

Angela Davis

So. Boston Pigs Vamp on Tumblers

A group of five people who do juggling and tumbling in the street for people was beaten by police the night of August 25 when they were performing in South Boston. It was 11:30 in the square in front of a housing project. About 10-15 kids split when the cops showed up. They told the tumbling group, "The cops are really bad. They patrol through there like rat packs and anybody they don't like they do anything they want to."

They didn't like the group. "You motherfuckers, get the fuck out of this neighborhood," was all they said while beating and clubbing the group. There was no interrogation or arrest. The group plans to continue its free performances.

Singin' the Revolution

Over two hundred women rallied in New Haven around the trial of Black Panther Louise McLeod. They stood in line at the court house to emphasize the undersized courtroom, giving the Algerian war cry as they exited. Then they marched singing Bev Grant's revolutionary songs. Joan Bird gave a short rap and a guitar led march sang its way downtown. There shoppers, secretaries, phone operators, and assorted men came to hear the music and dug the sounds of revolution.

Ft. Devens, Mass.

A Black woman was found and pulled on her hands and feet by the army and received a life sentence for another. He was arrested July 29th after taking part in a demonstration held by the Non-Violent Direct Action Group, because he had been restricted to his barracks the day of the demonstration. He had previously been granted a pass which had been revoked. He was given a thirty day confinement and \$80 fine for not wearing his uniform to reveal on July 2.

Ft. Ord, California

Following two busts in the special processing detachment stockade, prisoners tore up and burned barracks and a mess hall and fought MPs with rocks and bottles. The house was full of a list of grievances, including long hours of shiftwork.

It's Happening on Lotsa Bases

Ft. Hood, Texas

250 Black GI's rebelled Sunday July 26 after some brothers were harassed by white GI's and MP's. Through the night they fought MP's and Texas National Guard and some white GI's. Black's managed to do a lot of damage to officers and Army equipment before they were stopped. The Army and local media wrote it off as "minor scuffle" but these same kinds of things are happening all over. Fatigue Press the local GI newspaper tried to show how the Army uses racism. "The Army doesn't have to worry about the white EM (enlisted man) fighting for his rights so long as he is preoccupied with fear and dislike for the Black EM."

Gay Fights Back

Police attacked a group of about 600 gay people in New York City during a march Aug. 29th, protesting police harassment of gay people. The group, a coalition of the Gay Liberation Front, Black Lesbians, the Third World Gay Revolution, and Gay Activists Alliance, marched on the Women's House of Detention where the women inside threw down burning pieces of paper and chanted "We want out!" Cops moved in, but the crowd had grown when many young people gay and straight from the Village joined the demonstration. To prevent they fought the cops for nearly two hours. Six pigs were injured and 12 demonstrators arrested. The next night gay people marched in the streets again. The police responded by busting up more people. Gay people are used to being the object of police brutality and are getting together with a new sense of community and militancy to continue fighting back.

Welcome

"Deranged Anarchists"

On Aug. 24 the long-hated Army Mathematics Research Center at the University of Wisconsin went up in a predawn explosion. A warning had been called in to the police to clear the building but one person, a graduate student, was killed after the bomb went off two minutes early. The AMRC is entirely funded by the Army. On August 25 Dr. Noble of AMRC told the press "We don't work on projects for the Army as such, but merely on long range mathematical problems that may be helpful to anyone."

In its reports to the Army, however, the AMRC declared the specialists "furnish instruction to Army personnel, advise and assist them with respect to the solution of math problems, make technical studies of the use of mathematics in Army activities, and participate in Army mathematical meetings."

The bombing was claimed as the latest act of a group known as the New Year's Gang who has been active on campus for many months. During the Christmas holidays last year they firebombed an armory housing ROTC offices, ransacked the local draft board, bombed a monkey lab suspected of doing nerve gas research, and attempted an aerial bombing of the nearby Baraboo munition plant with a stolen ROTC plane. Before that there had been months of debate and actions against the AMRC building.

The New Year's Gang issued

on the Loose

this statement to the Madison Kaleidoscope:

"Today's explosion was the culmination of a long effort to remove AMRC's ominous presence from the Wisconsin campus. Previous efforts to even negotiate were met with indifference. Such is the response of imperialistic authority to public sentiment. Our actions, therefore, were deemed necessary, for with every passing day, the AMRC takes its toll in mutilated bodies."

