A M-M-M MOTHER FUCKER IS A WERE-WOLF!

KING MOB. 3
Flower Power?

On May 30th the police assaulted a group of 300 people in Tompkins Sq. Park. Was this only the beginning?

Two days earlier tanks passed through the lower east-side. Vietnam, Santo Domingo, Harlem, Watts.... Their struggle is our struggle.

"FLOWER POWER WON'T STOP FASCIST POWER"

Black Mask
DESTROY THE MUSEUMS. OUR STRUGGLE CANNOT BE HOMO OF WALLS, A NEW SPIRIT IS RISING... LIKE THE STREET OF WANTS WE ARE WITH REVOLUTION...

October 10, 1966. A handful of young guys and girls, having stuck up from New York's Lower East Side scattering leaflets calling for the closure of the Museum of Modern Art, are stopped just outside the Museum entrance by a whole phalanx of cops and crackbarhriers. The story had leaked, and the cops, on the ball as ever, had sensed a new and very real type of threat months before anyone else - the cops at least have got it clear just whose art is on...

The Director of the Museum (largest collection of Nada in the world) out on the steps, wringing his hands, almost in tears, only too anxious to please: "Why are you doing this? We haven't done anything..."

The group, unheard of before this, called Black Mask...

Next, early one morning, black balaclava hoods pulled down to their eyes, cracked rictus skulls skewered on stakes, Black Mask, swollen to 15, marched from Canal Street down Lower Broadway to Wall Street. Throbseyes reading 'trials in stock and bonds' shriek for New Frontiers... Nuts markets of murder deal in a stock exchange of death... Wall Street is war street...

The cops and the overdressed corporation execs lads plain dumfounded; the only people to get really uptight were predictably enough, alas, a group of straight proles who showed up...

A relative flog, all in all. Too much sub-committee of 100 stuff - Guggenheim Square - Genocide Square, etc., etc. In fact all Black Mask's early experiments with Provo-type tactics were far more transcendent and original when applied to the culture scene. It was official experimental art rather than official leftist politics that they'd broken out of. And they loathed its guts...

That first year Black Mask seized every possible opportunity of flogging up culture. They moved in at a moment's notice and improvised as they went along. They heckled, disrupted and generally sabotaged dozens of art congresses, lectures, exhibitions, happenings... For a group that hailed Puritanism and Nada as its only v, forebears this type of shit was diametrically opposed to the permanent, multi-dimensional revolutionising of immediate experience demanded by all the highpoints of modern art: See what you can make with a cathedral And a little dynamite.

Probably their most notorious escapade was the wreking of the 3-day marathon seminar on Modern Art sponsored by the Losch Student Centre. Hulas of ART Is DEAD, ART IS MUSEUM, BABY, and POETRY IS REVOLUTION. Tables lashed over, windows smashed, scuffles breaking out. Larry Rivers roughed up a bit in the best Futurist manner.

The theoretical discussion - "Fuck off, you cunt" - equally worthy of the occasion.

Reaction wasn't slow to follow. In fact it was the one systematic attempt the official avant-garde made to deal with them that allowed Black Mask to pull off their noontime single coup. A panel of experts on Futurism, Nada and Surrealism advertised a 'Trap for Black Mask' throughout the Underground (sic) press: a snap-up panel discussion on the true revolutionary meaning of modern art, a bait to which they imagined, correctly, Black Mask was bound to rise. They also imagined, far less happily, that their own atonement and wit was such that Black Mask could only be put down, really hard, once and for all.

Black Mask excelled themselves. They ran off thousands of passably well printed invitations to a free party - free sounds, free food, free booze - same time same place as the subvers, and handed them out to the
WE MUST DEVELOP OUR OWN STANDARD OF BEAUTY
Stirring up the Hippies meant really laying into the whole Flower Power scene. In England, the Black Hand Gang are the best critics of Hippiedom: "In the desperate passivity of a 'groovy' pad, the hell owls crawl down the walls and across the floor. The silent circle in the candlelight pretends to be absorbed. Without success. The nightmare of consumption consumes the consumer. You don't moke the hash, the hash makes you. The record on the box makes sure that nobody sings or dances..."

And suddenly the whole non-communication, the whole malaise and sense of being lost in the middle of nowhere snaps into focus: the 'underground' is just another range of consumer goods, of articles whose non-participatory consumption follows the same rules in Betty Cools as in Notting Hill: passivity and through passivity, isolation. What is happening? Sweet fuck all is happening. The latest goods and the latest poses are being exhibited, envied, bought and exhibited again. As the Situationists have said: IT'S ALL A SHOW. A show that can only go on because everyone pretends to be enjoying it — because everyone thinks that he alone is the total self. Conformity is a reign of terror.

