

# You Do Need a Weatherman to Know Which Way the Wind Blows

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In September, I attended the Cleveland Conference on the National Action as an anti-Weatherman representative from the New York Movement for a Democratic Society. A month and a half later, a photograph of me being fucked over by three Chicago pigs appeared on the *Guardian* cover, and I came back with charges amounting to more than ten years. My non-Weatherman comrades ask me: Was it worth it? The answer is yes, yes—wholeheartedly, yes. How I, a firm anti-Weatherman, felt compelled—after a tremendous resistance—to become a Weatherman, is important, but mostly in a personal way. What I would like to go into here is how the Chicago action, and the Weatherman logic behind it, made, and still makes, compelling sense for an old-timer like myself with the usual "credentials."

## The Weatherman Perspective

Three key points divide the Weathermen from all other political tendencies:

First: the primacy of confronting national chauvinism and racism among the working-class whites; the necessity to turn every issue, problem, and struggle into an anti-imperialist, anti-racist struggle; the assertion that organizing whites primarily around their own perceived oppression (whether it be women's liberation, student power, the draft and the stockades, the crisis of the cities, oppression at the point of production) is bound to lead in a racist and chauvinist direction.

Second: the urgency of preparing for militant, armed struggle now; the necessity of organizing people into a fighting movement, not primarily by critiques, ideas, analyses, or programs, though all these are important, but by actually inflicting material damage to imperialist and racist institutions right now, with whatever forces you've got.

Third: the necessity of building revolutionary collectives that demand total, wholehearted commitment of the individual to struggle against everything that interferes with the revolutionary struggle, and to struggle to transform oneself into a revolutionary and a communist: collectives through which we can forge ourselves into effective "tools of necessity" and through which we can realize, concretely, in our day-to-day lives, such well-known Maoist principles as "Politics in command," "Everything for the revolution," "Criticism—self-criticism—transformation."

The Weatherman did not pick up these three points from Mao or the classics abstractly. These points arose out of, and are situated within, a broader revolutionary strategy specific to the conditions prevailing within the imperialist mother country.

As we see it, US imperialism has already entered a period of organic crisis, in the Gramscian sense of that term. And this crisis is of such intensity, depth, and immediacy as to make the destruction of imperialism and socialist revolution both possible and necessary *in our generation*, that is, in the order of twenty to thirty years, as opposed to fifty or one hundred years. But since the US is neither a colony nor a semi-colony (like China, Cuba, or Vietnam), nor an ordinary capitalist country (like Denmark), nor an ordinary imperialist country (like France or Britain), but the hegemonic imperialist country of the entire capitalist world, there are conditions peculiar to it that give the revolutionary process here its specific characteristics.

The political economy of US imperialism has reached an advanced stage of monopoly capitalism whose development is determined primarily by the problems of absorption of surplus capital and of reproduction of capital and of labor power, rather than those related to the point of production. (See the discussion by Ernest Mandel and Martin Nicolaus, *Leviathan*, September 1969.) More concretely, U.S. imperialism is an integrated international politico-economic system in which the peoples of the Third World, and to a much smaller degree the workers of other capitalist countries, are forced into the position of the proletariat of US political economy, while the white workers of the mother country itself find themselves in the position of a relatively privileged stratum of the imperialist US working force as a whole.

So, looking at the imperialist beast as a totality, we become aware that the primary contradiction within the US imperialist political economy is not one between the working class and the bourgeoisie within white North America, but one between the oppressed people of the Third World and the US imperialist ruling class. We adduce this primacy of the Third World not merely from an objective-structural analysis of US imperialism, but, more importantly, from the actual liberation wars that are being waged in the post-World War II period by the peoples of Asia, Africa, and Latin America (and within the ghettos of America by the black and brown peoples). Furthermore, in the development of this primary contradiction, we see that the victory of the Chinese, Cuban, and especially the Vietnamese, revolutions, constitute a dramatic turning point; that is, the people of the Third World have already become, on the worldwide level, the principal and the predominant aspect which will determine the course and the ultimate resolution of this antagonistic contradiction. The coming decisive US defeat in Vietnam, the Chinese Cultural Revolution and the achievement of a usable Chinese nuclear force, the highly probable liberation war in Korea, the utter inability of US imperialism to forge a capitalist alternative in the developing nations, and the surging liberation struggles in Laos, Burma, Thailand, Malaya, India, Palestine, in Africa and Latin America, and in the ghettos of the imperialist homeland itself, make the eventual and total defeat of US imperialism in this generation a certainty. What is not so clear is the role that whites in the mother country can play in this anti-imperialist struggle and the nature of the revolutionary strategy that will enable us to maximize their active participation in the coming revolution, both qualitatively and quantitatively.

How do we situate the class position of whites in America within the context of this worldwide revolutionary war, and within the context of the political economy of monopoly capitalism at its more advanced imperialist stage? How one answers this question shapes the specifics of one's entire revolutionary strategy here in the mother country.

The class position of white people in this country is determined by two contradictory aspects. On the one hand, by the classical Marxist definition, the overwhelming majority of whites belong to the working class in the sense that they neither own nor control the means of production. Furthermore, they are materially, psychologically, and in every other way, concretely oppressed by the imperialist political economy and by its concomitant superstructure. This implies that the destruction of imperialism and socialist revolution are objectively in the interests of the vast majority of white Americans.

On the other hand, we confront the fact that the white workers do not constitute the main or the most oppressed sections of the work force within the worldwide political economy of US imperialism: on the contrary, they form a tiny, and the most privileged, sector of that proletariat. More, Racially and politically they are members of the oppressor nation in relation to the Third World, including as always the blacks and the browns here; and as such they experience concrete benefits, both material and spiritual. They are the best paid, most comfortable, and the least oppressed, among the proletariat of the US imperialist political economy.

They also derive invidious sick satisfaction out of their feeling that they belong to the top nation in the whole world. Just as the rulers' self-esteem is largely based on their sense of superiority vis-à-vis "lowly and stupid" masses, so the white masses of America base a large part of their self-definition on their membership in the "superior race" and the "greatest nation." And in the short run, as long as they remain a reliable mass base for imperialism, these material and spiritual privileges will be allowed by the ruling class.

The classical contradiction at the point of production is to a large degree superseded by more crucial contradictions rising out of surplus absorption and reproduction. On the level of the individual white worker's consciousness, chauvinism and racism, which have a real short-range material basis, are superimposed upon his class consciousness which, if fully developed, would conflict with imperialism. At present, racism and national chauvinism form the predominant aspect of contradictory consciousness for the overwhelming majority of white workers. In the short run, then, the development of consciousness of most working-class whites will be decisively shaped by the fact that they share in the fruits of the imperialist domination and plunder; and any attempt to politicize them in a revolutionary direction must deal with this fact in a real, and not a rhetorical or a cerebral, way. Not to make the distinction between the long-term class interest which we can infer from an objective structural analysis of people's relationship to the means of production, and the concretely experienced, short-term, privileges that determine their consciousness at present, is to fall into a pure dogmatism about the centrality of the role of the industrial workers. (See Jim Mellen, "More on Youth Movement," *New Left Notes*, May 13, 1969.)

### **Youth On The Move**

Given this understanding of the forces at work in the development of the white working class consciousness, what we must ask now is: Of the many segments that make up this working class, which ones are most likely to develop full (i.e., internationalist) class consciousness at the present time, and lead the rest into anti-imperialist, anti-racist revolutionary struggles? In other words, which segments of the white working class are least privileged, or have the least stakes and roots in the system of privilege, and are most immediately and acutely oppressed? We answer: Youth, and especially the working-class youth. To summarize the arguments:

1. They are least tied down materially to the system of oppression and relative privilege (marriage and children, mortgage, stable lifetime jobs, pension plans, etc.).
2. They grew up when the people's struggle was on the upsurge (Cuba, Black Liberation, Vietnam), and when imperialism entered its most decadent, hypocritical, and transparently chauvinist phase (thereby negating many bourgeois norms and values).
3. They were socialized when important socializing media and mechanisms were disintegrating (the breakdown of the bourgeois family, deterioration of social services like the school, the plasticity and the transparent manipulativeness of the TV-advertisement-culture, sexual-psychoanalytic-cultural revolution, etc.).
4. They experience in the most acute way the oppressive conditions engendered by the imperialist crisis. (The schools, the draft and the army, unemployment, draggy jobs, the pigs and the courts who come down on their anti-authoritarian modes of living and expression.)

These forces generated by the imperialist crisis, and lived through by every youth of our generation, have produced a youth culture and potentially explosive, anti-authoritarian motions in the past decade. We ourselves are both products and creators of these motions and forces. What we need to do now is to coalesce all these fragmented motions into an effective, anti-imperialist fighting force, with explicit revolutionary goals and with the most oppressed working-class youths as its core.

But how?

The problem is not primarily one of creating the consciousness among youth that they are oppressed: working-class youth knows much better than we that they are fucked over by this system in all kinds of ways. It's not even a question of "teaching" them to fight. Most of these kids have done much more of that (even fighting the pigs) than most Weathermen can hope to do in the near future. In fact, there are but two obstacles preventing their acute awareness of oppression and of oppressive social order from developing into a fully revolutionary direction: first, their racism and chauvinism; second, their basic defeatism about their ability, not merely to "beat the system" once in a while, but actually to destroy it totally.

