

FURIE!

**Bloody
melee**



TASTE THE SWEETNESS OF DESTINY, RACIST PIG!!



**Rampage
in Loop**

ENOUGH!



**Windows
smashed** **violent**

when you open it up,
THIS PAPER IS
A POSTER!
after you read it,
put it up on the
nearest wall.

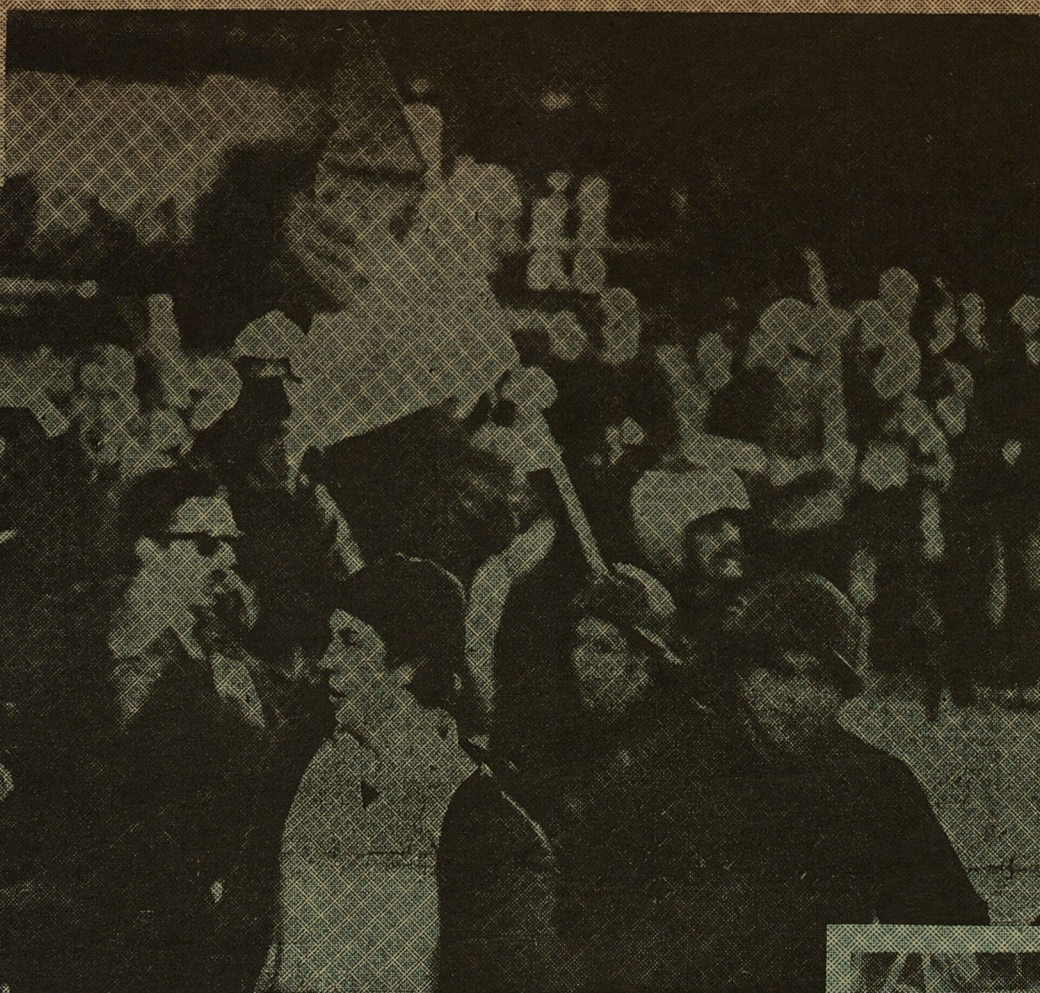
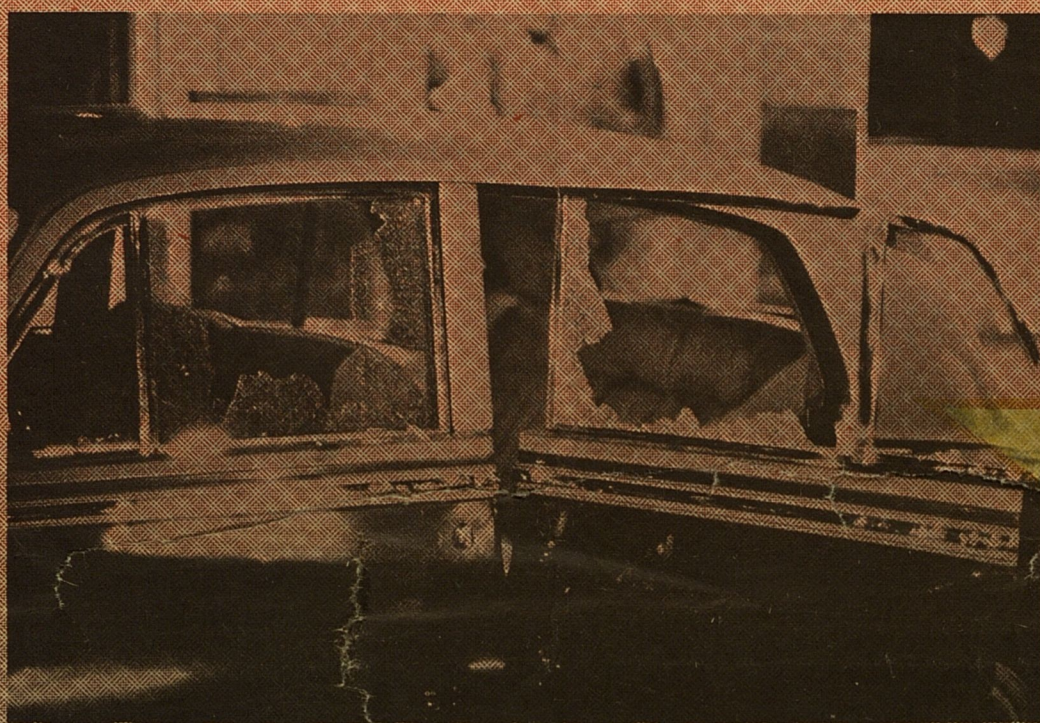
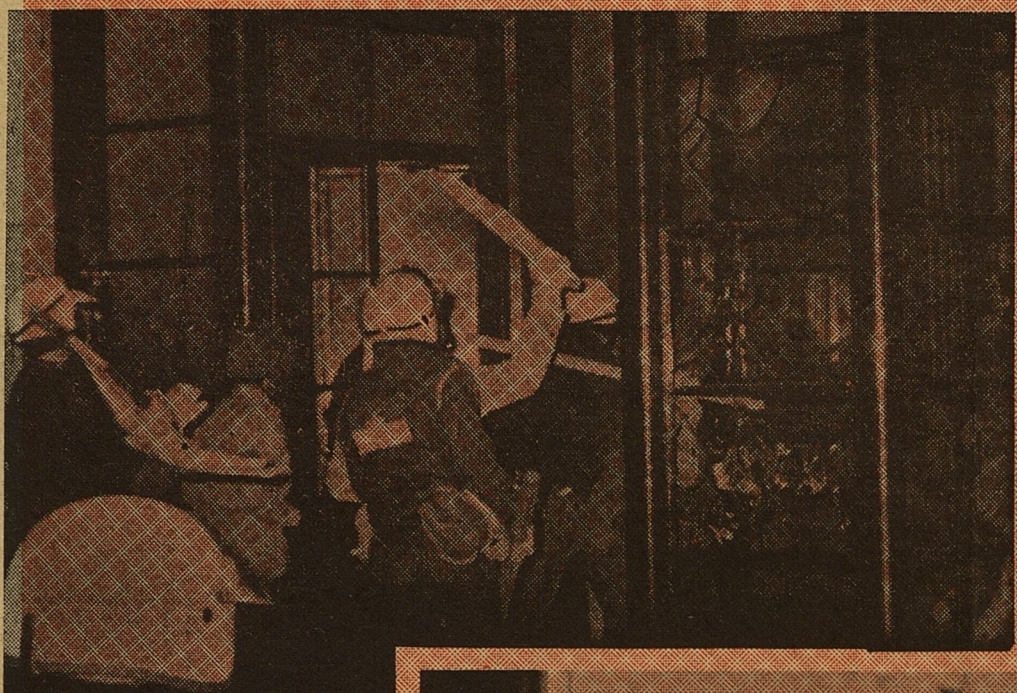


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new left notes

YOU DON'T NEED



CHICAGO

On Monday, October 6, 1969, a group of Chicago strikers in the Haymarket area was beaten to bits. On Tuesday, October 7, the SDS said that "SDS has decided from here on in it's kill or be killed the war was on. A white fighting pig city.

