thinks it's in the interest of national security. It's very interesting that the government continues to say that this is NOT a political trial, the defendants are NOT political prisoners, that this is a regular criminal case. Yet national security is involved!

In a sense, Keith's decision (and Mitchell's recognition that it undermines his ability to do Just-Us) is a people's victory. At the next hearing, on February 9, we may have a clearer idea as to when the trial will begin, if at all.

STATEMENTS BY THE DEFENDANTS



**"WE WILL RESIST...
UNTIL THE WORLD IS
BROUGHT JOYOUSLY
BACK TO REALITY."**

STATEMENT #1 BY JOHN
SINCLAIR, CHAIRMAN,
W. P. P.

There are a lot of issues involved in this trial, very important issues which relate not only to the White Panther Party but to all revolutionary organizations involved in the liberation struggles against the octopus of Amerikan imperialism. In the past two days, during our most recent pre-trial hearings, we learned of some new developments in the government's strategy which only confirmed once and for all our original analysis--that the U. S. Just-us Dept. is using this trial as an attempt to smash the White Panther Party before we can reach our full maturity as a revolutionary organization.

Dig this: Attorney General John N. "Porky" Mitchell submitted an affidavit in our case to explain why the wiretap transcripts of some of the Minister of Defense's conversations couldn't be revealed to the defense or the people. In this document Porky Pig stated that:

"The defendant Plamondon has participated in conversations which were overheard by government agents who were monitoring wiretaps which were being employed to gather intelligence information deemed necessary to protect the nation from attempts of domestic organizations to attack and subvert the existing structure of the government."

Wow! What does this gobbledegook mean? It's hard to understand these pigs when they start oinking in their foul tongue--the language of total bureaucracy and death--but what Porky is trying to say is that the White Panther Party is a "threat to national security" which the "existing structure of the government" is deathly afraid of!

This is really far out, but it just reinforces something we started to learn in Chicago in 1968 and which has been driven home over and over again ever since the Nixon-led reactionaries took over later that year--**THE PIG POWER STRUCTURE TAKES US FAR MORE SERIOUSLY THAN WE TAKE OURSELVES!** Or I should say, than we have **IN THE PAST** taken ourselves, because we are finally starting to learn what this whole struggle is all about, and how pig a part the rebellion in the youth colony plays in the overall world revolutionary drama.

When we started the White Panther Party in the fall of 1968, just after the Chicago stomp scene, we had almost no political consciousness at all--it was almost like a joke to us, a high-energy doped-out Yippie-istic joke but a weird trip none the less.

We didn't even know what a party WAS, but it sure sounded good and we had to do SOMETHING in response to the increasing police/state repression that was coming down on us specifically and on all our brothers and sisters in the developing youth colony. We were truly inspired by the work of Huey P. Newton and the incredible high-energy writing of Eldridge Cleaver, and we knew our people needed a strong image to identify with as the struggle against our life culture intensified. So we changed our name from Trans-Love Energies, which evolved out of the acid innocence of the beautiful first blooming of our culture as a mass phenomenon, to the White Panther Party, which we meant to put our "cultural revolution" into a context of resistance against politically-motivated repression.

During the early days and months of our Party's existence, when Pun, Skip, Jack and myself were still on the street working with the powerful sisters and brothers of the Party and the masses of the people of the youth colony, we failed to develop any real political consciousness, any knowledge of revolutionary history and revolutionary theory, because we were still fucked up behind our years of conditioning in the pig schools and we were too busy working with the people to get down and STUDY. We knew that the shit was coming down on all of us harder every day, but we really didn't understand WHY it was happening like that--we kinda thought it was just arbitrary, just a mistake, you know? And we tried to deal with it as best we could, which wasn't well enough because we couldn't stop the octopus from ripping me off, and then ripping Pun off, and Skip and Jack, and party workers all over the country. We still thought we were just a bunch of maniac rock and roll dope fiends who just wanted to have a good time and wanted ALL the people to be able to have a good time. We still couldn't really understand why these pigs wouldn't let us alone, why they wouldn't stop fucking with young people, black people, oppressed people all over the world. It was just too weird to believe.

It was only when I got locked up in the penitentiary and started to study that I began to understand what was happening and WHY it was happening. I began to realize just how much of a threat our culture posed to the international octopus of Amerikan imperialism, how we threatened its very existence, how our life culture, properly organized and developed along its highest and purest lines, could bring total death to the death culture and total freedom to the people of the world. **THE GOVERNMENT KNEW IT ALL ALONG**, and it was determined to crush us before we found out how strong we really were.

Woodstock brought it all home to

us though, and the Mobilization in Washington on Moratorium Day, and the ice-cold premeditated murder of Mark Clark and Fred Hampton in Chicago, and the massacre of our brothers and sisters at Kent State, and then when Pun was put on the 10 Most Wanted List of the FBI the whole deal was clear to me--we ARE a threat to the "existing structure of the government," only we ourselves weren't aware of it! They HAD to stomp us out before we could get ourselves together, or we would become so powerful--not just the White Panther Party, but ALL of us--that the octopus couldn't stop us from joining with liberation fighters all over the world and cutting off its slimy tentacles one by one.

It's too late for that now. We know what we're doing, and we cannot be stopped. The spirit of the people is far stronger than the pig's technology, and we will resist and resist until the octopus fantasy of the U. S. ruling clique is totally smashed and the world is brought joyously back to reality. Locking us up only makes us stronger and gives us the much-needed opportunity to study and grow stronger. Even our deaths, as brother Che told us on the way out, will only raise the people's consciousness and bring the end of the death culture nearer.

This trial is a powerful weapon in the hands of the people--already it is enabling us to expose the vicious CIA conspiracy to the people and to heighten the people's consciousness of the seriousness of the struggle. We will fight the octopus monster on all fronts, and we will surely defeat it! **WE WILL NOT SUBMIT TO FASCISM, NOW OR ANYTIME, IN ANY FORM, AND WE WILL WIN OUR FREEDOM--THE FREEDOM OF ALL THE PEOPLE ON THE PLANET! ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE! STOP THE CIA CONSPIRACY! REVOLUTION IS THE WAY TO LIFE!! VENCEREMOS!!!**

Wayne County Jail
January, 1971
Year of the Youth

STATEMENT #2

There are a number of secondary issues involved in this trial which we have not dealt with sufficiently since we have heretofore concentrated on the primary issue, which we have defined as the government's strategy of smearing the WPP and characterizing us as irresponsible terrorists and anarchists. But it is important to investigate these secondary contradictions in order to understand exactly what is going on.

Once more, the primary contradiction is the contradiction between the government's characterization of the White Panther Party as an illegal secret conspiracy which plans

and carries out bombings, and the reality of the WPP, which is that we are a disciplined political party engaged in legal political work to serve the people of the youth colony. The government contends that Pun Plamondon, Jack Forrest and myself conspired with David Valler to blow up the Ann Arbor CIA office; the WPP insists that no such conspiracy existed nor, due to the reactionary, anarchist motivation of Valler, could it possibly have existed.

We have spoken to this point at some length, but we haven't yet explored the substantial secondary contradictions involved in this case. Let me try to explain these secondary issues now: (1) David Valler has confessed to his responsibility not only for the CIA bombing but for a whole series of what he calls "anti-establishment" bombings; he has admitted his guilt not only in the courtroom but in the pages of the fascist organ The Detroit News. Yet David Valler was given a 2-5 year sentence in Recorder's Court (the original charge carried a 25-year maximum prison term), which runs concurrently with his previous 7-10 year sentence for narcotics violations. And he has not even been CHARGED in the Federal (CIA) Conspiracy Trial.

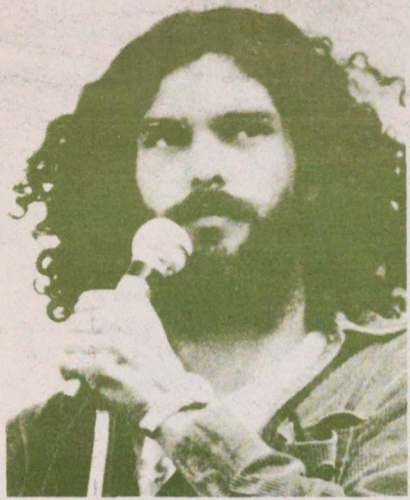
(2) Jack Forrest was originally charged as Valler's partner in the State Conspiracy-to-bomb case; Valler and the rest of his cohorts pled guilty, but Jack maintained his innocence and had the state charges against him DROPPED completely late last year. Yet it is Jack Forrest and not David Valler who is on trial in the CIA Conspiracy Trial.

(3) I am presently serving a 9 1/2 - 10 year sentence for possession of two marijuana cigarettes. Not only is David Valler, who was originally charged with selling large quantities of marijuana and LSD, serving a less severe sentence for the same "crime", but the maximum sentence I can receive IF CONVICTED of the CIA Conspiracy is only 5 years, or half of what I got for possessing two joints! The conclusion which must be drawn from this contradiction is that it's twice as dangerous to the public "health, safety and welfare" to possess two joints as it is to conspire to blow up a CIA recruiting office! Right on!

(4) Thirteen people were originally charged in the State Conspiracy-to-bomb charge, which included in the indictment and information the CIA bombing. David Valler was both named by the judge and himself admitted that he was the "ringleader" of this conspiracy. Of these 13 people 12 either pled guilty to reduced charges (with Valler, with his 2-5 year sentence, receiving the only penitentiary time) or snitched on each other; the 13th was Jack Forrest, who maintained his innocence and finally had the charges against him dropped. **NEITHER PUN PLAMONDON NOR MYSELF WERE NAMED AS PART OF THIS ORIGINAL CONSPIRACY, WHICH INCLUDED the CIA bombing; yet we are named as the PRINCIPALS in the Federal case, along with Jack Forrest.**

(5) In the "wave of anti-establishment bombings" admittedly planned and executed by David Valler and his cohorts and to which they have already pled guilty, the CIA bombing fell in the middle -- there were at least two bombings AFTER the CIA explosion, both of which were ad-

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"...IF WE WALK INTO A SNAKE PIT WE CAN EXPECT TO GET BIT."

STATEMENT BY PUN PLAMONDON, MINISTER OF DEFENSE, W. P. P.

Once, in N. Michigan there lived a good old man, he lived on the edge of the woods with his small granddaughter. While walking through the forest one winter day he happened upon a rattlesnake all stretched out cold and near froze. The old man picked up the snake and carried it home, wrapped in blankets and placed near the fire the snake soon regained its strength. The old man fed it warm milk and crackers or whatever the fuck you feed snakes. Within an hour the snake was totally revived. The old man left for a minute, when he returned his grand-daughter lay dead on the floor, two fang marks in the girl's arm. The old man gets emotional, starts hollerin about, "how could you, how could you, after all I've done for you?" Calmly the snake replied, "you KNEW I was a snake when you brought me in here." The snake then bit the old man.

Likewise, if we walk into a snake

pit we can expect to get bit. The same holds true for courtrooms, we know they're snake pits before we go in there. If we do go into a courtroom and don't get bit then we can probably say it isn't a snake pit but a court of law.

Today in Babylon we're faced with a huge monstrosity, a monster which has developed out of the unholy alliance of snakes, pigs, rats and vampires. Each arm or section of this alliance functions to support and maintain the other section, and they all work in concert to maintain an octopus called imperialism. The ecology of the Babylonian system of just-us, the entire machinery -- from the pig pens to the snake pits, from the toilets and cesspools of the rat bastard politicians and legislatures, to the cloak and dagger rooms, penthouses and guilded chambers of the bloodsucking vampire businessmen -- this whole sickening mess is designed, from top to bottom, to keep the ruling class in power, to keep a fresh supply of blood flowing to the international vampires: the DuPonts, Mellons, Rockefellers, Hunts, Gettys, and the second Fords.

The vampires need people's blood, in order to keep their perverted lives going and they get it through the system of imperialism; the octopus. The octopus is kept on its feet, or rather, tentacles, by the vampires and the slippery-slimy-lying rat politicians, who are shored up by the pigs, whose hoggish terrorism is covered over by the snakes and the fog of "legality." It's all interlocking and brought about by cross-breeding.

To pull the covers off this whole festering shit-load is no easy task. There's a lot of guns between the people and the vampires, but more important, there's a lot of brainwashing, misinformation and lies that we've got to break through before we can get our collective hands around the necks of the very small number of vampires who are bent on controlling the world. The newspapers, radios, television stations, magazines, schools and universities are all owned, controlled, and in the power of the vampires. The vampire message is trumpeted throughout the land by the rat politicians with the help of the mass media. The rats lie, confuse, divide and hoodwink

the people, work them into a frenzy and set them up for the absolute control mechanism, the pigs, the strong arm thugs, the absolute control virus of fascism.

Of course while all this is going on the snakes are hard at work in the pits, in the courts, constantly puking up snake-vomit and fog to cover and cloud over this whole hideous beast. The courts are a ruse, a huge game used to hide the contradictions that naturally arise in any system that is based on competition, the "fuck you and hurray for me ethic," greed, division, lies and skull-duggery. The people of the whole world are up-tight; war -- look to the vampires; fucked-up cities -- look to the vampires; pollution -- look to the vampires, fucked-up cities and living conditions -- look to the vampires. Every problem affecting the people today can be traced to the vampires and the system of international octopus imperialism.

But what happens when the people get hip to the zoo of deformed mutants? What happens when the people rise up, arms in hand, to take back what was always theirs, the land, resources and their destinies? We can look to Canada and see what happens, or Spain, or Ireland, or to Latin American countries to see what happens. The thin fog of "legality" is quickly removed, civil-rights are suspended, it might be done under the guise of "the Internal Security Act" or the "War Measures Act" or some such shit, but the result is the same, the people come face to face with outright fascism, the power of finance capital, Big Money, pigs run amuck in the streets.

If we trace the origin of the Babylonian legal system back to its roots we find that it was first developed in

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"WHAT WE HAVE NOW ARE ... GOVERNMENT INSPIRED CONSPIRACIES AGAINST THE PEOPLE."

STATEMENT BY JACK FORREST, DEP. MINISTER OF EDUCATION, W. P. P.

A season of repression is now upon us. The vampires' tool is the snake-pits (courts), and the charge is conspiracy.

During the last three years the Black Panther Party has bared the brunt of oppression in the courts. In New Haven, Conn. Chairman Bobby Seale and Sister Erika Huggins are on trial. The New York City 21, the Detroit 16, and many other BPP members are being systematically rounded-up, for conspiracy. Now, other courageous brothers and sisters are being charged with conspiracy. Angela Davis, the Chicago 9, the Berrigan Brothers, The Seattle Liberation Front.

In the Fall of 1968 I was charged with conspiracy to bomb, by the state of Mich. (a 25 year max.) along with 13 others here in Detroit. The charges were a direct outgrowth of my Yippie activities, leading up to and at the Democratic

(sic) National Convention. The charges have been dropped against myself. David Valler admitted to the bombings that Detroit witnessed that fall. Police cars, draft boards, Army recruiting centres, the CIA office in A² (that Pun is now charged with). Valler admitted these bombings and received a 5 year sentence for those crimes. The main witness in that case, Ronald Tunstall, Valler's best friend, will testify in our CIA-Conspiracy case. His reasons for doing so, will later be exposed. In fact, it was his testimony that forced the State of Michigan to drop the charges and admit my innocence to any bombings. This will come out in our trial.

