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# ***The Liberator***



V.I. Lenin

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## Editorial

### What Role Can We Play?

By we, I mean poor white folks livin' in the U.S.A. in general and prisoners specifically. Some say the white working people in Amerika are hopelessly backward and reactionary and have no revolutionary potential. This view is put forward by some self-styled Maoists, but this was not Mao's view. This is what he had to say:

"I call upon the workers, peasants, revolutionary intellectuals, enlightened elements of the bourgeoisie, and other enlightened personages of all colours in the world, white, black, yellow, brown, etc., to unite to oppose the racial discrimination practiced by U.S. imperialism and to support the American Negroes in their struggle against racial discrimination. In the final analysis, a national struggle is a question of class struggle. In the United States, it is only the reactionary ruling clique among the whites which is oppressing the Negro people. They can in no way, represent the workers, farmers, revolutionary intellectuals, and other enlightened persons who comprise the overwhelming majority of the white people. At present, it is the handful of imperialists, headed by the United States, and their supporters, the reactionaries in different countries, who are carrying out oppression, aggression and intimidation against the overwhelming majority of the nations and peoples of the world. They are the minority, and we are the majority. At most they make up less than ten percent of the 3,000 million people of the world. I am deeply convinced that, with the support of more than ninety per cent of the people of the world, the just struggle of the American Negroes will certainly be victorious. The evil system of colonialism and imperialism grew on along with the enslavement of the Negroes and the trade in Negroes; it will surely come to its end with the thorough emancipation of the black people." -- ["Statement Supporting the Afro-Americans in Their Just Struggle Against Racial Discrimination by U.S. Imperialism" (August 8, 1963)]

Later on he wrote:

"Racial discrimination in the United States is a product of the colonialist and imperialist system. The contradiction between the Black masses in the United States and the U.S. ruling circles is a class contradiction. Only by overthrowing the reactionary rule of the U.S. monopoly capitalist class and destroying the colonialist and imperialist system can the Black people in the United States win complete emancipation. The Black masses and the masses of white working people in the United States have common interests and common objectives to struggle for. Therefore, the Afro-American struggle is winning sympathy and support from increasing numbers of white working people and progressives in the United States. The struggle of the Black people in the United States is bound to merge with the American workers' movement, and this will eventually end the criminal rule of the U.S. monopoly capitalist class." - A NEW STORM AGAINST IMPERIALISM ["Statement by Comrade Mao Tse-tung, Chairman of the Central

Committee of the Communist Party of China, in Support of the Afro-American Struggle Against Violent Repression" (April 16, 1968)]

Clearly, Mao saw the Black liberation struggle as the driving force towards revolution in the U.S., but not separate from the overall class struggle. He saw Blacks and white working class people uniting to form a common front against capitalist-imperialism. That's how we see it too.

WPO is proud to be an arm of the New Afrikan Black Panther Party – Prison Chapter (NABPP-PC). We know that we can't end our class oppression without ending the whole rotten system of capitalist-imperialism. Our focus is on the working class youth and the most marginalized sections of the white working class.

The ruling class has a role they want us to play, that of an ignorant, racist thug. Because we are white, we are supposed to believe in white supremacy and view Black people with disdain and hostility. They want us to be their front line of defense. Screw that! We're not crazy! We won't play that role. Rather we see ourselves as uplifting our people alongside the Blacks and oppressed of every color and ethnic background.

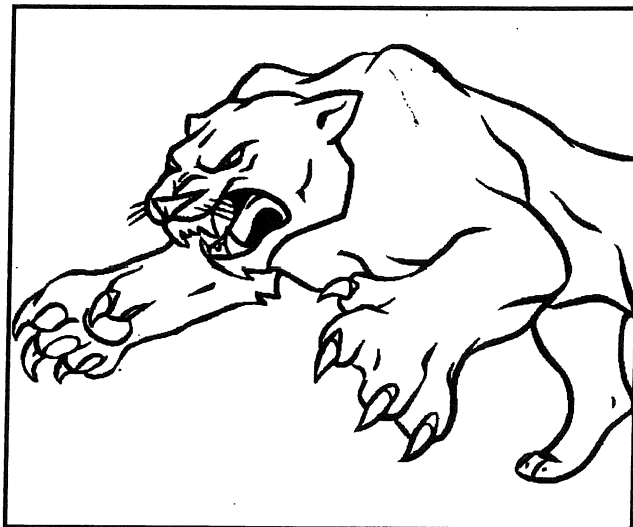
Yeah, we identify our true class interests and see who our real enemies are. Among our class there are backward, racist, poor white people. Our mission is to lift this ignorance from off their backs and rally them to join in the fight for working class liberation. Racism is an exploiter's trick. It is poisoned kool-aid, and we're not having it.

What we thought yesterday is not important. What is important is getting smarter. Yesterday we were oppressed and exploited, and we will be until we get smart and get organized. Social justice and equality is in everybody's interests – unity is where it's at. United we shall be the greatest force on the planet – the greatest force in history.

That's what it will take to stop the greatest crime. To end all oppression is the only fit goal for a man, a woman or a movement. Half-measures leave you half-way in chains.

Dare to Struggle Dare to Win!

All Power to the People!





# THE BATTLE FOR CULTURE

Peekskill's days of infamy

## The Robeson riots of 1949

By Steve Courtney

*The Reporter Dispatch*, September 5, 1982.

The weathered sign at the Hollowbrook Drive-in Theatre near Peekskill advertises the movie "Neighbors," with a letter missing here or there. The ticket entrance is chained off if you visit there at midday, but you can drive over the cracked pavement of a side entrance and enter the theater, located in a 150-acre natural bowl formed by the valley of Hollow Brook.



Sept. 4, 1949: Demonstrators jeer at people arriving for Paul Robeson concert. Riots a week earlier had cancelled a Robeson performance.

sound truck parked under an oak tree, and surrounding it was a line of men, black and white, shoulder to shoulder. Around the entire concert area was another line of union workers from the New York City fur, warehouse, and newspaper trades.

Thirty-three years ago, if you had tried to enter the hollow from Oregon Road on Labor Day Sunday, the picture would have been immensely different. The site of the theater was then the overgrown golf course

of an abandoned country club. Fifteen thousand people sat on lawn chairs and picnic blankets, waiting for the main performer of the day's concert.



Associated Press

Paul Robeson in Harlem, August 30, 1949.

Despite the placid surroundings, the scene was not peaceful. The stage was a



The site of the present drive-in entrance was then the only way into the grounds, and crowding Oregon Road were hundreds of parked cars. Several thousand American Legion members and other demonstrators against communism stood in the road.

A tall black man in a dark jacket gray pants and a tie walked out on the stage, surrounded by 15 bodyguards.

"He walked up on stage and you could hear the most horrible epithets coming from people on the sidelines," said one woman who was there while her husband stood in the protective ring of guards. "He stood out marvelously."

"Suddenly, he flashed out a tremendous smile, the most winning smile of anyone I knew," she said. "The whole audience broke out into applause. He had such a magic about him."

Paul Robeson began to sing:

*"When Israel was in Egypt's land  
Let my people go..."*

Out on Oregon Road, people started gathering rocks into piles.

It was the afternoon of Sept. 4, 1949, a time when the Soviet Union and the United States seemed to be on a collision course toward war. Only a few years before, the two countries had been allies, but what Harry Truman called the "war of nerves" between the two superpowers was on.

Robeson had achieved a prominence rare for a black American in plays like "The Emperor Jones" and "Othello," and had gone on to win the applause of Broadway and the world as a singer of art and folk songs with his rich baritone.

But he had earned another kind of prominence for his unabashed admiration for the Soviet Union. It was there, he believed, that people of all races and nationalities had achieved true equality.

He had appeared several times at concerts in Peekskill before 1949. J. Robert Houskeeper, the former supervisor of Putnam Valley, remembers him singing at Peekskill High School in 1946. In 1948 a Peekskill landowner had hosted a Robeson concert that was pelted with a few apples.

The 1949 concert was to benefit a group called the Civil Rights Congress. Leftist in orientation, it had been championing the cause of the "Trenton 6" -- six black youths sentenced to the electric chair in New Jersey. The Congress had convinced the New Jersey Supreme Court to throw out the six men's convictions and order a new trial.

The legal action was expensive and the Robeson summer concert was planned to raise the necessary money. the concert was to be held Saturday night, Aug. 27, at the Lakeland Acres picnic grounds north of Peekskill. It never took place.

On Aug. 23, The Evening Star in, Peekskill ran a front-page picture of a concert handbill with the headline, "ROBESON CONCERT HERE AID 'SUBVERSIVE' UNIT." It noted that the Civil Rights Congress had been named as subversive by the U.S. attorney general.

The Star editorialized that "every ticket purchased for the Peekskill concert will drop nickels and dimes into the basket of an Un-American political organization ...the time for tolerant silence that signifies approval is running out."



State Supreme Court Justice Leonard Rubinfeld

In the next few days, the local American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Jewish and Catholic veterans' groups urged Peekskill people to demonstrate against the intruders that Saturday night.

"It was an innocent march to demonstrate the opposition of the veterans to communism," state Supreme Court Judge Leonard Rubinfeld recalled in a recent interview. Rubinfeld was head of the Peekskill Jewish War Veterans and chairman of the Joint Veterans' Council of Peekskill in 1949. He was also a Westchester County assistant district attorney, under District Attorney George Fanelli.

The concert organizers appealed to Fanelli for police protection, a request he referred to the state police and the county sheriff.

On the night of the concert, novelist Howard Fast, who was to be master of ceremonies, arrived early to help set up chairs. Crowds milled around the Oregon Road entrance to Lakeland Acres, demonstrating peacefully -- at first.



Rioters wreck a car on the night of Aug. 27, when Robeson had originally been scheduled to give a concert in Peekskill.





Fast's was the next-to-last car to get in.

The veterans and others who, Rubinfeld said, "had a little too much to drink," blocked the driveway with logs and boulders, shouted "nigger bastards" and "Jew bastards" and started down to the picnic grove, where about 300 men, women and children had already arrived.

As darkness fell, the would-be patriots and the concert-goers fought hand to hand, the fighting slowed at times by the presence of three Westchester County deputy sheriffs. The two state troopers present remained at intersections at the fringes of the action, warning away late concert patrons. Robeson was met by friends when he arrived at the Peekskill railroad station and taken to safety.

"There was a lot of drinking. They were rowdies, and they threw a few cars over a bank," recalled Willis Jamison, who owned the grounds and walked through the melee with his father, unbelieving.

Fast was a veteran, too, and divided his people into squads. Fists and fence posts flew. A glow appeared on a hill nearby -- a burning cross. Fast and his group linked arms and sang "We Shall Not Be Moved," the only music to come out of that night's concert.

Then, someone stabbed William Secor, a 24-year-old Navy veteran from Shrub Oak.



Fists fly and music is burned during riot Aug. 27, 1949 at Lakeland Acres near Peekskill.

The attackers flooded onto the picnic grounds as the concert-goers formed a cordon around the women and children. It was dark and nearly 10 p.m., and one of the deputies doused the lights. Another glow appeared from a bonfire of books, sheet music, pamphlets and Jamison's chairs.

Two hours after the fighting had begun, the state police arrived.

The riot gave Peekskill instant notoriety around the nation and the world. New York Gov. Thomas Dewey asked Fanelli for a report, and Pravda, the official Soviet newspaper, called it a "lynch attempt." During the following week, signs appeared on store windows, and car bumpers in northern Westchester: "Wake Up, America, Peekskill did!"

The head of the Peekskill American Legion, Milton Flynt, said after the riot, "Our objective was to prevent the Paul Robeson concert, and I think our objective was reached."

During a meeting in Harlem the following Thursday, Robeson said, "I have been to Memphis, Tennessee, and Florida, and I will return to Peekskill." The concert was rescheduled for Labor Day Sunday at 2 p.m. The organizers would bring their own protection this time, rather than wait for the police to provide it.

The Jamisons decided against leasing Lakeland Acres again, but Stephen D. Szego, who had just bought the old Hollow Brook Country Club at an auction, said he would rent it to the Civil Rights Congress for the concert. Szego told The Evening Star, "We are certainly not Communists or Communist sympathizers, but simply old-fashioned enough



to believe that citizens of all races and creeds still have their freedom of expression by song and word."

The veterans' groups were quick to pick up the gauntlet, and immediately planned a larger parade for Sunday. The Veterans' Council rejected a request by Fanelli and The Evening Star that the march take place in the City of Peekskill, three miles away, and not on the narrow road outside the concert area.

"At that point, it was a matter of principle," said Rubinfeld. Fanelli ordered him to stay away from the concert grounds, however. "The D.A. wasn't pleased that I had been involved in the first incident," said Rubinfeld.

Gov. Dewey had threatened during the week to hold Fanelli and County Sheriff Fred Ruscoe, "personally accountable" for whatever was going to happen.

In New York City, concert tickets were passed around in radical clubs and trade unions.

Irving Kratka was then a 17-year-old shipping clerk and a member of Local 65 of the Warehouse Workers Union.

"The word went around that the concert was going to be given again. I was interested in music and in Robeson, and I was curious to see if he was going to be given the right to sing. I didn't get the overtone of a violent confrontation," Kratka said recently.

Pete Seeger was to perform at the concert, along with several folk singers and musicians, before Robeson appeared. Seeger arrived early, at 11 a.m. The line of 2,500 union members was forming around the field like a human wall.

Seeger's wife Toshi, his 2-year-old son and 1-year-old daughter, Toshi's father, and another couple were with him in the Jeep station wagon.

"It may sound silly now, but we were confident law and order would prevail," said Seeger in an interview. "I had been hit with eggs in North Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, but this was New York State.

"We had about 150 people standing around the gate shout things like 'Go back to Russia! Kikes! Nigger-lovers!' It was a typical KKK crowd, without bedsheets," Seeger said.

The police confiscated some baseball bats from the concert guards, and prevented a few clashes during the concert, which went on peacefully. Seeger sang folk songs, playing his banjo, and the program ranged through Mozart and Handel before Robeson came on.

Most of the reporters were outside the concert area, out on Oregon Road where the veterans' groups marched with their own bands. Warren Moscow, covering the concert for The New York Times, recognized someone he knew: Al Johnson, a state police sergeant. "Johnson was white with wrath because most of the local police were fraternizing with the demonstrators," Moscow said.





Warren Moscow

He noticed that about every 20 feet along Oregon Road were cairns of stones. It would have been difficult to remove the piles quickly; he noted that "the local police had no interest in doing so."

The concert ended. "As the first cars came out, the police were kind of holding people back," Moscow said. Then, about 800 yards from the entrance, the first rocks flew.

The rocks crashed through windows of cars and buses.

Splintered glass flew into eyes, rocks hit foreheads and shoulders. Blood flowed from cuts.

Kratka's bus moved out of the gate onto Oregon Road, where vehicles were moving at a crawl through the one escape route the police kept open.

Kratka saw houses displaying American flags, and on the lawns were men and women tossing stone after stone while policemen on motorcycles rode beside the bus and did nothing.

"You've got to understand that there were just regular Americans, the kind you might meet going fishing," said one man who was there to provide Robeson security.

"People were holding beer bottles in one hand and were throwing rocks with the other," Kratka said. "Everybody got down on the floor of the bus. Every window was knocked out, but there were only a few injuries and cuts."

Seeger left the concert grounds with his wife and children, his wife's father and another couple. One of the concert guards told them to roll up their windows. A policeman in the road waved them south toward Peekskill. Around the corner was a man standing next to an immense pile of baseball-sized rocks. He took aim and hit the Seegers' car.

The stones came faster, and Seeger told everybody to get down. The windows smashed inward. A woman in the car was hit. Danny Seeger, 2, was huddled under the Jeep seat. He was covered with glass.

Seeger saw a policeman with his arms folded near on of the rock throwers. He rolled what was left of his window and shouted, "Officer, do something!"



Pete Seeger

"Move on, move on," said the policeman.

Gabe Pressman, there as a reporter for *The World Telegram*, saw a local journalist he had respected walking down the street. "He was with a gang and he called out to me, 'It's a great day for the Irish.' I felt nothing but sickness."

Moscow, driving northward to Putnam Valley to file his story, ran into a hail of rocks near Oregon Corners.

South of Peekskill, the rock-throwing continued through Buchanan, Montrose and Croton along Route 9 as the smashed and dented cars and buses headed back to New York City.