500 of us moved through the riotous streets, waving flags in front, smashing luxury apartments, and ripping apart the Loop, and injuring several people. One was critically injured when the broom was used and snorting around one of the many clubs battled armed pigs on a main street. Many people were shot, and over 100 were injured and the pigs knew it.

We came to Chicago to join the struggle against the VC, the Pathet Lao, and the Black Liberation struggle against the pig Amerika and all that it's got—its armies, its fat businessmen, and its police in the road—in the open—so that we could open up a new front, on the side of the liberation army. We came to attack the things to defend in honkie Amerika: the apartments, the hotels, the TVs—the people of the world. We came to destroy the motherfucker from the inside.

There were only 500 of us, but we fought the Guard. We forced him to withdraw from the black community and deal with us. We did what we set out to do, and FROM HERE ON IN IT'S ONE BATTLE. WHITE YOUTH JOINING IN THE NECESSARY RISKS. PIG AMERIKA IS GROWING RIGHT IN YOUR GUTS, AND WE'LL GET YOU DOWN.

DID THAT PIG SAY KILL

TO KNOW WHICH WAY THE



... A WEATHERMAN



GO 69

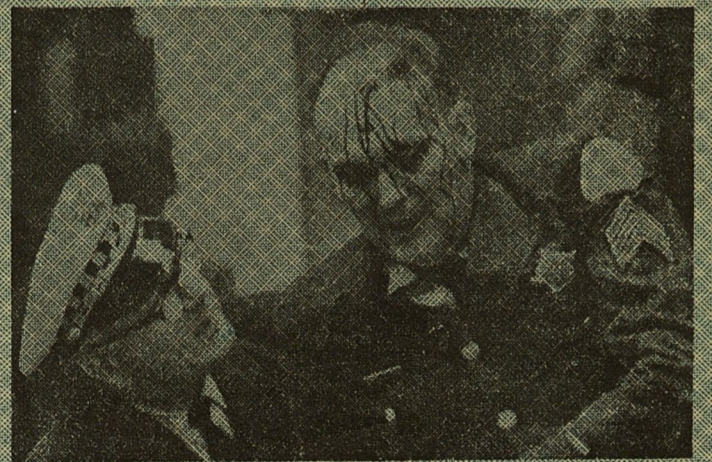
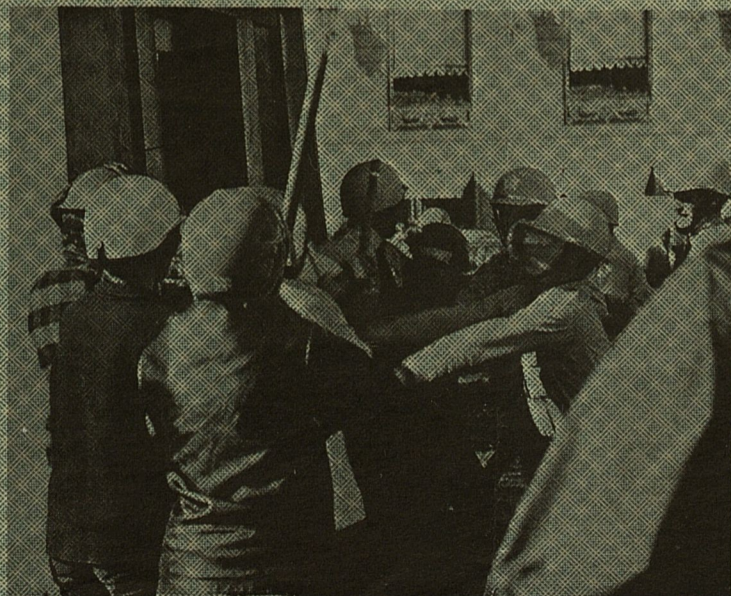
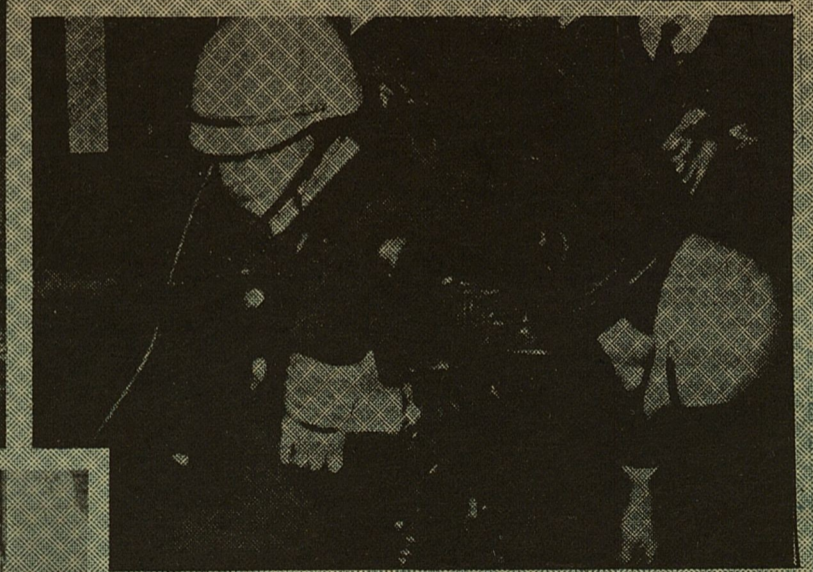
a pig statue honoring the murderers
market Massacre of 1886 was blown
the head of the Chicago Pig Sergeants
declared war on the Chicago police—
be killed." On Wednesday, October 8,
fighting force was born in the streets of