Mark Knops the editor of Kaleidoscope was convicted of contempt of court on August 30 when he refused to testify before a grand jury. He would not disclose the source of the statement the paper received from the New Year's Gang.

Called insane, deranged anarchists by those to whom the word anarchist means only mad bomber, the New Year's Gang issued a statement to the press saying it was tragic that someone had to die in the explosion and that they were very sorry that happened, but that the bombing was a victory in that it destroyed the AMRC building and the records it contained.

Police are seeking four suspects, two of whom, David Fine and Leo Burt, they believe to be in Canada. The other two, Karleton and Dwight Armstrong, were last seen in Little Falls New York slipping out of the hands of the law.

"Terrorist acts of violence and anarchy by bombing have reached menacing proportions in our country. Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms Divisions of U.S. Department of the Treasury

Here

"I'm gonna make love and war"
Brian Flanagan

Weatherman Freed

Brian Flanagan, the Weatherman accused of attacking and paralyzing corporation counsel Richard Elrod during the October 1969 "Days of Rage" demonstrations, was acquitted on all counts.

He was first accused of hitting Elrod with a lead pipe; then the story was changed to kicking him in the neck. Defense counsel argued that Elrod had tripped while chasing Flanagan.

Boom Power

Between January, 1969 and April, 1970, there have been 4,330 successful bombings in the U.S. and another 1,475 attempted bombings.

Bombings took place in every state of the union. The breakdown given by the Dept. of the Treasury is:

56% - done in campus disturbances
19% - done by black extremists
14% - done by white extremists
2% - during labor disputes
1% - attacks on religious institutions
8% - in aid of criminal activities (murders, robberies, etc.)

THERE'S SOME NEW SHIT

Revolutionary



The spirit of the people will win!

The People's Revolutionary Constitutional Convention was such an up! It made me remember that the revolution is about people, not about theory. It made me remember that we're winning; we win when people act together to get what they need, not when I feel satisfied that we've adopted the correct strategy.

The first part of the winning feeling was feeling how many people had chosen to be on the same side, how that was more people than last month and there will be more next month. When Huey spoke that night, to some 7000 of us jam-packed inside, so tight we couldn't move, but feeling so tight together that everything was "sister" this and "brother" that, the winning feeling got even stronger. Because what we all admired about Huey wasn't so much what he said, but what he has done. We were together because we dug on the same struggle, and Huey symbolized the will and the ability to struggle in an organized fashion. And Huey told us we were beautiful, not because of what we thought or said, but because of what we had done — we had come to the convention, we had made it a victory in the face of all the pig threats, the busts of the information offices, the need for upright tight security, the government threats to ban it. He said we needed to make a new Constitution to help us win, because "we need something to express the spirit of the people's movement."

The second part of the winning feeling: we weren't just talking, we were acting. The next day, when we got together en masse to hear what we had done — was the winningest part of all. Revolutions win because they meet the needs of

the people. What we did that day was define — remember or "chant" might be better words — the needs of the people.

The workshops had a lot of problems: everyone was coming from a different situation, there were too many white college kids, calling the document a "constitution" got us into endless circular arguments about what good laws were without power. But almost every workshop succeeded in getting down on paper our objectives — the things that all of us, black and white, gay and straight, men and women, workers and students — need to live decent lives. Not that we all need the same immediate things. But we all need for everyone's needs to be met, if our own needs are going to be met.

That night the workshops reported back — plain people, mostly black, very few heavies, black or white, gave the reports. It was like unveiling a mural we had each done a piece of: the right of all children to an independent income; the right of all national minorities to federate, separate, amalgamate, control their own communities; no draft; no US forces abroad, free housing and medical care.

We learned from each other what the needs of the people are. That alone is a step toward winning. There was no shit about "good politics" and "bad politics" — politics meant what we want to do, not a person's private stock of ideas.

There's a down after the up. We're all back in our separate places, we've all got different strategies for carrying out the struggle, suspicions of each other, and a lot more difficulty acting alone than acting in that mass. We've got to deal with all of that. A lot of the time I'm going to think we're losing, either because I'm losing some small battle or because I can't see how our actions fit together into ever taking over. But I see now that a lot of that down is a personal power trip — you can tell by all the "I's" in the sentence — it's a separation of myself from the people. The convention — the up feeling — was people's power. All power to the people!

Revolutionary Artists!