"The Beatles, Zappa, the Crazy World of Arthur Brown. Shit, the lot of it, produces like these mark nothing more than the furthest frontiers yet of consumer society. Its most gratuitous, decadent and self-destructive products. Its most anobbish pre-release. And so more that its pre-release. What is today the opium of the rebel will tomorrow be the opium of every normal slob in the street. Reynolds's Tobacco Corporation has already patented the brand names of every variety of pot. Twenty Asapaleo Gold. Ten Congo Brown. They'll be in the vending machines yet, along with the ontology and bubble-gum."

From Songs of the Black Hand Gang (May 8).

Black Mask's agitation snapped into sharper focus: showing the Hippies that their refusal to work was, however unconsciously, a perfectly accurate assessment of the freedom which could be granted by automation and cybernation today — the eradication of all forms of involuntary labour — the creation of a civilisation based on free creativity, on play — that their fundamentally Utopian vision could, if only it were taken seriously and no longer etherialised as drug and culture fantasy, become one of the most highly explosive forces in play today.

The lower East Side was plastered with flyers and littered with throwaways:

**WE CONDEMN**

Timothy Leary

Not for new ideas but for organised religion.
Not for expanding the mind but for limiting the revolution.

**Allen Ginsberg**

For embracing Johnson in the face of death.
For giving "Time-Life Inc." a safe rebel.

**For leading youth away from revolution.**

**USOCR**

For adding new lights to old art.
For a new media with the same message.

With Detroit and Newark, Black Mask decided to hold street meetings on the Lower East Side. They were a mixed success. They made use in local community meetings in Tomkins Square Park, but they were really just too much. The local community leader was more interested in getting progressively minded, college-bound dope cops to come along and 'help', rather than getting mixed up with a bunch of rabid anarchists. The majority of the Hippies were still growing on the dreamy vision of the North and the Oracle and felt much the same way. Specific groups like New York Provo actually went so far as to denounce Black Mask to the cops...

At the same time they tried desperately to snap the usual New Left rent-a-crowd militants out of their inertia to get beyond counting areholes.

Intellectually, they lashed out at the whole Vietnam and Third World industries, at the condition of mass hypnosis they sustained. Once after time they plunged the fact that the only effect of issue politics in general — and those regarding the other side of the planet in particular — is to distract everyone's attention away from the terrible fucking state they
are in themselves.

The whole Third World bit has come to be no more than the crudest monopolization of the meaning of the word poverty. Poverty is only allowed to mean hunger, disease, exposure etc. - the poverty of imperialistic exploitation or of the last remaining pockets of 19th century western industrial poverty - while the atrocious modern poverty of the over-developed countries - this sexual and general energy/pleasure frustration produced by a totally self-destructive and anti-life economy, those universal conditions of passivity, isolation, boredom, nausea and general break-up in every direction - this poverty has become something completely intangible. The middle Left has allowed the specific objective phenomena of modern social alienation to be passed over in terms of purely subjective neurosis.

Practically, they tried to turn demonstrations into plots. To turn everyone on to the complete shit of everything, the cars, the buildings, the goods for sale, every aspect of their immediate experience. To turn them on to the physical excitement and euphoria of actually fighting it all, fighting it fully, now and now, fighting it with their hands not only their minds. To turn everyone on to the fact that the only possible value, or pleasure today, the only way to really get across to anyone else, to oneself, is to join together to combat the whole of reality. TO TURN THEM ON TO REVOLUTIONARY VIOLENCE.

Black Mask saw themselves as a catalyst; a small, tightly-knit guerrilla unit, its tactics preplanned, its objective to precipitate a state of mass hypnotic into a heelless outburst of anxiety, anger and festivity. They began to be in and around S.O.S. and were one of the groups most involved in the initial experiment with mobile tactics - the first steps towards any future urban guerilla - taking place at that time.

The first time they were involved practically in illustrating the enormous tactical superiority of small autonomous groups over huge police-controlled crowds was during the big Dean Rush demo organized by S.O.S. in November: moving bands blocked the main traffic intersections, took confrontation right off the area designated by the cops, jumped isolated cops they'd lurked down side streets etc.

The 'all-in' at Macy's (a huge department store) during the Christmas shopping rush was even more effective. Large numbers of people, either alone or in small groups, flooded the store at its peak hour. None of them looked like demonstrators, and they were free to impersonate normal shoppers, floorwalkers and staff in various configurations. They moved goods around in a businesslike way. They shouted, broke, stole and gave them away. Half-starved dogs and cabs were let loose in the food department. A hysterical hussard flung around the china section smashing bowls and more hideous crockery as equally hysterical salesgirls either tried to catch or escape from it. Decoys with flags and banners planted themselves in the middle of groups of straight middle-class shoppers who were promptly roughed up and hustled outside by cops and floorwalkers. Utter chaos.