What we have now, is a large amount of Government inspired Conspiracies against the people. The people who protest to the genocide committed by a Fascist state against Blacks and Browns within the nation, genocide against a peace-loving people who fight in Indo-China for self-determination. History shows that this has happened in the past.

As I study the peoples history, I find many, many Government in-

spired conspiracies that have been forced on the peoples leaders. Our history lessons in school rob us of a true peoples history, and we must strive to study and gather material that informs us of the early labor struggles in Amerika, and of the righteous struggles of the Native American against the imperialism from Spain, France, England.

In the 1950's, during the height of the Nix-on, McCarthy "witch-hunts", hundreds of suspected 'communists' were charged with conspiracy. During the early 1900's, labor leaders on the West Coast and in Chicago, were struggling for an eight hour work day, and they were charged with conspiracies. Read about Big Bill Haywood, President of Western Federation of Miners or the Haymarket Square riots started by the vampires' pigs firing upon a mass gathering.

A famous local conspiracy was the Pontiac Conspiracy. There are many gaps of what happened during that period; this is what I have pieced together from a few books of Native American History.

A brilliant Native American warri-

or, Pontiac, organized the Ottawas, Hurons, Delawares, Shawnees, Ojibwas, Potawtomis, Miamis, Weas, Senecas, Kickapoos and other tribes into a "United Front" to resist early English Imperialism in May 1763. (This was 13 years before the start of the first American Revolution!!) With the support of many tribes of the mid-west they quickly overran every English military post but two -- Fort Pitt and Fort Detroit. (Now called Fort Wayne.)

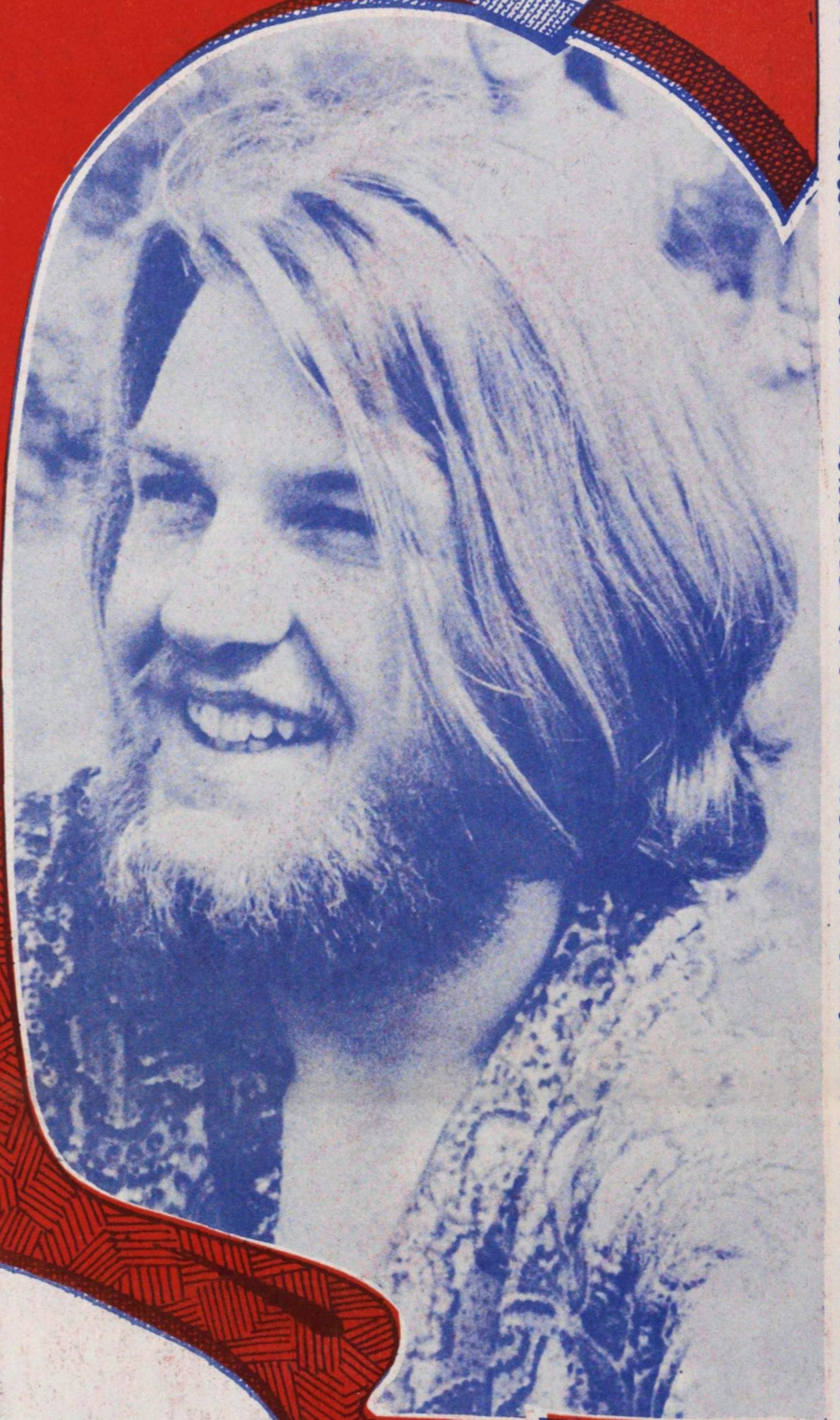
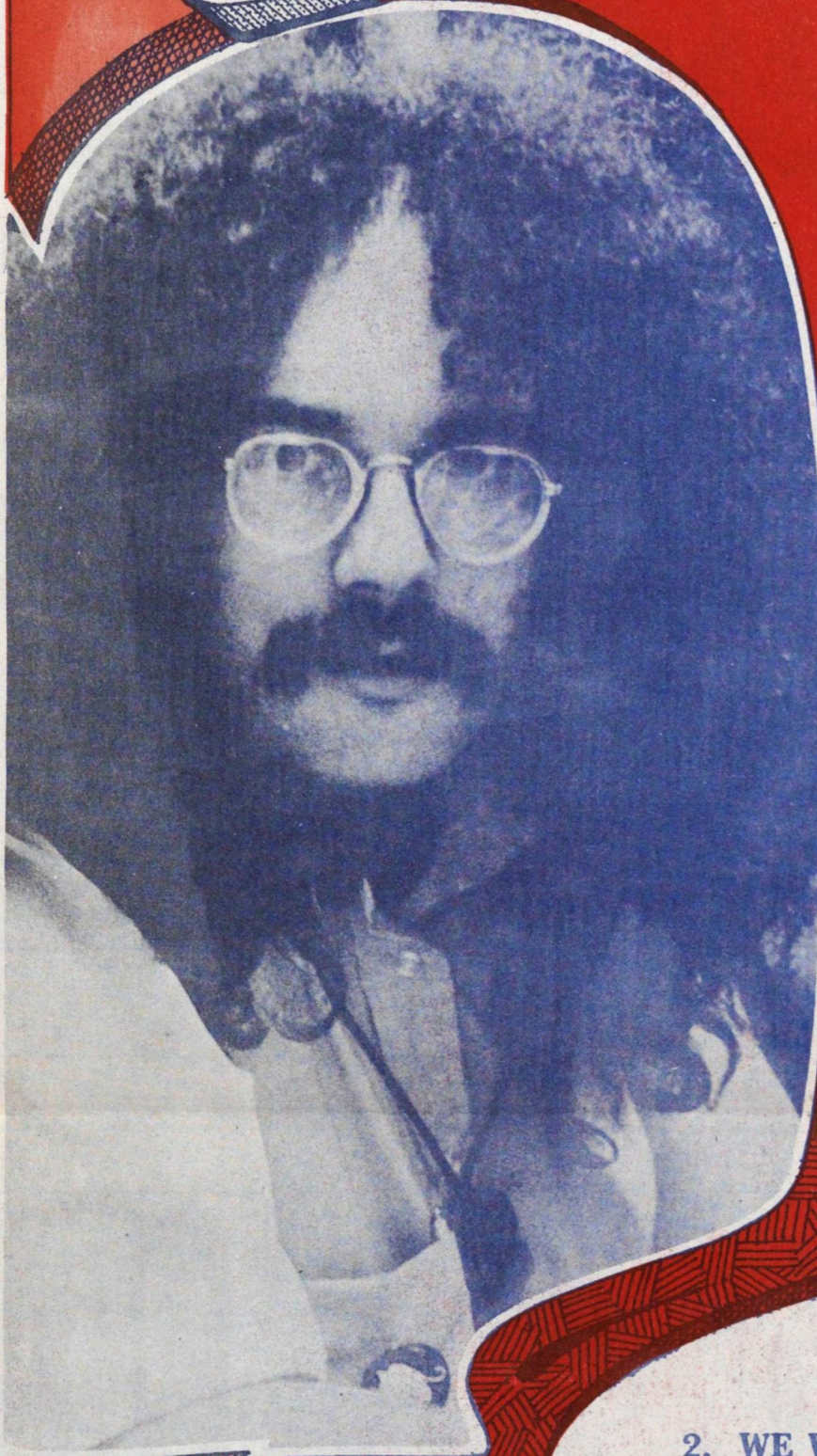
At Fort Macinac the take-over was an example of how a whole people take part in the Liberation Boogie. Once a week all the brothers and sisters of a local tribe gathered outside the English held fort to play lacrosse. Lacrosse is a hard hitting contact sport played by two teams using long-handled webbed rackets. While the brothers played the sisters shouted encouragement, and abuse. Often in the past, hard, play the ball would go over the walls of the fort. The English pig sentries who watched the weekly games would allow the "squaws" to enter the fort to retrieve the ball. One afternoon, at the third weekly game, the fort gates were opened to let a group of "squaws" in to retrieve the ball. "After all the women are weak and harmless, aren't they?" the English thought. Well, the sisters used the oppressors' sexism to their advantage. They came out of their blankets firing guns, quickly taking the fort and started the righteous peoples' bar-b-que!

Downstate, Pontiac and the people started a blockade on the two remaining forts that lasted all summer, using guerilla warfare to stop re-enforcements from reaching the forts. In October of 1763, Pontiac and tribal leaders went to Fort Detroit to try and negotiate a just settlement of trade and trading laws.

(continued on page 18)

WE WANT

JUSTICE



Point #2 - White Panther Ten Point Program

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 OPPRESSION OF BLACK PEOPLE, OF WOMEN, OF GAY PEOPLE, OF YOUNG PEOPLE; AND ALL NATIONAL MINORITIES WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERIKA. 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!

**FREE JOHN PUN & JACK
& ALL PEOPLES
FROM THE CIA CONSPIRACY**

Send contributions to the White Panther Defense Fund - 1520 Hill St. Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

STATEMENTS

JOHN

(continued from page 14)

mittedly carried out by Valler et al. Yet this ONE CASE has been singled out and assigned to Pun, Jack, and myself.

(6) Finally, the most serious secondary contradiction is that the government denies that this is a political prosecution against the WPP; yet the people WHO ACTUALLY PLANNED AND CARRIED OUT A WHOLE SERIES OF BOMBINGS were let off with probation, misdemeanor sentences, or prison sentences (Valler) which is in effect no sentence at all. They were let off like this because they had no political consciousness, no political affiliations with revolutionary organizations, and no commitment to revolutionary change through serving the people and making the revolution. All of them "repented" their involvement in Valler's conspiracy and grovelled before the pigs in fear and trembling. Only Pun, Jack and myself

have been charged, without objective basis, because we have been active in the White Panther Party, serving in positions of leadership and dedicating ourselves to the cause of the people. Thus we represent a threat to the U. S. government which has nothing to do with anarchistic actions like blowing up individual police cars and other symbolic targets. We represent a threat to the government because we are committed to the abolition of capitalism and its institutions and we manifest our commitment in protracted daily community work among the people of the youth colony.

A few individual bombings, no matter the targets, do not represent a problem for the U. S. government; what DOES threaten its security is revolutionary organization, education, and people's service work. Tactical bombings have meaning only when they are accompanied by intensive political education of the masses, not when they are done by crazed individualists who, like David Valler, do it because they think it's "hip" or because it will gain them personal notoriety and fame.

It is important that we clarify one more point in regard to the charges brought against Pun, Jack, and myself. This concerns the party's position on bombings and other acts of armed propaganda carried out against imperialist installations within the mother country. As suggested above, such acts of revolutionary violence are effective only when they are carried out within a framework of mass political education, so that the broad masses of the people can understand the purpose of these acts and how they advance the cause of the people. For if the masses are not educated as to the political significance of such acts by revolutionary freedom fighters they will succumb to the government's reactionary propaganda and see the actions as being AGAINST their best interests, and the revolutionaries as their enemies.

In the past two or three years as the struggle has intensified and the issues have become more clearly defined for the participants, there has been a serious lack of effective educational work among the masses as far as the bombings are concerned, and thus the broad masses have come to feel that counter-revolutionary buffoons like David Valler are typical of the armed propagandists. This

false image has been promoted by the government as part of its overall strategy to discredit the revolutionary movement in Babylon and turn the masses against the revolution. This is the situation we must correct if we are to make the revolution, because we must win the support of the masses and teach them that we are their true friends while the government and the imperialist system it fronts for is their real enemy. In this respect we have failed so far, and it is time now to correct our mistakes and go forth to educate the people. Revolution is the way to life! All Power to the People!

Life to the Life Culture!

Death to the Death Culture!

Stop the CIA Conspiracy!!

VENCEREMOS!!!

Wayne County Jail
January, 1971

PUN

(continued from page 15)

England, long before the first invaders ever set foot on the shores of Babylon. In England, the King or Queen were absolute monarchs, supreme rulers; they were the law-makers, courts and executioners all wrapped up in one. In due time people rose up and demanded to control their own lives, their land and their destinies. In this case the King gets up-tight, he calls a bunch of his buddies and pals together, these are the cats he plays golf with all the time.

"Look here," he says, "we gotta set up this system ya see, we'll cop us some robes, some wigs, and some of those little wooden hammers, the whole shabang, then when the people fuck-up, refuse to pay taxes, or give up their shit, or the young guys won't go to war, or the young women won't come to the castle, ya see, we'll just carry 'em before you guys and you can hold court and roll their heads. I'll be covered, ya see, and you guys will be covered 'cause I'm going to write up these laws and you guys will just be following the letter of the law. I'll make the laws to protect us and see to it that we continue to rip-off the people. Now if ya fuckup I'm taking back all the shit, the robes, the wigs, the hammers, the whole smear, and you'll be in the gutter, so ya better not fuckup. Hey! you guys wanna go bowling tonite?"

It works about the same way today, with a very few beautiful exceptions, you've got to be dedicated to the ruling class to become a "Judge", and you got to remain faithful to the ruling class if you hope to remain a judge.