We've already dealt at some length with racism and chauvinism as the chief impediments to the development of revolutionary consciousness among the white workers. The situation is essentially the same, though to a significantly lesser degree, among white youth. In the practice of our collectives in Michigan, Ohio, and New York, we've encountered many working-class youths who know very well that they are oppressed, and who hate this system, and who yet fight both the pigs and the blacks. In the emerging race war in many New York high schools, many of the same whites who vamp on the blacks went out on the "45-minute" high school strike last year, and this spring ripped up the schools with the blacks. These kids know they are being fucked over by the tracking system in the school and the class society outside the school. As the crisis of Amerikan imperialism deepens in the next few years, there will be more and more working-class kids who want to fight their oppression, but who will be in motion primarily against the blacks and the Vietnamese because their racism and chauvinism prevent them from seeing the imperialist ruling class as the true and the common enemy.

The correct way to deal with this racism and chauvinism in a polarized situation is to confront it directly and show a real alternative. To hand them a leaflet or pamphlet or merely to rap, with explanations as to how racism is not in their long-term interest, is not a way to do either. Words, words, words. Mere words, however persuasive, mere ideas, however true, can not make even a dent in an ingrained psychic structure like racism that not only reaches into the very depth of whites' souls, but also has a material basis to sustain it. The only way to make our anti-racist ideas and analyses real is for these white kids to be confronted with a group of other whites who are willing to actually fight on the side of the blacks (and not just talk, hand out leaflets, picket, march, or give money for black liberation). Make oppressed and racist white working-class youth really grapple with the existence of such a white fighting force. To see a group of other whites willing to fight to the very end on the side of the blacks will be a shocking experience for most whites. The existence of such whites, and actually seeing them fight, will hit hard at the core of their racist being in ways no words or analyses alone can do. The resulting fluidity in their consciousness will provide us with a radical space through which we can begin to communicate a class analysis of their own oppression. Without the reality of white groups actually fighting on the side of the blacks, the racism of whites could never be broken through, let alone overcome systematically.

While you confront their racism in this manner, you also must show a concrete alternative by identifying and actually attacking the real enemy, that is, the various imperialist institutions implicated in their class oppression, such as schools, draft boards, army, banks, pigs, courts, big corporations, local and national enemies of the people, etc. You also show a concrete alternative by the very existence of a communist fighting force which they can join on various levels of struggle.

The second obstacle to the revolutionization of white working-class youth is their basic defeatism. In the last few years, hundreds of thousands of youths in and out of the Movement have fought against this imperialist system in various ways, but only a handful have become revolutionaries. Why? Because most of us are basically defeatists about our ability to destroy the system ("You can't fight city hall"). No matter how hard or how often we fight, we slide back to non-revolutionary bourgeois holes, because, at the basic core of our psychic life, we too have internalized the strongest ideological bulwark of US imperialism, i.e., the chauvinist idea that US imperialism, and its social order at home, is permanent and invincible. If most of us radicals and "revolutionaries" in the movement have not overcome this US imperialist-chauvinist myth, how can we expect working-class youth, who are not as familiar as we supposedly are with the experience and the victories of the Third World peoples, not to share this basic presumption about the permanence and invincibility of this social order?

### **A White Fighting Force**

The only way to confront and change this basic defeatism, which again is no mere idea but an essential element of their psychic structure, is by creating the presence of a white fighting force. A few hundred or a few thousand white revolutionaries who understand that US imperialism is really a paper tiger, that the oppressed people of the world are really fighting and winning, that this imperialist mother is going to come down within our generation, must form themselves into a disciplined fighting force, and with the forces they now have, fight to inflict the maximum material damage to imperialism and racism. Under the leadership of blacks and Vietnamese, this force must fight not primarily for this specific demand or for that particular reform, but to disrupt the functioning of this imperialist country, and to smash it. And they must fight in a tight and together way, appropriate to the seriousness and protracted nature of the struggle. Again, to see such a group of whites actually doing it is a thousand times more effective in shaking up the whites' chauvinist defeatism about the permanence of this system than the most incisively argued pamphlet on the "inevitability of the collapse of U.S. imperialism," etc.

If every rebellious white working-class youth in this country was compelled to really grapple with the possibility that this social order might be brought down, that we may be able to really change things, then the revolutionary movement in this country will have made a qualitative leap to a much higher level of struggle. Before this is done, all else is talk and words, no leap in consciousness. Without this leap, the movement will continue to be a mere aggregate of individuals who wish things were otherwise, or who may even put in many hours of routinized political work, but who really have no concrete idea of how to make a revolution.

Note that in all of the preceding I said nothing about "turning people on" to the revolution or to communism. Weatherman is not about "turning people on." People don't become revolutionaries because it's groovy or nice. People are *compelled* to turn towards revolution and communism because there is no other way out of their predicament. What Weatherman is about is showing the white working class that they're really up against the wall, like the Vietnamese and the blacks, though not so immediately or so intensely now; that, ultimately, their only choice is either joining the world revolution led by the blacks, the yellows, and the browns, or being put down as US imperialist pigs by the people of the Third World, as has already happened to three hundred thousand working-class Americans in Vietnam. What Weatherman is about is breaking through the racism and chauvinism at its core by forcing white people to grapple with the existence of a white fighting force that understands that this imperialist mother country will come down, and actually fights on the side of the blacks, yellows, and the browns of the world. If our actions, struggle and words often put white working-class people (and movement people, too) up against the wall forcing them to fight us, so be it. They're dealing with the ideas of anti-chauvinism, anti-racism, and the coming revolution much more seriously by fighting us than when they threw our leaflets into garbage cans, or passed good resolutions without any practical consequences.

The time is past when tens of thousands of "movement" or left-liberal people can "dig" revolution, Ché, Malcolm, Cleaver, put revolutionary posters on their walls and listen to revolutionary songs, "enjoy" the "Battle of Algiers" and consider themselves to be "hip" and on the right side of the revolutionary struggle—while living bourgeois, chauvinist, racist, white-skin privileged lives with six, seven, fifteen thousand dollars a year. If they dig the Panthers, the very least they can do is live on \$5,000 and give the other \$4,000 to the Panther bail fund. Weatherman has been accused of "guilt-organizing." Well, that is inaccurate. But there is nothing wrong with white Americans feeling guilty for sharing the blood money and psychic "superiority" sucked and looted out of the Third World. If they are truly experiencing that guilt, they would begin to struggle against their bloodstained white-skin privilege, and turn that guilt into hatred of the imperialist ruling class. And by thus lowering themselves to the position of the Vietnamese and the blacks in terms of material comforts and repression, and by joining in the revolutionary struggle, they can attain that communality and universality of human struggle for liberation, and thus raise themselves to the level of the Vietnamese and the blacks.

Although the Weatherman is not out to "turn people on," it is no accident that the people who have begun the process of becoming revolutionaries through collectives really dig themselves and other people, and are among the most live and spirited people around. The two months of my struggle, such as it was, in and out of the collective, has given a revolutionary significance to an old Asian saying: "By denying oneself, one realizes oneself." I became aware for the first time of the day-to-day significance of Chairman Mao's dictum that: "Not to have correct politics is like having no soul."

## **Bring The War Home! The Logic Of The Action**

The Chicago National Action was conceived by the Weather Bureau as an anti-imperialist action in which a mass of white youths would tear up and smash wide-ranging imperialist targets such as the Conspiracy Trial, high schools, draft boards and induction centers, banks, pig institutes, and pigs themselves. The main reason why we chose such a wide range of targets was our desire to project the existence of a fighting force that's out, not primarily to make specific demands, but to totally destroy this imperialist and racist society. Two sets of objectives were stipulated. The first set of objectives arose out of our general strategy. The specific tactic chosen (that is, mass street-fighting attacking imperialist targets) was intended to accomplish several aims to fulfill our strategic goal for the immediate future:

- a. To take the first step towards building a new Communist Party and a Red Army: the toughening and transformation not only physically and militarily, but also politically and psychologically, of the old cadre; and the recruiting and training of new people as cadres.
- b. To compel every youth in the country to become aware of and grapple with the existence of a group of pro-VC and pro-black white youths who effectively fight against imperialism and the pigs, on the basis of their understanding that this country not only needs to be, but can be, brought down. Also, to identify in a dramatic way some of the institutions that oppress these youths.
- c. To do material damage so as to help the Viet Cong.
- d. To push the entire movement to a new level, to sharpen its "cutting edge," to give militant shape to struggles undertaken by various sectors of the movement in the coming year, so that every struggle and all political work will be defined and judged by what happens in Chicago.

The second set of objectives arose out of our understanding as to how we can concretely push the political crisis confronting the US imperialist ruling class over the Vietnam question:

Militarily, US imperialism has already been defeated in Vietnam. Diplomatically, too, it is clearly on the defensive everywhere, and in some key places, the US conduct in Vietnam has created major setbacks (e.g., Sweden's agreement to extend \$40 million to the DRV; the tremendous resurgence of anti-imperialist, revolutionary movements in Japan; etc.). From the standpoint of the worldwide US imperialist strategy, the war has severely limited its ability to pacify and/or suppress the Third World and the blacks and the browns at home; and even its sole reliable rear—the whites of the mother country itself—has begun to loosen up because of inflation, taxes, war casualties, youth rebellions—all attributable in some measure to the war.

Seeing all this, the US ruling class appears to have decided that a strategic retreat from Vietnam is highly desirable, in fact imperative. (Hence Johnson's decision not to run, the cessation of bombing, the Paris talks, the phony withdrawals, Vietnamization, etc.) But this strategic retreat is still conceived of as "extrication"; it is not squarely accepted as a defeat. So the war drags on and on. During the conference between the Vietnamese and SDS leaders this summer, the Vietnamese told us in no uncertain terms what our responsibilities to the world revolution were: "Look, we've won, but we can't physically kick out the US bases right now. So the war could drag on for a long time. Whether it will end in six months or drag on for ten more years will be, to a large degree, determined by the kind of struggle you people carry on in the heart of the imperialist mother country."