richest sections of Chicago, with VC
apartment windows and storefronts,
ring scores of pigs. An undercover pig
brothers and sisters found him rooting
movement centers. SDS women with
march to an induction center, 8 of our
were busted. It was war—we knew it

the other side—to stop talking and start
ao in Laos, the Tupamaros in Uruguay
glé. We came to do material damage
it's about—its school-jails, its pig
d its greedy empire. We came to do it
that white Amerika could dig on the
e birth of a new brigade in the world
attack—because we know that the only
ika are the privileges—the cars, the
s—that we've gained off the sweat of
ame to vamp on those privileges and
the inside.

but we forced Pig Daley to call in the
draw some occupation pigs from the
us in Evanston and in Lincoln Park.
p, and in the process turned a corner.
BATTLE AFTER ANOTHER—WITH
THE FIGHT AND TAKING THE
KA—BEWARE: THERE'S AN ARMY
S, AND IT'S GOING TO HELP BRING

KILL...OR BE KILLED?



WIND BLOWS SDS



When we used to ask for an end to wars, before we started the fights ourselves, there was a kind of protection we got from the man. When people got busted in actions, or beaten up, the pig held back some. While 30 Panthers were being murdered by pigs this year, the man let us "protest". While Ahmed Evans was being sentenced to burn in the chair, we got slapped on the wrist. While black people were daily being busted by occupation pigs in the street, in the schools, everywhere—nobody in the "white movement" had to do a lot of jail time. Our people haven't gotten offed yet.

But we've changed. We're not trying to end wars. We're starting to fight a war. Bringing the war home. We came back to Chicago to open up a front, to tear the mother-fucker down. We're on the offensive. Not waiting to be vamped on anymore. Taking care of business first and then dealing with the pig when he comes down on us. Sisters and brothers moving together, fighting, digging on survival. Ready.

The pigs know that. They're trying to frame Brian Flanagan on a charge of attempted murder in the paralyzing of Tricky Dick Elrod—Pig Daley's top legal oinker. The pig press reported that Brian had attacked pig Elrod with a club, a brick, a lead pipe, and his fists. What they didn't report was the true story—Pig Elrod living up to his role, trying to attack demonstrators

and help finger leadership, saw Brian running through the streets and tried to tackle him, breaking his own neck when he hit the pavement. Elrod is now paralyzed—hopefully for life. He won't be so quick to play pig next time.

In jail, Brian was beaten, told he would get the chair, placed in solitary and fed pig lies about being abandoned by SDS. Like all of the brothers and sisters, he knew that being in jail is part of the struggle—that as we attack harder, the frames are going to be heavier, the bails higher, the risks greater. He came out of jail with a fist raised, ready to go again.

That same understanding is being shown by the 75 sisters and brothers still being held in Cook County jail. The pig press was given a tour of their tiers and freaked over what they saw—organized political meetings, study groups, karate classes, people hanging tough, building themselves into revolutionaries. At the same time, an offensive has been launched in the pig courts. Our people are defending themselves, asking for immediate jury trials, messing up the court schedules and putting pig city up tight. One pig judge was so freaked that he snorted "I feel like there's a mob action going on in this courtroom."

Dig it—the battle goes on: from the streets to the jails to the courts and out again. An army is getting itself together—right under the pig's snout.