Many of you in the Detroit area will remember the armed assault by the Detroit Hog Squad against the Republic of New Africa during the RNA's annual convention at the New Bethel Church. The assault resulted in one pig dead, another wounded and over 100 members of the RNA busted. Detroit Records Court Judge George Crockett (SP) ordered those being held to be released because ACCORDING TO THE LAW THEY WERE HELD ILLEGALLY. Judge Crockett, following the law as, by law, he is charged to do, released those held. By following the letter of the law Judge Crockett (SP) unleashed the wrath of the entire power structure of Michigan, because this Judge applied the law on behalf of the people and not the ruling class he was attacked from all sides; rats, pigs, vampires, and snakes stood in line

and tripped over each other to attack and condemn his gallant stand in the face of the entire racist, fascist political machinery of the State. Shades of the old King ruse.

So sisters and brothers once over lightly, we got us a hybrid mutant on our hands, goes under the name of imperialism, the octopus, its tentacles stretch to every corner of the earth. Within this octopus, this system of world domination, we have three levels of oppression. Starting from the top: the cats you never see; cause they're vampires, blood-suckers, capitalists -- they need the people's blood, the oil of the Middle East and Latin America, diamonds, oil and minerals of Africa, minerals, rubber and military bases in Indo-China. Then these super-businessmen need, what they call "open markets", to sell the worthless products that are made here in Babylon; Coca-Cola, electric can-openers, brassieres and vacuum cleaners. In order to sell this bullshit around the world the people's land and culture must first be destroyed and then rebuilt in the image of Babylon. The vampires must turn the whole world into a huge suburb/supermarket complex in order to sell their products. Check out Japan, South Korea, South Vietnam, Germany.

Next comes the slippery slimy sewer-rats, the lying politicians. Some of these beasts have cross-bred with the vampires, which gives us a new creature, like Rockefeller, Eastland and their ilk. Primarily the rats are the front men for the vampires. Their job is to take orders from the rats who take orders from the vampires who control the people. The pigs are just armed thugs for the international criminals. Since they are international they have an international pig force too, the military. These pigs keep everyone in line and keep the whole octopus running smoothly.

Now this whole system is covered over in a shroud of legality by the snakes and the snake pits, the courts. The courts are the biggest ruse since hecker was a pup.

Huey P. Newton teaches us that we must exhaust all legal means, 'cause Huey knows that we must show the people in no uncertain terms that it is the octopus, the power structure, that is their enemy and we in fact are their friends. One way of doing this is to take the biggest ruse of all and use that to expose the rest of the octopus to the people. This will be the goal of the WPP in the upcoming CIA Conspiracy trial. The WPP does not engage in military attacks against the ruling class; we are an above-ground organization dedicated to serving and organizing the people to prepare to Seize the Time. We know where the real Conspiracy lies, it lies with the CIA, the FBI and the rest of the power structure. At this time we don't know if our Judge is part of the Conspiracy or not, so we don't know if

he's a snake or not. Only time and the trial will tell. WE don't have very many legal means left, so we should make them all count. Me? I'll be wearing my snake boots, just in case.

Power to the People -- Free John, Free Bobby and Ericka, Free the Solidad Brothers, Free Angela, Free All Political Prisoners and Prisoners of War! Viva Los Siete.

Pun Plamondon, Minister of Defense, WPP, Wayne Co. Jail, Detroit, Michigan.

JACK

(continued from page 15)

In the course of negotiations, the chief British pig ordered Pontiac and his people arrested.

Pontiac and the people, no fools themselves, came out of their blankets "busting caps". Three or four pigs were shot and immediately disarmed. They then "borrowed" the main boar of the fort to insure their travels. Once outside the fort they left the British boar with a bullet-induced headache. Pontiac was charged with conspiracy to murder. He was never arraigned. The English did however, break the peoples blockade, and stopped the peoples spirit, by buying off tribes one by one, later. The Native Americans were forced westward by Amerikan settlers.

What caused the Native Americans, in this situation, to lose control of their lands was lack of unity. With unity we can combat racism, sexism, and all of the "pig" pushed upon our minds/bodies. With unity the people of North America can win every battle against the vampires, rats, snakes and pigs. What we call for now in 1971, is a collective show of support for all the Government inspired conspiracies against the people. Physically and financially, this means attending all the conspiracy trials, to show your support. Come to our trial, attend the Bobby Seale/Ericka Huggins trial in Conn., attend the coming N. Y. C. 21, Detroit 16, Weatherman trials, the Berrigan Brothers trial. Do not allow the vampires and snakes to separate these righteous brothers and sisters from the people.

If every brother and sister in Amerika would go without that lid of dope for the week and send that money to one of these defense funds, we will surely win!

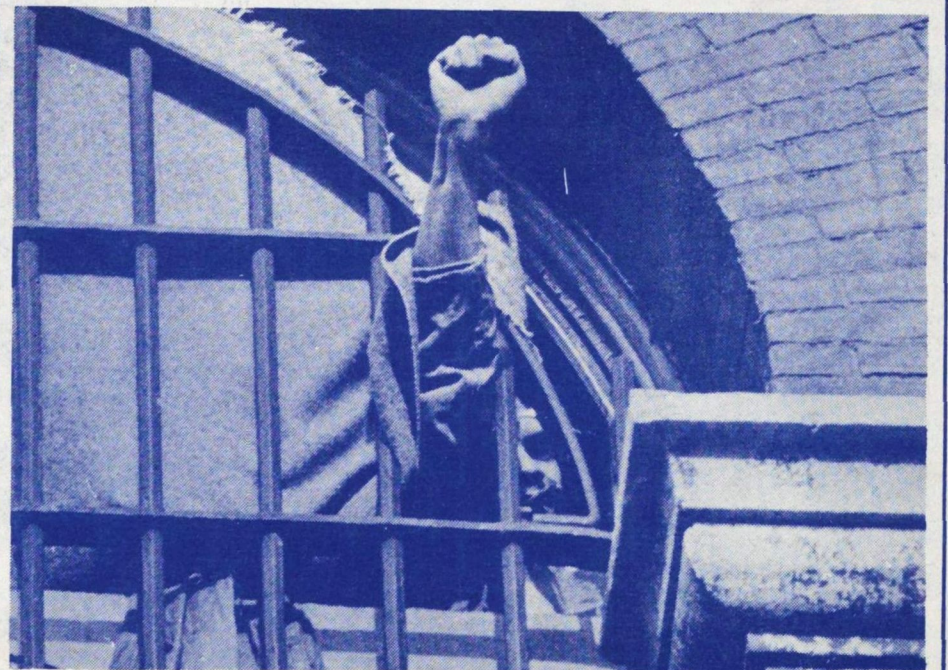
All Power to the People!

Seize the Time!

Come to the Trials!

If you want to get high, you're going to have to fight!

Jack Forrest
Deputy Minister of Education,
White Panther Party



In the alphabet-soup world of politics -- where everything has its defining initials -- three letters, when strung together properly, trigger universal recognition. No matter where you go, no matter what you do, try dropping the letter C. I. A. and check out the reaction.

007

Now forget those James Bond images for a moment; lay aside flashes of "I Spy" or "Mission Impossible." It's not like that. Romance and intrigue are rarely present in The Agency's (as it's affectionately called by employees) work. The C. I. A.'s primary role is as the brain of the beast, the central-mental, the overall memory-bank for the slicksters and tricksters of the Amerikan Empire. Not that it's above strong-arm super romance stuff. It's just that the CIA is into heavier things. Much heavier.

Someone has to wind the marines up before the march. Someone has to program the Man's moves. Someone has to come up with the schemes (or "contingency plans") to keep the oil flowing from the Middle-East to your gas tank so it can pollute the air. The CIA helps keep the world "safe for democracy", or, more precisely, safe for rape and plunder by the death merchants.

In the chess game now underway between the forces of the future and those of the past, between the Red Menace and the Ajax White Knight, the CIA's computers plot Amerika's moves. The mission: Checkmate the world.

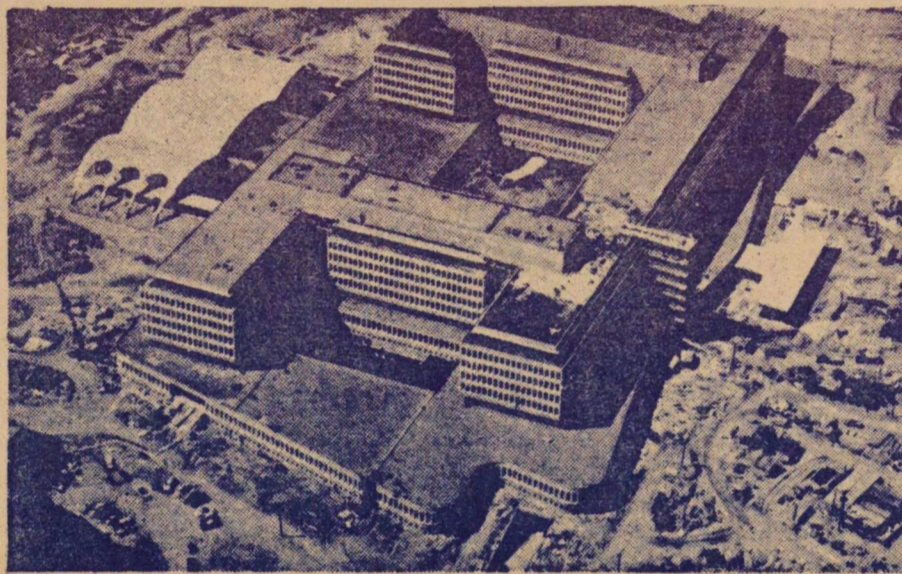
BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING

Founded in 1947, the CIA was launched to shape the cold war, to calculate the "containment" of growing liberation movements around the planet. It was charged with coordinating all government intelligence activities -- military, diplomatic, domestic -- under the direction of the National Security Council, which is controlled by the President. The CIA puts all the information it gathers together and presents it in "useful" form to the head men, who often then come back to the Agency with instructions for action. This frequently includes intervening secretly in the affairs of other nations -- manipulating the overthrow of hostile governments, wiping out troublesome individuals or groups, or purchasing (with cold cash) the services of local agents to help keep things cool.

To do its job the Agency has a secret budget of billions and around 30,000 employees. Its intelligence gathering operation is the most sophisticated in the world. Most of the information comes from what are known as "open" sources. The CIA closely monitors all major newspapers, radio broadcasts and the research papers and academic production of universities, FROM EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD! It's a big job. To handle it IBM was hired to develop the biggest and most advanced computer ever -- it processes more than 200,000 different sources of information that arrive at the Langley, Va. CIA HQ every month. Langley houses more PhD's than any other government agency. This is a source of great pride to these schmucks -- a CIA official once boasted that the Agency could easily convert itself into a major university.

CONSPIRACY ON AMERIKA

by Danny Supersleuth



CIA HEADQUARTERS IN LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

Of course it's impossible to really be on top of what's going on from simply clipping newspapers. Here's where the real spying comes in. (The pro's call spying "covert intelligence collection.") Espionage is carried out in every conceivable way by spies of every color and shape, and increasingly by the new spy technology: The U-2 Plane and its ultra-sensitive camera, developed by the POLAROID Corporation (aerial views in 60 seconds); slick eavesdropping equipment (Ramparts once published a picture of a CIA bra especially wired for sound), and even satellites.

PLANS

Orders coming from the National Security Council are handled by the "Plans Division." These are the people responsible for the CIA's James Bond image. Their finer moments include:

The setting up of "Western Enterprises, Inc." on Taiwan to train and equip Nationalist Chinese Guerrillas for raids against the mainland.

The overthrow of Mohammed Mossadegh in Iran, a move undertaken to protect American oil investments. This operation involved "the careful spending of more than ten million dollars in a period of a few days."

The overthrow of radical President Jacob Arbenz, pulled off to keep Guatemala safe for the United Fruit Company (Chiquita Banana).

The so far unsuccessful attempt to overthrow the Cuban Revolutionary Government. The Plans Division suffered its biggest setback at the Bay of Pigs (prophetic name), where Cuban forces defeated an invasion attempt by Cuban refugee

mercenaries trained and organized by the United States. The CIA has tried to assassinate Fidel six different times, and continues to fund and guide anti-Castro "gusanos", based in Miami, Florida.

The use of universities such as Michigan State to shape, advise, and equip the neo-colonial puppet government in Saigon. The CIA remains deeply enmeshed in the War On Vietnam after engineering America's original intervention. It's currently working on Operation Phoenix, an unsuccessful attempt to locate and wipe out the Viet Cong's infrastructure through assassination.

These examples are just the tip of the iceberg -- more and more of these undercover activities are being uncovered all the time. Several years ago it was discovered that the CIA was financing the National Student Association and hundreds of other largely youth groups, to help oppose radicals and advance moderate points of view friendly to Amerikan interests. The articles which exposed these incredible operations represented a set-back to the Agency. They also illuminated a crucial part of the Agency's work: political engineering.

COMMUNIST TOOL

Political engineering is a very delicate business. It involves or helping certain select movements to defeat others. For example, in 1961 two journalists reported that John McCone was shocked when he became CIA chief to learn that "The CIA promoted and financed every major international socialist conference held during the past 10 years." Barry Goldwater

was even more pissed in 1967 when he complained, after the NSA exposure, that the CIA was pro-socialist. He demanded that right-wing groups be given CIA money, too. Apparently the money never came through -- the latest issue of the John Birch Society's magazine "American Opinion" accuses the CIA of being a Communist tool.

Incredible?

Not really. The CIA Super-Pigs are stone manipulators and calculators. They're no liberals -- the Brain Police are very pragmatic: They believe in utilizing "any means necessary" to protect the Empire. Even if that means "capitalists" financing "socialists" to fight "communists." Shrewd motherfuckers!

MIT-IBM-CIA

Every so often the papers are filled with editorials calling for more control over the CIA; the so-called Invisible Government. This is a ruse. From the beginning, the CIA has been controlled by the President, regulated by secret committees of Congress, and, most importantly, responsive to the long range interests of the big U. S. corporations. The CIA is closely intermeshed with the Washington-White-House-Wallstreet power structures, both in terms of decisions and personnel. The American government as a whole bears responsibility for the CIA's operations -- it doesn't do anything of its own accord. The Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, which keeps after the agency's operations as a double-check, has always been staffed by some of the more illustrious members of the Military-Industrial Complex. Past members include Clark Clifford, the corporate wheeler-dealer and LBJ's Secretary of Defense; Frank Pace, of a large military contracting firm; William Baker, of Bell Tell; James Killian of MIT-IBM-AT&T-GM and Polaroid (!); Polaroid President Edward Land, and General Maxwell Taylor. No women, blacks, or Woodstock Nationals need apply for the job.

The CIA's links with corporations and the ruling class can also be seen by a quick look at who works for the Agency. Espionage tends to attract the elite, privileged and better educated members of society, often from old established families who, already assured of great wealth, are now interested in protecting it. We find names like Amory, Cabot, Saltonstall, Roosevelt, etc. -- men who share the same honkie capitalist values.