Within this broad understanding of the Vietnam situation, how did the Weatherman place the Chicago action? We saw that the majority sentiments in Amerika had turned against the war. We saw, too, the signs of the vast resurgence of frustration and anger among left-liberal segments for the first time in three years. There were several mass actions already planned: the September offensive in San Francisco (which failed to explode), the October 15 Moratorium, and the November 15 marches in Washington and San Francisco. All this was very good and constituted a powerful material support to the Viet Cong. Then, why Chicago?

The answer can be stated in two different ways, though in the end they amount to the same thing. To begin with, a minority of militants fighting on the streets and smashing imperialist targets would reinforce, rather than detract from, the value of the majority of peaceful dissenters who are holding candles. The ruling class would have to consider the probability that the longer they drag their feet in admitting defeat and getting out of Vietnam, the more the candle-holding type will join the ranks of the crazies on the streets. The dialectic of prolonged imperialist war, if further pushed out, could change the power balance now existing between the anti-imperialist and left-liberal camps of the peace movement; that is to say, the candle-holders may end up being the diminishing minority, and the street-fighters might emerge as the expanding majority. This very thought would have a tremendous impact on the ruling class, if they are foolish enough to contemplate the "option" of dragging the war on indefinitely. So, Chicago was intended in part as a warning and a deterrent to the ruling class, and also as a reinforcer to more low-keyed mass actions of the Moratorium and Mobilization type

More concretely, Chicago was conceived of as a model and a training ground for the militant, fighting the anti-imperialist core of the peace movement. A couple of thousand kids, fighting in a together way, smashing up induction centers, pig institutes, etc., and having been toughened psychologically, militarily, and politically, would go back to their home cities and regions to create "two, three, many Chicagos" during November 8-14, and then go to Washington, several tens of thousands strong, to tear apart that pig capital of US pig power. In a few months after Chicago, we thought it possible to build a core of ten to twenty thousand anti-imperialist fighters tearing up ROTCs, pig institutes, research institutes, draft boards, stockades, on every major campus, in every city, in every region all over this imperialist motherland. All these motions—local and national mass kick-ass anti-imperialist street fights, as well as precise cadre actions—in the context of the majority anti-war sentiments and massive left-liberal anger, would give the ruling class a tremendous kick; in fact, such a strong kick that when combined with further defeats at the hands of the heroic Viet Cong, diplomatic setbacks at the hands of people in Europe and Japan, and the long-range worldwide strategic disadvantages incurred by the war, the US ruling class could be put under an irresistible pressure to admit defeat and pull out as early as six months following the Chicago action. Our understanding of the immediate and specific political crisis engulfing the imperialist ruling class made Chicago not only absolutely imperative, but also boundlessly exciting.

For five years now, since the founding of the May 2nd Movement, student radicals of this imperialist mother country pledged their internationalist solidarity with the Viet Cong. We petitioned, marched, sent medicine to Vietnam, conducted teach-ins, stopped troop trains, marched again, worked full summers on immediate withdrawal campaigns, attacked Dow and ROTC, ran independent anti-war candidates, and even fought on the streets once in a while. In retrospect, all this did help the Viet Cong some. But we never had a clear sense of how what we did day-to-day concretely helped to get the US out. Now, for the first time, we had a clear strategy which, in the context of Viet Cong-Third World-black-Japanese-European struggles, could defeat US imperialism in Vietnam in an all-round way, and get its aggressor troops out, in several months rather than ten years, thus saving millions of Asian and American lives. Within this framework, Chicago was the key focus, the model, the training ground, and the divining rod for everything else. It was indeed going to be the first battle of the first contingent of the Red Army in the mother country, concretely aiding the struggle of the heroic Viet Cong. The abstract phrase "international solidarity" began to have a real meaning. We began to feel the Vietnamese in ourselves. Some of us, at moments, felt we were ready to die, if that was the price of struggle in Chicago.

### **Building Strategy For Chicago**

After the Cleveland Conference, we in New York had a bit more than a month to prepare for the action. Our strategy to build for Chicago consisted of three stages:

First, establish the presence of Weatherman by a series of dramatic open and other kinds of cadre actions so that when we rapped to people they'd already have a basic sense of what we were about;

Second, carry out a series of cadre actions and mass work with certain high schools and parks as the priority target areas to confront white youth's racism and chauvinism, to identify certain key institutions of imperialism that oppress them, and to compel them to grapple with the existence of a white fighting contingent allied with the blacks and the Vietnamese;

Finally, coalesce all the motions we've managed to generate and the people we've established ties with, in the form of a major fighting action, so as to consolidate our ranks and prepare all of us on all levels for the coming battle in Chicago. We were thinking of a major support rally for the Panther 21 and/or the Fort Dix 38 demo for this purpose.

The first task of establishing our presence was done quite well, considering that we were then just in the process of forming the first real Weatherman collective in New York. As for the second part of our building strategy, we worked hard at it, managed to pull off a series of precise, out-of-sight cadre actions without a single casualty, and rapped with literally tens of thousands of kids during a five-week period.

Some people accuse us of one-sidedly advocating actions and not bothering to "talk" to people. This is a mistaken criticism. Probably no group talks to people more than we do, and many of our raps are probably qualitatively more effective in changing people than those carried on by other groups, since our raps usually take place in the immediate context of action, past actions, or a prospective action. Only a handful out of these thousands that we rap with come over to our side. But this is to be expected, for you can't simply "agree" with us intellectually. To agree with us means that you, too, join in the fight now, to become a Weatherman on one level or another, now. That's what discussion, rapping, and agreeing means to us. In the context of Chicago, digging our literature or our raps meant coming to Chicago to fight. No wonder that not a few Weatherman "sympathizers" wanted to avoid seeing us altogether. Remember the good old Movement days when we could dig Mao, Ché, Viet Cong and Revolution, without ourselves becoming, or struggling to become, a Mao, a Ché, a Viet Cong, and a revolutionary? Remember those nice, comfortable, bourgeois, hip, counter-revolutionary, anti-communist, boring, empty, confused, deadening, nauseating days? Those days are, thank God, gone. For us "movement people," there are but two possibilities: either we push on to become soldiers in the world revolutionary war, or we completely slide back to our respective bourgeois holes and become anti-communist pigs.

While our accomplishment of the second part of the strategy was good quantitatively and good in terms of hit-and-run cadre-guerrilla actions, our practice throughout was poisoned by dogmatism and a sectarian spirit which permeated everything we did. We also allowed ourselves an impermissible luxury of a stupid (adventuristic) incident which resulted from machismo and resulted in the heaviest legal casualties of our pre-Chicago practice (five felonious assaults and one charge of attempted murder).

We utterly fell short of our goals in the third, and in some respects, the most crucial part of our building strategy for Chicago. The Fort Dix demo, originally scheduled for September 28, seemed to be a really good build-up action. The Fort Dix coffeehouse leadership, with two outstanding fighters from the Columbia University struggle, and a number of revolutionary GIs among them, appeared to be our allies at first. The political demands of the demo were good:

1. Free the Fort Dix 38;
2. Free all political prisoners, especially the Panthers;
3. Abolish the stockade system;
4. End the war in Vietnam.

But in the marshals' meeting over the weekend of September 20, severe political divisions emerged between the NY Weatherman gang and a few independents, and the rest of the movement people there.

What we thought was required and possible was a fighting action to support the anti-imperialist GIs in explicit solidarity with the Viet Cong. The support for the anti-war, anti-Army, and anti-imperialist GIs was to be expressed, according to our conception of the action, by the four political demands of the demo, and by the choice of targets to be attacked—the stockades, the court-martial halls, the MPs, the station where the coffins with dead GIs from Vietnam arrive, etc. The clear solidarity with the Viet Cong would be communicated by our chants (*Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, the Viet Cong is gonna win ...*), slogans and banners, and by the presence of the Viet Cong flag. The coffeehouse people called our suggested plans for a fighting action and our stress on the need to break through the weak links in the MP lines "suicidal," and our insistence on our group's carrying the Viet Cong banner "sectarian." (At no time did we insist on others carrying the glorious banner of the Viet Cong.) The coffeehouse and the movement people's conception of the demo was a massive, "GIs, MPs, we are on your side"-type march which would have some militant anti-war slogans, but which by and large would be peaceful because it wouldn't really try to reach the stockade or to break through by fighting. This conception also allowed for a few hundred Weathermen and other crazies to do our own thing ("that'll be groovy"), but mostly there would be lots of rapping with the GIs and MPs(!?!).

### **The VC Flag Issue**

Of the two key areas of disagreement, the coffeehouse leadership focused on the famous issue of the Viet Cong flag, since the need for a fighting action was more difficult to argue against from their anti-imperialist radical standpoint.

The coffeehouse leadership argued against Weathermen carrying the VC flag on three different levels: militarily, the VC flag would evoke instant ingrained reactions from the GIs and we might be massacred by them; politically, the issues of the repression of 38 anti-war GIs, the abolition of stockades, and GI-civilian solidarity were key, and the solidarity with the VC, if too strongly pushed, would divide our own ranks and turn off potential allies among the GIs. Finally, they argued that the banners with the slogan, "We support the Vietnamese people's struggle against corrupt government, rich landlords and foreign occupation troops" was an equally clear way to communicate our solidarity with the Vietnamese.