With hindsight one could say that it was at about this time, winter 67/68 that the whole atmosphere of the States began to change. A long-time underground process began to break out into the open. And, as Burroughs remarks somewhere, whatever it is that has seeped and crawled its way out is enough to make an ambulance attendant flinch. Perhaps even 18 months ago it was possible to have some illusions. Not any more, not with suburban housewives prancing in the rifle-rang, not with cops patrolling every subway train. America is on the brink of a disintegration unparalleled since the collapse of the Middle Ages. And, in this cardboard world, its fall will almost certainly flip the rest of the planet over with its global night and fire.

To specify in terms of the 'sexy-gang', the 'youth revolt', or whatever. Politically the flashe of the huge Whitehall demo in December (provisional version of the October 27 attack in London) not only spelt out the the futility of mass demonstrations in general but also that their
Futility couldn’t be put down to their tactics. The New Left was reduced to zero. Even the pretense of an avant-garde subculture folded up, and really folded up, at such the same time. It wasn’t even nihilistic or vague any more. It just wasn’t anything at all any more. Just another commodity, like Illicit or beans on toast. And we all know about the last days of the drug scene - the twilight of the garlanded R.H.D., expensive account chasms, behaviourist limbs and Calcutta airport hustlers trying to make the big time; the soft drugs gone as soft as putty; then the speed scene, the looting and first killings... The West Coast now the kids all on speed and most everyone else smoked out just for a bit of peace...

A civilisation coming down like the House of Cards and its slow motion fall sweeping all forms of experience into one -

Because when the smoke begins to flow I really don’t care any more
About all the tensions in this town and all the politicians making crazy

And everybody putting everybody else
down and all the dead bodies piled up around

This convergence is a real process and has expressed itself concretely in the formation of the GVMPU.

The ghetto: an ambiguous and dialectical phenomenon per excellence. Negatively it stands for the dissolution of everything. It’s not an transitional experiential state or enclave: no Temple, no Big Sur. It’s pure hell. One window, one door, four walls. A dead end. The ghetto: the place you go when there's nothing else left to do, when there's nowhere else left to go. The prison without bars. The lonely bin no big no one can even see its there. Bankrooms and endless night. Narcissism, inertia. The abyss opens... the horror, the horror...

Yet, at the same time, existence becoming congealed, an organisational problem, a problem of actual city space. Isolated individuals gathering into a mob, a mob in a distinctly desperate and ugly mood, and gathering permanently, everyday, so it can’t be bust that easily just for loitering. A state of mind claiming its own real space, its physical interplay and thus, oddly enough, the first step towards a revolutionary concept of the city, of life together: a Heaven built in Hell’s deserts.

This ghettoisation of the young white dropout allowed Black Week to grapple, concretely, with this upsurge of a qualitatively different revolt which has been rising clearly for at least five years now, a revolt without a name, 'youth revolt', 'dropout', 'new lumpen', what you will. At last this new revolt became tangible: the Lower East Side in early '68 was a potentially revolutionary COMMUNITY...

Black Week - whose real axis was still essentially abstract and ethereal: a magazine - dissolved itself and a hard core of some 20 odd people re-formed as the Lower East Side S.D.S. chapter (1): UP AGAINST THE WALL NOFEPUPUKER... AND TIME THE TRASHCAN...

The first thing they really got their teeth into was the Lower East Side Garbage Strike. As a metaphor the giant rat-infested heaps of rotting garbage were a godsend: now no one could, or would, shift the shit out of sight any more. Not only were they up against the wall - they were, quite literally, in the trash...

From street to street they fired the spread-eagle mound, drank and danced round them and when the firemen finally arrived (there was a big Firemen's Strike at the same time) climbed onto the tenement roofs (roofs, like sewers, major unpatrolled zones) and lobbed bricks, stones and anything else to hand down on them to cries of 'blacklegs'. Unwashed and ragged, dancing, singing, hammering tontos, they ferried load after load of muck via the subway and dumped it in glossy uptown Rockefeller Plaza....

They were the perfect catalyst. Numbers grew fast, and as they did their activity really took off: become permanent, polymorphous, a revolutionary life-style. They threw off a thousand gags to precipitate the crisis at the heart of the modern ghetto - its oscillation between groovy sanked-out reservation and real underground focus, sensual, communal and aggressive - to build up general iconoclasm and agitation in a more systematic manner than anyone before them. APPOPHAGERIC: a revolutionary technique designed to exacerbate the contradiction between what people apparently feel and what they really feel - to invert all the symbols and stereotypes in any given area.