There must have been about thirty people in the room when I walked into the Revolutionary Artists workshop. About half the people were black and there were as many women as men. I didn't know what to expect but it turned out to be a real up.

All of us were just sitting around saying where we were coming from and digging on where other's heads were at. People from Chicago, Washington DC, Philly, NY, New Haven, Boston, all having termed ourselves "artists." Someone said: "We ain't fucking artists — we are people, revolutionaries. Artists in a capitalist society are part of an elite class — they have been taught to reflect the individualism, racism, and sexism of the power structure. We got to get rid of that idea now." Right on!

"What is revolutionary art?" a black sister asked. "What do you want, where are you going? You artists aren't revolutionaries. You're painting while the rest of us are fighting... Shit!" A Panther sister asked her to sit down with us and get into what we were rapping about.

I felt kind of tense. I'd been asking myself the same question. I knew her hostility was real. But we began to talk about it, kind of defensively at first. A black sister from NY was chairing the meeting, drawing connections from people's ideas and telling what she was relating to. I felt high.

"Let's get a distribution center going." We started passing around a mailing list. "We can help each other by sending out supplies, information, new ideas about techniques and maybe our graphics — all around the country — dig it!"

"But I can't only relate to graphics"

said one brother. "Art takes other forms. If someone does leather work or cooks well, isn't that creative expression art?" Right!

"Western fine arts has always been defined by the bourgeoisie for the bourgeoisie. Art critics create the artists and censor people's creativity. Capitalist media exploits people through its commercial art. Schools give skills to only a few to isolate and individualize creativity." Revolutionary art deals with people... their creativity in all forms... to express their needs and desires, the love and hate... the struggle.

"Let's talk about the convention," said a brother from Boston. "How do we as people relate to this convention?"

Well, it's confusing. Are we talking about the struggle now? About how we want to express ourselves and educate people? Do we want to draw, photograph, or paint pictures of a society we want to build, or depict the level of the struggle now? "I don't want to see pictures of guns with flowers sticking out of the barrel," said a black brother. "None of that hippie shit."

"Wait a minute, man, I'm a hippie and I don't dig that shit either."

We must relate to the struggle now. Picking up the gun in one hand and a paintbrush in the other. Right on!

"What about building the new world — are we including architects?"

"Yes, man, we are including people, not classifying them."

When the words finally started to be formalized for the position paper, both politics and semantics became a hang up. Some people objected to the word "individual." Others objected to using the word "his" and not "hers." Half the people are women! Right on!

So we got it all down, not without a lot of questions still remaining. But it was really far out.

The workshop on the revolutionary arts and artist hereby submit the following declaration to the plenary session of the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention:

We recognize:

1. That all people are born with a creative potential and that the society must guarantee that every person has the opportunity to develop and express that potential.
2. That art is a creative expression of a people's culture or way of life.
3. We recognize the right of every people's culture to its form of expression and that those forms of expression should be preserved, encouraged and developed.
4. We recognize that art should be related to the interests, needs and aspirations of the people.

~~~~~ Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho Homosexual, Right On! ~~~~~

# COMING DOWN IN BABYLON

## PEOPLE'S Constitutional Convention

### Women demand the right to bear arms

For me the whole thing was the plenary meeting on Sunday night, where representatives from the various workshops presented their lists of demands, goals, whatever — what the people wanted. It was the farthest out evening I can remember.

The man sitting next to me was wearing a suit and a bright pink shirt, and was a little older. I felt suspicious of him, uncomfortable — he looked like a stereotyped Uncle Tom and smiled all the time. By the end of the evening we were talking and laughing together, exchanging political comments (he wasn't into acid, but that was our main difference) and reading together a copy of a newspaper put out by movement people in Chinatown, NY — half in English and half in Chinese. That's the way it went.

It was coming together by everybody's mind stretching out to include each other. Macho black men cheering and clapping at the report from the male homosexual workshop: "We demand the right to be gay anywhere, any time... An army of lovers cannot lose." Women's liberation artists throwing their fists in the air at the demand that workers control the process of production. City people cheering for decentralizing industry to build ecologically sound communities. Grownups demanding children's freedom, and two ten year old kids in the row in front of us yelling "Right on!" Everyone going crazy yelling when the women demanded the right to bear arms and a women's militia.

When the report on third world solidarity came, a man got up and read, "We demand the liberation of Taiwan," and everybody cheered. Then, "We demand the liberation of Okinawa," and so on around the world. When he finished he said, "I bring you greetings from the Palestinian people."

After the revolution we'll divide up the wealth of America among all the people of the world. No standing army, but a volunteer people's militia. Volunteer, rotating police force under community control. The woman who did that report read, "Community control of police," then stopped and said, "pigs." Everyone yelled, "Right on!" A decentralized economy, communities controlling their own institutions, free schools, free abortions, free rent, free medicine, free training in the use of weapons.

A black guy in shades gave the report on "self-determination for street people." He read a resolution that hard drugs were harmful and counterrevolutionary and people cheered. Then he read, "Hallucinogenic drugs, such as grass, acid and mescaline, are instrumental in developing a revolutionary consciousness," and people just went crazy all over the room, laughing and cheering and saluting — one guy on the floor started just jumping up and down. ally it was quiet and the reader continued: "However," and everybody laughed some more. (The however, when he finally got to read it, was "after a revolutionary consciousness has been attained, they can become a burden.")

Later, a man reading another report kept using the word "man" to refer to people. He was shouted down, looked confused, then corrected himself: "humanity," and everybody clapped again. Everybody cheered all the time, getting higher and higher.

The leadership of the Panthers has not been able to give the movement tactics or organization — at

least not yet. All the different groups of people in the movement could never have been brought together as we were in the conference, by a discussion of tactics, what to do next. Everyone is too confused, varied in activity, from bombing to community organizing to intellectual writing. And these groups — men and women, blacks and whites, street people and house people — have been pitted against each other — there is still a lot of mistrust, bitterness.

But by calling the conference the Panthers made us see that what we have in common is our vision of liberation, a new society. We talked it out, wanting it, grooving out on it, seeing each other groove out on it.

And that vision was so rich and full — the people had made it by organizing to defend themselves and their concerns — women's liberation, gay liberation, ecology, street people, black people demanding community control.

Not that it made the conflicts go away. The workshops, as far as I know, were mostly a lot worse than the plenary — people hassling each other, up tight about each other. The women's workshop was pretty bad — over 500 people in the room, and people making little mistrustful speeches — afraid other women would emphasize something different — too much stress on class, not enough stress on class, not enough struggling with possessive relationships, too much struggling with relationships. It seemed like most of the women generally wanted the same things to happen, but the tone was tension, mistrust.