The people who work with the CIA are something else again! The J. M. Kaplan Fund, for example, controlled by a wealthy NY businessman with interests in the Dominican Republic Sugar Industry, once passed a million dollars to the CIA Conduit Institute of International Research, which sponsored training for anti-communist trade unionists in -- guess where? -- the Dominican Republic.

Another example of CIA-Corporate collusion was in Guatemala, where the Agency toppled a president who had taken the outrageous step of nationalizing land held by foreign companies. It was replaced with a puppet government. The CIA was involved in the overthrow of the government of Guatemala in 1954. The CIA was involved in the overthrow of the government of Guatemala in 1954. The CIA was involved in the overthrow of the government of Guatemala in 1954.

(CIA, cont. from preceding page)

Fruit's Board of Directors.

But the CIA usually doesn't work with a single firm. It strives to create the best climate for economic penetration by all U. S. companies around the globe, simultaneously.

According to the Wall Street Journal -- which ought to know -- corporations often provide a cover for CIA operatives. "More frequently" wrote the Journal, "it has turned to business as a source of information, interviewing travelling businessmen to gather clues to political and economic developments abroad." Executives are careful not to let this info out, because such knowledge could arouse resentment and suspicion not very helpful to investment. But companies continue to cooperate with the agency which serves their interests. A few years ago, a company with lots of experience in Brazil provided Washington with a complete analysis of the views of the left-leaning Goulart government. Goulart was soon overthrown.

SPOOK CAPITALISM

The CIA also operates a few businesses of its own. The best known is Air America, a private airline which flies U. S. troops, mercenaries, supplies and smuggled opium all over Asia. Another company is no longer around. Double Check, Inc. was set up to provide air support for the Bay of Pigs, but it was triple-checked on the beaches of Cuba.

SCHOOL DAZE

As a result of student protests, intelligence-related research conducted on university campuses in the past have been channeled more and more to corporations. Professors who once did secret research on campus have set up private companies off-campus so as to continue their investigations into juicy devices like anti-personnel bombs, biological warfare, and the like. So the work goes on.

MICHIGAN GETS CHE

A good example of how university research functions to maintain the Empire took place at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. We now know that military research carried on at Michigan's Willow Run Laboratories was directly responsible for the capture and death of Che Guevara in Bolivia. One device perfected by the lab measures the temperature radiation of a subject. This machinery in an aircraft al-

lows you to fly over an area and PHOTOGRAPH THE HEAT. It's used to discover the location of troop concentrations (which give off heat) so as to enable the bombers to destroy them more precisely. It's used a lot in Vietnam.

Sure enough, this we-find-them-you-kill-em technology was used in Bolivia to track down Che and his guerilla force. The operation was run directly from the White House. CIA Director Richard Helms worked with LBJ's General Staff and a joint CIA-Pentagon unit called the "Che Watch", sending planes back and forth over the guerilla zone pinpointing every single heat source on infrared superfilm. Che's unit was found by a process of elimination, and troops were sent in to destroy it.

Contrary to CIA hopes, Che's death did not wipe out the Latin American Revolution. If anything it served as a rallying cry, provoking sharper resistance to his assassins throughout the world, including in Michigan itself. The bombing of the CIA office in Ann Arbor is but one example.

THE BRAIN POLICE

The CIA understands the importance of people standing firm for their society and its actions, to keep support going for its war against the people of the world. Shaping people's minds thus becomes a subtle but essential task. To keep the students from finding out the truth about communism, they subsidized a network of youth organizations with a moderate anti-communist point of view. The National Student Association was the best known. To deal with young minds abroad the agency financed outfits that brought foreign students to this country and trained them up good for jobs in U. S. corporations or in friendly foreign governments.

The CIA also supported groups which thought up ideological rationalizations for imperialism -- like our investments are helping the natives, before we were there they had nothing, when the reality is that we went in there and sapped up the country's resources for our own use before it could stop us. These groups published magazines, sent speakers to campuses and on TV, and published textbooks warning a whole generation as to the danger of communism, and the glory and freedom of America. If everybody believes this kind of stuff, then the government can invade countries like Vietnam without too much opposition. This ideological indoctrination is part of an

active program for training elites to manage American institutions as well as those third world countries which are subordinate to them. The institutes and foundations organized by the CIA must be viewed as components in a sophisticated strategy for administering the empire. Under the Old Colonialism, the British and the French administered their colonies directly. We've all seen movies portraying a pompous Colonial Governor and his elephant gun -- But the U. S. represents a higher form of imperial control, based on neo-colonialism, a strategy which uses native middlemen to control their own people. The Thieu-Ky puppet government in Vietnam is a good example of this.

To carry this out, the native culture must be destroyed and replaced with American junk/consumer consciousness. This helps remove the natural resistance instincts in people, making them passive like most Americans, and eager to cooperate in their own destruction. Fanon runs this down beautifully in *The Wretched of The Earth*.

All these programs aim at providing an alternative to revolutionary movements. But they don't always work out. Many of the leaders of the Palestinian Resistance were schooled at the American University in Beirut. When people get hip to what is being done to them, they revolt. Check out your own mind.

THE END OF HIS EPOCH

We could go on and on, vomiting up more details of schemes, episodes and spy stories in the night. These belong to history -- check them out if you want to.

Somewhere in McClean, Virginia, Richard Helms, the current director of The Agency, sits up at night, downing milk for his ulcer, examining the wrinkles in his forehead. His day's work is responsible for some of the most hideous activities ever witnessed by history.

What will be his excuse at the People's War Crimes Trials sure to come? Will he slobber like Eichmann and mumble something about just following orders? Will he stand erect, and admit to serving class and country? Or will he, before an outraged humanity, break down and shed a tear for the end of his epoch.

We have studied these people. Gone to their schools. Read all their fools. Heard about all we want to hear.

And we know.

C.I.A. MAN

By TULI KUPFERBERG (VIRGIN FUGS)

Who can buy a government so cheap
Who can cut their neck without a squeak
Fuckin a man
CIA man

Who has got the secretest service
The one that's got the other service nervous
Fuckin a man
CIA man

Who can kill a general in his bed
Overthrow dictators if they're red
Fuckin a man
CIA man

Who can find a counter-agent quick
Especially the ones themselves have picked
Fuckin a man
CIA man

Who can plant a riot in Vietnam
Who can have the troops retreat in the calm
Fuckin a man
CIA man

Who can take the sugar from the sack
Pour in LSD and put it back
Fuckin a man
CIA man

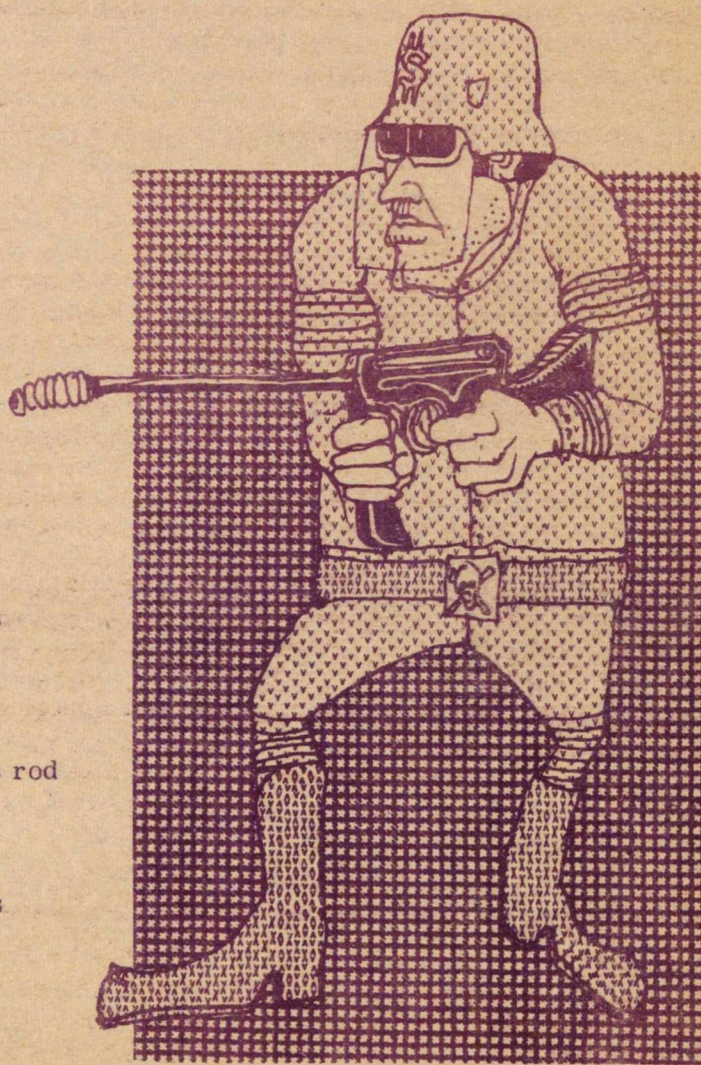
Who can squash republics like bananas
If they do not like their social manners
Fuckin a man
CIA man

Who can train guerillas by the dozen
Send them out to kill their aunts and cousins
Fuckin a man
CIA man

Who's the agency well-known to God
The one that copped his staff and copped his rod
Fuckin a man
CIA man

Who can cipher anything but zeros
Not well-known but simply well-paid heroes
Fuckin a man
CIA man

packed up with assorted groans, screeches,
obscene noises and various death-knells)



This morning of the small snow
I count the blessings, the leak in the faucet
which makes of the sink time, the drop
of the water on water as sweet
as the Seth Thomas
in the old kitchen
my father stood in his drawers to wink (always
he forgot the 30th day, as I don't want to remember
the rent

a house these days
so much somebody else's,
especially,
Congoleum's

Or the plumbing,
that it doesn't work, this I like, have even used paper clips
as well as string to hold the ball up And flush it
with my hand

But that the car doesn't, that no moving thing moves
without that song I'd void my ear of, the musickracket
of all ownership . . .

Holes
in my shoes, that's all right, my fly
gaping, me out
at the elbow, the blessing

that difficulties are once more

"In the midst of plenty, walk
as close to
bare

In the face of sweetness,
piss

In the time of goodness,
go side, go
smashing, beat them, go as
(as near as you can

tear

In the land of plenty, have
nothing to do with it

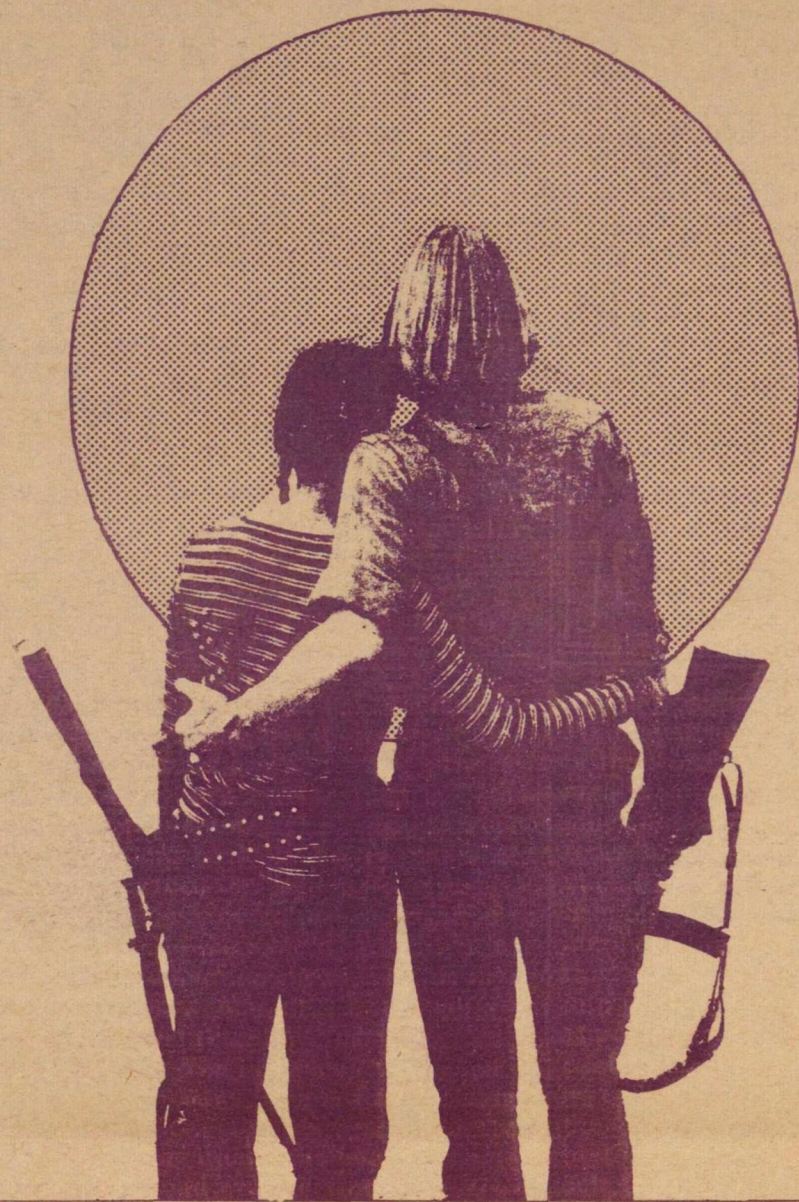
take the way of

the lowest,
including
your legs, go
contrary, go

sing

--Charles Olson

Song 3



(PLAGUE, continued from page 3)

that marijuana and heroin were both ugly, dangerous, addictive dope that would kill the user. When we found out that marijuana and the psychedelics were actually GOOD for you, many of us just assumed that our parents and teachers were lying about heroin, too--and we are just now finding out that heroin and speed and all that shit CAN and DOES kill first the mind and then the body of the user.

The government is by no means guilty just by error or omission concerning dope--the people who run the system KNOW that marijuana and the psychedelics are beneficial drugs. Moreover, they can see these drugs are REVOLUTIONARY, for they are, along with rock and roll, in a large part responsible for the growth of our revolutionary new culture. Young people are smoking weed and dropping out, smoking hash and demanding control of their schools and communities; taking psychedelics and studying revolution.

The pig system can't cope with this--it's already got enough problems with Vietnamese people and Palestinian people and black and brown people right here in the states. So the government has allowed the pig drugs to be pumped into our communities by the Mafia the same way it has been pumped into the black and brown communities for years. "You can't make a revolution when you're nodding out on smack," the saying goes; you can't do anything on bogus drugs at all except to get fed up with your own existence.

So marijuana busts continue while government officials continue to shuck and jive about "the drug problem," (and President

Nixon is calling a conference to investigate rock and roll lyrics "that encourage the use of drugs" to see that those kind of awful songs get banned from the radio) and all the time more and more of us get sick and die from barbituates, speed, and smack.

So we can see that this bogus dope sickness is never REALLY going to be cured once and for all until we deal finally and completely with the whole pig system. But while we are dealing with that system, while we are building for the revolution and the revolutionary new order that must take the place of the pig system, we cannot afford by any means to overlook the immediate problems of our people. If we can't find some solutions to the pig dope problem, and act on them right now, we will simply not survive to realize any of our hopes and desires and plans for the future.