They 'shot' (with blanks, alas) the poet Keneth Koch as he was giving a reading in a local church to what he actually referred to as his 'congregation'.... They lumbered an entirelevator down to St. Mark's Place and held a community 'sit-in' which proved highly popular until a squad of infuriated, blushing, highly Protestant fums arrived and, perfect symbolism, end of a perfect symbolic evening, literally beat it to pieces with their nightsticks.... They triggered off militant demonstrations outside the precinct nick everyone was bust for drugs (at the same time spacing out the more inane heads and dealers all over town in search ofphantasmal deals they had set up). They infiltrated the kitchens of the most fashionable arty cafes and bars, spiking the more expensive drinks and dishes with an assortment of drugs, violent emotions, sleepers, hallucinogens... A couple actually having to shit...
They spearheaded the city's first real Hippy riot (during which they fought their way through a throng of cops guarding a squad car in which one of the Motherfuckers was locked, wrested the hook, freed him and all got away)... They organized some 400 Lower East Side dropouts in the storming of the Museum of Modern Art for putting on an exhibition 'Dada,' Burrell and their heritage (heritage being the usual crock, Hauschulberg, Funk et al.). Struggling, dishevelled and distinctly unbeautiful people screaming obscenities, hurling paint, flour and smoke bombs at the First Night crowd and the cops defending them... They printed invitations from one of the major ghetto stores offering, at a specified time on a specified day, as many free goods as their customers could carry away, fifty of the Mother- fuckers setting the ball rolling...

They had been training in karate for over a year and had further refined their street tactics with hot copies of the National Guard manual 'How To Deal With Civil Disorders' (particularly attracted to the idea of unleashing Alsatians with handgrenades strapped to them). They were terrifying when actually in action. They would break out of the main body of demonstrators like green lightning smashing windows, kicking over trashcans and roadsigns, firing anything that would burn, setting off a series of intersection traffic jams to disperse standard oop dispersion procedure, and then pick them off one by one. They waved in using karate chops, brandishing knives and smashing bicycle chains stopped to their wrists, screaming 'UP AGAINST THE WALL / MOTHERFUCKER... They burnt this memorial street guerrilla HELL-A-WIG OR IF YOU'RE TAKING TWO STEPS BACK / FOR EVERY ONE FORWARD/TURN AROUND / AND GO THE OTHER WAY...

Their basic tactic in all was sticking their neck right out, then trying to work with anyone attracted by their extremism. In this way they hoped to pull the most desperate elements of the lower east side together to create an embryo community.

They hustled the bread to set up a 'free store,' The Nathole, run less along usual Haight-Ashbury lines - the latter having been written off long since as a mere 'hip Salvation Army' - than as a general coordination and meeting point for both the Motherfuckers (by now 50 hardcore with a further 100 in and around) and anyone else who cared to fall by. An experiment in reoccupying a fraction of the land that has been stolen from us. A move to erode the whole system of isolation that is the basis of hierarchical power - a grid system holding itself together by holding us apart - all the objective aspects of which are unified and summed up congruously in the structure of the city.

Irradiating from this they tried to reinforce the dropouts' new belligerence and to ward off the chill police heat it was calling forth. They tried to infiltrate the local...
social services, to use them as a front to shelter real militancy which, as it grew in strength, could afford to shatter them and expose the pure
ly repressive role they play. They became embroiled in tenant's struggles, rent strikes and the idea of street and block committees. They help set up a number of cribs. They tried to turn hustling - dog eating dog - into more organized libertarian forms of orgies; working out steady illegal supplies of everything from food and medical supplies to actual hardware... Here an elsewhere coherent self-defense proved inseparable from actual aggression.

They stepped up the typical ghetto banana over public use of what are nominally public places; turned them into a combat zone, a field polarizing all those who blunder into them. "True friendship is made on the battlefield," said on the Fillmore East Theatre are going on at the moment; mobs of long-haired gits regularly smashing their way in, reasserting its new name The Warehouse and using it as a community center, with free food and drink, music, dancing, getting stoned, discussion of tactics, organization, free karate classes, etc.

Moreover, their initial success in one specific area, far from becoming stultifying, getting them stuck in a blind alley, lead naturally through more and more farfangled connections along a sketchy but thoroughly real national network. The ghetto is fast becoming one of the most vital nerve centers of this feverish doomed society.

Crooks, middleclass culture droops, immigrants and workingclass delinquent street gangs all put right on the same intolerable spot.

