

HOPE YOU HAVE GOT YOUR THING TOGETHER
HOPE YOU ARE QUITE PREPARED TO DIE

White kids are breaking out. Hating ourselves, competing with each other, the school-prisons with their "useless and pointless knowledge", bullshit jobs, parents, teachers, and that other kind of pig in blue—all the stars and stripes on that "flag we're made to wave" keep us from knowing who we are and being what we can be. We're saying fuck the death-trip.

Our lives have been about escaping, refusing Amerika's trick. We're into living. We've got a cultural thing happening that's an expression of our contempt for America's tightness and a search for a way out of it. Our music is all about our lives, the forces we have to deal with, the struggle to be whole. We're moving, dancing, fucking, doing dope, knowing our bodies as part of our lives, becoming animals again after centuries of repression and up-tightness.

But we've been fighting the man, too—rising up angry in all kinds of ways. Small stuff like telling teachers and parents to fuck off, trashing windows at school, painting on the walls—stuff we do because we're pissed and to get the man pissed. Bigger things, fights around parks and pigs, school walkouts and riots, demonstrations like Washington November 15. Violent motion doesn't surprise us anymore. It's part of our struggle to live.

Dig on the connection—we break out of the death forms of bourgeois, fascist Amerika to define ourselves on our terms. But it isn't like we just split: the man is everywhere—inside us too. Our fighting back, wasting the man's strait-jacket society, is what makes the life-trip real. There's a contradiction between us as a life-force and Amerika as a death trip that can only be resolved through struggle.

We don't want to be into that death trip, but it's not always clear how to get out of it. Kids tried to do it in Woodstock, but that didn't really work. The fight isn't real if it's just about one piece of turf, a few blocks in a few cities where we can move like we want. Because the monster is still there, fucking with us when we move out, fucking with people all over the world. It's not so hard for the man to give us our own turf, because he got what



he gives us by ripping off the people of the world. If we let that go on, we share in the rip-off. The man fucks us over, but at the same time we help him fuck over other people. That's a contradiction that comes off being white—and living in the mother country of imperialism.

That international struggle has defined an enemy. It's the same enemy that we, white youth, have to fight. The enemy is Amerikan Imperialism. The people of the world are fighting to win, and they have understood that to do that means developing a strategy based on organized violence. If we are going to be a part of the struggle, if we are about winning, we too have to build an armed struggle.

When SDS ripped up Chicago in October we carried Vietcong flags. We knew that white kids fighting back in public, organized violence, is the only way to be part of the worldwide struggle, the only way that we are going to help rip up the monster and win back our lives.

SOME FOLKS ARE BORN MADE TO WAVE THE FLAG
THEY'RE RED WHITE AND BLUE
BUT WHEN THE BAND PLAYS HAIL TO THE CHIEF
THEY'LL POINT THE CANON AT YOU

We're in Washington November 15 because we want to help the Vietcong kick the US out of their country. For 10 years the Vietnamese people have been fighting the monster all by themselves. The price they've paid has been tremendous—thousands of deaths, their country ripped apart, Vietnamese forced to fight against their own countrymen made into puppets by the United States. But what we have to dig is that the price they would have paid by not fighting would have been greater—the continued occupation of their country by imperialism.

The people's war of the Vietnamese is not only kicking the US world pig machine out of their country, but while doing it they've won control over huge sections of their country. In the liberated areas the Vietnamese are building a new society under the rain of US bombs. Protected by shelters, traps, and a liberation army that knows what it's fighting for, the people in the liberated areas are building their country, digging their lives, digging their struggle—living better now than they lived under the Saigon government before they started fighting.

We're not in Washington to start any violent action. But we know that kids come together at these big demonstrations a lot to be a part of a big energy thing, to feel the strength of all our numbers. And the past few years have shown that every time large numbers of people have gotten together against the war the pigs have attacked them. We're not looking to start anything, but we're ready to fight. We think everybody ought to be hip to the reality of the pigs coming down, and understand why it's important not to get messed with, to fight back, and to move out.

And we think that people should dig on the reasons that we've all come to November 15 as being part of a much bigger thing. We've got to start looking at things in terms of winning, seeing our actions as part of a strategy for the struggle. We know that the only way the fat cats who run the country are going to give up anything—whether it's ROTC, Vietnam, or their whole power to suck off everyone else—is when people take it back from them. The VC die that; that's why they're doing it. Dig it? Do it!



to make the revolution.
I SEE A BAD MOON RISING
I SEE TROUBLE ON THE WAY