

**FROM SOLEDAD
TO
SAN QUENTIN**



"We do not mourn or weep for our beloved comrade. He—the dragon—has instilled in our hearts and minds the courage and knowledge to carry on his ideals, in his dynamic spirit. He has made the ultimate sacrifice and his Black blood is the nourishment that gives us (the baby dragons) the strength to struggle against the overwhelming odds of oppression. We shall avenge him, for we are the ones who knew and loved him most. We shared his joy and sorrow, his pain and pleasure. We are a part of him and he is a part of us.

There are many who came to know George within the last year or so. All seem to show a lot of concern for him, but where were these so-called revolutionaries when he needed them. We have failed him just as we have failed Malcolm X and other brothers who have placed their lives on the front line of struggle.

We have reached the point where the people must understand that we're not dealing with creeping fascism, but fascism proceeding in leaps and bounds. Fascism allows no positive mobilization of the masses without the bitterness of resistance and we SQ(27) will resist until the bitter end!"

Pamoja Venceremos Freedom
George Jackson Brigade



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The Prison Solidarity Committee is a coalition of many organizations and individuals that saw a need for a link between the inside and outside. Our purpose is to facilitate the work of the various organizations and to direct our work in different fields through a united front.

Color posters of the San Quentin Six, in Spanish and English, are available at 50 cents apiece. All donations are welcome and needed. Prison Solidarity Committee. P.O. Box 4070, San Francisco, Calif., 94110.

prisons are war zones

On August 21, 1971, George Jackson was shot down by guards at San Quentin Prison. A few weeks later, attorney Stephen Bingham and six prisoners were indicted for the deaths of two inmates and three guards. The prisoners are known as the *San Quentin 6: Hugo Pinell, Willie Tate, Luis Talamantez, David Johnson, Fleeta Drumgo and Johnny Larry Spain*. To this date no one has been indicted for the murder of George Jackson.

George Jackson was a teacher to men and women throughout the prisons, and through his book, *Soledad Brother*, told the people what men and women held in prison are subjected to.

PRISON: walls, bars, chains, clubs, cold cement floors, rotten food, cheap slave labor, bad medical care, forced experimentation, isolation and solitary confinement.

PRISON: a place where those who cannot or will not accept the way things are are held isolated from the rest of the world.

PRISON: a ghetto in itself where people's everyday problems are magnified and aggravated by hired guards and hired wardens who hold immediate power over life and death.

For those in prison, the questions of life and death, of freedom and repression, of dignity and fear are crystalized in daily life. George resisted the prison's attempts to rob him of his humanity. The act of demanding respect and treatment as a human being, not as an animal, is itself a political act, a revolutionary act. Taking this stance, George found himself in direct, immediate and intense conflict with hired guards and officials (the only people who choose to be in prison). George's actions were a source of strength to other prisoners as well. He taught people to read and write. He encouraged people to discuss the situations they found themselves in and to learn why things happened. He insisted that it was no accident that Black, Brown and poor White people filled the prisons. And it was his understanding of this that made him and prisoners like him a threat to the system.

In America we are taught that to be part of this society we must own things. We're nothing with out color TV's, cadillacs and fancy clothes. Because of the way jobs are given out, because of the way the schools are run—because of racism—not all of us can get the luxury items (or what we need to survive) that we want and that will make us "successful." So, we go out and take what we want...and we get busted and we go to prison. That's just what the system wanted in the first place—We get trapped in the maze. Then the state no longer has to worry about angry and frustrated people. In prison we won't be heard from.

And putting 20,000 people in prison in California gives the state added manpower to get a lot of jobs done for nothing. Most prisoners don't get paid for the work they do and if they get paid, it's just 3 cents to 16 cents an hour which is hardly enough to buy cigarettes with. Yet the budget for prison industries is over 13 million dollars a year. The prisoners make the license plates we buy, the courtroom chairs we sit in, clothing and office equipment. They fight forest fires and build highways, usually that will benefit a big city corporation who pays them nothing for their labor. Prisons are the third biggest industry in California.

In 1970, we began to see the tip of the iceberg. Since then more and more has been learned about prisons...more and more prisoners have been heard. No longer can the authorities hide what they are doing. On January 13, 1970 three Black prisoners were murdered. On August 21, 1971 George Jackson was killed. Now six Brown and Black prisoners and a White attorney have been charged with the deaths of inmates and guards that occurred on that same day. These incidents are not isolated...

SOLEDAD 1970



The prison is a smaller, compact version of the outside society, so it is not surprising that the same things which are in society can be seen in the prison population. This is especially true of racism, since this is the tool the prison administrators use to keep prisoners divided, and thus less effective in combating the abuses of the system. Racism is a tool in the hands of guards who know that prisoners who are busy fighting each other will have no time to take their anger—justified or otherwise—out on the guards. Prison guards and officials like Soledad's Captain Moody have been known to spread rumors among the Black, White or Chicano prisoners that members of one of the other ethnic groups were "out to get you." The rumors often resulted in fights between men or groups of men who had no real reason to fight each other.