We have got to put a stop to this shit right now! We have so much to live for, so much to get really HIGH about; we are a whole new beautiful people and our highest music, dope, politics, all of our lives and actions, along with the lives and actions of all the other peoples on the planet, are rewriting the history of this world in the terms of freedom, peace, and love for all living things. We are beginning to build the new age on the ruins of the old one, and we have so much to do, all of us have so much to accomplish--the pig death drug ruse is clearly just an insanity created by the rulers of the pig system in a last-ditch attempt to derail us.

But it is too late for that. We know that if we are united in our opposition to the death drugs we will be able to stomp them into the

ground once and for all--if we are together none of the pig's tricks will be able to halt our movement into the future.

We must start the anti-pig drug attack with the knowledge that phoney THC, downers, smack, and speed are truly the death drugs, as opposed to the LIFE drugs like marijuana, hashish, peyote, and pure LSD, mescaline and psilocibin. We call bogus drugs DEATH drugs because they are exactly that, they create the self-destruction stupor/death consciousness in a person RIGHT NOW every time he or she takes them-- and they must cause physical death if that person keeps taking them.

Then we move from our knowledge to action. We begin by refusing to accept any longer the use of pig drugs as "the hip thing to do," we have to hip all of our brothers and sisters to the total depravity of the death drugs and how that has nothing to do with the real beauty and utility of the life drugs.

Members of rock bands have a special obligation at these initial stages of the anti-death drug struggle, because, along with their music, their words and actions have a very big effect on all people in our culture. Musicians should take a leading role by at least giving correct information about drugs and making their position on this issue clear onstage, in the newspapers and magazines, on radio and TV.

(Frank Zappa must be mentioned in this regard for his effective anti-speed radio commercials. But our attack should be on all the pig drugs. And NO musician should feel too little known, or too famous for that matter, to ignore his or her responsibility to the people for whom he or she makes his or her music.)

All progressive elements of our communities must come together. We will need houses, offices, information centers, medical help, people, energy, time, and lots lots more to build effective programs in our communities to deal with the Plague. In this light, there is one specific that many rock bands, dope dealers, promoters, store owners, and hip capitalists of every sort can give in the fight against death drugs: money.

Service organizations, communes, political groups, women's organizations, schools, newspapers, magazines, radio stations, every individual and group has something they can do, something they must do, to put an end to pig dope.

We have seen too many of our best men and women lose their energy and finally their lives through the use of bad dope. Sisters and brothers on the streets and in the ballrooms; those of us still holding jobs, going to school, in the army, of living at home; rock bands, courageous dope smugglers, craftswomen and men, artists, technicians, and mystics--we, all of us, are too important to be lost to the sickening stranglehold of the Plague. We must see that the only way to deal with our oppression now is through total health and strength and unity, truly HIGH with the combined energy of all the people and the righteous instances of the planet, fighting, singing, playing, working, living to be free.

Frank Bach
Minister of Culture
White Panther Party

Sun/Dance: As someone who has had fairly regular communication with the Vietnamese, what is their view of this period? Are things slowing down in Vietnam and staying at the same level, as they seem to be here?

Rennie: No Vietnam is not slowing down. It's more like preparing for a flashpoint. Pentagon reports would have us believe that the Vietcong are running out of breath, and that "pacification" of the rural hamlets is a great success. But recent events indicate that the Vietnamese resistance is sweeping from the countryside into the highest levels of the Saigon administration and the puppet army -- to the point where the CIA itself leaked a secret report several months ago which claimed that there were 30,000 Vietcong agents in the government. There is a new reality in South Vietnam today, one that has the potential of overthrowing the Puppet Regime that Nixon was banking on to carry out his Vietnamization program.

SD: You've been speaking a lot recently about a Mr. Ngo Cong Duc. Would you run that down?

Rennie: Duc is a member of the National Assembly in South Vietnam. He edits Saigon's largest daily, Tin Sang. He's president of the Federation of South Vietnamese Journalists, a rich landlord from the Delta elected in 1967 as a respected Catholic. This was a man who was considered neutral, or safe, to the Saigon Administration. Yet four days after Madame Nguyen Thi Binh (chief negotiator for the NLF at the Paris Peace Talks) issued her eight point proposal for ending the war, Duc was in Paris preparing for a bombshell press conference.

On September 21, at the press conference, Duc said a people's uprising against the Thieu-Ky regime had already begun. He said all Vietnamese now demanded immediate, total U. S. withdrawal from Vietnam, the overthrow of the Thieu administration, and the establishment of a provisional Government of independent and peace forces, that could then negotiate directly with the Provisional Revolutionary Government in order to establish a new government rid of US influence. A statement like this results in execution or a long prison sentence in Saigon. Duc was expected to go immediately into

exile somewhere in Europe. Instead, he got on a plane and flew back to Saigon. And as he returned, Vietnam flashed its support for his position, thunderous support which suggested a new force emerging out of years of quiet, skillful organizing. The deputy bishop of the Catholic Church, the Vice-President of the National Assembly declared their support for the Duc statement. So-called "government controlled" newspapers plastered it all over Vietnam, with the message that virtually every women's, student, worker and war-veteran organization in Vietnam was aligning itself with this open call to rebellion.

Duc's life is in great jeopardy. By Saigon's fraudulent constitution, he is supposed to have immunity to any statement he makes, in as much as he is a member of the national Assembly. But Law and Order in Saigon is even more obscene than in the United States. The criminals decided what the law and order will be for the rest of the population. But those in power haven't moved yet because they know that an assassination attempt on Duc's life at this time could very well trigger

the uprising he called for in Paris.

SD: What was Madame Binh's 8 point peace proposal?

Rennie: Madame Binh's proposal, made on September 17 in Paris, is the concrete expression of the new forces emerging to overthrow the Thieu regime. The Vietnamese believe Nixon should be given a face saving device to avoid the embarrassment and humiliation of defeat. The 8 point program is made from a position of enormous strength, not weakness as some of the Vietnam analysis fools have tried to suggest in the press. It is put forward as a proposal that answers the American propaganda and embraces American public opinion. American minds have been stirred crazy by the prisoner of war issue. Madame Binh offers a concrete way to release all pows. Americans want a cease fire, so withdrawing US troops can get out safely and the bloodshed can stop. Madame Binh offers a proposal for a cease fire. Americans want a process established so that free and democratic elections can de-

TWO AND ONE HALF HIROSHIMAS EVERY WEEK

AN INTERVIEW WITH RENNIE DAVIS



South Vietnamese students take to the streets to protest the treatment of political prisoners by the Saigon government.

cide South Vietnam's future. Madame Binh details such a proposal. These and other points are possible if Nixon will set a deadline for total troop withdrawal. Madame Binh suggests the date of June 30, 1971, a date that has majority support in the US, but she has recently made it clear that any reasonable date is acceptable, if Nixon would only put a date on the conference table in Paris. Nixon's 5 point program for "peace", of course, is a clever ploy calling for a cease fire and an end to the fighting but refusing to recognize the basic right of Vietnamese to self determination. The fact is that Nixon seeks a military victory in Vietnam and that he has no intention of getting out. Otherwise, he would set a date for withdrawal and allow the war to end and elections to be established.

SD: Madame Binh's proposal was totally ignored by the Western press.

Rennie: Well, that imbecile diplomat that the Vietnamese have to meet with every week, David Bruce, simply reduced the Vietnamese proposal to a wine and bottle joke. "Nothing new" was what he said and that was trumpeted into the US newspapers.

SD: Could you talk about the prisoner situation in South Vietnam?

Rennie: The prisoner situation is very important, not only because it is one of the clearest examples of the fascist regime that the United States established in South Vietnam. An ordinary meeting in a University, where people would get together to discuss the question of peace, could result in a third of the meeting being picked up afterward. Key speakers and organizers of the event would be taken to police headquarters, held with no charges leveled against them, tortured, interrogated and beaten for three months, and then finally charged with violating some law of "national security." For attending this meeting they might be sentenced to three years at ConSon, which is an island off Vietnam's major harbor that holds ten thousand political prisoners.

At ConSon they'd be taken to a cage -- a 10x5 closed room with no windows where the walls are one-yard thick of solid stone. In the Vietnamese climate this is like being put in an oven. Five people would be placed in here, one beside the other, leaving two feet of room for each body. These people's feet would then be raised by iron clamps, approximately fourteen inches off the ground. A prisoner would remain in this condition for his three-year prison sentence, except for the few times he is brought down for a beating outside of his cell. The condition is so invariable that after several months one literally looks forward with pleasure to the beatings, because they help relieve the endless unbearable repetition of the confinement. The nightmare continues with the question of diet. The prisoner receives a small cup

JOINT TREATY OF PEACE
BETWEEN
THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES
AND THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH VIETNAM AND NORTH VIETNAM

Be it known that the American and Vietnamese people are not enemies. The war is carried out in the names of the people of the United States and South Vietnam but without our consent. It destroys the land and people of Vietnam. It drains America of its resources, its youth and its honor.

We hereby agree to end the war on the following terms, so that both peoples can live under the joy of independence and can devote themselves to building a society based on human equality and respect for the earth.

1. The Americans agree to immediate and total withdrawal from Vietnam and publicly to set the date by which all American forces will be removed.
The Vietnamese pledge that as soon as the U.S. Government publicly sets a date for total withdrawal:
 2. They will enter discussions to secure the release of all American prisoners, including pilots captured while bombing North Vietnam.
 3. There will be an immediate cease-fire between U.S. forces and those led by the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam.
 4. They will enter discussions of the procedures to guarantee the safety of all withdrawing troops.
 5. The Americans pledge to end the imposition of Thieu-Ky-Khiem on the people of South Vietnam in order to insure their right to self-determination and so that all political prisoners can be released.
 6. The Vietnamese pledge to form a provisional coalition government to organize democratic elections. All parties agree to respect the results of elections in which all South Vietnamese can participate freely without the presence of any foreign troops.
 7. The South Vietnamese pledge to enter discussion of procedures to guarantee the safety and political freedom of those South Vietnamese who have collaborated with the U.S. or with the U.S.-supported regime.
 8. The Americans and Vietnamese agree to respect the independence, peace and neutrality of Laos and Cambodia in accord with the 1954 and 1962 Geneva conventions and not to interfere in the internal affairs of these two countries.
 9. Upon these points of agreement, we pledge to end the war and resolve all other questions in the spirit of self-determination and mutual respect for the independence and political freedom of the people of Vietnam and the United States.
- By ratifying this agreement, we pledge to take whatever actions are appropriate to implement the terms of this Joint Treaty of Peace, and to insure its acceptance by the government of the United States.

People's Peace Treaty
P. O. Box 203
Old Chelsea Station
New York, New York 10011

of rice that has been doused in a rotten, decayed, fermented fish-sauce, a foul smelling substance that Vietnamese peasants sometimes use on animal composts. This and 1/3 of a cup of water a day. When a prisoner is taken out for a beating, he usually tries to fall down on the ground and pick up a few blades of green grass, so as to have something fresh to eat. Their digestion system, their nervous system, their internal being suffers permanent damage. Saigon newsmen who follow conditions at these prisons estimate that there are now 200,000 political prisoners in South Vietnam undergoing these conditions every day. This is what you're up against if you raise even the slightest questions about the Saigon regime. Nevertheless, young people, even as I speak, are in the streets of South Vietnam, battling with the police, fortifying the Universities, and preparing for the upcoming break-out.

SD: What about the bombing of IndoChina?

Rennie: The main function of the Vietnamization plan has been to deflate anti-war sentiment at home with token troop withdrawals, while replacing the foot-soldier with the machine as the instrument of mass murder in Vietnam. The GI search and destroy mission is being replaced by an electronic "sensor" which can detect human movement and relay information to a central computer capable of delivering sophisticated bombing instructions to the 7th Fleet and to the

F-105's parked in Thailand. Most people simply aren't aware of the increase in saturation bombing raids in Laos and Cambodia and South Vietnam that represent the reality of Nixon's peace efforts. In Laos, for example, the bombing has increased seven times under Nixon from what it was under Johnson. It's now twenty-seven thousand flying missions every month! Approximately one-half of Cambodia has been turned into a free-fire zone, where A-

merican planes can drop bombs indiscriminately on anything that moves. And the bombing of Vietnam, which used to be spread over North and South, is now confined only to the South. Nixon's Vietnamization program has come to represent the equivalent of two and a half Hiroshima's in explosive power ignited on the villages and hamlets of IndoChina, every single week! It's a totally staggering and unimaginable nightmare.

SD: The Vietnamese have called for negotiations directly with the American people. Could you talk about this?

Rennie: The other night, a Harris public opinion poll flashed out that 61% of everyone wanted out of Vietnam. The Vietnamese, of course, know these sentiments and have decided to recognize them by negotiating a peace treaty directly with the American people. In December, a delegation of student body presidents and college editors organized by the US National Student Association, traveled to Saigon and Hanoi to explore the feasibility of a separate people's peace treaty. The students were enthusiastically received. A document was put together by the Vietnamese that represents the thinking of virtually every organization in Vietnam, a treaty of peace that most Americans could readily accept.

The peace treaty is being brought to a mass conference of students and youth in Ann Arbor on the weekend of Feb. 5-7, to begin designing ways of bringing it to the attention of every American who wants peace.

This treaty is perhaps unprecedented in history. What we're saying is that conditions exist for ending the war now, conditions that have been made possible by the Vietnamese, not by Nixon, and that we should simply by-pass the illegitimate government in Washington, and establish our own peace with the Vietnamese people, who will be fighting for their lives and nation this spring.



Rennie Davis

ROCK AND ROLL

This interview with the UP, a revolutionary rock and roll band from Ann Arbor Michigan, took place at their house--which also serves as the White Panther Party National Headquarters Commune. The house is truly far-out--a huge white panther stares out at the street from the front. There's about 20 rooms, all decorated with tapestries hanging from the ceilings kind of like clouds in the sky, and with psychedelic posters (Free John Sinclair) pasted up on the walls. The members of the group are Scott Bailey, drummer; Frank Bach, lead singer; Gary Rasmussen, bass; and his brother Bob, lead guitar.

Sun/Dance: What's different about the UP? Like, there's a certain image that the words "rock and roll band" brings to mind to most people--apart from the music alone, that is. You know, images of intense commercialism, the whole groupie scene--just a lot of waste and ego-tripping and fragmentation. Where do you depart from this image?

Scott: What I envision as the "typical" rock and roll band is one in which each one of the dudes are living with a maid of some kind, in an apartment or something like that, totally separated, you know. And every once in a while or maybe even once a day they get together and practice, or if not they just have a lot of jobs, which they go to in separate cars and things like that. Whereas in our situation we all live together in the same house, eat off the same table, and do the same work. We practice at the same time, go to jobs together--it's like a total thing.

Frank: And more than just being a communal rock and roll band by ourselves, we live with 24 people, who are deep into all other kinds of work--photographers, artists, poets, writers, printers, newspaper people-- The house itself is really a community center.