In response, we argued that militarily there is not likely to be a massacre on the order of a hundred dead, but that if a few of us did get killed while fighting in solidarity with the VC in the stipulated context, it would not be a bad thing, but a good thing (I shall go into this point in more detail later when we get to Chicago itself). Politically, it was crucial, especially in building an anti-imperialist GI movement, to make the solidarity with the VC clear from the very start and in an up-front way; otherwise, such a GI movement would degenerate into a racist-chauvinist "GI rights" movement fighting for a better imperialist army, or become totally vulnerable to imperialist cooptation and/or red-baiting attack. (Examples are numerous: the forty-million strong Japan anti-A and -H bomb movement collapsed after the conclusion of the test-ban treaty over the question of Chinese nuclear testing. The reason? The movement was largely built on the widespread, deeply-rooted revulsion against war in general and the use of nuclear weapons in particular. The organizers of the movement, though themselves Marxist-Leninists, felt that to push anti-imperialist politics would narrow and divide the mass base that they saw and were able to build. Instead, the lack of such an anti-imperialist politics not only split, but totally destroyed it, when the Chinese began their nuclear test program after justly rejecting the US-USSR scheme for white nuclear monopoly.)

The GIs, we stated, are immediately involved in the Vietnam war. And in a war, there are only two sides. You've got to shoot at the Viet Cong or at US imperialism. To be sure, there are moments when GIs are in an intermediate position, such as when a company of troops in Vietnam refuses to fight for a day or two because of weariness, etc., without explicitly realizing that their action is helping the VC. These GIs are, to use the phrase favored by all sorts of non-struggle "Marxists," acting in an objectively anti-imperialist manner. But unless these GIs push out their immediate discontents so that they become subjectively anti-imperialist as well, their momentary deviations notwithstanding, they will revert back to serving their pig role as counterrevolutionary gendarmes. Communists and anti-imperialists must relate to all intermediate motions, such as the one mentioned above, that hurt the imperialist war effort, but relate to them in such a way as to make the real choice for the GIs explicit from the very beginning and do that in an up-front way. And when revolutionaries and anti-imperialists themselves initiate a mass action, such as the Fort Dix action, it is inexcusable not to make this choice immediately clear and real.

There are plenty of other people, many with support from certain segments of the ruling class, who are willing and able to organize purely anti-war, "pro-our boys" type affairs (and these things are OK and we should do political work with the people who turn out for these demonstrations). Our own job, first, is to project the consciousness that here, too, there will be a revolution which, in alliance with the Third World, will bring this mother down within this generation; and second, to recruit and train revolutionaries who will fight to do precisely that. An anti-imperialist, pro-Viet Cong GI movement is going to be a crucial part of that revolution. And we should be pushing out this revolutionary politics on every issue, in every action, with every type of constituency, every moment of our waking hours, to the maximum. That's what it takes. Obviously, the coffee house people and the GI leaders had an entirely different political conception of what their work was about.

The coffeehouse leaders' last point, that their slogan on the banner was the equivalent of the VC banner, is absurd. They asserted that the banner with the slogan "We support the Vietnamese people's struggle" was more concrete than the VC flag, which in their view was an abstract symbol. Let us see.

The GIs' reaction to the VC flag is a rational reaction given their national chauvinism and the pig role they acquiesce to play. If they don't react to the slogan on the banner that's because the coffeehouse slogan does not even connect up with their national chauvinism, let alone confront it. The coffeehouse slogan is just words; it's abstract. The VC flag is concrete, and hits hard at the core of their national chauvinism and their pig role. In the same way, the expression "Support the NLF or PRG" is not as good as "We're with the Viet Cong" for our specific purpose of building an anti-imperialist, revolutionary movement. To say, "We support the Vietnamese people's struggle against corrupt government, rich landlords, and foreign occupation troops," is a shame-faced way of supporting our brothers in the NLF. Who and what are you talking about? You might even be talking about the fence-sitting Buddhist manipulators in Saigon or the thousands of punk-out Vietnamese students sitting out the revolutionary, patriotic war in Paris coffeeshops! You are not pushing out your politics, you are not putting the struggle up front, and your so-called anti-imperialist politics, however sincerely felt, is a sham. In short, you are being hopelessly capitulationist and defeatist about your politics and about the people you are trying to change from the very start. From this type of action, the GIs might get the idea that you're a bunch of do-gooders or hippies on their side (and if there are many "chicks" among you, all the better), but nothing drastically new has been injected into their consciousness, and nothing has been done to break through their chauvinism and defeatism, nor has the internalized social fabric and order been disrupted at its core ... . And, without any of these changes, how can you expect to transform their awareness of their oppression in the army into a revolutionary consciousness?

### **What Does It All Mean?**

On the other hand, if they see a couple of thousand white kids tearing up and smashing the stockade, the court-martial halls, the coffin station, and the MPs—all symbols and institutional underpinnings of the GIs' oppression—and if these same kids are carrying VC flags, the GIs cannot help asking: What's happening here? What does it all mean?

Shock 1: Hippies and commies, who are supposed to be pacifists, fought against and vamped on some MP pigs.

Shock 2: These college kids, whom GIs dislike because of the former's privilege and elitism, fought against the places and people they too hated.

Shock 3: The same people were carrying the flags of the avowed enemy of "their country."

Shocks 1 and 2 help to overcome their class-based suspicion against the campus-originated revolutionary movement.

Numbers 2 and 3 polarize to the limit the tension between their own awareness of class oppression, and their national chauvinism. The two contradictory aspects of their consciousness are split widely apart; what lay dormant as parts of the same consciousness are now exposed as two antagonistic alternatives. Their consciousness is loosened up and the two objectively antagonistic aspects of their consciousness and of their mode of being begin to confront them as a choice between two opposing forces. Something vitally new has thus been introduced into their consciousness.

By an action of this sort, no serious revolutionary expects to see hundreds of GIs join our ranks and fight with us right away, like that. A few will. But, more important, for hundreds of thousands of GIs who will learn about such an action through the media and personal contacts, and to a much more intense degree, for thirty thousand GIs at Fort Dix, a new, radical space has opened up in the form of two antagonistic aspects of their consciousness coming nearer to the surface. Similar actions later and in other places, as well as of course the struggles of the Vietnamese and the blacks, will make the contradiction and tension in their split consciousness even more acute, and our rapping and the enemy-directed alternative we offer can gradually, and over a long period of time, help to make the class aspect of their consciousness predominant over their chauvinist-racist-defeatist aspect.

Playing their class consciousness and their awareness of their own oppression against their real chauvinism and racism, and then helping, by our raps, actions, and presence as communists, to make the class aspect prevail, this is the core of the Weatherman politics. Not to relate to the whites' own oppression would be dogmatism, not to hit hard at the whites' chauvinism and racism would be opportunist and capitulationist in the extreme. In the initial stages, the latter error is the primary danger to look out for, as was clearly demonstrated by how the Dix demo actually turned out. To repeat, the primary purpose, the stance, of our organizing, could not possibly be to "turn people on," or to have them like us, or to make them think that we are nice, but to compel them to confront the antagonistic aspects of their own life experience and consciousness by bringing the war home, and to help them make the right choice over a period of time, after initially shaking up and breaking through the thick layers of chauvinism-racism-defeatism. If being "arrogant," "pushy," "hard," if putting some people up against the wall, helps to create that tension and the requisite fluidity and space, then we ought to be "arrogant," "pushy" and "hard." Even a little bit of liberalism or politeness about imperialism or its ideological underpinnings is way too much for those of us who are serious about building an anti-imperialist revolutionary movement in this white mother country.

At the end of this polemic, the coffeehouse leadership cancelled the demo because of our insistence on carrying the VC flags. Several hours after the end of the meeting that is, early the next morning), we told them that since this demo was so important for us and for the movement, we will come without the flags, but by then the coffeehouse leadership had decided to hold the demo on October 12, specifically in order to provide an "alternative" to the Chicago National Action for the people on the East Coast. (Incidentally, the date made it impossible for the one hundred or so people who went to Chicago from the New York area under the Weatherman leadership to come to the Dix action.)

So the third part of our building strategy, in a large measure, failed to materialize, and our whole effort suffered grievously because of it.

### **Chicago: A Massacre?**

When I rapped with those who were in a general agreement with us, the question that bothered them most always turned out to be: "Wouldn't there be a massacre in Chicago?" We always said no. That was the conclusion the Weather Bureau reached after intensive discussion and investigation. For one thing, the national ruling class could not afford the political disruption and crisis that would ensue from any massacre of two or three hundred whites. No matter how much the Movement disagreed with us, no matter how much most whites hated our guts, still two hundred dead Weathermen would be whites. The political impact of such a massacre, both internationally and domestically, would be so serious as to make such a step impermissible from the standpoint of the ruling -class, who are already in serious trouble everywhere. Furthermore, the Daley machine in Chicago could afford such a massacre even less than the national ruling class, since Daley, according to the information available to the Weather Bureau, was confronted with a life-and-death struggle against certain "enlightened" segments of the Chicago ruling class who preferred a more "rational," "modern" city manager. Daley was very anxious, then, to project a new image as a "sensible" politician. Given this understanding of the situation within the enemy ranks, the Weather Bureau judged a massacre a most unlikely event.