One of the main tensions was racial — some of the black women angry, feeling like they and their needs were excluded from the discussion. The white women trying, but mostly talking among themselves about meeting the needs of black women. In spite of these things, the workshop came up with a dynamite list of demands, including everything from

children's rights to insisting that women be 50% of all governing groups.

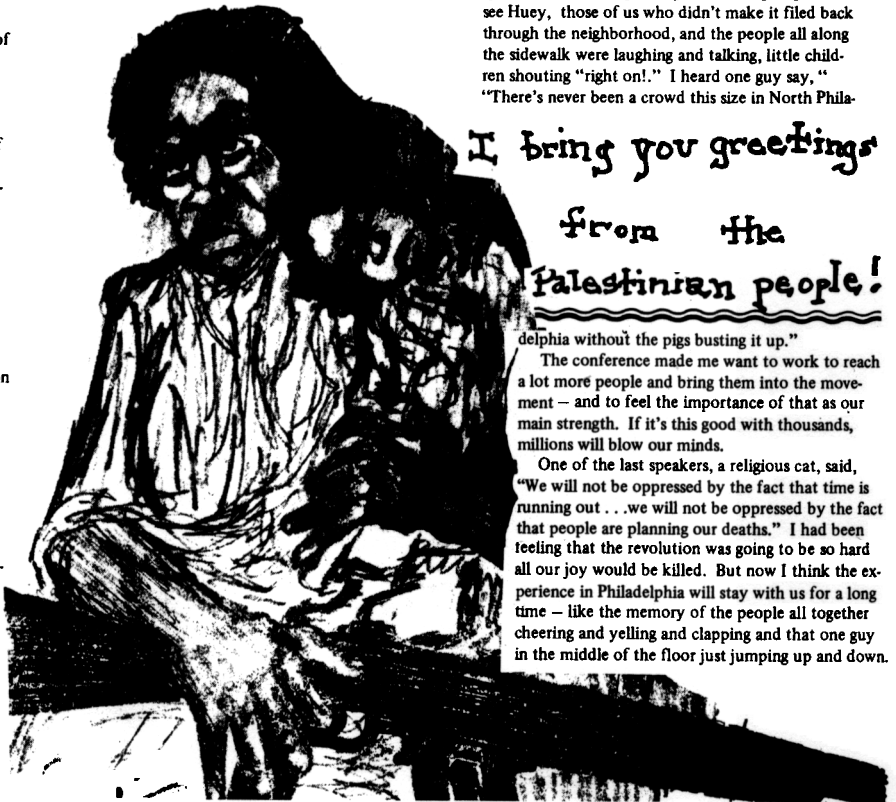
But when the report was read in the plenary, one of the angriest of the black women read it, including only about four of the demands, plus some of her own comments. I felt sold out, wiped out — was that racial conflict going to mean our demands were not part of the constitution? Then later, other women came back and read the rest of the demands.

It was important to learn that the bitterness between us is still so great that it comes close to wrecking our efforts — also important that the Panther party has come to realize how important the women's movement and women's liberation are to the revolution. They prevented that bitterness from keeping our report, made by black and white women together, unheard.

But in general, the way it felt between black and white people was good. I didn't think the feeling was warm — not like at old civil rights things — but that was a phoney kind of warmth, based on denying a lot of black anger, a lot of white racism and guilt. This was more like acceptance, respect even — knowing we're far apart, knowing we're in it together. Black people created the conference, black people led it and were the majority — that was the only way it could happen.

The whole time, the black people seemed to be just tripping out — happy, excited, together. When Muhammed Ali walked by, people went crazy. One guy stepped on both my feet without noticing — just went by saying, "I got to see my man." The people in the surrounding community felt some of the spirit. After all the pushing and shoving to get in to see Huey, those of us who didn't make it filed back through the neighborhood, and the people all along the sidewalk were laughing and talking, little children shouting "right on!" I heard one guy say, "There's never been a crowd this size in North Phila-

I bring you greetings  
from the  
Palestinian people!



delphia without the pigs busting it up."

The conference made me want to work to reach a lot more people and bring them into the movement — and to feel the importance of that as our main strength. If it's this good with thousands, millions will blow our minds.

One of the last speakers, a religious cat, said, "We will not be oppressed by the fact that time is running out... we will not be oppressed by the fact that people are planning our deaths." I had been feeling that the revolution was going to be so hard all our joy would be killed. But now I think the experience in Philadelphia will stay with us for a long time — like the memory of the people all together cheering and yelling and clapping and that one guy in the middle of the floor just jumping up and down.

# Peoples' Health Center

Photo: Roxane O'Connell



## Panther Health Clinic Shot at; More Panthers Busted

Sometime between 12 midnight and 12 noon Sunday, July 5th, 14 shots were fired into the Boston Panther Party's health clinic trailer. Use of the clinic has been increasing since its opening May 31; growing from an average of 5 people a night to a present average of 20 people a night. It now has a staff of two doctors, two nurses, one lab technician, two peoples' advocates and one dietitian.

A Panther Party member pointed out that the shooting was done with a .38 special, the kind of gun the pigs use. The shooting, he said, was "a cowardly act," since it was done in the middle of the night, July 4th weekend, when the sound of firecrackers covered the gunshots.

He also said that a lot of people from the community had come out to ask questions, concerned about what was happening to the clinic.

When asked if the shooting would affect the clinic's operations, the Party member said, "No, nothing's going to be changed. This is exactly what they attempted to do, is to intimidate ourselves and community people, and hinder our work in the community."

Meanwhile the state maintained its presence at other points on the east coast.

As the trial of Lonnie McLucas continued with jury selection last week in New Haven, local and federal cops were busting other revolutionaries. Five separate raids were made in New Haven and Bridgeport Conn. and one in Washington D.C.

Joyce Townsend and her husband Lawrence are Panthers in charge of the National Committee to Combat Fascism (NCCF) in Bridgeport. Their chapter runs a Children's Breakfast Program serving 50 to 75 children a day and is planning a free lunch program. The chapter is supported by the sale of 1200 Panther papers a week.