Not only did alliances with other dropout communities all over the States spring up, but for the first time a group of young whites really got across to the Blacks; were accepted as having identical interests. This coalition reached the point of Eldridge Cleaver offering the Vice-Presidency of the Black Panthers to one of the Motherfuckers - and appreciating being turned down. Politics is shit man, deadpanned the Mother. Anarchy realized it was black a century before the Third World. And Lucifer, Prince of Morning, right in the dawn of time.

They also closed in on one of the richest sources feeding the ghetto and which any ghetto organization must embrace: the school and uni-

"MCLOTOV COCKTAIL IS A BOTTLE FILLED WITH THREE PARTS KEROSENE AND ONE PART MOTOR OIL IT IS CAPPED AND WRAPPED WITH COTTON SOAKED WITH GASOLINE TO USE - LIGHT COTTON THROW BOTTLE FIRE AND EXPLOSION OCCUR ON IMPACT WITH TARGET A "WHITE RADICAL" IS THREE PARTS BULLSHIT AND ONE PART HESITATION; IT IS NOT REVOLUTIONARY AND SHOULD NOT BE STOCKPILED AT THIS TIME RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKER"
The existence of the hippie/drop-out community represents both an alternative to the present system...and a means for its destruction. The hip community poses a way of living rather than simply a way of surviving. On the one hand it rejects middle-class values, on the other hand it makes possible a fuller and more complete life. Out of that emerges a revolutionary culture.

This community is not a regional phenomenon...there is no such thing as a Boston hippie community, a New York hippie community, a San Francisco hippie community. There is one hip community and it spreads and grows from one end of this country to the other.

Our need and desire for our own community and for the right to discover our own forms of living are in direct conflict with the basic nature of America today...we become targets for the enforcers of the brutal values and empty aspirations of this society. We are being attacked because we are an alternative/threat and in order to survive we are going to have to defend ourselves and our communities by any means necessary.

We are engaged in a two-fold struggle...the struggle to create a new way of living, and the struggle to defend ourselves against increasing repression. Already America has determined to prevent our communities from forming, and already we have had to fight back. In the struggle to create our own lives, Self-Defense transcends the personal act and becomes an involvement in the communal experience. As we fight for our own own lives we are fighting for the possibility of life...-

Our communities must be created and their creation must be defended. We must discover both the forms of living together, and the means of defending these forms together. If we are attacked culturally, we defend ourselves culturally. If we are attacked violently with open hands, we respond violently with open hands. And if we are attacked with weapons, we defend ourselves with weapons.

The idea of self-defense or even violence is not contrary to the idea of love. Our community is not specifically a "love" community, it is a total community. In order to be total we accept all of the elements of living. We don't reject any one element. What we would want is to create a kind of life that doesn't need violence, but at the same time we recognize that in order to be full man no part of life can be rejected.

The hip community is a full community, a culture, a way of living, a way of existing. It's not just a tactic or a means, or another form of pacifism. Many people in the hip community are pacifist and would not use violence. But there are others of the hip community who know that we must defend those values that we pose as an alternative to America.

The dichotomy is always made between non-violence and violence and that's a false dichotomy. The real difference is between living and death. Some kinds of violence are living, and some kinds of violence are death. If our violence comes out of our desire to live and is only directed against those who would prevent us from living, then that is living-violence. If violence, like police and military violence, is directed against the lives of others, then that is death-violence. That's the real dichotomy: living and death, not non-violence and violence...Our community represents living.

WE MUST DEFINE OURSELVES FOR OURSELVES IN THE LANGUAGE AND GESTURES OF OUR OWN DISCOVERIES
WE MUST LEARN TO RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER AND TO KNOW THAT ANYONE WHO IS NOT WITH US IS THE ENEMY

"We're looking for people who like to draw"
WE MUST LEARN TO FIGHT AS WELL AS SEEK TO LOVE
WE MUST TAKE UP THE GUN AS WELL AS THE JOINT
WE MUST DEFEND OUR COMMUNITY AND OUR OWN HUMANITY
AFFINITY GROUP - A STREET GANG WITH AN ANALYSIS

"Ideas can create life-and-death situations, but a man can really only fight and die for himself and for the lives of his friends."

—Chief Joseph

In the present struggle forms of organization must come into being that are appropriate to the changed conditions that are the real content of our times. Those must be forms that are tenacious enough to resist repression, forms which can grow secretly, learning to manifest themselves in a large variety of ways, lest their mode of operation be co-opted by the opposition, or any simply be smashed. The affinity group is the new germ/essence of organization. It is coming together out of mutual need or desire: cohesive historical groups unite out of the shared necessities of the struggle for survival, while dreaming of the possibility of love. In the pre-revolutionary period affinity groups must assemble to project a revolutionary consciousness and to develop forms for particular struggles. In the revolutionary period itself they will emerge as armed cadres at the centers of conflict, and in the post-revolutionary period avant-garde forms for the new everyday life.