The ruling class usually acts with a certain degree of rationality from the standpoint of their class interests. To picture them as irrational mad dogs ready to unleash their worst at any moment is to disarm the people psychologically before they commence their struggle. The argument is usually made in order to justify punking out of the struggle. Historically, the same argument was made by the Soviet counter-revolutionaries to oppose national liberation wars and the Chinese line in the Sino-Soviet polemics. The ruling class is not all-powerful. All kinds of military, political, and economic constraints limit its freedom of action. Revolutionaries must constantly analyze these contradictions concretely, look for a radical space created by these contradictions and constraints, and push out their politics and their struggle to the very limit of each situation. The two main constraints operating in Chicago arose from the ruling class' need to preserve the facade of bourgeois democracy, and the need to prevent any cracks in its only reliable rear, i.e., the whites in the mother country. Incidentally, to be able to push these contradictions to our maximum benefit required that, for now, we would not fight with guns. So the Weather Bureau issued an order to all the collectives not to bring any firearms. We understood that anyone who did would be dealt with as a pig provocateur. No one did.

We frankly told people that, while a massacre was highly unlikely, we expected the actions to be very, very heavy, that hundreds of people might well be arrested and/or hurt, and finally, that a few people might even get killed. We argued that twenty white people (one per cent of the projected minimum) getting killed while fighting hard against imperialist targets would not be a defeat, but a political victory, for the same reasons that would make a massacre a politically unacceptable option for the ruling class; that it will hurt the ruling class ten times more than the damage inflicted in an operation with twenty Viet Cong dead. And, finally, not to be willing to risk what were by Third World standards relatively light casualties, when the probable political gains were so clear, was to want to preserve one's white-skin privilege, and acquiesce in being a racist. (Some people criticized us for being so frank with people about the heaviness of the actions and possible deaths. We fully realized that we might frighten away some potential fighters, but thought it necessary to psychologically and politically prepare those who came so that we'd be able to fight in a tight, together way. It is politically suicidal to dupe people into very heavy situations.)

The whites in this country are insulated from the world revolution and the Third World liberation struggles because of their access to, and acceptance of, blood-soaked white-skin privileges. In a large measure, this insulation from the struggle holds true for the radicals in the movement. The whole point of the Weatherman politics is to break down this insulation, to bring the war home, to make the coming revolution real. But this breakthrough has to be effected within ourselves before we can work with the masses of white youths. And this was what the Chicago action was all about: bringing the revolution that is already winning in the Third World home, for us radicals as well as for the white youths whom we want to reach and change.

### **On To Chicago!**

We left for Chicago in two buses with roughly thirty persons, in addition to the cadres of our gang. In the last few days of our build-up, we counted two hundred-odd persons from New York who either reserved bus tickets or stated their intention to come. In other words, for every seven persons who promised to come, only one showed up. (Apparently, this ratio roughly held true on a national level, which means that of the three or four thousand expected to come, only six hundred actually showed up.) This extremely small turn-out not only frightened many of us cadres, but also raised some serious questions about our practice for the preceding five weeks.

In the final few days we were expecting a possible mass bust of the leadership and cadres to forestall the national action. We'd recently had a couple of close run-ins with the TPF and the SES (the Special Events Squad of the New York police). So when I saw Inspector Finnegan of SES-Red Squad fame and some of his captains and lieutenants (with whom some of us had been rather rude, so to speak, and had gotten away with it) at the bus assembly point, I expected a bust. But Finnegan merely taunted one of us, saying, "Aren't you scared with so few people in the buses for Chicago?" Obviously, they didn't bust us then, because they wanted to set us up for bigger things to come (federal conspiracy charges, for example). Some of us were compelled to board the bus at another point as a precautionary measure.

As soon as we were on our way, we began our struggle. The internal struggle within the collective involving criticism-self-criticism-transformation is in our view just as crucial as the struggle in the streets. Without the former, the latter would be half-hearted and wimpy. Even if the street-fighting were good, without political struggle afterwards we would learn only a fraction of what we could and must learn from that action. Thus, we looked upon the internal struggles on the buses and in the movement centers as an indispensable part of our battle in Chicago.



We went over the basics of busts and jail. (Don't expect to be bailed out right away; our white-skin privileges are diminishing fast. Be prepared to spend at least a couple of weeks in there. Turn the jail experience into a struggle.) For the eleventh time, we went through first aid. ("For multiple fractures ... ") In order to get to know each other and learn to move as a group, we divided ourselves into several affinity groups of six or seven persons each and did a couple of tasks together (e.g., preparing food on the bus, shaping up the dilapidated helmet-liners into a more or less usable condition with straps and paddings, preparing primitive medical kits). We discussed the functions of the affinity group, what running and fighting together meant, what leadership meant, and why leadership was absolutely necessary in a military situation. The leaders of the affinity groups were appointed, not elected, and we discussed the reasons for that.

### **Discipline**

New people began to learn what discipline means when no one was allowed to stay out of these collective discussions and collective tasks. People who preferred to read magazines were compelled to join. People who fell asleep were woken up. Smoking was prohibited. Seating was "arbitrarily" changed according to the demands set by political criteria. Politics in command. Everything for the revolution. People began to get some sense of what these well-known Maoist slogans meant.

We slept for six hours and resumed our struggle in the morning. Many women new to us came along because their boyfriends were coming. Some of them did not have the vaguest notion about the national action. How could this happen when we deliberately tried to weed out radical tourists and scene-makers and tried to prepare everyone politically by emphasizing the anticipated heaviness of our actions? Well, no matter. These few people came, and they had to be dealt with. So we went through the basic scenario and the reasoning behind each action. As for the male-chauvinist women, we went into a heavy criticism session about bourgeois monogamous relationships and how they hold back both men and women, in the fighting situation as well as in general political development. One particularly backward woman was struggled with for two hours, and she broke down. "I don't know who I am, I guess. I'm not my own person ... ." When we got off the bus in Chicago, she still thought she wasn't ready. Yet on the first action on Wednesday night, she was a marvelous, courageous, and persevering . fighter in my affinity group. Even though she nearly lost her shoes and fell down three times, she stayed in the fight for nearly forty minutes.

The heaviest part of our struggle on the bus was the discussion on what "winning" meant in Chicago. Why in past street actions, when we could have offed a pig, did we hold back? Why are we afraid of escalating the struggle and of winning? Why are we, in short, afraid of pushing out our politics and our struggle to the very limit in each tactical situation? Without answering this question, and without successfully overcoming this fear, we would not be able to fight in Chicago.

As the struggle on the bus developed, we realized the reason for our fear. We were afraid of winning because our winning in a particular tactical situation would entail the escalation of the struggle; that is to say, the ruling class and their pigs would increase their attacks on us. It would mean that the next time we would have to fight much harder on a higher level. To preempt this possibility, we struggle halfheartedly, in a defeatist way. It is as if the movement made a secret, unspoken agreement with the ruling class not to struggle beyond certain limits. In a way, this is the manner CPs conducted the struggle in many Latin American countries before they became totally irrelevant. This is a strategy for defeat, capitulation, and cooptation. It is the stance of a counterrevolutionary revisionist out for his or her bourgeois survival. It reduces the struggle to the level of part-time play, to a parlor game. It could never be the strategy or the stance of a life-or-death revolutionary struggle for power. What we are about is a total smashing up of this imperialist state. What we are about is winning state power and building communism. Not to be afraid of winning meant that we could continue to struggle and fight harder in each of the succeeding stages of the revolution until we won.

But this realization, however valuable, was as yet an abstract truth, an unmet insight. We were still dismayed by our small numbers, and we kept reassuring each other and ourselves that the advanced collectives in Chicago, Michigan, Ohio and Colorado would bring at least a couple of thousand fighters to Chicago. After all, they had had at least three or four months of work behind them, while we in New York had a mere five weeks to build for the action. The fact that two weeks previously, a thousand kids fought with the pigs in Chicago demanding that the Conspiracy Eight trial be stopped, was also encouraging. If nothing else, these kids would be with us on the streets. So we kept repeating to ourselves endlessly.

As the buses were about to leave the state of Indiana, we were stopped by a highway patrol car. We anticipated this sort of harassment. (In fact, some of us didn't expect to get to Chicago.) Our plan was to stay cool, but if attacked or obstructed by a less than overwhelming force of highway pigs, we planned to fight it out so as to create "Two, three, many, mini-Chicagos" in the surrounding states. Thus, as the buses came to a stop on the shoulder, we readied ourselves for a heavy situation. Fortunately, a couple of tickets was the extent of the harassment. And so, after twenty-five hours of bus ride and nineteen hours of intense work and struggle, we arrived safely in the south side of Daley's pig city.

### **The First Night**

Wednesday night was to be a commemorating rally for Ché and Nguyen Van Troi, and a light street march to feel out the city and the pig situation. As soon as we left the movement center, we felt the tense feeling of walking in the midst of the enemy territory. Even though there were more than fifty of us traveling together in full street-fighting gear (helmet, eye-goggles, medical kit, heavy jacket, boots, jocks and cups), many of us were frightened by the heavy pig surveillance. As we approached the rallying point, lit brightly by the bonfire made out of torn park benches, we chanted: "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, Viet Cong is gonna win. Pick, pick, pick up the gun, the revolution has begun."

The surging fighting spirit within me was immediately dampened when I saw only a few hundred people around the bonfire, many of whom were obviously bystanders. What happened to all those train-loads of kids from Detroit? To the thousand street kids from Chicago? We aren't going to go through with the four-day national action with three hundred people, when the Chicago pigs had prepared to vamp on us weeks in advance?! I could hardly concentrate on any of the speeches. Suddenly I heard Marion Delgado announce: "We are going to see Judge Hoffman. Let's go!" Before the absurdity of going through with the action sank in my head fully, three or four hundred people started running towards the park's exit. Having lost the New York leadership group, I led ten people under my leadership (four cadres and six new people, divided into two separate affinity groups) into the running mob. Within a minute or two, right in front of my eyes, I saw and felt the transformation of the mob into a battalion of three hundred revolutionary fighters.