The tally of injured was 145, including concussions, smashed faces, injuries from flying glass, cuts, broken bones and crushed fingers.



Herbert Lewis of Yorktown Heights, who was injured during the Sept. 4 riot, lies in a nearby cemetery while awaiting treatment.

In the days that followed, the news of Peekskill was carried in newspapers, on radio and newsreels around the world. In Westchester, smashed windshields became a badge of courage for the local radicals and a provocation to further violence for some of their neighbors. As soon as he got home, Seeger systematically knocked the remaining glass out of his car windows to ensure that shopping trips into nearby Beacon would be peaceful.

Gov. Dewey ordered an investigation, but put it in the hands of Fanelli, the man he had charged with the responsibility of seeing that what happened didn't happen.

Fanelli presented his information to a county grand jury. Its report absolved the police from blame in the first riot, ignored concert-goers' charges that police stood by or even joined in the second riot, and devoted a great deal of space to pointing out the dangers of communism in Westchester. The concert organizers had provoked the riot for propaganda purposes, according to the report.

"Peekskill got a name for bigotry that it didn't deserve," said Rubinfeld.

The Hollowbrook Drive-In is peaceful now, except for a little noise from its patrons once in a while, some of whom are the sons and daughters of the people who threw rocks that day, or of those who listened to the concert. Robeson lies in a Westchester cemetery about 25 miles away, and most of those who stood on both sides of the lines are gray-haired. For many of them, the day of the concert was a triumph of free speech tarnished by mob violence; for others, it was an unfortunate but understandable reaction to treasonable activity.

To some, it is all a blur. "I don't remember much of what was said because I was busy listening for rocks," said one press photographer.

Others, who weren't there, remember. An elderly Israeli tourist, visiting America for the first time this summer, was asked by his host if he wanted to see West Point, Bear Mountain and other Hudson Valley sights.

No, he said, he wanted to see where the Peekskill riots took place.

Steve Courtney is Putnam editor of *The Reporter Dispatch* in White Plains.





## THE PEEKSKILL RIOT - Howard Fast's Account

From *Being Red* (1990), Howard Fast's memoir of his life on the left

pages 226-239

Then Pete Seeger called. It was going to be a wonderful summer concert. Paul Robeson headed the list of singers, and Pete would be there with the Weavers, and there would be other folk singers, and I, Howard Fast, had just returned from Paris.

"Pete," I pleaded, "I can't have any trouble. Bette's in Europe. I'm here with my kids."

"Bring the kids," Pete said. "There'll be a thousand kids there. Everyone's bringing their kids. And it makes a continuity with Paris. No one can speak for peace the way you can." He went on and on, and finally I agreed. I would do it. It was to be on August 27, 1949.

But when I told Juliette what I had in mind, she shook her head and said, "You will not take Rachel and Jonathan."

"Why not?"

"Because your wife told me to take care of the kids, and I promised that I would."

"But it's a summer concert, that's all. Nothing will happen."

"It will happen, all right," she said grimly. "You listen to me. I been a long time colored."

I gave it up and agreed not to take the kids. What follows is part of a report I wrote for the Civil Rights Congress soon after the concert:

That golden evening of August 27th remains in my mind most clearly, most softly; it was such a soft and gentle evening as one finds on the canvas of George Inness, and even he could create that dewy nostalgia only when he painted one part or another of the wonderful Hudson River valley. By choice, I took the little back roads twisting among the low hills and narrow valleys. I avoided the business section of Peekskill and found the state highway north of the town. I had never been to the Lakeland picnic grounds before, and I drove slowly looking for the entrance, which is on Division Street, a three-mile stretch of country road that connects Peekskill with the Bronx River Parkway.

Yet I couldn't have missed the entrance. Hundreds of yards before reached it, I found cars parked solidly on either side of the highway, which made me wonder, since it was more than an hour before the concert was scheduled to begin; and at the entrance itself there was an already unruly crowd of men. Just inside the grounds I stopped my car. There, a few yards from the road, a handful of teenage boys and girls had gathered. There were not more than five of them and they were trying to hide their nervousness at the jeering, hooting crowd on the road. They had come up from New York to be ushers at the concert.

"What shall we do?" they asked.

"Who's running things?"



Howard Fast

They didn't know, they said. It was so early they didn't think anyone had come yet.

But maybe there was someone down below.

"Well," I told them, "don't let anyone in who isn't here for the concert. Just keep cool and be calm and nothing will happen."

That seemed to be a refrain of mine, that nothing would happen, that nothing could happen. "I'll park my car and see if I can't find someone to take things in hand."

The entrance to the Lakeland picnic grounds is a left turn off the main road as you drive from Peekskill; the entrance is double, coming together in a Y shape to a narrow dirt road. About eighty feet after the entrance, the road is embanked, with sharp dirt sides dropping about twenty feet to shallow pits of water. About forty feet of the road are embanked in this fashion, and then for a quarter of a mile or so it sweeps down into a valley, all of this private road and a part of the picnic grounds. At the end of this road, there is a sheltered hollow with a broad, meadow grass bottom, a sort of natural arena, hidden by low hills from the sight of anyone above on the public highway. It was in this hollow that the paraphernalia for the concert had been set up; a large platform, two thousand wooden folding chairs, and a number of spotlights powered by a portable generator.

I looked at my watch before I drove down to the hollow and it was just ten minutes to seven. As I came in, a large bus had just discharged its passengers, boys and girls, Negroes for the most part, who had come early to be ushers. About a hundred and twenty other people were already on the scene, most of them women and small children. A party of boys and girls from Golden's Bridge, a summer colony, sat on the platform, their legs dangling. None of them were over fifteen; most of them were much younger. The children from Golden's Bridge had come down in a large truck which was parked now next to my car and which was destined to play an interesting role that night. Just by the good grace of fortune, half a dozen merchant seamen who were vacationing in the neighborhood had decided to come early; I had good reason to be grateful for them and for four trade unionists who happened to be present. But none of these, I discovered, knew who was in charge of the concert.

A boy running. I watched him as he came into sight around the bend of the road, running frantically, and then we crowded around him and he told us that there was trouble and would some of us come because the trouble looked bad; and he was frightened too.

We started back with him. There were twenty-five or thirty of us, I suppose; you don't count at a moment like that, although I did count later. There were men and boys, almost all the men and boys. I thought that this would be no more than foul names and fouler insults. So we ran on up to the entrance, and as we appeared, they poured onto us from the road, at least a hundred of them with billies and brass knuckles and rocks and clenched fists, and American Legion caps, and suddenly my disbelief was washed away in a wild melee. Such fights don't last long; there were three or four minutes of this, and because the road was narrow and embanked, we were able to beat them back, but the mass of them filled the entranceway, and behind them were hundreds more, and up and down the road, still more.

I said that we beat them back and held the road for the moment, panting, hot with sweat and dust, bleeding only a little now; but they would have come at us again had not three deputy sheriffs appeared. They hefted their holstered guns, and they turned and spread their arms benignly at the mob. "Now, boys," they said, "now take it easy, because we can do this just as well legal, and it always pays to do it legal."

"Give us five minutes and we'll murder the white niggers," the boys answered.

"Just take it easy, just take it slow and easy, boys, because it don't pay to have trouble when you don't have to have no trouble."

And then the three deputy sheriffs turned to us and wanted to know what we were doing there making all this kind of trouble.

I kept glancing at my watch. It was ten minutes after seven then. The interruption helped us to survive. Not that the deputies intended that; but it was a beginning and there was no precedent for this kind of thing in Westchester County in New York State, and the three sheriffs with the polished gold-plated badges were uncertain as how to play their own role. For that reason they held back the "boys" and asked us why we were provoking them.

I became the spokesman then, and a good many of the things I did afterward were the result of this chiefly because I was older than most of our handful and because the merchant seamen and the trade unionists nodded for me to talk. Anyway, I had agreed to be chairman and it seemed that this was the kind of concert we would have, not with Paul Robeson and Pete Seeger singing their lovely tunes of America, but with a special music that had played its melody out in Germany and Italy. So I said that we were not looking for any trouble, but were here to hold a concert, and why didn't they clear the road so that our people could come in and listen to the concert in peace?

"You give me a pain in the ass with that kind of talk," said one of the deputies delicately. "Just cut out the trouble. We don't want no trouble and we don't want no troublemakers."



I explained it again. I explained to them carefully that we were not making trouble, that we had not lured these innocent patriots to attack us, and that all we desired was for them to clear the road so that people could come to the concert.

"How the hell can we clear the road? Just look up there," they told me.

"Tell them to get out and they'll get out," I said.

"Don't tell me what to tell them!"

"Look, mister," I said, "we hold you responsible for whatever happens here."

"Up your ass," said the guardian of the law.

"We'll talk to the boys," another said.

And then they talked to the boys, and we had five minutes. I didn't listen to what they said to the boys. I was beginning to realize that they had no intention of doing anything about them, and when I looked up at the road and saw the roadblocks and the solid mass of men, I began to realize that not only was it extremely unlikely that anyone else on our side would get in, but quite unlikely that any of us already here would get out. Just as the sheriffs turned back to talk to the mob, a man came walking through. This man was in his middle twenties. He was tall; he wore a beard, a beret, and loose, brightly colored slacks. I asked him who he was and what he was doing here. "I'm a music lover," he said.

No self-respecting writer dares to invent such things; but they happen. "Can you fight, Music Lover?" I asked him.

"I can't and I won't." There was indignation and disgust in his voice.

"But you can and you will," I pointed out. "Otherwise, go back up there. This time they'll tear you to pieces."

Later that evening, I spoke to the music lover again. I never learned his name; he will always be Music Lover to me, but when I spoke to him again he had lost his beret, his slacks were torn, and there was blood all over him -- and a wild glint in his eyes.

The men and boys had clustered around me in the little respite. "We're in a very bad place," I told them, "but we'll keep our heads and in a little while some real cops will come and put an end to all this insanity. Meanwhile, we have to keep the mob here where the road is narrow and high, and it's a good place to defend in any case. We keep them here because there's a lot of kids and women down below. That's our whole tactic. Agreed?"

They agreed.

"All right. Just two things. Let me do the talking and let me decide when there's a quick decision, because there won't be time to talk it over."

They agreed again, and our time was running out. A compression of incident and event began. First I told the girls to run back down the road, get all the women and children onto the platform, keep them there for the time being, and send every able-bodied man and boy up to us. Then I asked for a volunteer.

"I want someone to crawl through those bushes, reach the road, find a telephone, and call the troopers, call *The New York Times* and *The Daily Worker*, call Albany and get through to the governor. I want someone who can do that."

I got him. I don't know what I can say about him, except that he had great inventiveness and lots of guts. We pooled our nickels and gave them to him. He was small and bright-eyed, and I have never seen him since that night. Three times he went back and forth and he did what he was supposed to do.

Now the remaining men from below appeared and I counted what we had. All told, including myself, there were forty-two men and boys. I divided them into seven groups of six, three lines of two groups each in other words, three lines of twelve formed across the road where the embankment began, each line anchored on a wooden fence, our flanks protected by the ditch and the water below. The seventh group was held in reserve in our rear.



I looked at my watch again. It was seven-thirty. The three deputy sheriffs had disappeared. The mob was rolling toward us for the second attack. This was, in a way, the worst of that night. For one thing, it was still daylight; later, when night fell, our own sense of organization helped us much more, but this was daylight and they poured down the road and into us, swinging broken fence posts, billies, bottles, and wielding knives. Their leaders had been drinking from pocket flasks and bottles right up to the moment of the attack, and now as they beat and clawed at our line, they poured out a torrent of obscene words and slogans. "We'll finish Hitler's job! Fuck you white niggers! Give us Robeson! We'll string that big nigger up!" and more and more of the same.

I'm not certain how long that second fight lasted. It seemed forever, yet it couldn't have been more than a few minutes.





In that time, the sun sank below the hills to the west of us, and the shadow of twilight came. We concentrated on holding our lines. The first line took the brunt of the fighting, the brunt of the rocks and the clubs. The second line linked arms, as did the third, forming a human wall to the mob. In that fight, four of our first line were badly injured. When they went down, we pulled them back, and men in the second line moved into their places. Here were forty-two men and boys who had never seen each other before, and they were fighting like a well-oiled machine, and the full weight of the screaming madmen did not panic them or cause them to break. By sheer weight, we were forced back foot by foot, but they never broke the line. And then they pulled back. For the moment, they had enough. They drew off, leaving about twenty feet between the front of their mob and our line of defense.

On our part, we were hurt, but not so badly that every man couldn't stand on his feet. We linked arms and waited. As it darkened, change came into the ranks of the mob, a sense of organization. Three men appeared as their leaders, one a dapper, slim, well-dressed middle-aged man who was subsequently identified as a prosperous Peekskill real estate broker. A fourth man joined them, and a heated discussion in whispers started. At the same time, cars up the road were swinging around so that their headlights covered us. Though the police and state troopers were remarkably, conspicuously absent, the press were on the scene. Newspaper photographers were everywhere, taking picture after picture, and reporters crouched in the headlights, taking notes of all that went on. In particular, my attention was drawn to three quiet, well-dressed, good-looking men who stood just to one side of the entrance; two of them had notebooks in which they wrote methodically and steadily. When I first saw them I decided that they were newspapermen and dismissed them from my mind. But I saw them again and again, and later talked to them, as you will see. Subsequently, I discovered they were agents of the Department of Justice. Whether they were assigned to a left-wing concert or to an attempted mass murder, I don't know. They were polite, aloof, neutral, and at one point decently helpful. They were always neutral even though what they saw was attempted murder, a strangely brutal terrible attempt.

The four men in front of the mob broke off their discussion now, and one of them, a good-looking man of thirty or so, came toward us. He wore a white shirt, sleeves rolled up;

his hands were in his pockets; he walked to our line and in a not unfriendly manner said, "Who's running this?"

"I'll talk to you," I said.

He told me he was a railroad worker, a Peekskill resident, and had been drawn into this because he belonged to the local Legion post. He underlined the fact that he liked commies no better than the next man, but that this kind of thing turned his stomach. "I'm on the wrong side," he said. "What I want to know is this, will you call it off if we do?"

I told him that we had never called it on, and that if he could get them to empty the road, we'd leave. He said he'd try. He went back and resumed his whispered argument with the three leaders of the mob, and now behind us our truck appeared. That did it. The mob saw it coming and they attacked again. I had not fought this way in twenty years, not since my days in the slums where I was raised, not since the gang fights of a kid in the New York streets; but now it was for our lives, for all that the cameras were flashing and the newspapermen taking it down blow by blow, so you could read in your morning papers how a few reds in Westchester County were lynched.

It was night now, and now for the first time I understood our situation completely and could guess what the odds were that we would all die in this way, so uselessly and stupidly.

And the FBI men watched calmly and took notes.

I looked at my watch still less than two hours since I had kissed my little daughter.

And then we were fighting again, and then we beat them off again. Their courage was so small that when we turned and came at them, cursing them and telling them that we'd kill a few of them, they fell back until some thirty feet of the embanked road were clear in front of us. But three of us had been hurt very badly, and we helped them into the truck, where they could lie down. We had no bandages except handkerchiefs and shirts, which we used to stop bleeding. And at that moment, something very curious happened. As they came at us again, we began to sing, "Just like a tree that's standing by the water, we shall not be moved." It stopped them cold. They saw a line of bloody, ragged men, standing with their arms locked, standing calmly and singing in a kind of inspired chorus, and they stopped. They couldn't understand us.

They didn't want to touch us now, or they couldn't, so they turned to the rocks. First a rock here and there, then more, and then there was the heavy music as they beat a tattoo against the metal side of the truck. The man on my left was struck in the temple and collapsed without a sound. You didn't have to look; when you heard the fleshy thud, the sound of bone and skin breaking, you knew that someone was hit and that there was one fewer to stand on his feet and face the mob. First I counted how many of us were hit, and then I stopped counting and dropped back to the truck and put my head together with one of the seamen.

"Five minutes more of this," he said, "and we'll be finished." I suggested that we use the truck as a moving shield while the driver took it down to the hollow in low gear. Suddenly, the motor roared.





"All right, let's go!"

There were about twenty of us still on our feet. We dashed around the truck as it lurched forward, and then because the driver had forgotten to switch on his lights, he drove off the road, missed it completely, and sent his truck lurching and careening across the meadow into the night.