Scott: People are drifting in all the time and have these killer parties. And it ain't like the Record Biz coming over and talking about the next record--it's kids coming in from the street, just getting down, having a party, and getting high.

SD: What exactly is the relationship between the UP and the White Panther Party? Are you members?

Scott: Yeah, we're members of the party. The band is the cultural arm of the WPP. We do educational work just by, more or less, what we do: by playing on stage the way we play, by the things we say when we're playing and the things we say and do when we're not. It's all related to the program of the party.

SD: Your whole life, then, is that message.

Scott: Yeah.

SD: Commercial success is affecting a lot of groups in weird ways. One manifestation of this are all the groups shooting heroin, fucking themselves up. Could this happen to you--as you become more successful, get a record contract, tour, and things like that?

Bob: Well, we know what smack does. We know what it feels like, and we can't relate to it, because it isn't a life-drug. It's a death drug. And the Party is involved in an anti-smack campaign in the community--so that should help keep us off smack (laughter.)

SD: Why do you think people are taking it, especially bands?

Bob: Cause it's easy--it's a cop-out. If you're a junky for any length of time, pretty soon you don't care about anything--if you continue to live, if your music is progressing forward--anything. It destroys all your energy. A lot of this has to do with the overall situation on the planet today. People are frustrated, they don't know where they're going, they don't see a real alternative. They think that the only alternative is to just cop-out, cause everything is just too oppressive and confusing. And the best way to cop out is to start doing junk. Cause you don't have to think about anything...

SD: The MC5 used to be the band that lived with the WPP, and there were all these dreams and visions about what was going to happen with them, you know. Now they're just star-tripping, into success and money and that whole scene. What have you learned from what's happened to them?

Bob: Like, John Sinclair and other people have said, and we agree, that for them to do something like that just means that they never really had the true spirit to start with. As soon as they started getting contracts, once John went off to jail, and people like Jon Landau came in, they started getting away from the original idea of a true people's band. Landau told them they were lousy musicians and they didn't know how to keep a beat and they were sloppy and had to get it together and had to start using smaller amps... Their second album is just a manifestation of the changes they went through; of what happened to them musically, where their heads went--everything.

Frank: Two years ago everybody thought things were gonna be a lot easier, the revolution was gonna be a lot easier. As it turned out, there was a lot we didn't know about, and we made a lot of mistakes. Some people reacted to those mistakes and went in the wrong direction completely--and some people just didn't. The MC5 reacted.

Bob: Overreacted. And we were living right next door to them all that time. Like, we've seen this movie before, you know?

Scott: We've been educated, so to speak.

SD: Right, learn from the past. Do you all, as a functioning part of the White Panther Party, study revolution? What is the political intake--what you read, talk about--you see what I'm getting at?

Frank: We've all read what's considered classical revolutionary literature--Mao Tse-Tung, Che Guevara, Malcolm X, Huey Newton...

SD: What value is there in a rock and roll band reading Mao Tse-Tung?

Frank: Well, Mao tells us a lot, and it's all centered around being where the people are at. And proceeding from there to take them higher and higher, to free them from the past and bring them closer to the future. That's what we do with our music. We take the rock and roll that we've all been brought up on, the black music we've heard, the dope, and all the highest aspects of our life--we put all these things together in a purified, simplified, and concentrated form of music. And shoot it all back to the people. It's a liberating force.

Scott: Oh yeah, readings's cool, but all you really gotta do is look out the window.

Frank: Like we think of being a revolutionary rock and roll band more in terms of effect, you know? And not simply in terms of what people have read or who they've defined "revolutionary."

Gary: We ain't spouting a bunch of revolutionary rhetoric. Like, revolution is what it's all about, but a lot of people are confused as to what it actually means.

Scott: They think it's running around in the fir-pines with a 4-10 and a knapsack full of Molotovs, waiting for the next p-i-i-n-g to come by, and, you know, blow him up. That's not what it's all about.

SD: What is revolution to you?

Scott: Well, mostly education.

Gary: Rebirth, you know?

Scott: Education for the rebirth.

Frank: It's what's new, what changes people, what's unique, what brings about something higher, something better. It's what brings people closer to themselves, closer to freedom, closer...

Gary: To each other. We just played this job in Nebraska, and when we played all the people stood and started dancing and sweating and getting high and moving around. These people would never have been brought together like that if it wasn't for rock and roll.

SD: So your situation is truly unique: you live communally, you're the cultural arm of a political party, you're all these really weird and different things. How does this affect your music? Because the music is the most important thing, anyway.

Bob: Well, the lyrics talk about revolutionary things. Like the song "Sisters, Sisters" is about women's liberation. "Just Like an Aborigine" is a song about people freeing themselves stepping out of the death-mold, and getting closer to the planet. As opposed to singing about balling eighteen different groupies in one night or shooting bogus dope or just being fucked up and confused--which is what so many groups talk about.

SD: Do you do much original material?

Frank: About a third of what we do is original.

SD: Who produces it?

Frank: We all write it together.

Gary: We take drugs and play, and when we come down we say "What was that?," and go "Well, OK," and play it again. Then people from the house come down to the music room and add their ideas; "I think it would really sound good if you guys did that just one more time there." We get criticism from 24 different people, instead of four, like most bands. And they're all listening to the music just as intensely as we do.

Scott: In your normal band you have four, maybe five musicians. They do their tune and get it written down and then put it on record--not really knowing what the fuck they think about it. "Well, the kids'll dig it," you know? And they wait until the charts come out in order to gauge the response. But the charts are fucked, and have a lot more to do with business-hype than with music. So they don't real-

REVOLUTION



FRANK BACH, BOB RASSMUSSEN, SCOTT BAILEY, GARY RASSMUSSEN

photo and interview by David Fenton

ly know what they're doing, since what they do doesn't come organically out of a community--they're just doing it by themselves.

SD: Alright. So the people in the house offer suggestions and help formulate the music. Now there's also your relationship to the audience at jobs that you play. How does that affect what you do?

Scott: Well, when you talk about rock and roll music you've got to be talking about moving. Moving involves energy. And the energy isn't one-sided, it isn't like the band is this monolithic generator that cranks out the energy and keeps it flowing, because that's impossible. There ain't nothing that creates energy.

Frank: That's not scientific. It's not real.

Scott: But there is an energy exchange. The band picks it up off the people while we're playing and feed it back out through various arrangements of wires, speakers, sound-waves . . .

Gary: Notes and chords . . .

Scott: And feelings. And once all that goes out, the people pick it up and stomp some more and it comes back again. The more they stomp, the more the band plays, and the more the band plays, the more they stomp. It builds up to a peak. That's where you get high.

SD: Have there been any really farout incidents where the energy level got so high that all sorts of strange things happened?

Frank: Yeah, I remember the last time we were in Nebraska. Towards the end of our performance people started coming up on stage,

bouncing and dancing, flying around--the stage was just filled.

Scott: People were falling over, reverbing off the cabinets, coming over and hitting the cymbals, playing along . . . Whew!

SD: And you were digging it?

Scott: Yeah, we loved it! You would look up and see somebody that you'd never seen before, playing along with you, just going "A-A-A-A-G-G-G-G-H-H!" You know. High.

Gary: When we get to a place we're usually pretty whizzed which makes it easier to pick up what people are into. Usually you walk in and see all these people sort of into being cool. They want to make sure that that girl over there thinks they look good, or . . .

Scott: Sitting in corners . . .

Gary: Then we play, and they start getting into it; start dancing, start jumping and humping, you know. By the time we get done everyone's hot and tired, feeling good and sweaty, blasted, smiling, walking around. People get opened up, turned on to more than just their own world.

Scott: It's a really pure form of communication.

Frank: I guess it goes back to communalism, to what we do here. A tribal experience. When we play it's an experience that's shared all around by the people there. They're the band, we're the band, they're the people, we're the people . . . There's no separation.

SD: So what you want to do is make people

more aware of the energy within them . . .

Scott: And how much you get if it's all combined.

SD: And use that energy to . . .

Scott: Bring about a change in the way people live . . .

Gary: And the way they think. With a rock and roll band, everybody starts jumping around and listening to it, and everybody gets really turned on to their body and to everybody else's bodies. The whole pig ruse of separation just starts breaking down.

Frank: You know, we start out working in these little corners against each other. If we get together, working as one, for each other, then we've created something higher. A force that can really change the world.

Scott: And that competition and success stuff is all weird anyway. We don't need somebody saying "uh-oh, the person over there is starting to get into what I'm doing already--I'd better run him out." If he's starting to do what you're into, then far-out, killer, join up. And do more.

Frank: One thing we realize is that culture is not just a pastime. It's not just something that we do on the weekends--it defines who we are. It's how we live our lives. The things that make us come together--our music, our feelings, our sacraments--are the things that make us people. As a people we have strength, and can build a nation. Moving with other people--black, yellow, brown, red--to win the planet for all people. So All Power to the People, and Long Live Rock and Roll!



WHITE PANTHER

REQUIRED

LISTENING *and*

READING LIST

JAMS

HELIOCENTRIC WORLDS OF SUN RA, Volumes 1 & 2
 A LOVE SUPREME--John Coltrane
 MEDITATIONS--John Coltrane
 UNIT STRUCTURES--Cecil Taylor
 INTO THE HOT--Cecil Taylor/Gil Evans
 JAZZ COMPOSER'S ORCHESTRA
 TAUHID--Pharaoh Sanders
 KARMA--Pharaoh Sanders
 DIG--Eldridge Cleaver
 FIRE MUSIC--Archie Shepp
 MAMA TOO TIGHT--Archie Shepp
 ORNETTE COLEMAN TOWNHALL CONCERT
 BELLS--Albert Ayler
 NEW GRASS--Albert Ayler
 BLACK SAINT & THE SINNER LADY--Charles Mingus
 THE THIRD WORLD--Gato Barbieri
 LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA
 COSMIC MUSIC--John Coltrane
 KULU SE MAMA--John Coltrane
 OUT TO LUNCH--Eric Dolphy
 SONG FOR--Joseph Jarman
 SOUND--Roscoe Mitchell
 HUMILITY IN THE LIGHT OF THE CREATOR--Maurice McIntyre
 "IS"--Chick Corea
 MILES DAVIS AT THE FILLMORE
 KIND OF BLUE--Miles Davis
 BITCHES BREW--Miles Davis
 PATTI WATERS SINGS
 SELFLESSNESS--John Coltrane
 MARTHA & THE VANDELLAS GREATEST HITS
 MUDDY WATERS COLLECTION (on Chess)
 PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND
 MY GENERATION--The Who
 SUNSHINE SUPERMAN--Donovan

KICK OUT THE JAMS--Motor City 5
 BRINGIN IT ALL BACK HOME--Bob Dylan
 HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED--Bob Dylan
 BLONDE ON BLONDE--Bob Dylan
 JOHN WESLEY HARDING--Bob Dylan
 BEGGARS BANQUET--Rolling Stones
 LET IT BLEED--Rolling Stones
 CHEAP THRILLS--Big Brother & the Holding Co.
 ARE YOU EXPERIENCED--Jimi Hendrix
 SMASH HITS--Jimi Hendrix
 FREAK OUT--Mothers
 GRIS-GRIS--Dr. John
 BABYLON--Dr. John
 STOOGES
 FUN HOUSE--Stooges
 BOOGIE WITH CANNED HEAT
 RESURRECTION OF PIGBOY CRABSHAW--Paul Butterfield
 THE FUGS
 SLY & THE FAMILY STONE'S GREATEST HITS
 CREEDANCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL
 VOLUNTEERS--Jefferson Airplane
 THE GRATEFUL DEAD
 HISTORY OF RHYTHM & BLUES, Volumes 2, 3 & 4
 ELMORE JAMES MEMORIAL
 CHUCK BERRY'S GOLDEN DECADE
 BB KING'S 16 GREATEST HITS
 BO DIDDLEY'S 16 GREATEST HITS
 MOANIN' IN THE MOONLIGHT--Howlin' Wolf
 SERVE YOU RIGHT TO SUFFER--John Lee Hooker
 BOBBY BLUE BLAND'S GREATEST HITS
 JAMES BROWN LIVE AT THE APOLLO
 ARETHA'S GOLD
 OTIS REDDING IN EUROPE
 THE JIMMY REED STORY

BOOKS

MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF WOODSTOCK NATION--John Sinclair
 SELF-DETERMINATION MUSIC--John Sinclair
 LIBERATION MUSIC--John Sinclair
 WRITINGS OF THE MINISTER OF DEFENSE--Pun Plamondon
 TRIAL--Tom Hayden
 THE CONSPIRACY--Chicago 8
 WOODSTOCK NATION--Abbie Hoffman
 RED FLAG/BLACK FLAG--Patrick Seale & Maureen McConville
 SOUL ON ICE--Eldridge Cleaver
 SEIZE THE TIME--Bobby Seale
 THE GENIUS OF HUEY P. NEWTON
 ESSAYS FROM THE MINISTER OF DEFENSE--Huey P. Newton
 POST-PRISON WRITINGS AND SPEECHES--Eldridge Cleaver
 CONVERSATION WITH ELDRIDGE CLEAVER
 OUR THING IS DRUM--Ken Cockvelt & Mike Hamlin
 MALCOLM X SPEAKS
 THE WRETCHED OF THE EARTH--Franz Fanon
 A DYING COLONIALISM--Franz Fanon
 DIE NIGGER DIE--H. Rap Brown
 BLUES PEOPLE--LeRoi Jones
 BLACK MUSIC--LeRoi Jones
 SOLEDAD BROTHER--George Jackson
 THE SPOOK WHO SAT BY THE DOOR--Sam Greenlee
 SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL--Ed. by Robin Morgan
 THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN--V. I. Lenin
 REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS--Diane DiPrima
 HOWL & OTHER POEMS--Allen Ginsberg

QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG
 LONG LIVE THE VICTORY OF PEOPLE'S WAR--Lin Piao
 MAO TSE-TUNG ON LITERATURE AND ART
 ON PRACTICE--Mao Tse-Tung
 ON CONTRADICTION--Mao Tse-Tung
 ESSENTIAL WORKS OF LENIN
 LENIN ON POLITICS AND REVOLUTION
 THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO--Marx and Engels
 THE ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY--Fredrick Engels
 RED STAR OVER CHINA--Edgar Snow
 HO CHI MINH ON REVOLUTION
 PEOPLE'S WAR, PEOPLE'S ARMY--Giap
 GUERRILLA WARFARE--Che Guevara
 REMINISCENCES OF THE CUBAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR--Che
 FIDEL CASTRO SPEAKS
 CASTRO'S CUBA--CUBA'S FIDEL--Lee Lockwood
 HANDBOOK OF REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE--Nkrumah
 TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD--J. Reed
 THE POWER ELITE--C. Wright Mills
 THE GREAT FRONTIER--Walter Prescott Webb
 UNDERSTANDING MEDIA--Marshal McLuhan
 THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT--D. Wise & T. B. Ross
 DYNAMITE: HISTORY OF CLASS VIOLENCE IN AMERICA--L. Adamic
 THE INDIAN HERITAGE OF AMERICA--Alvin M. Josephy Jr.
 BLACK ELK SPEAKS
 THE NEW INDIANS--Stan Steiner
 WE SPEAK YOU LISTEN--Vine Detoria Jr.