We passed by a group of more than a hundred pigs outside of the park who were taken by surprise. (We learned later that there were more than two thousand pigs in the general area specifically mobilized for us.) Windows were smashed; Rolls Royces and Cadillacs and every other car in the ruling class neighborhood were smashed; small groups of ten, fifteen pigs on the way were taken by surprise and were totally powerless against the surging battalion. Some pigs were overpowered and vamped on severely. Within a few minutes all of us lost whatever fear and doubts we had before. Yes, we were out to smash the totality of this imperialist social order; we were really out to fight. Each one of us felt the soldier in us.

It took the pigs twenty minutes to regain their sense and to counter-attack. The leadership up front broke through, but the rear sections turned to another street. One of the cadres in my group sprained his ankle, and I told him to drop out with another cadre to look out for him. We couldn't have anyone drag the group back. Another intersection, another confrontation, another turn. Pigs were vamped on by some people here and there. I saw two completely bloodied pigs in a badly smashed-up pig car, but continued on. (Fear of winning?) At a third (or was it fourth?) intersection, we confronted a large group of pigs. Crack, crack, and streams of bright light. Tear grenades? "Who has the medical kit? Two persons have been shot." Shotguns. (Later it turned out that ten persons received shotgun wounds and one cadre was hit fairly seriously with pistol bullets.) Some people panicked, but most turned back in a quick but orderly retreat. We were blocked by a large group of pigs at the next corner, so we turned around again, and found that intersection also heavily blocked by pigs. The two groups of pigs triumphantly moved on us to trap what was left of our rear group (by now about a hundred persons). Luckily, we found a long, narrow alleyway and went through it, heading back to Lincoln Park. (We did so without any good reason; there was not a single person in the group who knew the streets of Chicago.)

By this time, we had been on the streets for a good forty-five minutes, running and jogging most of that time, and many people were slowing down. I also noticed that there were no national or regional leaders in our group (they were either busted or fighting in another section of the area). People were screaming: "Where is the leadership?" "What's our goal now?" "Let's split!" I saw the necessity of my seizing the leadership, but was afraid of doing so because I knew that there were undercover pigs in the crowd, and taking leadership would make me much more visible and vulnerable, so I merely shouted at the people who were slowing down or thinking of splitting, "Don't split until we are so instructed." "Come on! We're in the red army, right? We've got to run much faster and tighter!" I pushed and shoved people to move ahead. After turning away from the park to avoid being trapped in it, a few regional leaders rejoined our ranks, and we kept on running for twenty more minutes. When the regional leader shouted, "Everyone on his own; split in any way you can!" I led my group into an alleyway and hid in the back yard of a house for about an hour before taking a cab back to the movement center. While we were waiting, we debated whether we should ditch our defensive gear so as to make ourselves less visible, but I decided that we should keep our gear since it would be needed in the three remaining days of the national action.

At several points in the one hour and twenty minute street-fight I was sure that we would get busted. In fact, a couple of times the pigs were so close upon us that I almost ordered my group to give ourselves up. But we got away free by persisting and persevering. This fact had a tremendous-impact on me. Now I understood why some comrades in the New York collective were criticized for their defeatism because of the way they were busted several times in a month and a half—that is, for not having the spirit of fighting through to the end, which in many cases means doing your best to get away instead of giving up after a half-hearted effort. It was also amazing that only thirty out of three hundred cadres were busted that night (along with forty-odd freaks who were mistaken for us). It was absolutely amazing that three hundred of us were able to go on a rampage for more than one hour, smashing windows, cars and pigs, when there were two thousand supposedly well-prepared pigs concentrated in that small area. Without any doubt, on a military and tactical level, Wednesday night was a clear victory.

### **The Media/The People**

The next day, the banner headlines reported: "SDS Women Fight Cops." The overwhelming impression projected by the Chicago media was: "Here we see a new breed of pro-black, pro-Viet Cong hooligan revolutionaries who are not demanding this or that change, but are out to totally disrupt the very fabric of this society, out to smash this social order." They hammered this theme home in every article; they even gave detailed analyses of how the Weatherman actions differed in content and purpose from last year's riots and from the RYM II actions. Stephen Zucker, an assistant corporation counsel: "We never expected this kind of violence. There always has been a big difference in what they say and what they do." Superintendent James M. Rochford, who personally commanded the pig forces: "They are revolutionaries. This was pre-planned to cause injuries and destroy property." Richard Elrod, while he was still able to speak on Thursday, said: "The Weatherman violence was the worst possible thing you could imagine." The RYM II activities were either not reported at all, or praised heartily in editorials as a "disciplined, legitimate way of expressing one's dissent." They were pictured as well-behaved, properly-led young radicals who were acting within the fine Amerikan tradition of peaceful dissent. Remember what Chairman Mao says? "To be attacked by the enemy is not a bad thing, but a good thing." And to be praised by the enemy while your comrades are loudly denounced ... ?

It was not only the mass media who looked on us as a radically new force. Whenever we were on the streets, people sensed who we were, and reacted according to their class position. Whites, especially the older ones, were usually hostile and/or fearful. The blacks, especially the young ones, dug our actions immensely and helped us in all kinds of material ways. (More on this later.) Small black kids, barely ten years old, knew who we were, what we did, and what we were about. Having been a social studies teacher for three years, I know how unusual it is for young kids to have a detailed knowledge of what's going on in their own city. Both white and black kids I came in contact with were intensely aware of, and were grappling with, the existence of a white fighting force. One of our major purposes was already accomplished as far as millions of kids in Chicago and the surrounding areas were concerned. (The reaction of blacks was somewhat of a pleasant surprise, since the Panthers sharply criticized us before and during the national action.)

By Thursday afternoon, 2,600 National Guard had been called in addition to the two thousand city pigs. Our jailbreak actions had to be called off because it would have been suicidal for three hundred of us to attack a stationary target defended by an equal or a greater number of pigs. The joint rally at the Federal Building, in which we agreed to participate under the discipline of the Panthers, simply petered out. The Wargasm planned for the evening was also called off. When I woke up in the morning, I was sure that with three potentially heavy actions, I would not survive the day without a bust or an injury. I was wrong. Of course, for a Weatherman to simply walk on the streets in Chicago was in itself a medium-heavy action. The pigs and the older whites made you feel that you were indeed an enemy of the imperialist state.

The cancellations and the failures of the actions that day (most women considered their action a military failure), the heaviness of the pig situation, and the fact that we had a cumulative total of at most six hundred people (including the people who were in jail or lost in the city during many dispersals)—all this indicated a need for a major re-evaluation and strategy meeting. Such a session, for all the cadres, was called for Thursday night by the Weather Bureau. I was not able to attend this crucial, all-night meeting because I was assigned with seven others to maintain security for our movement center for the New York and Ohio cadres. But the content of this meeting was related to me later in great detail, so I can summarize the results here.

### **Re-Evaluation**

Every cadre there had serious doubts and questions about our past practice and about how we should move in the remaining two days of the national action. But for the most part, cadres and even regional leaders could not articulate these doubts and questions, nor could they offer solid criticisms of the Weather Bureau. So, finally, the members of the Weather Bureau had to undertake self-criticism without any serious criticism about its practice from the ranks. (In Weatherman collectives, the principle is that criticism has to precede self-criticism; the latter should not be permitted to be used to preempt the effects of the former.) One of the Weather Bureau members accused that body of revisionist tendencies, i.e., making errors that were "left" in form but "right" in essence. These advanced Weather errors, as they came to be called, were held largely responsible for the extremely small turn-out in Chicago. They included: (1) the notion that adventurism was for never; (2) the sectarian and dogmatic spirit that permeated every aspect of our work; (3) our blind obedience to discipline and leadership; (4) our anti-communist, humorless franticness which we mistook for seriousness. These four errors, in all their ramifications, accounted for, in a large measure, our inability to make connections with the revolutionary motions among the masses of youth in this country.

Aside from the self-criticisms of the Weather Bureau, there was a sharp struggle against the "Tupamaros" line. This line and this tendency existed to some degree in all of us. It said: The mass street-fighting against pigs armed with guns is a losing tactic. Therefore, we must pick up the gun now, go under, and turn ourselves immediately into a corps of three hundred American Tupamaros inflicting material damage on imperialism. Given the heaviness of the developing military situation, and the deep fear that most of us had about the Saturday march, this idea of going underground and becoming Tupamaros was a tempting and romantic one. But this tendency, too, was shown to be "left" in form but "right" in content. The leadership's counter-arguments were as follows: (1) The ruling class could easily wipe out three hundred inexperienced, frightened, soft, would-be "Tupamaros"; (2) The street-fighting was militarily a losing tactic, but was politically imperative for the immediate future in order to (a) toughen our cadres on all levels so that they could become real American Tupamaros when the time came, and (b) create a strong presence on a national level, so as to compel every white youth to deal with the existence of a revolutionary white fighting force.

While this debate was going on, I was leading the security detail for the Ohio-New York movement center. The center was under a constant and heavy pig surveillance. When some Ohio cadres arrived with a van, they were harassed, and four additional pig cars arrived on the scene within a minute. We had to prepare for a bust. We discussed what to do. I argued that if the pigs came to bust up the church, we should fight back—not with any hope of defending the place, but to set an example, a precedent, and a deterrent. If the pigs got the idea that they could bust up any Weatherman headquarters without paying any price, they would be vamping on us all the time with impunity. On the other hand, if we forced them to pay a price, in terms of both physical injuries and political cost resulting from publicity, then they would think twice before they did it the next time. So we constructed barricades and got our helmets and the defensive gear together and ready. Personally, I didn't expect to get killed, but did expect the night to be heavy. After I eloquently argued for, and got agreement on, the need to defend the center, we were ordered by the N.O. not to fight or resist under any circumstances, and to evacuate as soon as possible to a church in Evanston, a suburb right outside of the pig city.