Now we ran down into the hollow, and we held together as we ran. As we swung around the curve of the road below, I saw the amphitheater for the first time since I had driven down there earlier in the evening: the platform with the women and children on it and huddled close, the two thousand chairs standing empty, the table of songbooks and pamphlets--and all of it bright as day in the brilliant glare of floodlights. These lit the whole of the meadow, and as we swung around at the bottom, we saw the mob of screaming, swearing patriots, chanting their new war cry, "Kill a commie for Christ," and their lust to kill the "white niggers," break over the hillside and pour down into the light.

For just a moment we stood there, trying to catch our breath, and then we drove into them because there was nothing else to do. At this point, we were half crazy, as full of hate as they were, and so violent was our fury and our own screams that they broke and ran. They turned at forty or fifty yards, formed a wide circle, and stared at us and swore at us with every filthy word they could remember. We, on the other hand, climbed onto the platform and made a line in front of the women and kids. Here, at least, we could use our feet to kick. The children, half frozen with terror, watched all this. The women began to sing the "Star-Spangled Banner," urging the

children, most of them in tears, to join in. A few of the braver hoodlums ran at the platform. We beat them back.

And then the lights went out. Someone had cut the line from the generator, and now the mob, in utter frustration at finding a handful of "commies" so hard to kill, seemed to go absolutely crazy. They attacked the chairs. We couldn't see them, but through the darkness we heard them raging among the folding chairs, throwing them around, splintering and splashing them. It was not only senseless, it was sick, horrible and pathological. Then one of them lit a fire, about thirty or forty yards from the platform. A chair went on the fire, and then another and another, and then a whole pile of the chairs, which belonged not to us but to a Peekskill businessman from whom we had rented them. Then they discovered our table of books and pamphlets, and then, to properly crown the evening, they reenacted the Nuremberg book burning, which had become a world symbol of fascism. Standing there, arms linked, we watched the Nuremberg memory come alive again. The fire roared up and the defenders of the "American way of life" seized piles of our books and danced around the blaze, flinging the books into the fire as they danced. Suddenly, up in the direction of the road, an army flare arched into the sky, made a balloon of bright light, hung there, and then swept slowly and gracefully to earth. I looked at my watch. It was a quarter to ten.

Silence, broken only by the half hysterical sobbing of women and the whimpering cries of little children. It was not easy to sit there in the dark. We had to be firm and sometimes harsh with them, but we had decided that no one would leave the platform until some civil or military force from the outside came through to us.



And then we saw a pair of headlights. Slowly, searchingly, the car drove down into the hollow and toward us, stopping only a few feet away. Three men got out. They walked toward us, leaving the headlights of the car on to light their way. A few feet from me they stopped, nodded at me, and stood quietly for a moment. I recognized them now; they were the well-dressed men with the notebooks who had watched the fighting on the road up above and taken notes as they watched, the FBI.

"You did all right," one of them said suddenly.

"You did a damn good piece of work up there," from another. "It was damn fine discipline all the way through."

"What in hell do you want?" I demanded. I was in no mood to be polite to anyone now.

"We thought we might help you out. You got some badly hurt people, so if you want us to, we'll take them to the hospital."

"Go to hell!" I said, and then one of our men was plucking my sleeve and pulled me back and whispered that he knew them, that they were FBI and that I could trust them.

"Why?"

"Because right now they got no stake in this either way. Didn't you see them before? They're neutral. This is just a big experiment to them and they're neutral. Some of the kids are bleeding badly and I think one of them has a fractured skull. If they say they'll take them to the hospital, they will."

I asked him how he knew who they were, and he replied that he had been working in Westchester County long enough to know. "Anyway, the kids are hurt. We'll take a chance." We selected the three worst hurt. They got into the car, and the FBI men drove off. We were again in the quiet darkness.

The fire burned down. In the dark, we waited the minutes through, one after another, and then suddenly the silence in the hollow erupted into noise and action.

First an ambulance, which came roaring down into the hollow, siren wide open and red headlights throwing a ghostly glare. Then car after car of troopers and Westchester County police. All in a moment, there were a dozen cars in the meadow in front of us and the place was swarming with troopers and police.

One more chapter in that night of horror had to be played through, and it began with an officer of the troopers who stalked 'up to us and demanded, 'Who in hell is running this show?' I told him that he could talk to me.

"Look," I said to him, "we've had a rough time here."

"You'll have a rougher time if you don't god damn well do as we say. Who are you anyway?"

I told him I was the chairman of the concert that never happened. He then told me to keep everyone where they were, and that if anyone tried to get away, there'd be trouble. I said that we had little children here, as he could see, and he replied that I was looking for trouble. I told him I had enough trouble.

In away, that was the hardest part of the evening, not so much waiting in front of a dozen state troopers, their legs spread, fingering their guns and clubs but being there after I learned what was behind all this tough talk. They let me walk around, and one of the Westchester police was willing to talk. Briefly, he told me that one of the mob, William Secor his name, had been knifed and had been taken to the hospital, and the rumor had just come through that he had died. If Secor was dead, every one of us who had held the road against the attack would face a murder charge. That was why we ' were being kept here this way so that they could get a report from the hospital and if necessary pull us in on a murder rap.

(There was no knife among our men. Later, it was proved that Secor had been knifed by one of his mates in the drunken frenzy of their attack.)

Cars were coming back and forth now. The hollow was alive with action and with blue uniforms and with gray uniforms, and the fine jackbooted palace guards of Thomas E. Dewey were strutting all over the place, showing their slim waists and handsome profiles, and there was a conference taking place too among the big brass of the little army which had descended upon us. The local Westchester cop, the one with a core of something human left inside of him a small town cop from a small town nearby nodded at me and I went over to him and he whispered that it was all right now. Secor was not going to die, and in fact he only had a small cut in his belly and they didn't know who cut him.

I went back and spread the news around, and we began to smile a little. There was a sudden change in the attitude of the state troopers; they became courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, just as the book says they are, those fine gray guardians of the law and the people of the sovereign State of New York, and the big brass of them came over to me and put his hand on my shoulder, nice and warm and friendly, and said, "Look, Fast, what we want now is to get your people out of here, and we're going to get them out so that not a hair on anyone's head is harmed, and I guess



you've had a tough night of it, but it's over now and you can just stop worrying. Now I want you to separate them into groups according to the town or place or resort they came from and my troopers will drive them home in our own cars."

It was past midnight when I reached home, put my car in the garage, and went into the house. Juliette was awake. The telephone had been ringing all evening with endless inquiries about me, where I was, whether I was alive or dead. Juliette didn't say much, only thank God that I was alive and how was Paul Robeson? The telephone calls had given her a good idea of what had happened, and I still did not know whether Paul was alive or dead. It turned out that his car had not been able to come within a mile of the picnic grounds, and that he was safe.

I have included the above, with some small changes and deletions, not only because it deeply affected my own life and my thinking, but also because it illustrates how easily, when terror is unleashed in a nation, it can take hold, and how thin the line is that separates constitutional government from tyranny and dictatorship. What happened that night and what happened at the second Peekskill incident was the result of a demented campaign of anti-Communism, led by such men as Senator Joseph McCarthy, Roy Cohn, Richard Nixon, and John Rankin. In the narrative above, insofar as my own knowledge extends, the only member of the Communist Party in that picnic hollow was Howard Fast, and if I had not been able to enter the hollow, the attempt at mass murder still would have taken place.

The incident happened in such isolation that I had the strange feeling the following day that the country and the world knew nothing about it. I was very wrong; it was headline news all over the world, and Bette, terrified, read an account in the *Paris Tribune*. Even Governor Dewey responded, asking District Attorney Fanelli of Westchester County to submit a full report. The response of Fanelli was so bland and incredible that it played like a scene from a film about Nazi Germany. Fanelli stated "that he didn't know anything about the disorders but was sure that the concert goers and not the veterans and hoodlums who attacked them were responsible." This from *The New York Compass*. The press reports varied from straightforward accounts, vex neutral, to gleeful approval. A few regretted that Howard Fast had survived. Sergeant Johnson of the New York State Police. said. "There was no need to be there in advance. We don't play into the hands of the commies. We went in when we found that a crime had been committed." The crime referred to was not the attempt to kill the concert goers but the cut in Secor's stomach.

A few days later, the concert was again attempted. This time, the arrangements were more carefully designed. Several thousand members of the Fur and Leather Workers' Union, the Teachers' Union, and District 65, a large local union, formed a ring, shoulder to shoulder, around the Hollow Brook Country Club picnic grounds, where the second Peekskill concert was held. Even though there was almost no time to prepare, over five thousand people came to the concert, and here Paul Robeson did sing. But before the second concert, I took Juliette and the children back to New York. I had had enough of the peaceful suburbs.



Like the first concert, the second concert ended in disaster. Discovering that we had planned carefully, that we had surrounded the picnic grounds with almost three thousand men, standing beside one another within arm's reach, the well-organized gang of hoodlums changed their plans accordingly. The road that led to the picnic grounds was almost a narrow country lane. All along this road, groups gathered piles of rock and waited. Farther along where the road was crossed by highway bridges, they gathered tons of rocks and waited. Then, when the concert was finished, each car leaving the grounds ran a gauntlet of rocks. Car after car was smashed, windows shattered, cuts, bruises, skull fractures, splinters of glass embedded in eyes all of this inflicted on the drivers and passengers to such an extent that every hospital in the vicinity was turned into an emergency trauma facility.

I doubt that Peekskill is much remembered, even by those who call themselves revisionists in the historical sense and who try to include in our history hundreds of happenings like the incidents at Peekskill, artfully omitted by the scholarly establishment. That was a strange year, 1949.

Bette returned from abroad with the bleak knowledge that one could not escape the current madness, even for a month. It followed you. How do you smile at each other and make love and pretend that your family is like any other? You walked down the street and nothing has changed, the same people, the same smiles, the same annoyance of some at others, the same indifference to each other, the same hurry and bustle. A dear friend of mine had been in Berlin in 1936, a few years after Hitler came to power, and he told me that he walked through the streets of Berlin and found nothing changed. Except that inside it was eating us up. I pretended, Bette pretended but insofar as we knew at



that moment, having no crystal ball, we were in a land hell bent on repeating the story of Nazi Germany. It was not only that I was out front and on the way to becoming the

establishment's number one symbolic threat, but we had two small children.

"Well, one day at a time," we said to each other.



## ***Class Collaboration & Fascism***

**By Tom Big Warrior**

Lenin defined Fascism as "capitalism in decline." When you get down to it, the alternative in the era of capitalist-imperialism is fascism (in its various forms) – which is based upon class collaboration – or socialism – which is based upon class struggle leading to the elimination of classes.

Fascism embraces the idea of a stratified class society based upon class exploitation and the belief that members of every class ought to subordinate themselves and cooperate for the good of the state (dominated by the exploiting ruling class). Does this sound familiar? It should, it is what we live under.

Fascism is the sworn enemy of communism, of socialist revolution and of the class struggle for equality and social justice for all. Even in its "liberal democratic" form, fascism feeds on ignorance, fear and hate. It is in every sense reactionary and plays to prejudice, bigotry, racism, sexism and so on, but its essence is class collaboration, which is usually wrapped-up in the flag of nationalism. This is the dividing line – not the other reactionary aspects which are adaptable to circumstances.

Is Obama a "Socialist?" Of course not! Even if he professed to be one, it would be a lie, because the essence of his line is class collaboration to save capitalism. He would still be a fascist.

Let's look back to another time of crisis, to the months between the February and October revolutions in Russia in 1917. Here was where Lenin and "Leninism" stood apart from the various phony "Socialists," who were all preaching class collaboration with the Russian capitalists and Western imperialists.

This is how Lenin answered their appeal:

### **Class Collaboration With Capital, or Class Struggle Against Capital?**

**By V.I. Lenin**

***Pravda*, May 19, 1917**

(From: "Marxists Internet Archive")

That is how history puts the issue--and not history in general, but the economic and political history of the Russia of today.



The Narodniks and Mensheviks, Chernov and Tsereteli, have transferred the Contact Commission from the room adjacent to the one the ministers used to meet in to the ministerial chamber itself. This, and this alone, is the purely political significance of the "new" cabinet.

Its economic and class significance is that, at the best (from the point of view of the stability of the cabinet and the preservation of capitalist domination), the leadership of the peasant bourgeoisie, headed since 1906 by Peshekhonov, and the petty-bourgeois "leaders" of the Menshevik workers have *promised* the capitalists their class collaboration. (At the worst—for the capitalists—the whole change has a purely personal or clique significance, but no class significance at all.)

Let us assume that the more favourable eventuality is the case. Even so, there is not a shadow of doubt that the promisers will be unable to fulfil their promises. "We shall—in co-operation with the capitalists—help the country out of its crisis, save it from ruin and get it out of the war"—that is what the action of the petty-bourgeois leaders, the Chernovs and Tseretelis, in joining the cabinet really amounts to. Our answer is: Your help is not enough. The crisis has advanced infinitely farther than you imagine, only the revolutionary class, by taking revolutionary measures against capital, can save the country—and not our country alone.

The crisis is so profound, so widespread, of such vast world-wide scope, and so closely bound up with Capital itself, that the class struggle against Capital must inevitably assume the form of political supremacy by the proletariat and semi-proletariat. There is no other way out.

You want to have revolutionary enthusiasm in the army, Citizens Chernov and Tsereteli? But you cannot create it, because the revolutionary enthusiasm of the masses is not begotten by a change of "leaders" in cabinets, by florid declarations, or by promises to take steps to revise the treaty with the British capitalists; it can be aroused only by acts of revolutionary policy patent to all and undertaken daily and everywhere *against* almighty Capital and against its making profits out of the war, a policy that will make for a radical improvement in the standard of living of the mass of the poor.

Even if you were to hand over all the land to the people immediately, this would not end the crisis unless revolutionary measures were taken against Capital.

You want an offensive, Citizens Chernov and Tsereteli? But you cannot rouse the army to an offensive, because you cannot use force *against* the people today. And unless force is used against them the people would undertake an offensive only in the great interests of the great revolution against Capital in all countries; and not merely a revolution promised and proclaimed, but a revolution actually in process of realisation, a revolution which is being carried out in actual fact, and is tangible to all.

You want to organise supply, Citizens Peshekhonovs and Skobelevs, the supply of goods for the peasants, of bread and meat for the army, of raw material for

industry, and so forth? You want control over, and partly even the, organisation of, production?

You cannot do this without the revolutionary enthusiasm of the proletarian and semi-proletarian mass. This enthusiasm can be aroused only by taking revolutionary measures against the privileges and profits of Capital. Failing this, your promised control will remain a dead, capitalist, bureaucratic palliative.

The experiment at class collaboration with Capital is now being made by the Chernovs and Tseretelis, and by certain sections of the petty bourgeoisie, on a new, gigantic, all-Russia scale.

All the more valuable will be its lessons for the people, when the latter become convinced—and that apparently will be soon—of the futility and hopelessness of such collaboration.

Let us look then at the economic and political history of the United States of today. Once again, "The crisis is so profound, so widespread, of such vast world-wide scope, and so closely bound up with Capital itself, that the class struggle against Capital must inevitably assume the form of political supremacy by the proletariat and semi-proletariat."

We are indeed moving towards a revolutionary situation. But the history here has been one of long-standing class collaboration. Indeed the U.S. has never had a truly Leninist Party, even when Lenin was alive and giving his encouragement. There has always been an element of class collaboration, of "Economism" and "Right Opportunism," (even when it took a "Left" form).

By the 1950s, the CPUSA was ready to fold. It was clinging to the American flag and the Bill of Rights and covertly backing the Democrats as the "lesser of two evils." It passively "pled the fifth" in the face of rabid anti-communist "McCarthyism." It retreated into civil rights reformism.

So the revolutionary Left had to be reinvented in the 1960s and 70s, particularly through the Black Panther Party (BPP). But under the pressure of COINTELPRO repression, the BPP cracked and split into reformist and ultra-militant adventurist factions.

Having survived Three Great Waves of the World Proletarian Socialist Revolution, the capitalist-imperialists arrogantly proclaimed the "End of History" and the "Death of Communism." But it is the decline and crisis of capitalism that summons the future and the alternative of waging the class struggle to the inevitable conclusion of the creation of classless society. Communism is not a "good idea in theory that doesn't work in practice."