WOODSTOCK NATION NOTES

the chairman is well and sends his best from interview room no. 3. the walls press in - heavy, dirty yellow like an old dog's teeth - but the door isn't locked and the walls are forgotten in the flow of chairman bobby's fiery charisma.

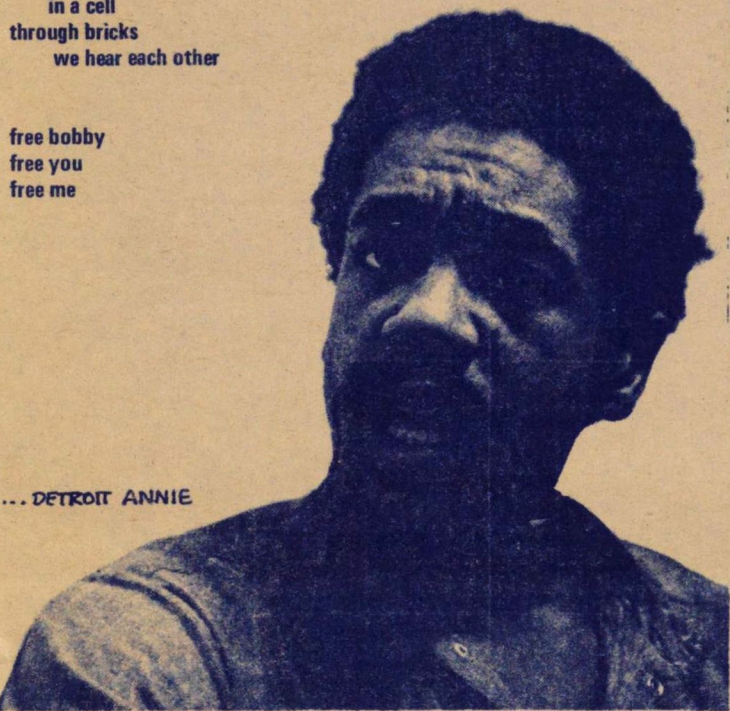
he speaks of his sisters' struggles with a lack of defensiveness seldom encountered among either sex, explains that it is necessary to pick up the gun in order to get rid of the gun, but also the importance of judging correctly the right time & context to use it - to be less than human is to be fascist; he speaks of things I would speak of to you -

but there was no tape recorder

and a bad reproduction is worse than none. so I will selfishly hoarde the words we shared, keep them for myself; but to you I give this poem he never spoke with words but with his life:

No silence
in a cell
through bricks
we hear each other

free bobby
free you
free me



WOODSTOCK RIOT IN GREECE

ATHENS, Greece -- The festival film Woodstock precipitated a riot here when it was shown for the first time. Thousands of youths crowded the street in front of the Palace Theater, in the center of the city.

Students and police battled for some time before pig reinforcements were brought in. Thirteen people were arrested -- reports listed no one injured. What exactly started the incident is not clear.

In other developments, government censors withdrew from view the Strawberry Statement, a movie about a student takeover of a university. No explanation accompanied the action, but it's Greek policy that no films which would tend to "inflame the populace" may be shown. At a showing of Strawberry in downtown Athens, crowds cheered, jeered and generally got it on, shouting, "Down with the junta!" during the po-

lice/student battle which comes at the end of the film.

The military dictatorship which rules Greece is heavily backed by U.S. arms and material. For a long time immediately after the junta took over, long-hairs weren't allowed into the country. This has been modified recently to help the tourist biz keep going. The movie Z, which attacks the dictatorship, is also banned in Greece.

YOU GOTTA BE RELATED TO BE A FAMILY

FREEKS TO BE BANNED FROM FOOD STAMPS

WASHINGTON -- President Nixon signed a new food-stamp bill last week which includes a new definition of "households" eligible for stamps. The law is aimed specifically at the increasing number of young dropped-out freeks eating courtesy of Uncle Sam.

Under the new law, "household" is redefined to exclude groups of youths or adults unrelated by family

or marital ties. Officials said the new definition would also ban stamps to groups of unrelated college students who share apartments.

SEVEN TO FOUR. OURS.

Twelve women who made "outstanding" news in 1970 were selected by the Associated Press recently. It's quite a lineup.

Honkies on the list include Lady Bird Johnson (whose "White House Diary" was published this year), Martha Mitchell (for her incredible vocal abilities), Lenore Romney (who ran for Governor of Michigan last year), and Golda Meir (the premier of Israel, leader of the fight to deny the Palestinian People their home).

On the side of the people, and in the majority, are: Madame Nguyen Thi-Binh (head of the National Liberation Front delegation to the Paris Peace Talks), Bernadette Devlin (Irish freedom fighter and youngest member of British parliament), Angela Davis (Black revolutionary on trial for purchasing the guns used in the courtroom death of a San Rafael, Cal., judge), Susan Saxe and Katherine Power (21 year old honor graduates of Brandeis University, on the FBI's most wanted list for ripping-off a Boston bank), Bernadine Dohrn (of the Weatherman underground, also on the Most-Wanted list), Leila Khaled (Palestinian revolutionary who hijacked an El Al airliner, was overtaken, and then freed in exchange for Arab-held hostages), and Kate Millet (women's liberation spokeswoman, whose book, Sexual Politics, is a best-seller).

QUICKSILVER POPPED

SAN FRANCISCO-- Three members of the Quicksilver Messenger Service were busted for possession of dope here recently. It all started at the airport when the anti-sky-jacking device flashed as George Benney walked past it. His first reaction was to split, but the Feds were on him too fast.

Grass was found on guitarist David Freiberg, and on Benney, who was also found with a small

quantity of bullets (that's what flashed the skyjack checker). Jose Reyes was accosted for possession of a few pills, variety unspecified.

Bails were set at \$1250 each. All are free now, and no trial date was set.

ANN ARBOR RAIDED

ANN ARBOR MICHIGAN -- Police in this "All American City" staged a comprehensive and well-planned raid Tuesday night, Jan. 19 on several communes, including the headquarters of the Ann Arbor Argus, the local underground paper. So far (there may be more raids scheduled) 16 people have been busted for either sale or possession of marijuana and LSD or both. Bails are averaging around \$7500, going as high as \$15000.

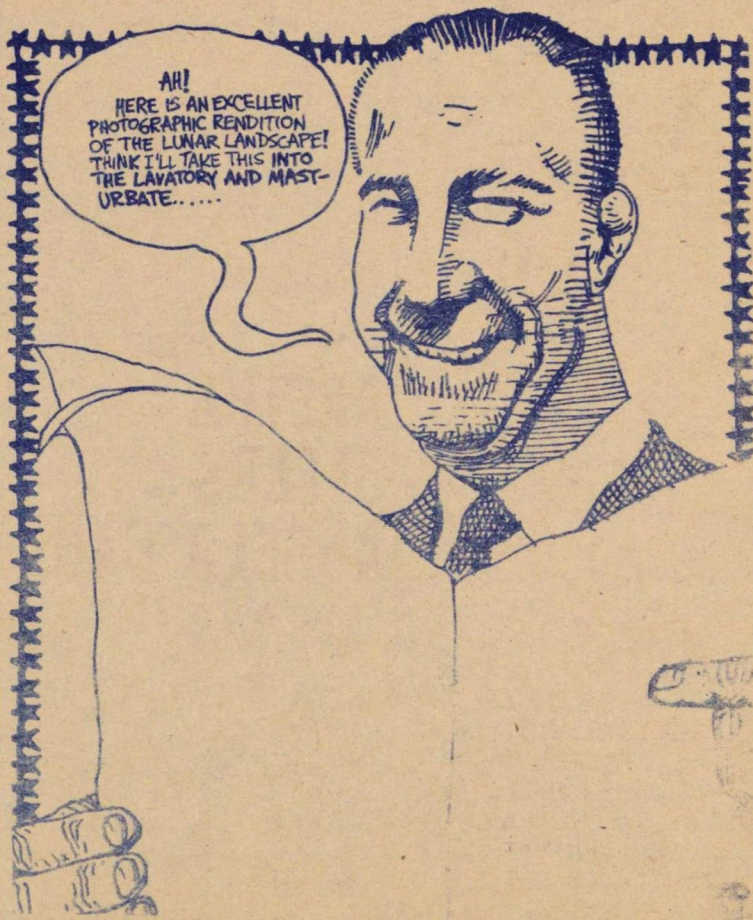
Warrants were made out on the basis of information supplied by an undercover narc named Terry Breney. They came just in the midst of a debate within the City Council on whether or not to make possession of grass a misdemeanor, a measure which, it seemed till now, probably would pass. These raids are clearly an effort at political pressure by Police Chief Krasny against the City Council and the Mayor. A report in the Ann Arbor News claimed that a bag of heroin (it was in reality organic sea salt) was found at the Argus commune, which has continually fought smack in

the community and in fact has received threats from the local mafia because of these efforts. Krasny is trying to show that people who smoke grass also shoot scag in an effort at sensationalization in the hope of putting pressure on the City Council not to let up on his sworn enemy, the street-freek community.

At the Argus house pigs handcuffed everybody and took them all down to the station only to release all but one two hours afterwards. Two brothers were stripped of their hair while in jail, which is illegal. Upon returning to the house people found everything turned upside down, drawers and containers spilled out. Missing was cash and checks, all the financial records, subscription files, several guns, a typewriter, address books, and other personal shit. Pigs claimed that people came in off the street and ripped the stuff off. Film of the bust was confiscated from a Michigan Daily photographer.

The raids, which affected people identified by police as "White Panthers," come at the beginning of the CIA Conspiracy Trial, in which three leaders of the party are being framed for conspiracy to bomb the secret CIA office in AA. They are similar to drug raids which went down recently in Kent Ohio just before the indictment against the 25 students and professors for demonstrations last May, and to the street sweeps and arrests in New Haven (125 people) that hit the

(continued on next page)



WOODSTOCK NATION NOTES

(from preceding page)

week before the start of Bobby and Ericka's trial. The pigs are trying to divert the people's energy towards raising money and defending these large scale "drug" busts instead of working on the political cases, in this case working to get John Sinclair, Pun Plamondon and Jack Forrest back out on the street so they can go back to working with all of us towards building a revolutionary culture and community in this city.

Money is still needed to get people out of jail. Contributions should be sent to Community Defense Fund, Ann Arbor Tribal Council c/o Ozone House, 302 W. Liberty Ann Arbor.

WHO'S MAKING YOU SNEEZE?

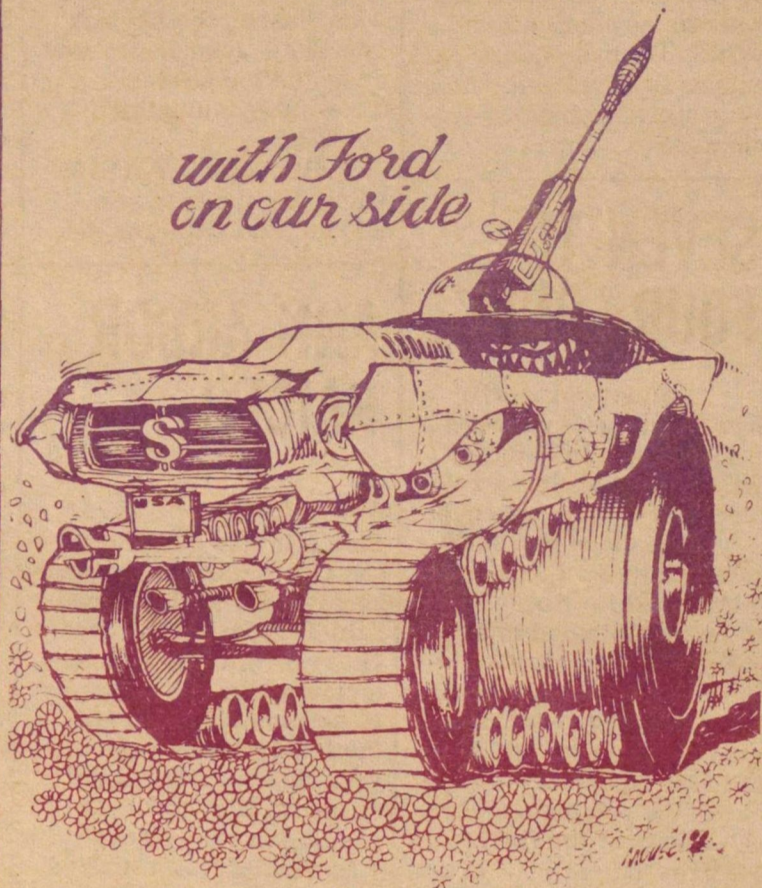
Got the sniffles? Do you feel tired, run down; are your sinuses all clogged up? The drug industry says you need Dristan, or Contac, or one of the literally hundreds of cold remedies available in the United States. But in his new book, Vitamin C and the Common Cold, Nobel Laureate Linus Pauling says that vitamin C taken in sufficient quantities is all that is needed to cure the common cold.

A daily dosage of 2,000 mg of Vitamin C (available at any drugstore without a prescription, or in more natural form at health food stores) will prevent most cold and flu. If you should come down with one or the other, start taking 1,000 mg an hour until your symptoms disappear -- this usually takes a few hours. Then take 3,000 mg a day for the next few days to finish things off.

According to Dr. Pauling, the drug industry has covered up this knowledge for more than 40 years in order to protect the \$50 million a year it makes off the junk it distributes, which only relieve cold symptoms and have no curative powers.

BANDITS

WENATCHEE, Wash. -- With the shortage of money these days, some people desperate have been using other means to get money. Last community day to see the watch



on the kids. Pigs in this farming town of 18,000 have hit upon a source of agents whose age makes them perfect for infiltration -- the local Junior Chamber of Commerce.

After a 10-month investigation the Jaycees said they were able to buy in "unlimited supply... anything in the area from marijuana to opium." Solid examples for our youth, they learned to identify drugs, how to "make a buy" that would stand up in court, and set off to penetrate the neighborhood. The "Bandits" (their pig code-name) worked in two-man teams, three nights a week. They undertook the project, according to Larry Graybeal, co-chairman of the Jaycee Drug-Abatement Program, because most have children and would "sure hate to see any of our kids on this junk."

"Some of the guys sat in on pot parties," said Graybeal, "but none ever used any of the drug." Too bad.

ARETHA OFFERS ANGELA BAIL

NEW YORK (LNS) -- Popular recording artist Aretha Franklin says she stands ready to post Angela Davis' bail "whether it's \$100, - \$250,000."

"Angela Davis must go free," Aretha said. "Black people will be free. I've been locked up (for disturb-

ing the peace in Detroit) and I know you've got to disturb the peace when you can't get no peace."

"Jail is hell to be in. I'm going to see her free if there is any justice in our courts, not because I believe in communism but because she's a black woman and she wants freedom for black people."