### **Strategic Retreat**

After packing all the belongings of the NY-Ohio people into the van, we left for Evanston and arrived there late Friday morning. For a second day straight I had no sleep. After some karate practice, we in the New York collective began to discuss whether it was important to go through with the next day's (Saturday's) planned action, and if so, why? We began the discussion with a re-evaluation of Wednesday night's action. Militarily and tactically, it was a clear victory. But was it a political victory? We failed to reach the target (Judge Hoffman), we did not get to, or destroy, specifically imperialist targets, except some pigs who were hospitalized. No induction centers, no research institutes, no jailbreaks. So what happened to our goal of doing material damage to imperialism? Well, we did inflict material damage on the large stores, banks, luxury apartments, houses, and automobiles in the ruling-class residential area of Chicago to the tune of \$1,000,000. We also forced the ruling class to mobilize the National Guard: six hundred of us managed to preoccupy, for a few days, the same amount of imperialist pig power that a VC regiment would attract (2,600 Guardsmen + 2,000 pigs = 4,600 pigs). Also, the concentration of the pig forces on us opened some space in the black community; on Thursday night ten pigs were shot at and two of them were killed by blacks, because patrol cars that normally carried two or three pigs were carrying only one. That's not an insignificant material aid to the blacks. And so on.

But as the discussion and analysis developed, we discovered that our conception of material damage was one-sided. Offing an ROTC office or a draft board is a material damage, but so is the disruption created in the consciousness of whites in and around Chicago by our rampage. To disrupt the social-psychological-ideological fabric of this imperialist social order is as much material damage as hitting imperialist targets directly. In that sense, though the Wednesday action failed to do material damage to specifically imperialist targets, it was a political as well as a tactical victory. And the women's action, though nearly a disaster from a military point of view, reinforced this material damage through its disruptive effect on one kernel of the social fabric of white society.

Given this positive overall analysis of the Wednesday action, the Saturday march seemed imperative. Without doing and winning the Saturday pig-to-pig march, the effects created Wednesday would be washed away. Already by Thursday night the media were reporting the defeat of SDS. Friday's banner headlines read: SDS INVASION STOPPED. If we stopped now, the consciousness created among the white youths would be: "Hippies ran wild and fought with some pigs. But as soon as the government escalated by calling the Guard, they punked out and went back to their campuses. They weren't revolutionaries after all." Thus, the usual pattern of radical students fighting once in a while but returning to their holes as soon as the pigs upped the ante a little would once again be confirmed for everyone to see and judge. So we had to return to the streets Saturday. There was no other way. But could we? Yes, came the judgment of the Weather Bureau—not so good tactically as Wednesday night (because there would be no element of surprise), but not nearly as bad as the situation that would have faced us had we attempted to carry through the jailbreaks (because we were not after a heavily-guarded stationary target).

But, then, why this incredible, numbing fear on the part of most people in the room? Why did Saturday's action seem so different from Wednesday's? As the discussion proceeded, we began to zero in on something that was at the root of our fear and anxiety: for us to return to the streets on Saturday meant that we were going to respond offensively to, rather than be cowed by, the enemy's escalation after his defeat of Wednesday night. And if, as is inevitable, the enemy ups the level of struggle after Saturday, we'll have to return to fight harder, and so on, ad infinitum. Fight not only tomorrow, but the week after; not only November 8-15, but the next spring; not only for several months, but struggle as long as it takes to win, and even after that, though in a different form. We survived Wednesday, a few of us might not tomorrow, and the longer we persist and persevere in the struggle (on a higher and higher level), the greater will be the number of us who'll be wiped out. And if we commit ourselves to resolutely persist in this revolutionary struggle, the likelihood is that the majority of the seventy cadres or so in this room will get wiped out. How else could it be? Of the fifty thousand communists in China in the 1920s, fewer than one thousand survived the Long March. Of more than seventy fighters on *Granma* fewer than fifteen survived the first counter-attack on Cuban soil. In the US imperialist mother country, the revolutionary war will necessarily be more protracted and much bloodier than most other revolutions. So how could we possibly have expected to survive it? In revolution, one either wins or dies, says Ché. The revolution's victory is certain, but the overwhelming majority of the cadres in this room, unless we punk out, will not live that long. To go on Wednesday night's action was to go into a heavy fighting situation. To go back on Saturday meant that we begin to feel and live the law laid down by Ché. You either win or get offed. That's what a revolution takes. Such an obvious truth, yet so hard to really feel and live by. Barring our return to our holes, there was absolutely no out from this maxim. Why were we so stunned by this realization? Because the revolutionary concepts that we supposedly adhered to had not broken through the thick layers of class and white-skin privileges in our mode of feeling and being. The revolutionary was really being brought home within our own consciousness.

While this discussion was going on, an undercover pig (a Negro youth and I use the term Negro advisedly because he certainly was no black) was discovered in the next room. From the sounds emanating from there, some people seemed to be meting out revolutionary justice to this pig. I was completely shaken by the loud cries for mercy and the screaming that accompanied the initial stages of punishment. I remembered Chu Teh's saying that "Banditry is a class question." Non-class humanitarianism is counterrevolutionary and a most insidious anti-communist mode of thought. Easy to see, but a structure of feeling cannot be reformed so easily. But a more important reason why so many of us were so shook up by this revolutionary violence was that in this attack, we escalated the degree and the level of struggle significantly. The pigs were certain to counter-attack, and do so viciously. This political understanding of our fear enabled us to cope with it better.

### **Attacked!**

Following this incident, we immediately dispersed from Evanston, expecting a pig counter-attack. It was about four P.M. Friday afternoon. I led my affinity group back to pig city. Downtown was an occupied area with several pigs on each corner and a pig car passing by every forty-five seconds or so. We felt insecure, even though most of us had straight street clothes, short hair, and no beards or mustaches. So after an hour we split and went to the University of Chicago cafeteria in the south side. As soon as we were seated in the cafeteria, four city pigs came in nosing around, and immediately thereafter, the campus pig began to check the IDs of everyone who came into the place. Around ten P.M. we received instructions to return to another church in Evanston. I questioned the wisdom of this instruction, since we were likely to get busted, but the N.O.'s instruction remained so I took my affinity group back to Evanston to the designated church.

When we got to the church, a discussion was in session as the reasons for the next day's action. (This was a combined meeting of people from different regions.) Since there were many non-Weathermen in the group, discussion centered on certain "primitive" Weather errors. A young woman stated that she could not possibly hit a policeman (she did not like the term "pig") because he, too, was a human being and that was no way to convince him that he should not fight us. When confronted with the question as to what she thought of the Viet Cong's use of revolutionary violence, she said she thought that was OK because their own country was so oppressed and openly invaded by "foreign" troops (as if she was a citizen of Denmark!). But she maintained that the whites in the US ought to be non-violent because they weren't so oppressed, and "our" country isn't yet invaded. When I pointed out the national chauvinism and racism that were implicit in her mode of thought, she casually said, "I can't help it," and smiled in an embarrassed way. After an hour of discussion and criticism, I began to get infuriated at her for so casually admitting her own chauvinism-racism, and not even bothering to struggle against them seriously. So I demanded that the criticism session be cut off and she be kicked out.

As we were discussing "what it means to escalate the struggle," a large number of pigs (120 in all) suddenly burst into the church. People panicked and started rushing towards the rear; and there was no leadership visible (the Weather Bureau and the regional leaders were meeting in a strategy session in another church). I felt deathly scared. "Given that tomorrow's action commands the top priority, we should split," so I told myself, and jumped from a one-story-high window, chased by a few pigs. Luckily, I was wearing my boots (I never took them off until I got to the jail), and there was a heavy downpour, so I was able to shake the pigs off in a few moments after climbing over two fences.



Four or five blocks away from the church, I found a house with a staircase in the rear, and hid under it. It was about 2:00 A.M. Saturday morning. The sound of police cars and the paddy wagons lasted for an hour in the quiet neighborhood. I wondered how many got away. (Very few did.) I thought of the people who must be fighting at that very moment. I reproached myself for having left the church. I felt sure then that I split out of fear, and not out of any sense of political priority. About three o'clock I heard footsteps approaching in my direction; I lifted two solid rocks that I had prepared beforehand, but as the footsteps came closer and closer, I decided not to fight, and this time the decision was made clearly on the basis of fear. As it turned out, the footsteps belonged to a small youthful figure, clearly not a pig. I took the figure to be that of a woman, and we embraced with a great mutual sense of relief. The warm body of another human being felt good, especially in the downpour, especially after a frightening experience. And even in this extremely heavy situation, my male chauvinism came out and I thought, "How nice it is to be able to spend this night with a woman." Actually, it was a 14-year-old boy from our collective in Grand Rapids, Michigan. No matter, to protect ourselves from the 40+ degree temperature and the rain, we held ourselves tightly together without any hesitation. I remembered a very heavy discussion we had in N.Y. in which we concluded that it was our male chauvinism alone that prevented us from digging physical contact with other men, and that, if only from a survival standpoint, we should learn to gratify some of our sensuous needs with men as well as with women. (How else are we going to survive long jail sentences?)