The alternative to class society is communism – human society organized on the basis of equality and social justice for all. It is the resolution of the fundamental contradictions in class society that cry out for resolution – by any means necessary.

In this historical period, the proletariat (wage slaves) is the only all-the-way revolutionary class. This is because it can only fully liberate itself by abolishing all exploitation and the division of society into exploiting and exploited classes.



Even where the working class has been bribed and brainwashed to adopt a fascist mind-set and oppose its own class interests, this state of affairs can only be temporary. Inevitably, as the downward spiral of crisis continues, the ruling class is forced to broaden its attack on the masses, to cut wages and downsize its workforce, taking back concessions and imposing ever more draconian repression on an ever expanding percentage of the population.

Inevitably, all sections of the proletariat will acquire revolutionary class consciousness and be drawn into the class struggle. Of course it helps to have a revolutionary vanguard actively working among the masses to raise political consciousness and create public opinion favorable to revolution and socialist transformation. It is imperative!

This is what makes revisionism and selling out to class collaboration such a heinous crime. It is better to take a bullet than betray the people and prolong their bondage. It is also a serious error to play the "blame game" and fail to take seriously the task of education of the masses – as if they are to blame for being suckered by the bourgeoisie and its agents into believing the propaganda of capitalist-imperialism.

The duty of revolutionaries is to wage the class struggle – until it is won!

**Dare to Struggle Dare to Win!**

**All Power to the People!**



**"This Machine KILLS FASCISTS"**



### **Woody Guthrie All You Fascists lyrics**

I'm gonna tell you fascists,  
You may be surprised  
The people in this world  
Are getting organized  
You're bound to lose  
You fascists bound to lose

Race hatred cannot stop us  
This one thing we know  
Your poll tax and Jim Crow  
And greed has got to go  
You're bound to lose  
You fascists bound to lose.

All of you fascists bound to lose:  
I said, all of you fascists bound to lose:  
Yes sir, all of you fascists bound to lose:  
You're bound to lose!  
You fascists: Bound to lose!

People of every color



Marching side to side  
Marching across these fields  
Where a million fascists dies  
You're bound to lose  
You fascists bound to lose!

I'm going into this battle  
And take my union gun  
We'll end this world of slavery  
Before this battle's won  
You're bound to lose  
You fascists bound to lose!

### **Culture is a Battlefield!**

**Woody knew his guitar was a weapon,  
just as truth is a weapon  
in the Class War  
He wasn't joking about killing fascists  
with his guitar.  
He knew that by singing the truth,  
he could give people courage.  
That's what he did as a merchant seaman  
when his ship was torpedoed,  
He got out his guitar and started to sing  
at those fascists while his shipmates  
worked to keep their boat afloat.**

**Like Robeson at Peekskill, Woody never  
backed down in the face of fascist goons  
who thought they could stop him from  
singing**

### **Truth to Power**

**Woody was a Red  
a soldier of the oppressed  
like most communists of his generation  
he saw the class struggle  
primarily as a struggle to unionize the  
workers.  
It was a struggle he was ready to die for,  
For anybody's union,  
He would "sleep in a union coffin  
in the union buryin' ground."**

**He took his guitar to the picket lines  
and union halls**

## **JACK LONDON**



Jan. 12, 1876 – Nov. 22, 1916

Jack London was a writer and social activist, who is best remembered for his adventure stories like *Call of the Wild*, *The Sea Wolf* and *White Fang*. Jack was also an ardent Socialist, and among his body of work is the dystopian novel *The Iron Heel*, in which he predicts an age of fascism dominating the U.S. before the eventual victory of world socialist revolution.

He also wrote the non-fiction exposé, *The People of the Abyss* (1903), about life in the East End of London at the turn of the century. Inspired by Friedrich Engel's *The Conditions of the Working Class in England* (1844) and *How the Other Half Lives* (1890) by Jacob Riis, London spent months living in the streets and workhouses of Whitechapel and other slums of London's poverty-stricken East End to see for himself the conditions shared by half a million people in the great metropolis of the British Empire.

Jack London joined the Socialist Labor Party (SLP) in San Francisco in 1896 at age 20. He was arrested the following year for giving nightly speeches in Oakland's City Hall Park. In 1901 he quit the SLP and joined the Socialist Party of America (SPA), running





unsuccessfully as that Party's candidate for Mayor of Oakland. In 1905 he published *The War of the Classes*, and in 1906, *Revolution, and other Essays*.

## How I Became a Socialist

Jack London

From: *The War of the Classes* (1905)

It is quite fair to say that I became a Socialist in a fashion somewhat similar to the way in which the Teutonic pagans became Christians—it was hammered into me. Not only was I not looking for Socialism at the time of my conversion, but I was fighting it. I was very young and callow, did not know much of anything, and though I had never even heard of a school called "Individualism," I sang the paean of the strong with all my heart.

This was because I was strong myself. By strong I mean that I had good health and hard muscles, both of which possessions are easily accounted for. I had lived my childhood on California ranches, my boyhood hustling newspapers on the streets of a healthy Western city, and my youth on the ozone-laden waters of San Francisco Bay and the Pacific Ocean. I loved life in the open, and I toiled in the open, at the hardest kinds of work. Learning no trade, but drifting along from job to job, I looked on the world and called it good, every bit of it. Let me repeat this optimism was because I was healthy and strong, bothered with neither aches nor weaknesses, never turned down by the boss because I did not look fit, able always to get a job at shovelling coal, sailorizing, or manual labor of some sort.

And because of all this, exulting in my young life, able to hold my own at work or fight, I was a rampant individualist. It was very natural. I was a winner. Wherefore I called the game, as I saw it played, or thought I saw it played, a very proper game for MEN. To be a MAN was to write man in large capitals on my heart. To adventure like a man, and fight like a man, and do a man's work (even for a boy's pay)—these were things that reached right in and gripped hold of me as no other thing could. And I looked ahead into long vistas of a hazy and interminable future, into which, playing what I conceived to be MAN'S game, I should continue to travel with unfailing health, without accidents, and with muscles ever vigorous. As I say, this fun was interminable. I could see myself only tagging through life without end like one of Nietzsche's BLOND-BEASTS, lustfully roving and conquering by sheer superiority and strength.

As for the unfortunates, the sick, and ailing, and old, and maimed, I must confess I hardly thought of them at all, save that I vaguely felt that they, barring accidents, could be as good as I if they wanted to real hard, and could work just as well. Accidents? Well, they represented FATE, also spelled out in capitals, and there was no getting around FATE. Napoleon had had an accident at Waterloo, but that did not dampen my desire to be another and later Napoleon. Further, the optimism bred of a stomach which could digest scrap iron and a body which flourished on hardships did not permit me to consider accidents as even remotely related to my glorious personality.

I hope I have made it clear that I was proud to be one of Nature's strong-armed noblemen. The dignity of labor was to me the most impressive thing in the world. Without having read Carlyle, or Kipling, I formulated a gospel of work which put theirs in the shade. Work was everything. It was sanctification and salvation. The pride I took in a hard day's work well done would be inconceivable to you. It is almost inconceivable to me as I look back upon it. I was as faithful a wage slave as ever a capitalist exploited. To shirk or malingering on the man who paid me my wages was a sin, first, against myself, and second, against him. I considered it a crime second only to treason and just about as bad.

In short, my joyous individualism was dominated by the orthodox bourgeois ethics. I read the bourgeois papers, listened to the bourgeois preachers, and shouted at the sonorous platitudes of the bourgeois politicians. And I doubt not, if other events had not changed my career, that I should have evolved into a professional strike-breaker, (one of President Eliot's American heroes), and had my head and my earning power irrevocably smashed by a club in the hands of some militant trades-unionist.

Just about this time, returning from a seven months' voyage before the mast, and just turned eighteen, I took it into my head to go tramping. On rods and blind baggages I fought my way from the open West where men bucked big and the job hunted the man, to the congested labor centres of the East, where men were small potatoes and hunted the job for all they were worth. And on this new BLOND-BEAST adventure I found myself looking upon life from a new and totally different angle. I had dropped down from the proletariat into what sociologists love to call the "submerged tenth," and I was startled to discover the way in which that submerged tenth was recruited.

I found there all sorts of men, many of whom had once been as good as myself and just as BLOND-BEAST; sailor-men, soldier-men, labor-men, all wrenched and distorted and twisted out of shape by toil and hardship and accident, and cast adrift by their masters like so many old horses. I battered on the drag and slammed back gates with them, or shivered with them in box cars and city parks, listening the while to life-histories which began under auspices as fair as mine, with digestions and bodies equal to and better than mine, and which ended there before my eyes in the shambles at the bottom of the Social Pit.

And as I listened my brain began to work. The woman of the streets and the man of the gutter drew very close to me. I saw the picture of the Social Pit as vividly as though it were a concrete thing, and at the bottom of the Pit I saw them, myself above them, not far, and hanging on to the slippery wall by main strength and sweat. And I confess a terror seized me. What when my strength failed? When I should be unable to work shoulder to shoulder with the strong men who were as yet babes unborn? And there and then I swore a great oath. It ran something like this: ALL MY DAYS I HAVE WORKED HARD WITH MY BODY, AND ACCORDING TO THE NUMBER OF DAYS I HAVE WORKED, BY JUST THAT MUCH AM I NEARER THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT. I SHALL CLIMB OUT OF THE PIT, BUT NOT BY THE MUSCLES OF MY BODY SHALL I CLIMB OUT. I SHALL DO NO MORE HARD WORK, AND





MAY GOD STRIKE ME DEAD IF I DO ANOTHER DAY'S HARD WORK WITH MY BODY MORE THAN I ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO DO. And I have been busy ever since running away from hard work.

Incidentally, while tramping some ten thousand miles through the United States and Canada, I strayed into Niagara Falls, was nabbed by a fee-hunting constable, denied the right to plead guilty or not guilty, sentenced out of hand to thirty days' imprisonment for having no fixed abode and no visible means of support, handcuffed and chained to a bunch of men similarly circumstanced, carted down country to Buffalo, registered at the Erie County Penitentiary, had my head clipped and my budding mustache shaved, was dressed in convict stripes, compulsorily vaccinated by a medical student who practised on such as we, made to march the lock-step, and put to work under the eyes of guards armed with Winchester rifles--all for adventuring in BLOND-BEASTLY fashion. Concerning further details deponent sayeth not, though he may hint that some of his plethoric national patriotism simmered down and leaked out of the bottom of his soul somewhere--at least, since that experience he finds that he cares more for men and women and little children than for imaginary geographical lines.

To return to my conversion. I think it is apparent that my rampant individualism was pretty effectively hammered out of me, and something else as effectively hammered in. But, just as I had been an individualist without knowing it, I was now a Socialist without knowing it, withal, an unscientific one. I had been reborn, but not renamed, and I was running around to find out what manner of thing I was. I ran back to California and opened the books. I do not remember which ones I opened first. It is an unimportant detail anyway. I was already It, whatever It was, and by aid of the books I discovered that It was a Socialist. Since that day I have opened many books, but no economic argument, no lucid demonstration of the logic and inevitableness of Socialism affects me as profoundly and convincingly as I was affected on the day when I first saw the walls of the Social Pit rise around me and felt myself slipping down, down, into the shambles at the bottom.



Benjamin Ernest Linder (1959-1987)

## To Die For the People

"Ben" Linder was a young American engineer and a supporter of the Sandinistas. He was working as a volunteer on a small hydroelectric dam project in Nicaragua when he and two Nicaraguan co-workers were assassinated by U.S. CIA-backed Contras. He was wounded by a grenade and then shot at point-blank range in the head. He was not armed.

While in collage at the University of Washington, Ben learned to juggle and to ride a unicycle. He was a familiar sight in Nicaragua, dressed-up in clown costume entertaining children with his juggling. It was part of his contribution to the Nicaraguan Revolution along with his labor to bring clean drinking water and electricity to Nicaragua's rural poor.

His death stiffened the resolve of opponents of President Reagan's aid to the Contra's. It fueled the debate during the Iran-Contras hearings that resulted in Congress cutting off aid to the Contras. The song "Fragile" on Sting's 1987 album *Nothing Like the Sun* is a tribute to Ben Linder.





## Know Your Rights

*The Clash*

This is a public service announcement

With guitars

Know your rights all three of them

Number 1

You have the right not to be killed

Murder is a CRIME!

Unless it was done by a

Policeman or aristocrat

Know your rights

And Number 2

You have the right to food money

Providing of course you

Don't mind a little

Investigation, humiliation

And if you cross your fingers

Rehabilitation

Know your rights

These are your rights

Wang

Know these rights

Number 3

You have the right to free

Speech as long as you're not

Dumb enough to actually try it.

Know your rights

These are your rights



All three of 'em  
It has been suggested  
In some quarters that this is not  
enough!

Well.....

Get off the streets!

Get off the streets!

Run

You don't have a home to go to

Smush!

Finally then I will read you your rights

You have the right to remain silent

You are warned that anything you say

Can and will be taken down

and used as evidence against you

Listen to this

Run!

## ***HARRASSED***

Posted on National Youth Rights Assoc. Website

**Police Harassment... Again!**

What for this time?

As a cop drove by I said loudly, "OINK! OINK! DO AWAY  
WITH THE PORK!"

They came back, snatched my hat and asked me if I thought  
it was funny.

I said give me my fuckin' hat back.

They said I'd get it back.

I said, now.

They asked me if I thought it was funny, again.

I said yes.

They said say it to their face.

I said nothing.

They asked for my name.

"Andrew"

Andrew what?

I have the right to remain silent.

"Oh you're not gonna tell us your last name?" \*Puts on  
gloves\*

"Take your colors off! This is Boardman, we don't wear them  
here."

\*shrug\*

"Oh you think your bad?"

\*silence\*

"What's your last name?"

"I don't see why that's any of your business."

"That's it get against the car"

"I didn't do anything illegal. I know my rights, you aren't  
allowed to search me."

"Oh really?!"

"How old are you?"

"Does your mother know you're out here?"

"Yes."

"Oh really, I don't think she does."

\*shove against car. Patted down. shirt lifted up.\*

"Pull your pants up and wear 'em like a white boy."

"No. I will wear my pants how I see comfortable."

"Fine, then I'll pull them up."

\*Pig yanks my pants up\*

"What's your last name?"

\*Silence\*

"That's it, you're going to juvenile"

Switch to talking to my couzin.

"You, what's his last name."

"I don't know."

"Oh, so you guys want to go with him?"

"Pssh.. Whatever.."

"Where you guys headed."

"Movies."

Back to me.

"Where do you live?"

"Down the road."

(To Couzin)

"Where do you live?"

"Tennesse."

"Where you stayin' at up here?"

"My grandma's."

"Really? Where's she live?"

"Poland."

"Where you comin' from?"

"His house."

"Where's that?"

"I don't know."

(Back to me)

"What's your last name."

"Why's that any of your business?"

"Oh, so you're ready to go to juvenile."

\*Shrug\*

"Whatever, I'll say I'm sorry. Just leave me alone."

"No, I won't accept your apology until we start this over the  
right way."

"Whatever"

"What's your name?"

"Andrew."

"Andrew what?"

"Lindberg."

-blah de blah. You should respect us because of blah de  
blah.-

"What would your mother think about this?"

"She'd cuss you out."

"Oh really, then lets just see about that."



"Lets call and talk to your mother."

"Okay."

"What's your mother's name?"

"Christine."

"Phone number"

"Calls no answer"

-name ask again 50 million times.-

"Well, your mother's not answering, so if she has any questions, tell her to feel free to call us."

"I'll be sure to tell her that."

"Next time you think you know your rights, you don't. You're lucky we have better things to do or you'd be in juvenile right now."

"Yeah, sure."

\*Gives hat back\*

"What'd you learn from this?"

\*walk away in silence.\*

Couzin' -- "Pssh.. nothing."

Friend -- \*mumbled\* "You're an asshole."

I'M FUCKING TIRED OF GOD DAMNED PIGS.

I swear if I wasn't heading out of state Sunday, I would have gone to juvenile and fought them fuckers. And I wouldn't have ever given in if I didn't have a movie to get to I FUCKING HATE PIGS...

It's a case dosed story.

ALL PIGS ARE DICKS.