"I have the money; I got it from black people -- they've made me financially able to have it, and I want to use it in ways that will help our people."

FATHER ORDERED TO AID "HIPPIE" DAUGHTER

NEW YORK -- Do your parents refuse to help you out with bread, even though they have it? A recent decision by a judge here has set a precedent that could land your parents in the clink for 30 days if they fail to provide "adequate financial support."

Last April a 20 year-old college student at the University of Louisville (who was not identified publicly by name) moved out of her dormitory and into a private apartment, contrary to her father's instructions. Upon finding out about this, the father cut off all her support.

The daughter sold her car to see her through the semester, and brought suit against her father.

Finally Court Judge Millard L. Midonick ruled that the father had to resume payments or face 30 days in jail for contempt of court. He noted that the daughter was having emotional difficulties at school, because she was "afraid, indeed terrified, to return to live in her father's home because of his rigid standards." The daughter testified as to the harassment she received at home,

which included being called a "hippie" who "stinks."

The judge also noted that the daughter was "using her best efforts" to complete school. In ruling that she could remain living off campus despite her father's demand that she return to the dormitory, the judge noted that while the daughter had admitted using psychedelic drugs, the only place she had used them or had seen them used was in the dormitory her father insisted she return to.

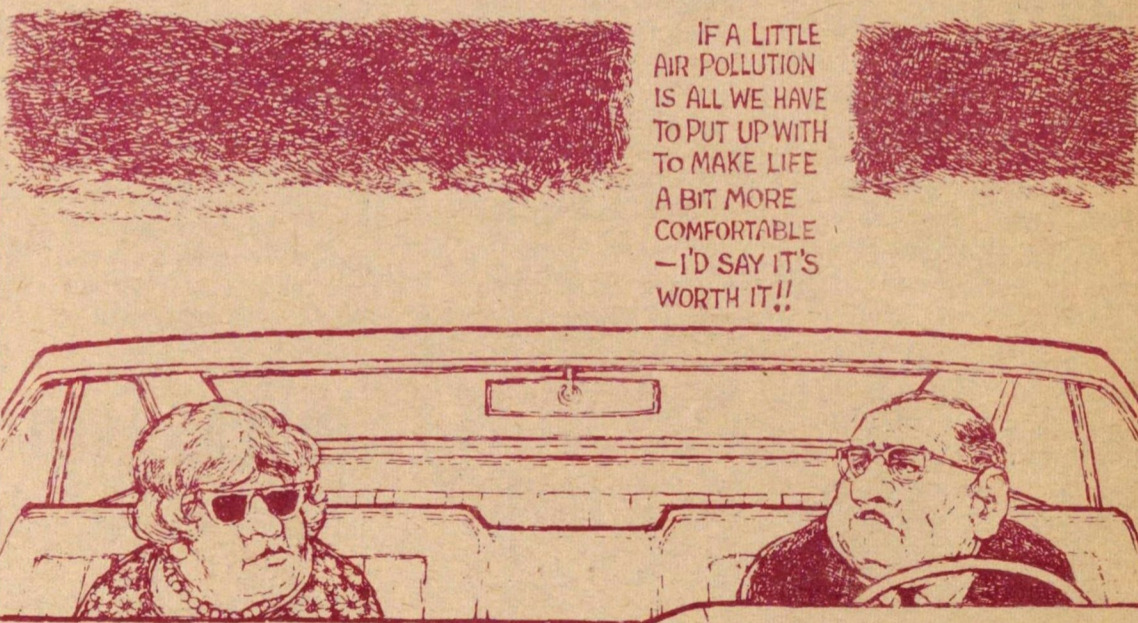
"At some point minors must have some right of their own views and needs for their independent and painful transition from minority to adulthood, short of matching every fancy of their parents," said the judge.

Next case!

WILL THE REAL MUSKOGEE PLEASE STAND UP?

MUSKOGEE, Oklahoma -- In the top country music song of 1970, Muskogee, Oklahoma is portrayed as the model city of the silent majority. Muskogeeans, according to the Merle Haggard song, don't smoke marijuana, don't

(continued on next page)



IF A LITTLE AIR POLLUTION IS ALL WE HAVE TO PUT UP WITH TO MAKE LIFE A BIT MORE COMFORTABLE -- I'D SAY IT'S WORTH IT!!

WOODSTOCK NATION NOTES



PHOTO-LENI SINCLAIR

DRIVE-IN DEATH

DETROIT -- The drive-in is a big part of the American scene. All kinds of goods and services are available to the man in the driver's seat -- movies, cleaners, hamburgers, banks, etc. And now, to bring things to their logical conclusion, the Motor City presents, **THE DRIVE-IN FUNERAL HOME!**

Installed last August, the drive-in window at Frank Givens funeral parlour has become increasingly popular. At an average funeral 50 to 100 people drive up the canopied horse-shoe driveway to view their deceased loved-one, registering by way of cards dropped into a box mounted across the drive from the window.

Givens says drive-in viewing is the ultimate in social convenience for friends who want to let a grieving family know they

People starve
If taxes eat their grain,
And the faults of starving people
Are the fault of their rulers.
That is why people rebel.
Men who have to fight for their living
And are not afraid to die for it,
Are higher men than those who, stationed high,
Are too fat to dare to die.

Lao Tzu

sympathize, but who don't have time to go to a funeral. He says that almost all of his customers request the new service. Similar establishments have opened recently in Atlanta and, of course, Los Angeles. Be the first one on your block.

CENSORSHIP AROUND THE WORLD

RIO DE JANEIRO -- Brazil's "Federal Censorship Department" announced recently that it will ban ref-

erences to drugs in newspapers, magazines and books, and on the air. One of the first victims of this move is Beatles song Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds, because of its initials, natch. Reports are that at least 1,000 words will get the hatchet -- including "trip"; viage in Portugese.

Brazil is not the first country to try and squash our culture. Recently, at a special White House Conference on Drugs, Spiro T. Agnew warned parents to listen closely to their children's music, citing White Rabbit by the Jefferson Airplane as an example of how music is turning on "our youth" to drugs.

(from preceding page)

take trips on LSD, don't wear sandals, beads, or long hair, and "white lightning's still the biggest thrill of all."

Haggard recently gave a concert here, and 10 percent of the town's 37,000 residents turned out to whoop it up. The immense cheers for two performances of "Okie" appeared a bit forced. No wonder. Muskogee is no model city; its pig department is going crazy and is on the verge of collapse.

While Haggard was singing the city police -- those who haven't been dismissed or suspended -- were standing guard at the homes and businesses of City Councilmen and other officials. State troopers are patrolling the city, taking the place of the local police. And a group of angry police wives were demanding the ouster of the police chief.

All this has been building up for some time. A new police chief, George Kennedy, was hired last year. Two previous ones had quit. One after his automobile was bombed and one after his home was fired into. So far, Chief Kennedy has dismissed nine men. This prompted the policemen's wives to picket City Hall, demanding Kennedy's ouster and asking for an investigation of the city administration.

The City Council promised an investigation but postponed it four times.

On Dec. 10, Chief Ken-

neddy announced that he had been informed of a plot "by underworld elements" and city policemen to burn the music store of City Councilman Frank Brock.

Brock's store burned to the ground the morning of Jan. 3. Fire Chief John Stevens said it was arson. The fire was seen spreading through the building at 4:20 A.M., and a police car was seen leaving the scene five minutes earlier. Soon afterwards other Council members reported receiving threats.

Something weird is sure going on. Seems like it's tough, being an Okie. Maybe they just need some dope.

GAY LIBERATION AVAILABLE

NEW YORK (LNS) -- A packet of Gay Liberation literature, including more than 15 articles, plus poems, documents, photos, drawings, and posters has been published by Gay Flames, a group of male homosexuals active in the Gay Liberation Front.

The packet contains introductory articles, political essays and personal testimony by gay men and women. This material is relevant to gays, straights, and in-betweens. Cost is \$1.25. Send to Gay Flames, Box 410 Old Chelsea Sta., New York, NY 10011.





SUN/DANCE is the national newspaper of the White Panther Party, and is jointly edited by the Central Committee, W. P. P.

CHAIRMAN

John Sinclair

MINISTER OF DEFENSE

Pun Plamondon

MINISTER OF INFORMATION

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White Panther Party
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MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF WOODSTOCK NATION
by John Sinclair, Chairman, W. P. P.
Pamphlet available for 35¢ from:

Ministry of Information
White Panther Party
1520 Hill Street
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COMPLETE 8 TRACK STUDIO RECORDING

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Our past experience has taught us that groups must take hold of their own destinies. We sincerely hope that Morgan Sound Theater will give everyone within our area some of the self-determination we all must have and rightfully deserve.

FACILITIES INCLUDE:

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- * Up to 20 mike inputs with comprehensive equalization (both low frequency, high frequency, and selective mid-range), on all inputs
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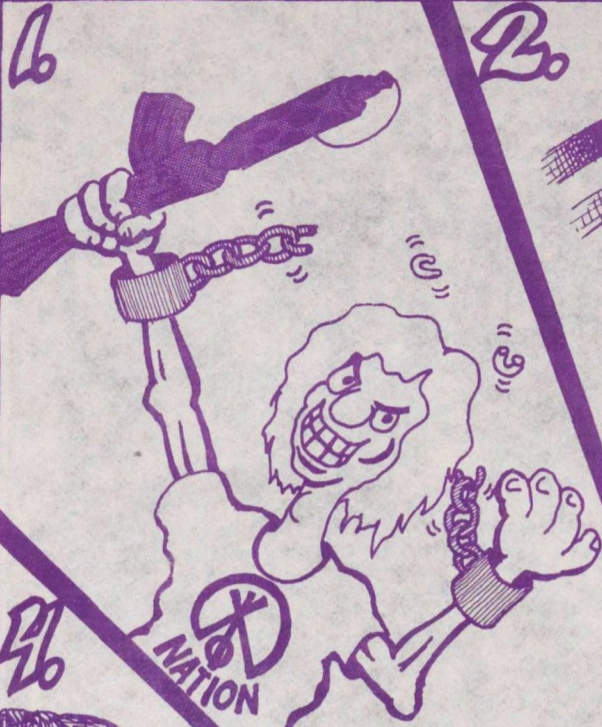
STEREO RE-MIX--completes stereo re-mix facilities including two 2-track machines and stereo pan pots on all inputs for panning both signal and echo

Complete remote location facilities available. Head engineer --Brian Dombrowski

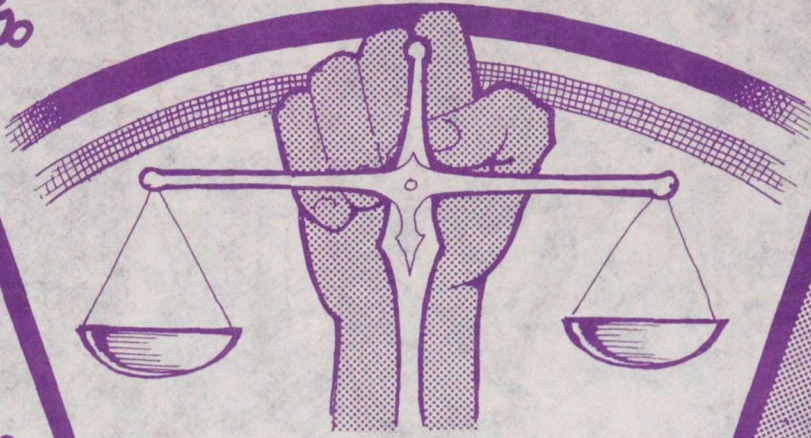
3691 E. MORGAN RD., Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197
(located just outside Ann Arbor in the country minutes from I-23 and I-94 expressways)

To visit the studio or book time, contact Peter Andrews, (313) 434-2173 or 434-2141

RATE: \$48 per hour



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WE WANT THE POWER
FOR ALL PEOPLE
TO DETERMINE
THEIR OWN
DESTINIES.



WE WANT JUSTICE. WE
WANT AN IMMEDIATE AND TOTAL END TO
ALL POLITICAL, CULTURAL, AND SEXIST
REPRESSION OF ALL OPPRESSED PEOPLE
ALL OVER THE WORLD, PARTICULARLY
THE REPRESSION OF WOMEN OF BLACK
PEOPLE, AND OF YOUNG PEOPLE.



WE WANT A FREE WORLD
ECONOMY BASED ON THE
FREE EXCHANGE OF
ENERGY AND
MATERIALS
AND THE
END OF
MONEY.

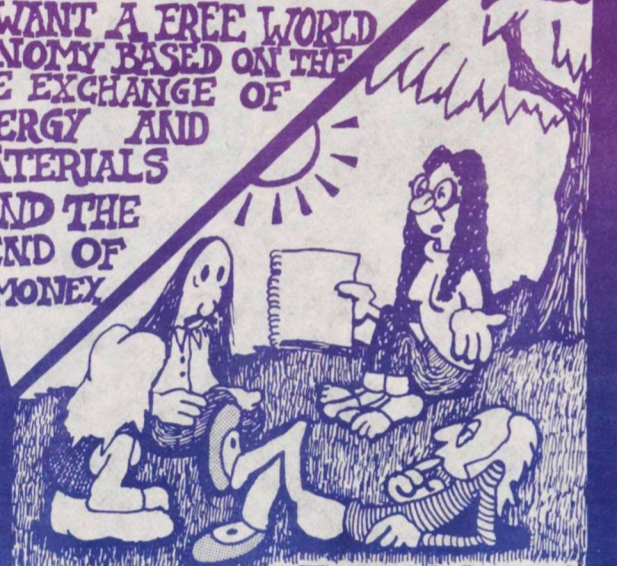


WE WANT A CLEAN PLANET AND A
HEALTHY PEOPLE. WE WANT TO RESTORE
THE ECOLOGICAL BALANCE OF
THE PLANET AND SECURE THE FUTURE
OF HUMANITY AND ITS ENVIRONS.

WHITE PANTHER PARTY



TEN POINT PROGRAM



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.



WE WANT TO
FREE ALL STRUCTURES
FROM CORPORATE RULE
AND TURN ALL THE
BUILDINGS AND
LAND OVER
TO THE
PEOPLE AT
ONCE.



WE WANT FREE
ACCESS TO ALL
INFORMATION MEDIA
AND TO ALL
TECHNOLOGY
FOR ALL THE
PEOPLE.



WE WANT THE FREEDOM
OF ALL PEOPLE WHO ARE
BEING HELD AGAINST THEIR
WILL IN THE CONSCRIPTED
ARMIES OF THE OPPRESSOR
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



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!



WE WANT A FREE PLANET
WE WANT FREE LAND, FREE FOOD,
FREE SHELTER, FREE CLOTHING, FREE
MUSIC AND CULTURE, FREE MEDIA,
FREE TECHNOLOGY, FREE EDUCATION,
FREE HEALTH CARE, FREE BODIES,
FREE PEOPLE, FREE TIME AND SPACE,
EVERYTHING FREE FOR EVERYBODY!



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-- William Burroughs
NAKED LUNCH