Mass demonstrations succeed in two ways: they bring predominant levels of consciousness into the streets and make visible the quantity of active alienation in our society... and they sometimes transcend the issues of "demonstration" to become mass actions. As mass demonstrations they fail to advance the nature and the forms of our struggle... as mass actions (whether against cops or against property) they begin to define the direction and the reality of what our struggle must become. "Blitz" or rebellions are the highest forms of mass action as it (1) liberates goods and geographical areas, and (2) engages the occupying forces (PGBS) in battle. This form, too, has advantages and limitations, and it is in response to both of these that people are discovering the tactical/theoretical possibilities of working together in small intimate groups. The prospects for the future are clear in at least one respect: the Man and his pigs are learning "crowd control" and they are escalating their response to all masses of people who take it upon themselves to behave in violation of this society's "law and order". Our preparations for advancing the struggle must always take into account the abilities and tendencies of the enemy. Mass demonstrations and community rebellions will continue to serve particular needs in many situations... But is the general sense of ongoing struggle it is necessary that we begin to act in that manner which is most favorable to our means and to our goals... the small group executing "small" actions in concert with other small groups/"small" actions will create a widespread climate of struggle within which all forms of rebellion can come together and forge the final form: revolution... Already we have seen the small group response... Columbia's Committees, Berkeley's Revolutionary Gangs, France's Committees of Action, and others so far known only by their actions (Cleveland). In the coming months to come these groups and the many others which will be forming face two kinds of absolute necessity as they seek to create the possibility of real community:

1. Internal development and security. Each group will continue to create its own sense of identity through the conscious syndication of theory/practice, and each group will apply this identity to the existing reality in the most effective manner.

2. External relationships with similar groups. We must begin to set up those forms of communication and mutual awareness that can allow for greater mobility and greater response to more-than-local crises. This means that we will have to begin to create a network of affinity groups (both within existing communities and between those communities).

This network or "Federation" must be characterized by a structural looseness which guarantees the identity and self-determination of each affinity group, as well as an organizational reality which allows maximum concerted actions directed toward total revolution.

The concept of the affinity group in no way denies the validity of mass actions, rather, this idea increases the revolutionary possibilities of those actions. The active minority is able, because it is theoretically more conscious and better prepared tactically, to light the first fuse and make the first breakthroughs. But that's all. The others can follow or not follow. The active minority plays the role of a permanent fermenting agent, encouraging action without claiming to lead. In certain objective situations... with the help of the active minority... spontaneity finds its place in social movement. It is spontaneity which permits the thrust forward, and not the slogans or directives of leaders. The affinity group is the source of both spontaneity and new forms of struggle.
FIGHT FOUL
LIFE IS REAL

A LITTLE TREATISE ON DYING

The student is shit. He is the privileged person in an underprivileged world of suffering, but only because he does not recognize his own boredom as a form of imprisonment, of torture. He is not only deadened to reality, he is also deprived of the consciousness of his own suffering. He accepts himself as ‘normal’, but it is only the normality of his repression that makes him like the rest of society.

The student movement is blind to itself: it does not understand the forces that push it into action, it cannot connect its struggle with its own life. (The issue is clearly not credit for Cleaver’s course, or racist hiring practices – the issue is not the issue – & Cleaver on that is no solution). The student movement seeks ‘demands’ everywhere, but because students cannot see the absurdity of their own lives & their own imprisonment, they cannot begin to imagine what the struggle is for.

Students in France, in Japan & especially in Mexico, are struggling & dying in the streets in the real fight for their liberation...and revealing the poverty of our own movement & the terrible artificiality of our ‘struggles’.

The real struggle will be easy to recognize because it will cut thru all the bullshit in which we are trapped. It knows its objectives. Its targets are clear. It moves with confidence. It is struggling to WIN.

We begin by killing the enemy within us, within the hearts & minds of those with whom we would share our bodies & our lives. We come together in small bands with those who have learned to trust, preparing for the long struggle with the enormous power of the institutions that oppress us.

AN ACT OF DESTRUCTION IS AN ACT OF LIBERATION

The function of the student movement is not to make demands on the university, but to destroy the existence of the ‘student’ as a social role & a character structure. YOU MUST DESTROY THE STUDENT WITHIN YOU. For only then can the struggle begin against the institutions & masters which have trained us for the submission & slavery in which we now participate. Our goal is not to win concessions, but to kill our masters & create a life which is worth living....& IN AMERICA LIFE IS THE ONE DEMAND THAT CAN’T BE FILLED.