Ruined my fuckin' movie.. And caused my stomach ache to return...

\*\*\*\*\*

## COMMUNITY ALERT

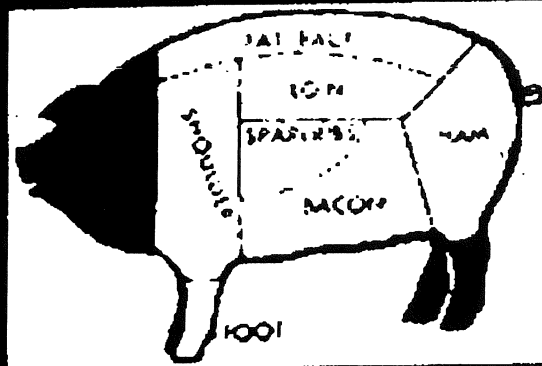
\*\*\*\*\*

# (((BEWARE OF PIG)))

Hi. I am going to  
Kick your ass



& get away with it



Hi. I am going to  
Kick your ass



& get away with it

# SWINE ON THE LOOSE!

\*THE POLICE (PIGS) ARE DOMESTIC TERRORISTS\*

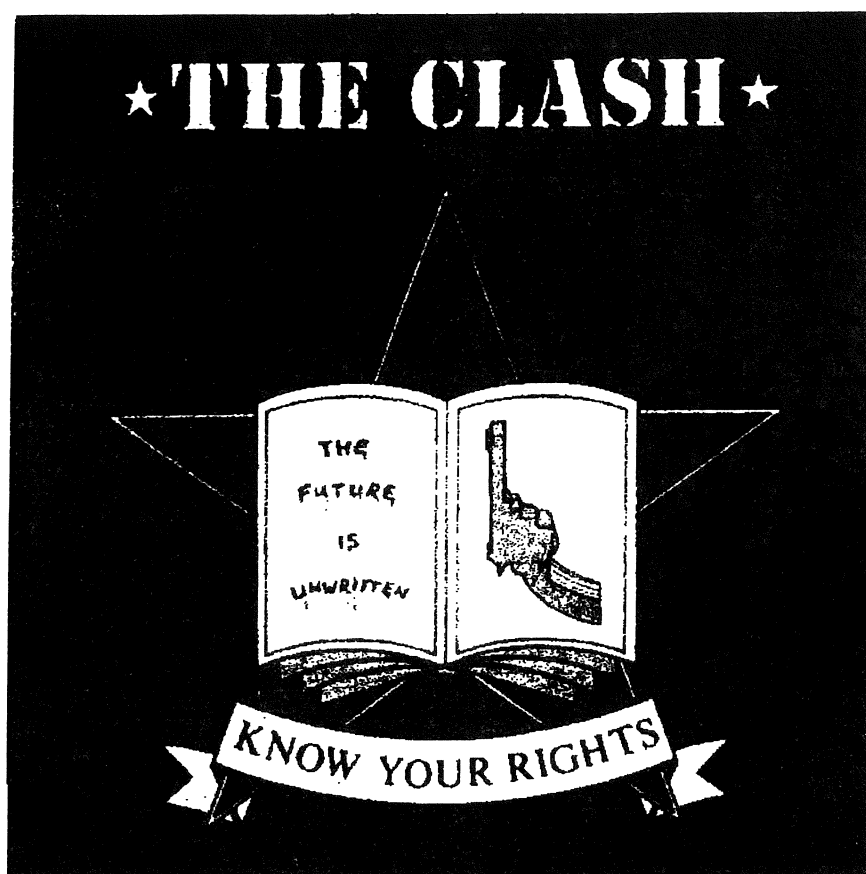
DO NOT LET THEM CORNER YOU!

THEY WILL KILL YOU AND GET AWAY WITH IT -

MAYBE EVEN GET A PROMOTION!

THESE EVIL BASTARDS ARE HIGHLY ORGANIZED,  
WELL ARMED, AND POTENTIALLY VIOLENT!

WARN YOUR FAMILY, FRIENDS, AND NEIGHBORS!



**"I think that an objective analysis of events that are taking place on this earth today points towards some type of ultimate showdown. You can call it political showdown, or even a showdown between the economic systems that exist on this earth which almost boil down along racial lines. I do believe that there will be a clash between East and West. I believe that there will ultimately be a clash between the oppressed and those that do the oppressing. I believe that there will be a clash between those who want freedom, justice and equality for everyone and those who want to continue the systems of exploitation."**

**"It is incorrect to classify the revolt of the Negro as simply a radical conflict of black against white or as a purely American problem. Rather, we are today seeing a global rebellion of the oppressed against the oppressor, the exploited against the exploiter."**

**-- Malcolm X**



## Rise Up!

### Cypress Hill - Rise Up Lyrics

Living in the big city  
The American dream  
Is for roaming in the streets of greed  
Everywhere I turn I'm on a mission for more  
But I ain't selling my soul  
With the dope there's no girl  
I'm on a one way box to the top  
Hitting the strip but got a sound that would rally the block  
I'm in the fast lane and I won't stop  
You ain't nothing but talk  
You Couldn't hang on the rope by ball  
This life that I live  
It ain't for the weak  
Got my roddy gangster that came off the street  
I'm trying to keep the peace  
but I gotta keep my pace  
Got these drunk police  
Want me all rappy  
And I'm searching for the higher ground  
I want my head in the sky  
So high that I can't come down  
Leave your lies in every town across the nation  
Cause you can never stop to play  
Gotta Rise up (to the top, to the top)  
Can't stop (How high can you get?)  
Gotta Rise up (to the top, to the top)  
Can't stop (How high can you get?)  
Cause what goes up must come down  
So we gotta rise up to the Higher ground  
Rise Up (Rise Up)  
Rise Up Rise Up  
Rise Up (Rise Up)

How high can you get?  
Cruising in the drop chevy  
Got my foot on the floor  
I'm hitting switches and my brim is heavy  
You wanna look inside  
And see who's crossing the brine  
Curiosity is killing you  
With stick in the prime  
I get high from the brim in the set  
Never gripping the square  
But all you haters couldn't hold my.  
Don't need a clip for my ? straight  
You should leave it alone  
And check your toe cause my line will spit  
This right here's as high as it gets  
Somebody likes it, the hell  
Cause you stepped on the sex  
But guess who will show you, you gotta pass the check  
Got my clock on deck and my custom vest streets  
You came, for me I'm the best  
And you can keep the dress  
Cause I'm smoke at the less  
Turn a step back I'm tired of getting pushed  
Gotta rise up to the top (to the top)  
Can't stop (How high can you get?)  
Gotta rise up to the top (to the top)  
Can't stop (How high can you get?)  
Cause what goes up must come down  
So we gotta rise up to the Higher ground  
Rise Up (Rise Up)  
Rise Up (Rise Up)  
Rise Up (Rise Up)  
How high can you get?  
I go psycho  
Crazy Michael Myers  
Except the stages on fire going higher  
Cause when I lean on a flyer  
There's so much more to make the whole city rise  
This defines a man to get the whole world lifted  
Wall man trying to make a land with a mission  
There's no way you can stand in this position  
You can't take the heat get the f\*ck about the tension  
Go with the will to hustle, you see if we hit the floor you'll  
never stop it you ain't got the muscle  
Were going to world top, homeboy this is the show  
We gotta blow up the stage be out the door  
Sometimes we all need an escape  
So when we form our track  
Well get your mind while we get the stat  
I made a pack with a crew on the hill  
We continue to build with all the people who believe their bill  
Gotta Rise up (to the top, to the top)  
Can't stop (How high can you get?)  
Gotta Rise up (to the top, to the top)  
Can't stop (How high can you get?)  
Cause what goes up must come down  
So we gotta rise up to the Higher ground  
Rise Up (Rise Up)  
Rise Up (Rise Up)  
Rise Up (Rise Up)  
How high can you get?



## Stand up for Your Class Stand up for Yourself

by Comrade TBW

One divides into two, and the people divide into exploiting and exploited classes. Thus it has been since the Epoch of Exploitation began. From straight-up, chain-around-your-neck bondage to being chained to wage slavery, the exploited have been used and abused to benefit the class of exploiters. How did the world get to be this way?

We started out even. We started out equal. We started out free. Throughout most of our existence we were free, and no one had the right to compel another, or to hoard the goods. Tribes evolved around bonds of kinship – real and invented. Customs evolved around hospitality and sharing.

For millennia people spread out to populate the earth, gathering the bounty of Nature. In their beliefs, there was no Hell or damnation. They had no conception of a "Heavenly King." This came later, with the Epoch of Exploitation, and reflected the tyranny of class society. It began with Patriarchy and the overthrow of "Mother Right." Whereas kinship was naturally figured on the mother's line, the new order demanded male supremacy and inheritance through the father.

Thus the oppression of women was bound up in the emergence of class society and private property. To assure that a Patriarch's inheritors were his own offspring, women lost their sexual freedom and became commodities that could be purchased. "Privatization" is at the core of exploitation – and always has been.

But the cornerstone was the increase in production to create a surplus. Whereas primitive people lived hand to mouth, class society required a surplus that could be expropriated, hoarded, and used to establish power over others. The essence of civilization is violence and theft. Religion is used to sanctify the inequality and injustice.

The priest class gets to share in the spoils for assuring people that there is a God and he has chosen their earthly ruler and chief exploiter. The "Heavenly King" is a projection, a reflection of the tyrant who sits upon the throne in judgment of the taxpaying masses whose labor is exploited or who own the "talking beasts" who labor as slaves.

All of history is the story of class society: of class struggle and the struggles between exploiters. Whitewashed and varnished it is passed down to perpetuate the status quo and make it seem "normal" and inevitable. They say, "History is written by the victors." This is true, but objective truth exists anyway, written or not.

The Epoch of Exploitation is divided into stages of development from Patriarchy to contemporary Capitalist-Imperialism, which is its final stage. At this stage, Capitalism acts as a break on further development of the productive forces as private ownership comes to be more and more in contradiction with the needs (and survival of humanity).

We have reached the stage where everyone could be enjoying a comfortable life style based on the fruits of developed socialized production, but instead the majority suffer in poverty and hunger. The majority have become surplus to the needs of Capitalist-Imperialism. They can't be profitably exploited as workers by the capitalists.

At this stage revolution becomes inevitable – to end the Epoch of Exploitation. Bourgeois apologists ramble on that "Communism (the next epoch) works well in theory, but won't work in practice because of human nature." Do they forget that the long Pre-Exploitative Epoch reflected true human nature? In this stage of "Primitive Communalism" people were as natural as it gets. They were uncorrupted by civilization – which is based on violence and theft.

In the "Shell Game" the hustlers switch "corruption of civilization" for "human nature." "Arrgh! You can't separate people from our corrupting influence!" They gasp, and then growl, "You Commie bastards rebel against God and the natural order of the masses being ruled by their betters!"

The truth is "Communism is not a 'Good Idea.'" It is the inevitable outcome of the resolution of the class struggle. It is the future summoned into existence by capitalist-imperialism. They created the socialization, modernization and globalization of production. This revolution in the base of society calls forth a revolution in the superstructure. It is a fire that can't be stomped out.

In simplest terms, *Communism is the extension of human rights to include all human needs*. So when we stand up for our rights, we are advancing the class struggle – a struggle started by the exploiters to deprive people of their freedom and separate them from the wealth they produce. They make "War on the Poor." Communists expose this reality and show the people how to organize to defend themselves (and their rights) and turn the tables on their oppressors.

Marxism-Leninism-Maoism (MLM) illuminates the way forward. Pantherism is an application of this consciousness. With illumination, we can see just how dysfunctional and in decline this system really is. The solution is in the problem. It amounts to eliminating the private ownership of the means of production and empowering the people.

So when we say "Stand up for yourself!" we are pointing the way forward. Only the masses of people can more this society forward – out of and beyond the Epoch of Exploitation. As Mao summed it up, it boils down to "Create Public Opinion – Seize Power!"

Liberation occurs first in the mind. This boils down to recognizing our own class interests. Forget what the exploiters say. They are liars! They are hustlers! They are 'Masters of Deception,' but the truth shall set us free! It requires that we throw away the slave mentality. Why do you think they made it a crime to teach a slave to read? It is because slavery requires ignorance. You can't control a plantation of hundreds of slaves with a handful of overseers if the slaves are hip to the game.

The name of the game is "Divide and Rule." It was old in the time of Ancient Greece and Rome. Spartacus showed what can happen when the slaves decide not to play.



With modern production technology, the slaves have to be given a bit of education. They can't just be controlled with a whip and a sharp stick. The essence of "Neo-Liberalism" is "Dollar Diplomacy," or using money to manipulate and control the situation. But economic crisis destabilizes all that. It calls into question the very premise of capitalist-imperialism. Why should a small class of exploiters rule when it results in anarchy and chaos and makes the masses suffer unnecessarily from poverty, hunger and preventable disease? Why should millions be incarcerated in soul destroying prisons when they could lead happy and productive lives? Why should factories sit idle and masses of youth walk the streets unemployed or take a job as a gun thug riding roughshod in a foreign land shooting other poor people?

The angry youth feel their oppression even if they don't consciously understand it. Consciousness is infectious. You can see it spread when somebody stands up. Most of the time we are doping up to keep from being conscious and feeling the frustration and pain. But standing up cures that. It is a liberating feeling, and that too is infectious. Even people who don't stand up feel it. People who hear about years later feel it. And that ain't nothin' compared to the liberating feeling actual liberation will bring.

Ho-ho! Imagine how you'd feel if your oppression – that you were born into – was suddenly overthrown. Lenin called revolution, "a festival of the oppressed."

#### Kick out the Jams!

The original White Panthers had a saying, immortalized in song by the MC5: "KICK OUT THE JAMS!" That's what we need to do. Mao said: "EVERYTHING REACTIONARY IS THE SAME, IF YOU DON'T HIT IT, IT WON'T FALL!"

John Sinclair and the White Panther Party called for: "TOTAL ASSAULT ON THE CULTURE!" They call for a "Guitar Army" to fuse revolutionary consciousness with rock 'n' roll culture. Mao said "IN LITERATURE AND ART, LET 100 FLOWERS BLOOM, LET 100 SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT CONTEND!" So, we're not just calling on rockers but also hip-hoppers, and artists of every style and form to step forward and join the struggle.

Total Assault on the Culture! means ripping the veil from the face of capitalist-imperialism and exposing its ugliness for all to see, and it means celebrating who we are – the common people – our virtues and our aspirations as the only all-the-way revolutionary class in history. We are the future; a future without war, exploitation or poverty, without racism or sexism or any of the evils we now are afflicted with.

We – the common people – made the wealth of society. It is only right that we take control over the power it creates. This is true democracy, not voting for which representative of the rich class will boss us. The world we shall create will be more just, more equitable and more free. We have a right to be proud of who we are, and we have a right to rebel against our oppression.

Dare to Struggle Dare to Win!

All Power to the People!

Panther Love!

## American Tortures in the Lexington Women's Unit 1986-88

by Mike Ely

From Kasama Project

posted on March 2, 2008

*In 1986, the U.S. Bureau of Prisons (BOP) opened a special new "high security unit" for women within the federal prison in Lexington, Kentucky.*

*Officially it was designed for "high security" – to successfully control the "most dangerous" prisoners. But in fact it was an experiment coordinated from the highest level of the BOP to develop techniques to break the prisoners. The history of this Lexington Unit is a story of deliberate torture – and the development of techniques used against military prisoner Jose Padilla, against captives in Guantanamo Prison and U.S. torture cells around the world. It reveals that the U.S. government is lying when it denies that it holds and punishes people for their political beliefs. And it is a story of intense resistance, as the women held there refused to renounce their political beliefs or become government informants – despite all the pressures of this sinister unit.*

*This essay was written in 1998 as part of the Jericho movement to free U.S. political prisoners. We post this history in honor of International Women's Day, March 8, 2008.*

### To Isolate and Break Women Political Prisoners

*"What put us in jail in the first place is that we made a commitment to say it's possible to resist the strongest state in the world." – Susan Rosenberg, political prisoner*

Three of the five women moved into the Lexington Unit were political prisoners.