At 6:30 in the morning, we left the hiding place and headed for a train station with \$1.25 in our pockets. By 7:15, the two of us were walking on Madison Street (Chicago's equivalent of the Bowery) headed towards Chinatown, some twenty long blocks away. We made a curious pair. A 28-year-old Japanese man with just a short-sleeved shirt on in 50 degree weather, and a 14-year-old blond boy with no coat on, both of us thoroughly wet, full of mud, walking together at 7:30 on a Saturday morning with practically no other person on the streets. Within minutes we were stopped by a 'pig car with two huge pigs and a police dog inside. I expected this sort of harassment, and had already decided to tell a ninety per cent-true story, since I'm not a good liar yet. I managed to shuffle through and promised to return the Grand Rapids boy to his parents. Right afterwards, I decided that it was suicidal to stay on the streets, so we went into a diner filled with black truck drivers. I started a conversation with a black driver with an Afro haircut, and told him that we needed help, that we were Weathermen being chased by the pigs. No, he couldn't drive us to the University of Chicago campus, but instead gave us a dollar, and bid us "good luck" with his raised clenched fist.

On the train, we met two more black guys who said they were going in the same direction and guided us through a couple of intricate transfers. They also gave us some money. After we got off the train, we had a half-mile walk on a main thoroughfare. Again, we didn't want to stay on the streets too long, so we stopped a car with three powerful-looking blacks inside and asked for a ride. They couldn't give us a ride but did give us the names of a couple of black leaders who might help us out.

### **The Streets Again**

When we got to the campus, before we could get to the International House (where I was hoping to get some money from Asian students) we met a group of cadres from the Michigan region. How good it felt to see all these comrades!! I thought everyone but us had been busted on the previous night. I learned that there was an emergency planning meeting on the campus. More and more comrades arrived. So did the members of the Weather Bureau.

Another cadre from N.Y. and myself were assigned to organize the security. Several pigs from the Chicago Red Squad were already nosing around; four squad cars and a paddy wagon were parked nearby. That tense atmosphere was there again. We assigned scouts and patrols to give us an early warning in case of a bust; we investigated the possible entrance points for the pigs and checked for the best getaway routes for ourselves; we threw out a couple of suspicious characters. All routine, by now. The political priority was not to fight, but to get away so that we could fight on our own terms later that day. About seventy people showed up. Are we going to go through with it? Yes, came the answer. Again, I'm assigned to be an affinity group leader. I think of declining: I hadn't eaten for the last twenty-four hours, I hadn't slept for more than fifty hours, and I had a temperature. But I asked myself: of the six cadres in our collective, should I be the leader? Yes. So with a rather heavy heart, I went with my group to the Haymarket Square.

As soon as we got off the subway, I saw pigs of all kinds everywhere. A small group on our way avoided looking at us—they seemed scared. Larger groups of pigs tried to scare us by taking photos and making comments. Many of them are wearing civilian clothes and are packed into unmarked cars. I had never seen so many pigs in my life!

When we got to the Haymarket Square there were about two hundred comrades listening to the speeches. Eventually the crowd grew to about three hundred. Huh, more than I feared or expected, but less than I hoped for. I felt the fear in a calm way, but mostly I was without strong emotions. I was a bit troubled by my lack of defensive gear (no helmet, no heavy jacket, no goggles, no medical kit, no jock or cup). But what worried me most was that each of us had only \$1.50 in our pockets to split from the city. (The leadership instructed us to split from the city after the action in the direction of New York because of heavy anticipated repression. The return buses to New York were cancelled, and we were on our own to get back in any way we could.) I also had no ID on me, since I left my wallet in the church the previous night.

I felt the fear in a quiet way, but at no time did I feel an urge to get away (like I did so many times during the Cleveland conference). J. J. made an extremely inspiring speech. Remember J. J. when he cried after the dissolution of the May 2nd Movement? He was seventeen then. He couldn't be older than twenty-one now. What a fighter. What a leader! I looked at the faces of the women around me. All intently listening to J. J., with a calm determination to struggle to the end. The day before, one of the people in the N.Y. leadership said to us: "Everyone is scared of tomorrow. What'll enable some of us to cope with fear and to fight to the end tomorrow is certainly not physical strength, nor sheer personal courage, but a certain kind of political understanding. If you really understand that a certain task needs to be done, if you really understand the political necessity fully, then you'll get the courage to carry it through, to fight till the end." As J.J.'s speech went on, I began to really understand the absolute political necessity of the day's action.

Wednesday night, many of us were out primarily to do the greatest material damage possible—we actively defended ourselves against the pigs only insofar as it was necessary to do material damage or to get away. Saturday, our aim was primarily to actively defend ourselves against the pigs since they were out to overpower us into submission. There was nothing ambiguous about the action. There was nothing else to do but actually *do it* on Saturday, and each one of us knew that.

As the march started, we moved tightly at a brisk pace. The chanting got louder and louder. Our spirits moved upward and upward. It was the second battle of the white fighting force. The task assigned to the New York collective was to guard the rear end of the march and to push people in the front so that the march will keep together. Our assignment was as heavy as that of the collective in the front line of the march. As soon as our rear end passed a line of pigs, they broke the line and marched behind us. In a few minutes there were more than two hundred pigs following us closely on foot, in unmarked cars, and on motorcycles. It was not a very comfortable position to be in. As we came to the intersection of Lasalle and Madison Streets, a fighting situation started in the front line. I saw about fifteen people sandwiched between two cars, and a bus being vamped on by several pigs. I saw my political necessity, and proceeded to carry it through. Forty seconds later I was on the ground, being kicked and clubbed by several Chicago pigs.

### **A Victory / A Presence**

Two hundred fifty arrests and several serious injuries; at least forty out of three hundred cadres with very heavy felony charges. More than \$1.5 million (\$150,000 cash) in bail money. That was the cost of the four-day national action. Are these costs justified by the results? In other words, did we win a victory in Chicago? This was the question on everyone's mind in the aftermath. Some non-Weatherman radicals say that since the Weathermen feel so high about themselves and about Chicago, our evaluation of it must be strictly "internal" and subjective. Let me then summarize my own evaluation of the action in as objective a way as possible:

1. Militarily and tactically, it was a victory. Fifty-seven pigs were hospitalized, including a few who almost got killed, while we ourselves suffered many fewer physical casualties. On both Wednesday and Thursday, three hundred Weathermen moved on the streets in a together, military manner. This was a great accomplishment, given the overwhelming numerical superiority of the pig forces. We inflicted more than \$1 million of damage on a ruling-class neighborhood. And our actions apparently inspired some people to blow up a couple of induction centers early Saturday morning. To balance against this, we suffered tremendously heavy legal casualties. In addition to the forty felonies and several attempted murder charges, we expect even heavier federal charges to come down on us soon. While all this was anticipated, the level of repression is nevertheless extremely heavy by white-radical standards. So, overall, what we did in Chicago confirmed J.J.'s statement that mass street action is a necessary, but a losing, tactic.

2. Politically, we did establish our presence as a white fighting force in a dramatic way in Chicago and in the surrounding areas. As a result, millions of kids are grappling for the first time with the existence of a pro-black pro-VC white fighting force that understands that this social order can be, and is going to be, brought down. As to how much we polarized their consciousness and shook up their defeatist-chauvinist presumption of the permanence of this social order, that can only be judged and verified by our follow-up work and actions in that area. Because of the smallness of our numbers, our actions did not have much impact on the youths outside the Chicago area.



Photo 5 Shin'ya Ono. Photo by David Fenton/LNS

3. In terms of its impact on the movement, the indications are that the Weathermen in general and the Chicago action in particular (after initially pushing people to the right) are now helping many people to re-examine the nature of their revolutionary commitment, to push out their own politics more, and to struggle harder. RYM II's actions juxtaposed to the Weatherman battles embarrassed and disgusted many who came to participate in them. These people went back to kick ass on their own campuses, ripping up ROTCs, research institutes, etc. However, again, only subsequent development can confirm the validity of this general impression.

4. As for the development of the cadre, Chicago was an unqualified success. The Chicago action, its various "personal" consequences, and the heavy criticism sessions afterwards, are transforming us into revolutionaries. Turning jail and court experiences into full-fledged Weatherman actions also played an important part in this process of self-transformation. In the Cook County Jail, we organized ourselves into affinity groups, chose our leadership, and carried on full, disciplined political lives: political education, karate and physical exercises, criticism sessions, general political meetings, doing the housekeeping chores in a collective way, carrying on political struggle in alliance with other inmates, etc. In the courtroom, we have turned the usually intimidating, atomizing, and mystifying legal process into collective political struggles. We march one hundred strong into the courthouse, chanting "*Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, Viet Cong is gonna win.*" Most of us wear our usual street-fighting clothes and boots; we defend ourselves, and demand an immediate jury trial. We're pushing through a political offensive as avowed Weathermen, as open communists. One judge after one session with us cried out in dismay: "I feel like I'm in a mob action right now." All this is not only to expose and fuck the courts as a major oppressive institution, but also to ensure that our cadres stay together and grow politically. By pushing out the struggle to the very limit, even in the constrained tactical situation of a courtroom, by regarding every word, every gesture, every motion and every moment as the realm of power struggle between the revolution and the imperialist state, we can take the sting out of the intended intimidation which is the core of the bourgeois court system.

Weatherman is going through a difficult period at the present time, primarily because of the repression unleashed by the enemy, and secondarily because of the shortcomings in its past practice. I am confident, though, that in the near future it will overcome all the difficulties and shortcomings, and will come to occupy a widely recognized position as the revolutionary vanguard of the entire movement in the white mother country. This will occur even if the majority of the Weatherman leadership and cadres are wiped out in the coming waves of repression.