International werewolf conspiracy
enough to complete the demoralization of any intellectual, whether it's Ayler or George Segal he's picketed in. "Revolution in dreams / Revolution in books / Revolution in cars / Revolution in advertising / But everywhere repression... Your biggest enemy is your ARSE/Pick it up/let it move...". INSURGENCE IS THE REAL ENEMY.

As the summer drew on they entered the realm of revolutionary folklore. Their enthusiasm for any kind of hardware left all but the most rabid Panthers looking sallow - Huey Newton's 'If you don't believe in lead, you're already dead' much quoted - and most of the shooting on the white scene last summer was inevitably Mothersuckers. Not only were they responsible for the sporadic, apparently haphazard sniping at cops on the Lower East Side, they were also toting the guns and cocktails on the Berkeley and Haight-Ashbury barricades. September, they blew up the Berkeley water supply as a reprisal raid for Chicago. They were the unknown terrorists who since January have, deep in the country, at the dead of night, been dynamiting California's electricity grid (electricity, the basis of the real power that keeps the machine running... without it nothing can work... black anarchy...).

UP AGAINST THE WALL/MOTHERFUCKER began to pay for the notoriety:

Did a good night work we did
Got his room off swinging clubs after being frustrated all Friday.
Arrests a member of UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKER for standing on the street. Charge: conspiracy in the 4th degree.
Arrest a girl for protesting his arrest.
Arrest a Yippie for standing on the street corner. Charge: disorderly conduct.
Arrest 6 people on sixth street for trying to block the street to traffic after a kid was hit by a cop.
Arrest a guy carrying a gun for carrying a drunk.
Arrest a guy for backing up his car after getting four tickets. Charge: trying to run over a cop.
Arrest a girl for trying to get up

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Hail to get out the others arrested...
The police are coming from Here on mothersuckers...

By the end of the summer their hard core was up on countless criminal charges, with penalties ranging from ten days to ten years - the worst of which was late July when Don毳 was done for having killed a couple of servicemen - a Marine and an airman - who along with some 20 or other rightminded citizens had stormed four of the Mothersuckers in a Boston backalley and laid into them with bricks and clubs. His trial opened in November and is still going on at this minute...

The paranoia the whole time, and no paranoia like New York paranoia. The upsurge, the filth and noon, the sense of being trapped. People do or do it feels like they could come and get you at any time. Telephone bugged, with a transmitter picking up sounds all over the apartment. Breaking over the bag meet with one hand on the handle. People scared of even being seen around with you. And the Mothersuckers looking around splitting all over the city they happened to come across on the street.

When the heat really began to move in a lot of them split New York City. They travelled from one end of the States to the other, fucking up things from Alaska to New Mexico and trying to link...
AMERICAN MOTHERFUCKER

the various people they made contact with. Attempt to set up a nationwide network of guerrilla cells; "Self-Defence" and "Agitprop Groups", reproduced here in full, were put together during this period. Founded off by the formation of the I.W.W.C., the International Workers Consipiracy - trade-concise on the I.W.W. - which more or less brings it up to now....

a very few points. The Motherfuckers are the classic "left-wing adventurists" - that old adlit of the straight revolutionary, and his damn against the viscerals revolt in himself. Acting within a new and completely unexplored theatre of operations - community as opposed to "factory organization and strategy" - and exposing themselves 100% to police victimization, they have galvanized a vast area of the American scene. They shit on the "tactical" maximizations of the usual leftist anarchists (only adventurists are entitled to talk tactics) and pop the balloon of the Modists' straight-faced assertions with the wild laughter of real aggression against a real enemy.

And they have paid off as a catalyst: in the realm of atmospherics they have changed the tenor not only of the whole post-Flower Power underground, but also of SDS.

And there is still a great deal to be done in this field. The positive aspects of the scene - hallucinogens, for example, are still submerged under the sales talk of the "67 psychedelic merchants. Their rudimentary deconditioning, partial ego-dissolving properties and stripping bare of the social structuring of perception - these have still to be appropriated by revolutionaries and put into terms of 'practical personal activity' (exact).

But the role of catalyst has its drawbacks, and the group has now reached a turning-point. With the I.W.W.C. there is both an attempt to grapple with the problems of a large-scale decentralized network and an unequivocal desire to get at least a major part of the whole organisation well out of the limelight. Personal audacity is of the greatest possible value in making this bloody nightmare - is it or is then that's insane? - in parading what one really feels - but putting the finger on oneself the whole time - can only end up with the bastards sitting outside your door all day, cutting you up for a five year stretch. Some of the least cool Motherfuckers are beginning to disappear from the front line - disappearing to reappear with a changed name, a changed address, a changed persona.