**Alejandrina Torres** – a longtime fighter for Puerto Rican liberation and a teacher at a Puerto Rican alternative high school in Chicago – was arrested in 1983 and sentenced to 35 years for "seditious conspiracy" and other charges. Seditious conspiracy means plotting to wage armed struggle against the U.S. government. Alejandrina was accused of being a member of FALN which was waging a campaign of armed attacks on symbols of U.S. domination in Puerto Rico. She is one of several Puerto Rican prisoners of war held within the U.S. prison system.

**Silvia Baraldini** – is an Italian citizen who became a militant supporter of the Black Liberation struggle while attending college in the U.S. She was arrested in 1982 walking down the street and accused of helping Black revolutionary Assata Shakur after Assata escaped from prison. Silvia received a 40-year sentence under the federal RICO "anti-racketeering" law for allegedly belonging to "corrupt organizations" (by which they meant underground radical movements). Three years were added to her sentence when she refused to testify at a grand jury investigation of the Puerto Rican independence movement.

**Susan Rosenberg** – was arrested in 1984 and sentenced to 58 years for possession of false identification papers, explosives and other weapons. She was accused of being part of the Revolutionary Action Task Force (RATF) that was attempting





armed struggle against the U.S. government. Her sentence is the longest the U.S. has ever given for a weapons charge.

J. Michael Quinlan, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, openly argued that revolutionary political prisoners should be considered for special punishment: "A prisoner's past or present affiliation, association, or membership in an organization which has been documented as being involved with acts of violence, attempts to disrupt or overthrow the government of the United States, or whose published ideology includes advocating law violations in order to 'free' prisoners is a factor considered by our staff in assessing the security needs of any inmate."

And this is exactly what happened: The three political prisoners were moved into a special isolated dungeon. They were officially labeled "high risk," though none of them had been convicted of injuring anyone or ever accused of hurting anyone inside prison. Lexington was clearly and openly a special experiment for *political* prisoners – a plan to isolate, control and break them.

### An Experiment in Living Death

*"Imagine a world without color, any color. Only bright, high gloss white/beige – on the walls, floors, ceilings, everywhere one looks. Even the uniforms (ludicrous culottes selected for their 'feminine' look) are bleached-out beige. No personal clothing or jewelry are permitted. Next, imagine a world without daylight, without fresh air. Only artificial fluorescent lights—often on all of the time, the windows are gridded over with metal grillwork, designed to preclude any vision of what it reveals of the outside world. Artificial air, either too hot or too cold, but never real." – W. Reuben and C. Norman, Nation magazine #244, 1987*

*"The high-security unit is living death." – Susan Rosenberg, political prisoner at Lexington*

Observers of Lexington were instantly hit by the starkness of this special unit of 16 isolation cells, sealed off in a basement from the other prisoners of Lexington. Private decorations were forbidden in the cells. Prisoners were forced to dress and look alike. The unit had uniform stark colorless walls and constant glaring artificial lights 24 hours a day. It was maddening and deliberately so. Never a blade of grass, never a sense of what time of day it was, or season of the year, never a breath of the outside. It was deliberate "sensory deprivation" – designed to create physical depression and a sense of isolation.

Contact with the outside world was sharply restricted: Visitations were limited. The definition of "immediate family" was so narrow that one woman was forbidden to see her grandchildren. Attorneys and families were harassed and humiliated. The location of the prison was so far from the homes of the prisoners that only two were able to have family visit on any regular basis. Two women in the unit never had any visits at all.

Reading material was tightly controlled and limited. Guards were instructed not to talk casually with prisoners, and every remark was logged by guards in a journal.

Silvia Baraldini pointed out, "Small group isolation is a form of torture anywhere else in the world." Extreme isolation was intended to develop hostilities between the prisoners. One

woman said "They're trying to kill us. But they'd rather we kill ourselves."

The prison authorities also organized direct physical abuse of the women prisoners, intended to create a sense of powerlessness and the stress of permanently facing assault. There were frequent and arbitrary violent cavity searches which would be considered rape by any standards. To "qualify" for a brief outdoor exercise, the women had to *submit* to strip searches – which several found so humiliating that they refused, and so were denied any exercise. One woman said, "I feel violated every minute of the day."

There were many other rules that were deliberately arbitrary and degrading. The women prisoners faced 24-hour video surveillance by hostile male guards – including in the showers and on the toilet. They were forced to request sanitary napkins one at a time from male guards who mocked them loudly. There were periods when the guards experimented with sleep deprivation – waking the prisoners every hour on the hour all night long. When prisoners filed complaints, the guards started waking them every half hour. The women prisoners were ordered to work at tasks that were deliberately boring and insulting – like forcing the prisoners to fold army boxer shorts day after day.

In order to impose a sense of hopelessness and passivity, the prisoners of Lexington were repeatedly told there was no plan to end their imprisonment there. They were told, "You will die here." There was no way of "working your way out" through good behavior. Only one offer was made: Each prisoner was ordered to "change her associations," meaning renounce her revolutionary politics and provide information about her comrades on the outside.

### Effect and Resistance

Inevitably, these brutal conditions deeply affected the women prisoners in Lexington. They suffered greatly, and their health deteriorated, in ways typical of torture victims.

Observers said that among these prisoners there were symptoms of claustrophobia, depression, dizziness, daily anxiety attacks, weight loss, and insomnia. One suffered from uncontrollable vomiting and resulting dehydration. All developed eye trouble. Because of the constant lights, they started seeing black spots and "strings" before their eyes. And because they rarely looked at anything more than six feet away, some lost the ability to focus their eyes at a distance.

Silvia developed a cancerous tumor – and because of the outrageous lack of medical attention, it was not diagnosed for over a year. Even after it was discovered and operated on, the authorities refused the follow-up medical treatment she needed. Alejandrina developed serious heart disease from the stress and mistreatment.

However, not one of these prisoners broke down politically in Lexington. They found ways to maintain their unity and consciousness under these extreme conditions. Not one "repented" or went over politically to the oppressors.

Outside resistance grew. Campaigns were launched to expose what was being done. There were court cases demanding that the unit be shut down.



Under mounting pressure, the Lexington Unit was shut down after two years, in 1988. However, on September 8, 1989, the Federal Appeals Court overturned a lower court and ruled that a prisoner's political beliefs and associations *would continue to be considered* a legitimate basis for placement in special federal "control units."

### **The System's Expansion of Control Units**

*"It is a time of the turning of the screw."* — Silvia Baraldini, 1998

The closing of Lexington was a major victory for political prisoners and the forces working to support them. But at the same time the authorities moved to greatly expand their use of such HSU "control units."

Lexington was immediately replaced by a new larger "control unit" called Shawnee, within Marianna prison in Florida — which held nine times as many cells as the Lexington experiment. All three political prisoners in Lexington — Torres, Rosenberg and Baraldini — were transferred there — where conditions were intense, if somewhat less brutal than at Lexington.

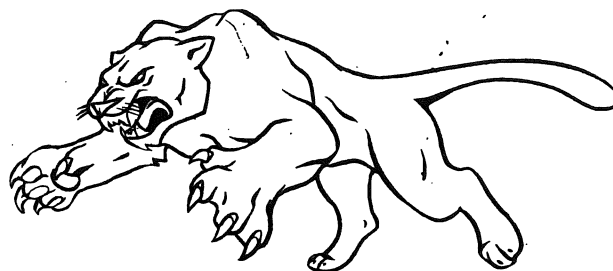
They have since been held at the federal prison in Danbury, Connecticut. Last December, Silvia's request for parole was turned down, and she was informed that because she has refused to provide information on her political comrades her sentence will not expire for another 10 years.

As Lexington closed, 16 new federal prisons were being built — many of which were scheduled to include new supermax control units. The federal government built a new supermax prison in Florence, Colorado to gather prisoners from throughout the federal prison system for special punishment. The isolation is so strict that prisoners are not even allowed to gather for religious services. Puerto Rican prisoner of war Oscar Lopez of the FALN was incarcerated there in recent years.

Meanwhile, the experiments and methods of Lexington and other federal "control units" have been applied in dozens of new "supermax" units within state prison systems. Political prisoner Mumia Abu-Jamal is held on death row under cruel conditions in a new supermax prison within the Pennsylvania prison system. Hugo Penell of the San Quentin 6 has been held within California's supermax prison called Pelican Bay SHU.

In 1996 President Clinton signed the Prison Litigation Reform Act that severely restricts the rights of prisoners to file suit in federal courts to challenge prison conditions.

The experience of the women held in Lexington reveals clearly that the U.S. government holds political prisoners and has developed extreme and cruel methods for punishing them and attempting to break their will. The fact that such methods have been *spreading* throughout the U.S. prison system— at a time when the overall prison population is rising far over one million — shows how the U.S. government intends to threaten and punish whole sections of the population. But the heroism of the women who survived and defied Lexington stands as a living rebuke to the heartlessness of the enemy.



## **Zero Tolerance**

Youth and the politics of domestic militarization, Part I January 2001

By Henry A. Giroux



There are mounting ideological, institutional, and political pressures among conservatives, liberals, and other advocates of corporate culture to remove youth from the inventory of ethical and political concerns that legitimize and provide individual rights and social provisions for members of a democratic society. One consequence is that there is growing support among the American public for policies, at all levels of government, that abandon young people, especially youth of color, to the dictates of a repressive penal state that increasingly addresses social problems through the police, courts, and prison system. As a result, the state has been hollowed out, largely abandoning its support for child protection, healthcare for the poor, and social services for the aged. Public goods are now disparaged in the name of privatization, and those public forums in which association and debate thrive are being replaced by what Paul Gilroy calls an "infotainment telesector" industry driven by dictates of the marketplace.

As the public sector is remade in the image of the market, commercial values replace social values and the spectacle of politics gives way to the politics of the spectacle.

### **Privatizing and Commodifying Youth**

In the summer of 2000, *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* ran two major stories on youth within a three-week period between the latter part of July and the beginning of August. The stories are important because they signify not only how youth fare in the politics of representation but also what identifications are made available for them to locate themselves in public discourse. The first article, "The Backlash Against Children" by Lisa Belkin, was a feature story forecasted on the magazine's cover with a visually disturbing, albeit familiar, close up of a young boy's face. The boy's mouth is wide open in a distorted manner, and he appears to be in the throes of a tantrum. The image conjures up the ambiguities adults feel in the presence of screaming children, especially when they appear in public places, such as R-rated movies or up-scale restaurants, where their presence is seen as an intrusion on adult life. The other full-page image that follows the opening text is even more grotesque, portraying a



young boy dressed in a jacket and tie with chocolate cake smeared all over his face. His hands, covered with the gooey confection, reach out towards the viewer, capturing the child's mischievous attempt to grab some hapless person by the lapels and add a bit of culinary dash to his or her wardrobe.

According to Belkin, a new movement is on the rise in American culture, one founded by individuals who don't have children, militantly describing themselves as "child free," and who view the presence of young people as an intrusion on their rights. Belkin charts this growing phenomenon with the precision of an obsessed accountant. She commences with an ethnographic account of 31-year-old, California software computer consultant Jason Gill, who is looking for a new place to live because the couple who have moved in next door to him have a new baby and he can hear "every wail and whimper." Even more calamitous for the yuppie consultant, the fence he replaced to prevent another neighbor's children from peering through at him is now used by the kids as a soccer goal, "often while Gill is trying to read a book or have a quiet glass of wine." But Belkin doesn't limit her analysis to such anecdotal evidence, she also points to the emergence of national movements such as an organization called No Kidding! which sets up social events only for those who remain childless. She reports that No Kidding! had only 2 chapters in 1995 but has 47 today. In addition, she comments on the countless number of online "child free" sites with names like "Brats!" and a growing number of hotels that do not allow children under 18 unless they are paying guests.

Of course, many parents and non-parents alike desire, at least for a short time, a reprieve from the often chaotic space of children, but Belkin takes such ambivalences to new heights. Her real ambition has very little to do with providing a space for adult catharsis. Rather it is to give public voice to a political and financial agenda captured by Elinor Burkett's *The Baby Boom: How Family-Friendly America Cheats the Childless* – an agenda designed to expose and rewrite government policies that relegate "the Childless to second-class citizens." Included in Burkett's laundry list of targets are: the federal tax code and its dependent deductions, dependent care credits, child tax credits among "dozens of bills designed to lighten the tax burden of parents" and, "most absurd of all" an executive order prohibiting discrimination against parents in all areas of federal employment. Her position is straightforward enough: to end "fancy" benefits (i.e., on-site child-care and health insurance for dependents) that privilege parents at the expense of the childless and to bar discrimination on the basis of family status. "Why not make it illegal to presuppose that a non-parent is free to work the night shift or presuppose that non-parents are more able to work on Christmas than parents?" Burkett demands. Indeed, why should the government provide any safety nets for the nation's children at all?

Belkin modifies her sympathetic encounter with the child-free worldview by interviewing Sylvia Ann Hewlett, a Harvard educated economist and nationally known spokesperson for protecting the rights of parents, and the founder of the National Parenting Association. Hewlett argues that parents have become yet another victimized

group who are being portrayed by the media as the enemy. Hewlett translates her concerns into a call for parents to organize in order to wield more economic and political power. Hewlett's comments occupy a minor commentary in the text that overwhelmingly privileges the voices of those individuals and groups that view children and young people as a burden, a personal irritant, rather than a social good.

The notion that children should be understood as a crucial social resource who present for any healthy society important ethical and political considerations about the quality of public life, the allocation of social provisions, and the role of the state as a guardian of public interests appears to be lost in Belkin's article. Instead, Belkin focuses on youth exclusively as a private consideration rather than as part of a broader public discussion about democracy and social justice. She participates in an attack on youth that must be understood within the context of neoliberalism and hyper capitalism in which the language of the social, community, democracy, and solidarity are subordinated to the ethos of self-interest and self-preservation in the relentless pursuit of private satisfactions and pleasures. In this sense, the backlash against children that Belkin attempts to chronicle are symptomatic of an attack on public life, on the very legitimacy of those non-commercial values that are critical to defending a just and substantive democratic society.

The second article to appear in *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* is titled "Among the Mooks" by R.J. Smith. According to the author, there is an emerging group of poor white males called "mooks" whose cultural style is fashioned out of an interest in fusing the transgressive languages, sensibilities, and styles that cut across and connect the worlds of rap and heavy metal music, ultra-violent sports such as professional wrestling, and the misogyny rampant in the subculture of pornography. For Smith, the kids who inhabit this cultural landscape are losers from broken families, working-class fatalities whose anger and unexamined bitterness translates into bad manners, anti-social music, and uncensored rage.

Smith appears uninterested in contextualizing the larger forces and conditions that gives rise to this matrix of cultural phenomena-deindustrialization, economic restructuring, domestic militarization, poverty, joblessness. The youth portrayed in Smith's account live in a historical, political, and economic vacuum. Moreover, the teens represented by Smith have little recourse to adults who try to understand and help them navigate a complex and rapidly changing cultural landscape in which they must attempt to locate and define themselves. Along with the absence of adult protection and guidance, there is a lack of serious critique and social vision in dealing with the limits of youth culture. No questions are raised about the relationship between the popular forms teens inhabit and the ongoing commercialization and commodification of youth culture. There is no understanding in Smith's analysis of how market driven politics and established forms of power increasingly eliminate non-commodified social domains through which young people might learn an oppositional language for challenging those adult ideologies and institutional forces that both demonize them and limit their sense of dignity and capacity for political agency.



Of course, vulgarity, pathology, and violence are not limited to the spaces inhabited by the hyper-masculine worlds of gangsta rap, porn, extreme sports, and professional wrestling. But Smith ignores all of this because he is much too interested in depicting today's teens, and popular culture in general, as the embodiment of moral decay and bad cultural values. Smith suggests that poor white kids are nothing more than semi-Nazis with a lot of pent up rage. There are no victims in his analysis, as social disorder is reduced to individualized pathology, and any, appeal to injustice is viewed as mere whining. Smith is too intent in reinforcing images of demonization and ignorance that resonate comfortably with right-wing moral panics about youth culture. He succeeds, in part, by focusing on the icons of this movement in terms that move between caricature and scapegoating. For instance, The Insane Posse is singled out for appearing on cable-access porn shows; the group Limp Bizkit is accused of using their music to precipitate a gang rape at the recent Woodstock melee; and the performer Kid Rock is defined in racially coded terms as a "vanilla version of a blackploitation pimp" whose concerts inspire fans to commit vandalism and prompts teenage girls to "pull off their tops as the boys whoop." It gets worse.