The Townsend's house was shot up a few months ago by someone using a .38 special. After that the Townsends bought three rifles and a shotgun.

Three weeks ago, the Townsends and several friends were busted on a variety of gun charges and breach of peace. When the

Townsends threatened to file a civil suit for false arrest, all the gun charges were dropped. They were fined a total of \$190 for breach of the peace.

At 7:30 AM Wednesday, June 24, the Townsend apartment was surrounded by a collection of FBI agents, Treasury agents, and Bridgeport police - 50 in all. They tried to force their way into the apartment (using the landlord's key) The Townsends were charged with violation of the new federal gun law, which prohibits a person with a felony record from having any gun at all, and aggravated assault (because of their resistance to the illegal entry)

The arrest warrant was so defective that the Townsends were released, and then arrested two days later on the same charges. They were released on their own recognizance, but the police are still holding the Townsends' weapons.

As Joyce Townsend put it last week, "They figured all the publicity about guns will give the Party a bad name. But it won't work, because every time they try one of these busts we get more support."

Panther Doug Faunteroy was arrested the same day in New Haven and charged with assault on a police officer, robbery with violence, and conspiracy to commit robbery with violence. These charges stemmed from a scuffle in which a cop from a patrol car was disarmed. The cop was harassing some black children singing and marching in front of the Panther office.

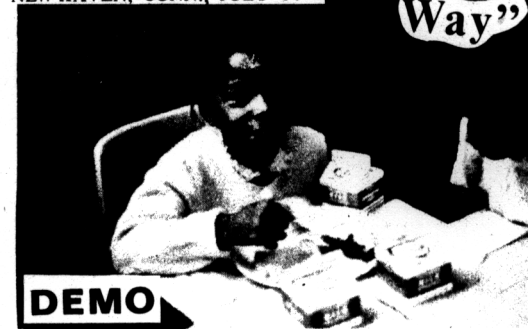
In retaliation, the cops busted Faunteroy and briefly interrupted a block dance, but still haven't recovered the cop's gun.

Also in New Haven two white members of the Panther Defense Committee were taken to the police station and ordered to "Get out of New Haven by the weekend or pack a gun."

In Washington D.C. 14 people were busted while sitting outside the BPP office the evening of July 4th. The people, formerly members of a NCCF chapter, were busted by 30 cops because they were "disturbing the peace" with their singing.

## "Serve People in a Concrete Way"

NEW HAVEN, CONN., JULY 14



DEMO

## FOR LONNIE McLUCAS

State Area Captain Lonnie McLucas's trial is set to start on July 14. People on the East Coast, be there starting at noon to see that the state doesn't put Lonnie away on these trumped-up charges. Pigs are scared of the Panthers because they serve and defend the people. Help defend Lonnie by being there. While there, follow Panther and Defense Committee leadership. Power to the People!

## hemenway

continued from page one

the endorsement of his party. He's got to have a lot of votes to win the primary against the machine, and the Hemenway Incident must be one of his nightmares. He's even been known to lose sleep over it.

The old time residents of Hemenway hate the Boston Tactical Force (the city's super-pigs) after what they did on May 11th. The beating of a blindman was only the most publicized of numerous incidents. White was forced to order an investigation. His report is now done, but his office is holding it until the Police Department report is finished. Both should be released in ten days. He also told the police to cool it. Whether he did so directly or not is causing a lot of angry debate in the press right now. He certainly made it clear that he thought there had been an "over reaction." He was certainly seen at a police station at 3am one morning before the fourth, talking to the pigs.

The Patrolmen are boiling. They got a lot of shit for their actions the night of the Hayakawa speech (just a block from Hemenway). They got more for May 11th. Perhaps they did have

orders to stay out. Perhaps they knew that people would believe them if they said they did, and that their non-intervention could put White in a jam.

The night the Shawmut bank was burned they stayed out of sight. The police radio carried a report of a burglary at a hotel on Hemenway. When the dispatcher called for a car to go look it over, anonymous patrolcars were heard to suggest that mayor White go check it out himself.

White ended in a jam. All he could say after the bank was hit was that the pigs under-reacted.

And so on Monday and Tuesday there were thirty five police on Hemenway street at night. Some road cycles up and down; some stood, a few talked. They made their presence known. The Tactical Force was allowed to come back.

The freaks hate all the pigs. The older residents fear the BTF. Mayor White's in worse shape than ever. He's got no way to cool things down.

## mod donna

By Myrna Lamb

... a play which raises the issues of the women's liberation movement. Produced off-Broadway, it addresses itself to the oppression of women and the distortion of the male-female relationship in our 'whores and wars' society. Published for the first time in the July-August International Socialist Review. Buy it.

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