One day an unctuous wildeye git, the next a flashy executive with aerosol DST in his briefcase, and a week later a mild-mannered union official quietly fucking up the union comptometer...

The whole vast problem of structuring open and closed organisation. The de-personalisation and anonymity of bureaucratic civilization in the jungle of the urban guerrilla....

At the same time the Motherfuckers seem to feel a marked dissatisfaction - via, the said - with their previous reduction of imagery - and, for Christ's sake, what else is it all about? - to open violence, violence pure and simple. Obviously violence has an enormous abrasive power, but as Reich underlined time after time, a flood of pleasure, anxiety and fury merely indicates the sweeping aside of the first major level of inhibition, of character and body armour. One's sense of an enormous underlying maso-depressive swing with the Motherfuckers would seem to confirm Reich's claim that the fundamental question is one of reconnecting on a far, far deeper level - on the level of the id, on the level of a primitival energy, and let's hope it is a slightly more serene and inscrutable trip.

The case of the Mothers raises the question of the aims, imperative and pitfalls of a revolutionary affinity group. Behind a hard, imaginative and
WE ARE OUTLAWS

THE CITIES ARE THE NEW FRONTIER

A NEW MANIFESTO: THERE ARE NO LIMITS TO OUR LAWLESSNESS

(BY ANY MEANS NEEDED)

BAMN

WE DEFY LAW-AND-ORDER WITH
OUR BRICKS, BOTTLES, GARBAGE,
LONG HAIR, FILTH, OBSCENITY, DRUGS,
GAMES, GUNS, BIKES, FIRE, FUN &
FUCKING!

JESSE JAMES WAS A McCARTHY KID
JOHN BROWN WAS A PACIFIST

THERE IS NO LONGER ANY DISTINCTION
BETWEEN

THEORY & ACTION

POLITICS

IS HOW WE LIVE

THE FUTURE OF OUR STRUGGLE IS THE
FUTURE OF CRIME IN THE STREETS

WE ARE ALL CRIMINALS

IN THE BLIND EYES OF AMERICA, PIE-JUSTICE.

GOOD! WE LIKE IT LIKE THAT!

MARSHALL DILLON & MAYOR DALEY
CANT PUT HUMPHREY DUMPS RE
BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

CHICAGO WAS BREAKFAST... AND WE MADE AN OMELETTE OUT OF THE DEMOCRATIC CONTENTION— I SMELL BACON... MUST BE A PIG MEAT

BAMN

IN ORDER TO SURVIVE WE
STEAL, CHEAT, LIE, FORGE, DEAL, HIDE & KILL

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THE FREE SPIRIT OF THE OUTLAW

AND WE TAKE THE OUTLAW'S OATH: ALL PROPERTY IS TARGET
ALL LAWMEN ARE ENEMY

FROM NOW ON: TOTAL DISREGARD FOR THE MANS:
HOME JOBS, POLLS, STREET, STORES, CHURCHES, DAUGHTERS, SONS,
PETS, MEDIA, MONEY, CULTURE, GAMES, BILLS, LAW, ORDERS.

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WE ARE THE FORCES OF CHAOS & ANARCHY

WE ARE EVERYTHING THEY SAY WE ARE AND WE ARE PROUD OF IT
WE ARE OBSCENE, LAWLESS, HIDEOUS, DANGEROUS

DIRTY, VIOLENT & YOUNG
Once upon a time there was a man who wanted to build a movement. He looked around for an issue. What is the issue? He looked so hard for the issue that he developed a one-track mind.

So his head wore out from thinking up slogans... if he weren't killed himself... to look for the issue they might.

He began to feel that he was alone... that was a lonely feeling... so he started to listen to the masses. The worker had something to say... so he listened. The student had something to say... so he listened. The black had something to say... so he listened. He listened and he listened. And nothing happened...

I'm not going to listen anymore... he said... because nothing's happening. So he decided to express himself... by expressing his feelings. He started rapping. He said anything to anybody. He wasn't a leader but he sure was for everyone & anyone. Yippee!!

Nobody really listened. People thought he wasn't serious... he felt that there was something wrong... so he decided to draw on his past experiences. He issued a call... but not any particular thing... no action to go with it. The election... vote with your feet... Issue + Action?...?

But that wasn't enough. So he retired to think & work it all out... and sooner or later he came up with the correct line. He got paid a lot for going around & telling other people what they should do. But somebody somewhere transcended him...