At one level, "mooks" are portrayed as poor, working class, white kids who have seized upon the most crude aspects of popular culture in order to provide an outlet for their rage. But for Smith, the distinctive form this culture takes with its appropriation of the transgressive symbolism of rap music, porn, and wrestling does not entirely explain its descent into pathology and bad taste. Rather, Smith charges that black youth culture is largely responsible for the self-destructive, angst-ridden journey that poor white male youth are making through the cultural landmines of hyper-masculinity, unbridled violence, "ghetto" discourse, erotic fantasy, and drugs. Smith points an accusing finger at the black "underclass," and the recent explosion of hip hop which allegedly offers poor white kids both an imaginary alternative to their trailer park boredom and a vast array of transgressive resources which they proceed to fashion through their own lived experiences and interests. Relying on common racist assumptions about black urban life, Smith argues that black youth culture offers white youth a wide-screen movie of ghetto life, relishing the details, relating the intricacy of topics like drug dealing, brawling, pimping, and black-on-black crime. Rap makes these things seem sexy, and makes life on the street seem as thrilling as a Play-station game. Pimping and gangbang equal rebellion, especially for white kids who aren't going to get pulled over for driving while black, let alone die in a hail of bullets (as Tupac and B.I.G. both did).

Trading substantive analysis for right-wing clichés, Smith is indifferent to both the complexity of rap as well as the "wide array of complex cultural forms" that characterize black urban culture.

Smith alleges that the problem of white youth is rooted in the seductive lure of a black youth, marked by criminality, violent hyper-masculinity, welfare fraud, drug abuse, and unchecked misogyny. Smith unapologetically relies upon this analysis of black youth culture to portray poor white youth as dangerous and hip-hop culture as the source of that danger.

Whatever his intentions, Smith's analysis contributes to the growing assumption that young people are at best a social nuisance and at worse a danger to social order.

These articles reflect and perpetuate in dramatically different ways not only the ongoing demonization of young people, but also the growing refusal within the larger society to understand the problems of youth (and especially youth of color) as symptomatic of the crisis of democratic politics itself.

As the state is divested of its capacity to regulate social services and limit the power of capital, those public spheres that traditionally served to empower individuals and groups to strike a balance between "the Individual's liberty from interference and the citizen's right to interfere" are dismantled: At the same time, it becomes more difficult for citizens to put limits on the power of neo-liberalism to shape daily life-particularly as corporate economic power is feverishly consolidated on a transnational level. Nor can they prevent the assault on the state as it is being forced to abandon its social role as the guardian of public interests. The result is a state increasingly reduced to its policing functions, and a public sector reduced to a replica of the market. As neoliberalism increases its grip over all aspects of cultural and economic life, the autonomy once afforded to the worlds of cinema, publishing, and media production begins to erode.

Public schools are increasingly defined as a source of profit rather than a public good. Through talk shows, film, music, and cable television, for example, the media promote a growing political apathy and cynicism by providing a steady stream of daily representations and spectacles in which abuse becomes the primary vehicle for registering human interaction. At the same time, dominant media such as the *New York Times* condemn the current cultural landscape -- represented in their account through reality television, professional wrestling, gross-out blockbuster films, and the beat-driven boasts and retorts of hip-hop -- as aggressively evoking a vision of humanity marked by a "pure Darwinism" in which "the messages of popular culture are becoming more brutally competitive."

Unfortunately, for mainstream media commentators in general, the emergence of such representations and values is about the lack of civility and has little to do with considerations of youth bashing, racism, corporate power, and politics. In this sense, witness to degradation now becomes the governing feature of community and social life. Most importantly, what critics take up as a "youth problem" is really a problem about the corruption of politics, the shriveling up of public spaces and resources for young people, the depoliticization of large segments of the population, and the emergence of a corporate and media culture that is defined through an unadulterated "authoritarian form of kinship that is masculinist, intolerant and militaristic."

At issue here is how we understand the ways youth produce and engage popular culture at a time in history when depravation is read as depravity. How do we comprehend the choices young people are making under circumstances in which they have become the object of policies that signals a shift from investing in their future to assuming they have no future? Certainly not a future in which they can depend on adult society for either compassion or support.

Henry Giroux is on the faculty of Penn State and is the author of *The Mouse That Roared: Disney and the End of Innocence*. (Rowman and Littlefield).



## ESSAY CONTEST!!

NABPP-PC has put out a call for the various street and prison tribes to unite to form a Red Fist Alliance (RFA) as part of the United Panther Movement (UPM). How can this best be done, what should be the rules and points of unity, and what should be its program? What are your ideas?

To stimulate debate and discussion and draw on the collective wisdom of the people, NABPP-PC is sponsoring an essay contest. First prize will be a set of the *Collected Works of Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. Honorable mention will win a copy of Comrade Rashid's new book *Defying the Tomb*.

All submissions should be in English, typed or hand printed clearly, and be postmarked no later than April 15<sup>th</sup>, 2011. Include your name and mailing address, and your street-tribe or organizational affiliation if any. Submissions are non-returnable and will become the property of Rising Sun Press. They may be edited before publication. The winner will be announced on May Day, International Workers' Day.

Send your essays to:

Rising Sun Press  
PO Box 4362  
Allentown, PA 18105



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## On Having Soul

By Tom Big Warrior

**“Not to have a correct political point of  
view is like having no soul.”**

**– Mao Tse-tung**

Two revolutions have created the modern world, the agricultural and the industrial, but until they are accompanied by world socialist revolution, millions will annually die from preventable hunger, preventable diseases and preventable wars. Every couple of seconds a child dies in the agony of hunger pains. Most often it is a poor Black child – but Black, Asian or White, it doesn't matter – it is a terrible crime for which we all bear responsibility. It is a fact that we are either “part of the solution or part of the problem.”

It is not that there are “too many people” – in fact it takes fewer and fewer people to grow enough food for everybody to eat well. We can produce enough of everything we need for everybody on the planet to live a comfortable life with plenty of leisure time to pursue whatever makes them happy. We could do this even if there were many times the number of people that there are, and we could do it in such a well-planned and organized way that we preserved the

balance with the natural environment that will sustain us for many more generations to come.

We can educate and train enough doctors and health care professionals so that everyone gets full and decent health care and preventable diseases get prevented. And we can put an end to wars by eliminating the cause of war and abolish the division of the world into nation states and imperialist and exploited countries. We can create a world without boundaries, without armies, air forces or navies, nuclear weapons or other weapons of mass destruction. We can – in short – evolve to a higher level of social organization based upon the principles of equality and social justice for all.

Evolution involves revolution. Old exploitative and oppressive social relationships have to be swept away and replaced by new and more functional relationships. How violent these revolutions must be depends entirely upon the reactionaries who try to prevent them. As Mao correctly pointed out, “Imperialists and all reactionaries are ‘paper tigers.’” Strategically we must despise them, because they put themselves in opposition to the interests of the broad masses of the people and, indeed, the higher and strategic interests of all of humanity. They must inevitably lose and be swept away.

But tactically, they have great power, not only weapons of mass destruction and a whole array of armed enforcers, spies and agents, but great wealth and control over the mass media, the religious and educational establishments, the entertainment and every other industry. From cradle to grave they control every aspect of our lives. Before we can do anything else, we first have to liberate the ground under our own feet. We have to liberate our minds and seek out and grasp – firmly – a correct ideological and political perspective.

This is even more powerful than everything we are up against – because it is objectively true, and as they say “the truth shall set us free.” I'm not talking about the “freedom” of escapism – tripping off on religion or some other idealism that “feels good” and gives us a false sense of “well being.” True consciousness is going to make you uncomfortable – in fact burning with desire to set the world right side up. What's more it is going to demand you chose between your personal comfort and being part of the solution. That's the price of having a “soul” and being a full human being.

Truth is objective. It exists independent of our recognition of it, because the material world exists independent of our consciousness. Objectively, all truth serves the cause of revolution because revolution is the main trend in the world, and truth, whether we want to acknowledge it or not, reflects reality. A correct political point of view is both objectively true and partisan. It is partisan because revolution takes the side of the oppressed and exploited – the proletarian class – which is the only all-the-way revolutionary class: the first class that can be thoroughly scientific and objective in its outlook because it doesn't need to get over on anyone and it doesn't need to lie to itself. It doesn't have a hidden agenda. Its class interests coincide with the highest interests of humanity as a whole.

In its struggle to liberate itself from oppression and exploitation, it must end all oppression and exploitation. Other classes have contradictions with the capitalist-imperialist ruling class, but they also benefit from the class





system, and so long as there are classes, there will be exploitation and the oppression that goes with it. The *petite bourgeois* (middle class) aspire to be the new big bourgeoisie. However reform-minded they may be, they don't want to give up their privileged position in society or see the power to run things pass to the proletarian majority whom they think they are better than, smarter and more ambitious than, and better qualified to run society.

All deviations from a correct ideological and political line reflect this class perspective, whether as right or "left" opportunism. They are objectively false and misleading and reflect the idealism of the *petite bourgeoisie* and its seeking to hold back the revolution from going *all-the-way*. Right and "left" errors are inevitable, even for honest and sincere proletarian revolutionaries, and thus we must use the method of "criticism and self-criticism" and keep summing-up practice and adjusting our perspective and political line as we go to stay on the revolutionary road.

The revolutionary proletarians are not immune to petty-bourgeois aspirations and idealism. We have to keep struggling to grasp reality and determine what is objectively true and struggle to purge ourselves of wrong ideas and ideology. The petty-bourgeois literally have to commit "class suicide" and adopt the class stand and perspective of the revolutionary proletarians to walk the revolutionary road, discarding their old ideology and prejudices by the wayside.

To the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois perspective, everything centers on self – on the primacy of the individual – in opposition to the collective – the masses. They view "common" as a "dirty world," and they view themselves as "special," smarter, more educated, refined and cultured. In examining his own development of a revolutionary proletarian perspective and class stand, Mao wrote:

"If you want the masses to understand you and want to become one with them, you must be determined to undergo a long and even painful process of remolding. I began as a student and acquired at school the habits of a student; in the presence of a crowd of students who could neither fetch nor carry for themselves I used to feel it undignified to do any manual labor such as shouldering my own luggage. At that time it seemed to me that the intellectuals were the only clean persons in the world and peasants seemed rather dirty beside them.

"Having become a revolutionary I found myself in the same ranks as the workers, peasants and soldiers of the revolutionary army, and gradually I became familiar with them and they with me, too. It was then and only then that a fundamental change occurred in the bourgeois and petty bourgeois feelings implanted in me by bourgeois schools. I came to feel that it was those unremodelled intellectuals who were unclean while the workers and peasants are after all the cleanest persons even though their hands are soiled and their feet smeared with cow dung. This is what is meant by having one's feelings transformed, changed from those of one class to those of another."

Because the proletariat needs the petty bourgeoisie in the united front to overthrow capitalist-imperialism and in building socialism, we must make concessions to their point

of view and demands, which we call "bourgeois rights," like the right to higher pay for their work and special rewards for their service. Under socialism these "bourgeois rights" can only gradually be restricted and eliminated as the working class becomes able to take on more of the tasks in collectively running society.

Leadership is an art as well as a science. The proletariat must become skillful in uniting all who can be united at each stage in the struggle to keep the movement towards classless society going forward. We can't confuse one stage for another or skip stages and jump right to the higher stage of socialism. Nor can we allow ourselves to get mired in "gradualism" or fail to make necessary leaps forward when it is possible to do so out of fear we will lose the support of some vacillating allies. Inevitably we will, and the unremolded petty-bourgeois will criticize and resist every restriction of their "bourgeois rights" and extension of power to the common people. Some will jump out and openly become counter-revolutionaries – wailing about how cruelly they have been "wronged" and "deceived."

We have seen first hand how the Black bourgeoisie and petty-bourgeoisie abandoned the Black masses after some concessions had been won allowing for their upward mobility – even while the BPP was being suppressed and the ghettos were being treated like "war zones" and the unemployed youth like "enemy combatants." We have seen how the "labor aristocracy" turned its back on the unorganized, unskilled workers after they won a more secure situation and higher wages and concessions for themselves. We have witnessed how the unselfish and fraternal aid given by the socialist countries to the struggling exploited and oppressed countries transformed into "social-imperialism." This attitude of "I got mine, screw you!" will manifest itself at every stage in the struggle and needs to be combated with "cultural revolution" and strengthening the leadership of the revolutionary proletariat within the movement.

Right errors amount to capitulation to the vacillations of the petty-bourgeois and their tendency towards reformism and gradualism holding back the development of revolutionary consciousness and the initiative of the oppressed masses. "Left" errors are rightist in essence because they weaken the united front and the ability of the revolutionary proletariat to lead it. Errors become opportunism when they become consolidated: In effect, when people "lose their souls."

Some people say: "Socialism has failed in every country it was tried." But how is this true? Did it fail to sweep away old and dysfunctional social, economic and political relationships and conditions? Did it not dramatically improve the masses conditions of living? Did it fail to empower the people at the bottom of society? At least to some extent it must be conceded that it did all of these things but not fully, and it failed to prevent capitalist restoration by those in positions of leadership taking the capitalist road.

This shows that things do transform into their opposites, and rapid advances in the development of the productive forces can empower a rising (and frustrated) petty-bourgeois and *de facto* bourgeoisie under socialism – particularly when people are in a hurry to develop a backward, semi-feudal country into a world power while skipping through the



capitalist stage of development under the dictatorship of the proletariat and under conditions of imperialist encirclement and "cold war."

Class struggle continues – and intensifies – under socialism, and the struggle can move forward or backwards. On the one hand you had the masses enthusiastically taking on the challenge of revolutionizing society and entering the modern world, making great sacrifices to build the foundation for future prosperity by prioritizing heavy industry and building national infrastructure at the expense of higher wages and more consumer goods. On the other you had a rising professional class of experts, engineers and officials – a *petite bourgeoisie* and *de facto* big bourgeois – heavily dominated by a necessarily powerful military-industrial complex and state bureaucracy.

The bourgeois rights of this class included greater income and access to consumer goods and more importantly authority over the management of the economy and affairs of state. Expediency and pragmatism came to replace using revolutionary science, and political patronage came to replace democratic centralism and people's democracy. World War II particularly tended to promote Soviet nationalism and weaken proletarian internationalism. Many conditions acted to undermine socialism, not least of all the need for a powerful state to defend socialism.

After capitalism was restored in the former Soviet Union (in all but name) following Stalin's death, the Chinese people, led by Chairman Mao, made an heroic effort to roll back the trend towards capitalist restoration in People's China with the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution (GPCR), which added to the Science of Revolution and took Marxism-Leninism to higher stage. But still, the "capitalist-roaders" staged a successful coup following Mao's death.

Mao foresaw this possibility, but predicted that their rule would not last long. "Revolution," he pointed out, "is the main trend in history and nothing can change that." All it means that capitalism has been restored in the formerly socialist countries is that the proletariat will have to start over and build a new vanguard to lead in the next wave of the World Proletarian Socialist Revolution (WPSR).

So far there have been three great waves in the WPSR. The first was led by Karl Max and Frederick Engels in the mid-19<sup>th</sup> Century. The high point was the first seizure of state power by the proletariat in the Paris Commune of 1871, which only lasted two months before it was drowned in blood by the bourgeoisie. This led to a split in the First International the following year between the Marxists and the followers of Mikhail Bakunin, who later adopted the name Anarchists. Where Bakunin characterized the "Scientific Socialism" promoted by Marx as "authoritarian," Marx criticized Bakunin's philosophy as "petite bourgeois idealism," that is based upon ideas not rooted in objective reality.

Marx and Engels did criticize the Paris "Communards" for not being authoritarian enough in that they allowed the bourgeois a breathing space to regroup instead of smashing them when they had the chance. The Anarchist tendency, which has many diverse trends within it, basically holds that the proletariat should smash the state of the bourgeoisie but not form a government of its own to exercise proletarian

state power while it carries out the socialist transformation of society. They agree with the goals of Marxism but not the means to achieve them.

Historically, this tendency has found its following among the petty-bourgeois intellectuals, vagabonds and the recently-proletarianized, ruined peasants, who still hold a small commodity producer mentality. They resent and resist all hierarchal structures and forms of authority and exalt the rights of the individual to do exactly as he pleases. This tendency persists today primarily among white petty-bourgeois youth, students, punks and counter-culturalists in the imperialist countries.

The "Second Wave" of the WPSR was led by Lenin and the Bolsheviks who broke with the revisionist "Marxists" that had closed ranks with their own national bourgeoisie in the First World War – that was brought on by imperialist rivalry over the distribution of colonies and "spheres of influence" in the Third World. Leninism not only called for turning the imperialist war into class war but took the side of national liberation struggles in the colonized countries. This included the "internal colony" of New Afrikans within the U.S., and led to the formation of the African Blood Brotherhood (ABB), the first armed revolutionary Black nationalist formation in Amerika, which later merged with the newly formed Communist Party – USA. Like the socialist formations of the previous wave, the CP-USA (after an initial "left" period) tended to right-opportunism, reformism and accommodation with the Democratic Party, which became pronounced during the "New Deal" administration of FDR during the "Great Depression."

President Franklin D. Roosevelt was denounced as a "socialist" and "Communist" by the right-wing Republicans, but his mission was to "save capitalism from itself" through government regulation, social welfare reforms and encouraging the formation of industrial labor unions – which the Communists wholeheartedly supported. Despite FDR's sweeping reforms, it was only World War II that pulled Amerika out of the "Great Depression." Massive government deficit spending created the "Military-Industrial Complex" which has dominated the U.S. political-economy ever since.

During the war, the western imperialist powers (the U.S. and U.K.) allied with the Soviet Union against the Axis Powers (Germany, Italy and Japan). The World Communist Movement rallied to the defense of the Soviet Union with partisan guerrilla warfare against the Axis powers in the countries they occupied, including China, where the Communists under Mao Tse-tung had been fighting a civil war with the nationalist KMT led by General Chiang Kai-shek for many years.

During the war, the CP-USA virtually liquidated the class struggle, putting all its efforts into supporting the war, convincing itself that there would be a post-war alliance between Russia and the U.S. It was caught totally unprepared for the "Cold War" that followed and the virulent anti-Communism that was unleashed by the U.S. ruling class. It never regained the base it had built up in the workers movement as comrades were purged from most of the unions they had helped to build.





Even though the Communists in Europe had led the resistance to the fascists and Nazis and won widespread support, their ideological and political line had lost its revolutionary edge. They were unprepared for the CIA absorbing the former Nazi intelligence networks, and only where the Red Army occupied Eastern Europe (with the exception of Yugoslavia and Albania) did they manage to hang on to power (under Soviet domination). Elsewhere they retreated into reformist parliamentary politics alongside the revisionist socialist parties.

The "Third Wave" began with the Chinese Revolution which came to power in 1949. Mao had never trusted the KMT, even though they were formally allied during World War II, and while the U.S. poured money and supplies on Chiang Kai-shek during the war, the Communists, who practiced self-reliance, concentrated on turning the Japanese occupied regions of China into their base areas, leading the peasants in guerrilla resistance. By the war's end, they had a huge following and a well-seasoned fighting force. The U.S. rushed tons of supplies to the Nationalists and backed them up with the U.S. Navy and Marines, but the dye was already cast, and Chiang had to flee to the island of Taiwan to hide behind the U.S. fleet.

The imperialists tried to divide Korea in two and claim the bottom half, which led to a "police action" (war by another name). The Chinese warned the U.S.-led invasion force not to approach the Chinese border, which they did, bombing the bridges on the Yalu River. Gen. McArthur believed the Chinese were bluffing, right up until the Chinese volunteers came pouring across the river and drove the Americans back to the sea. But the Americans came back and the war ended in a stalemate where it had begun – and the U.S. never left. Next came Vietnam, where the U.S. stepped in to take the place of the beaten French colonialists and prevent the country's unification, setting up a puppet regime in the South...another "police action."

All over the Third World, the colonized peoples were shaking off colonialism. The Indonesians were kicking out the Dutch, the Malays tried to kick out the British out of Malaya, and the Filipinos tried to kick out the Americans from the newly "independent" Philippines. "Yankee Go Home!" was a popular refrain on three continents as the U.S. moved to assert its global hegemony in the name of "Anti-Communism." In some cases it took the position of urging the old European colonial regimes to step aside and "let the police handle it." The U.S. built bases all over the world, most of which are still in place.

Chairman Mao referred to them as "so many millstones around the neck of U.S. imperialism" and pointed out the futility of trying to hold back the tide of national liberation struggles that was on the rise. "Imperialists and all reactionaries are Paper Tigers," he told the world. "Strategically we must despise them," he said because they put themselves in opposition to the greater interests of humanity. But he acknowledged that tactically they still had "fangs and claws of iron and steel," and were capable of killing millions of people – which they did – and continue to do so.

The Vietnam War showed that the high technology of the Americans could be defeated by poor peasants in poor countries if they adopted Mao's strategy of "People's War." It

also awoke the latent revolutionary potential of the American people and particularly the youth and the oppressed ethnic minorities within the U.S. and most particularly the nation of New Afrikans in Amerika. Mass protest was met with police repression, and repression bred radicalization. The Movement of the 60's and 70's rediscovered Marxism-Leninism even though the CP-USA had abandoned it. When the Sino-Soviet Split came down after capitalism was restored in all but name in the Soviet Union, the CP-USA sided with the Soviet "social-imperialists" and denounced Mao. However, the newly-formed Black Panther Party (BPP) whole-heartedly embraced him and his "Little Red Book" of quotations that in the 60's was more widely distributed than the Bible. Every Panther had one, and it illuminated the Panthers' revolutionary nationalism. As Mao pointed out, "revolutionary nationalism is applied proletarian internationalism."

Mao recognized that the struggle against racist national oppression in the U.S. had become a component part of the World Proletarian Socialist Revolution, and he predicted that capitalist-imperialism would fall when Black people rose up to win their liberation. The Panthers took this to heart and openly proclaimed their commitment to socialist revolution. It sent chills up the spines of the capitalist-imperialist ruling class, and J. Edgar Hoover, the head of the FBI, proclaimed the Panthers and their "Free Breakfast for Children Program" to be the "Greatest Threat to U.S. National Security."

For a time the original BPP set an example unequalled in American history of applying revolutionary theory to practice. The Party was crushed, not simply because of Hoover and his "dirty little war" on the BPP and its allied forces but because it was rent apart by internal contradictions and right and "left" deviations – by reformism on one hand and ultra-"left" "adventurism" on the other. The Feds nurtured this split, instigated rumors and quarrels, played upon people's egos and paranoia, and applied dual tactics of the "carrot and stick" co-opting some and crucifying others.

There have been ample examples of comrades and parties "losing their souls" by losing sight of what was basically a correct ideological and political line and being seduced to the "dark side." Time and again the great struggle of humanity to move society beyond the "Epoch of Exploitation" has been thwarted by accommodations and collaborations with the exploiters. This doesn't mean we are condemned to remain stuck at this stage, only that it is not easy to break free. It underscores that the proletariat must itself lead the struggle. We can't rely on "saviors" from the privileged classes to lead us – we must be our own liberators.

We can't settle for anything less than all-the-way revolutionary leadership guiding by the most advanced and scientific revolutionary theory. As Mao said: "The correctness or incorrectness of the ideological and political line decides everything; if we have no men, we will have them; if we have no rifles, we can get them; if we do not have state power, we will be able to seize it; if the line is incorrect, we will lose what we already have..." And he put forward three cardinal principles: "Practice Marxism and not revisionism; unite and don't split; be open and aboveboard and don't intrigue and conspire."



Most importantly, our motivation must be love for the people and the uncompromised desire to serve them and advance society to end all exploitation. If we stray from this orientation we can "lose our soul" and end up becoming part of the problem instead of part of the solution. A new wave of the WPSR is now on the rise. This could be the one that goes all the way and sweeps away capitalist-imperialism and advances society to a new epoch of human social organization – World Communism.

We must learn from the past and make it serve the future.

Dare to Struggle Dare to Win!

All Power to the People!



## **Does the world produce enough food to feed everyone?**

From: World Hunger and Poverty Facts and Statistics 2010

By: World Hunger Education Service

### **Does the world produce enough food to feed everyone?**

The world produces enough food to feed everyone. World agriculture produces 17 percent more calories per person today than it did 30 years ago, despite a 70 percent population increase. This is enough to provide everyone in the world with at least 2,720 kilocalories (kcal) per person per day (FAO 2002, p. 9). The principal problem is that many people in the world do not have sufficient land to grow, or income to purchase, enough food.

### **What are the causes of hunger?**

What are the causes of hunger is a fundamental question, with varied answers.

**Poverty is the principal cause of hunger.** The causes of poverty include poor people's lack of resources, an extremely unequal income distribution in the world and within specific countries, conflict, and hunger itself. As of 2008 (2005 statistics), the World Bank has estimated that there were an estimated 1,345 million poor people in developing countries who live on \$1.25 a day or less. This compares to the later FAO estimate of 1.02 billion undernourished people. Extreme poverty remains an alarming problem in the world's developing regions, despite some progress that reduced "dollar – now \$1.25 – a day" poverty from (an estimated) 1,900 million people in 1981, a reduction of 29 percent over the period. Progress in poverty

reduction has been concentrated in Asia, and especially, East Asia, with the major improvement occurring in China. In Sub-Saharan Africa, the number of people in extreme poverty has increased. The statement that "poverty is the principal cause of hunger" is, though correct, unsatisfying. Why then are (so many) people poor? The next section summarizes Hunger Notes answer.

Harmful economic systems are the principal cause of poverty and hunger. Hunger Notes believes that the principal underlying cause of poverty and hunger is the ordinary operation of the economic and political systems in the world. Essentially control over resources and income is based on military, political and economic power that typically ends up in the hands of a minority, who live well, while those at the bottom barely survive, if they do. We have described the operation of this system in more detail in our special section on *harmful economic systems*.

**Conflict as a cause of hunger and poverty.** At the end of 2005, the global number of refugees was at its lowest level in almost a quarter of a century. Despite some large-scale repatriation movements, the last three years have witnessed a significant increase in refugee numbers, due primarily to the violence taking place in Iraq and Somalia. By the end of 2008, the total number of refugees under UNHCR's mandate exceeded 10 million. The number of conflict-induced internally displaced persons (IDPs) reached some 26 million worldwide at the end of the year. Provoking exact figures on the number of stateless people is extremely difficult. But, important, (relatively) visible though it is, and anguishing for those involved conflict is less important as poverty (and its causes) as a cause of hunger. (Using the statistics above 102 billion people suffer from chronic hunger while 36 million people are displaced (UNHCR 2008))

**Hunger is also a cause of poverty.** By causing poor health, low levels of energy, and even mental impairment, hunger can lead to even greater poverty by reducing people's ability to work and learn.

**Climate change:** Climate change is increasingly viewed as a current and future cause of hunger and poverty. Increasing drought, flooding, and changing climatic patterns requiring a shift in crops and farming practices that may not be easily accomplished are three key issues. See the Hunger Notes special report *Hunger the Environment and Climate Change*.

For further information, especially articles in the section Climate change, global warming and the effect on poor people such as *Global warming causes 300,000 deaths a year study says* and *Could food shortages bring down civilization?*

### **Progress in reducing the number of hungry people**

The target set at the World Food Summit was to halve the number of undernourished people by 2015 from their number in 1990-92. (FAO uses three year averages in its calculation of undernourished people). The (estimated) number of undernourished people in developing countries was 824 million in 1990-92. In 2009, the number had climbed to 102 billion people. The WFS goal is a global goal adopted by the nations of the world; the present outcome indicates how marginal the efforts were in face of the real need.



So, overall, the world is not making progress toward the world food summit goal, although there has been progress in Asia, and in Latin America and the Caribbean.

### **Micronutrients**

Quite a few trace elements or micronutrients -- vitamins and minerals -- are important for health. 1 out of 3 people in developing countries are affected by vitamin and mineral deficiencies, according to the World Health Organization. Three, perhaps the most important In terms of health consequences for poor people in developing countries, are:

**Vitamin A:** Vitamin A deficiency can cause night blindness and reduces the body's resistance to disease. In children Vitamin A deficiency can also cause growth retardation. Between 100 and 140 million children are vitamin A deficient. An estimated 250,000 to 500 000 vitamin A-deficient children become blind every year, half of them dying within 12 months of losing their sight. (World Health Organization)

**Iron:** Iron deficiency is a principal cause of anemia Two billion people -- over 30 percent of the world's population -- are anemic, mainly due to iron deficiency, and, in developing countries, frequently exacerbated by malaria and worm infections For children, health consequences include premature birth, low birth weight, infections, and elevated risk of death Later, physical and cognitive development are impaired, resulting in lowered school performance. For pregnant women, anemia contributes to 20 percent of all maternal deaths. (World Health Organization)

**Iodine:** Iodine deficiency disorders (IDD) jeopardize children's mental health- often their very lives Serious iodine deficiency during pregnancy may result in stillbirths, abortions and congenital abnormalities such as cretinism, a grave, irreversible form of mental retardation that affects people living in iodine-deficient areas of Africa and Asia. IDD also causes mental impairment that lowers intellectual prowess at home, at school, and at work, IDD affects over 740 million people, 13 percent of the world's population. Fifty million people have some degree of mental impairment caused by IDD. (World Health Organization)

(Updated November 14, 2010)

### **Footnotes**

1. The relation between hunger, malnutrition, and other terms such as undernutrition is not 'perfectly clear,' so we have attempted to spell them out briefly in "World Hunger Facts."

2. For example, the Oxford English Dictionary (1971 edition) has 'insufficient nutrition' as the only meaning for malnutrition.

3 The table used to calculate this number:

Region	% in \$1.25 a day poverty	Population (millions)	Pop. in \$1 a day poverty (millions)
East Asia and Pacific	16.8	1,884	316
Latin America and the Caribbean	8.2	550	45
South Asia	40.4	1,476	596
Sub-Saharan Africa	50.9	763	388
Total Developing countries	28.8	4673	1348
Europe and Central Asia	0.04	473	17
Middle East and North Africa	0.04	305	11
Total		5451	1372

### **TEN POINT PROGRAM OF THE WHITE PANTHER ORGANIZATION**

1. FULL SUPPORT FOR THE 10-POINT PROGRAM OF THE NEW AFRIKAN BLACK PANTHER PARTY -- PRISON CHAPTER.
2. TOTAL SUPPORT FOR THE UNITED FRONT AGAINST IMPERIALISM AND THE STRUGGLES OF OPPRESSED PEOPLE EVERYWHERE.
3. TO TEACH THE SUPPRESSED HISTORY OF WHITE PEOPLE'S OPPOSITION TO RACIAL OPPRESSION AND GENOCIDE IN AMERIKA.
4. TO UPHOLD PROLETARIAN INTERNATIONALISM AND THE UNITY OF THE MULTI-NATIONAL, MULTI-ETHNIC U.S. WORKING CLASS AGAINST NATIONAL AND CAPITALISTIC EXPLOITATION AND OPPRESSION.
5. TO RE-EDUCATE WHITE BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHO HAVE BEEN DELUDED BY RACIST, WHITE SUPREMACIST PROPAGANDA AND IDEOLOGY INTO OPPOSING THEIR OWN CLASS INTERESTS.
6. TO EMBRACE THE SPIRIT OF PANTHER LOVE AND SERVE THE PEOPLE IN THE CAPACITY OF REVOLUTIONARY WARRIORS.
7. TO UPHOLD THE TRADITION OF JOHN BROWN AND OTHERS WHO HAVE RECOGNIZED THAT AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL, AND THAT NO ONE CAN BE FREE WHILE HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS ARE IN BONDAGE.
8. TO UPHOLD REVOLUTIONARY DISCIPLINE, AND NEITHER STEAL FROM NOR INFORM ON, OR IN ANY OTHER WAY OPPRESS OR EXPLOIT THE PEOPLE.
9. TO BE UPRIGHT, HONEST AND FAIR IN ALL DEALINGS, TO SET A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR YOUTH AND BE RESPECTFUL OF ELDERS, AND IN EVERY WAY STRIVE TO BE THE PEOPLE'S PRIDE.
10. TO STAND FOR PEACE AND AGAINST IMPERIALIST WAR, TO STAND FOR JUSTICE AND AGAINST INJUSTICE, AND FOR REVOLUTION AND AGAINST COUNTER-REVOLUTION.



WPO