This is what happened on January 13, 1970, in Soledad Prison, when Black and White prisoners were let out in a prison yard together after months of segregation and race-baiting from the guards. A fight broke out. A guard

used that as a pretext to shoot and kill three unarmed Black prisoners who had been teaching and organizing Blacks. It was this triple murder which led to the January 16 killing of another Soledad guard, for which George Jackson, Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette (the Soledad Brothers) were indicted. One and a half years later, George was dead. Two years later, Fleeta and John were acquitted.

A second white Soledad guard was found stabbed to death in a minimum security area on July 27, 1970. Within two days seven prisoners were charged with murder and conspiracy. All seven were serving indeterminate sentence with life as tops, all seven were Black. The trial for these men, known as the Soledad 7, began behind the walls where prison officials offered \$500.00 and-or parole to inmates who would testify against the Seven. One inmate declared on the stand the Captain Moody, head of the Soledad guards, had put a gun to his head to force him testify. This exposed to the people the methods used to buy a legal lynching. Charges against the Soledad 7 were dropped or dismissed.

SAN QUENTIN

On February 25, 1970, Fred Billingslea was teargassed and beaten to death in his San Quentin cell. Prison guards knew that Fred suffered from asthma. They gassed him anyway. Billingslea was not particularly active in the prison movement, but was hanging around with other prisoners who were leaders in the movement for basic human rights. His death was witnessed by several prisoners. To them, the threat of being killed by guards had become daily routine, but this time they were determined to tell the people outside what was going on inside. David Johnson filed the first complaint accusing the prison of murdering Fred, and asked that a certain sum of money be paid to Fred's family. The court dismissed the complaint: "A prisoner's civil rights are not violated by the death of another prisoner." A peti-

tion drafted by prisoners after Fred's murder carried the signatures of many men who were later transferred to San Quentin's Adjustment Center in a vain attempt to silence them. Even though the risks were great, prisoners began filing individual writs and joined in group suits prepared by jailhouse lawyers such as Ruchell Magee and Larry West.

The courts refused to do anything about the problems the prisoners. As an excuse for its inaction, the courts said that the prisoners' actions were not "properly submitted." They even went so far as to develop a new procedure whereby prisoners' legal papers are not filed, but merely lodged into the record and ignored. The result of the court's actions lays bare the oppressive, unjust and corrupt legal machinery of the State.



AUGUST 7, 1970: MARIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE

On August 7, 1970, prisoner James McClain was in trial in Marin County on charges of allegedly stabbing a guard. Even though James had defended himself in his first trial and had gotten a hung jury in all-white Marin County, the state demanded a re-trial. William Christmas and Ruchell Magee were in court on that day to testify in his defense. Jonathan Jackson went to the Courthouse with a bag full of guns and armed the prisoners. Their demands were the release of the Soledad Brothers, and access to the media to tell the people about the in-

humane prison conditions and the real facts surrounding the death of Fred Billingslea. Their demands were ignored and on leaving the courthouse, the authorities opened fire killing James, William, Jonathan and a judge. Ruchell was seriously wounded.

As the only convict survivor, Ruchell was charged with everything (murder, conspiracy, kidnap, assault, etc.) Angela Davis, an active supporter of the Soledad Brothers was also indicted for murder and conspiracy, because she allegedly owned the guns that Jonathan brought in.

"People have said that I am obsessed with my brother's case, and the movement in general. A person that was close to me once said that my life was too wrapped up in my brother's case, and that I wasn't cheerful enough for her. It's true, I don't laugh very much any more. I have but one question to ask all you people and people that think like you, what would you do if it was your brother?"

Jonathan Jackson



FOLSOM, NOVEMBER, 1970

2100 prisoners at Folsom joined together in an 18 day work strike. The strike was an incredible show of prisoner force and unity. Strike demands were for adequate medical attention, legal representation at parole (Adult Authority) hearings; scale wages so that families could be supported, and an end to the arbitrary indeterminate sentence. Warden Craven refused to view the men's refusal to work as a strike, saying there was merely a high rate of absenteeism.

The strike was to begin on Election Day, but Warden Craven co-opted this plan by declaring a work holiday. Ironically, on release, most ex-cons are still being denied the "privilege" of voting.

Folsom's strike attempted to hit the prisons where it would hurt the most: the multi-million dollar prison industry, (which benefits neither

alternative but to humble itself to our demands. This is called "Collective Bargaining"—and it will work! HOLD YOUR MUD!"

Folsom Manifesto

Prisoners demanded such work rights as an 8 hour day, improved working conditions, the right to form and join labor unions, adequate pay in conformity with state and federal minimum wage laws, establishment of a prisoners' workers' insurance plan to compensate for work-related accidents, and the establishment of a unionized vocational training program. These demands would seem modest and reasonable if prisons were in fact dedicated to helping people maintain themselves—but in fact they are dedicated to the exploitation of prisoner-slave labor.

Warden Craven's response to the strike was



the prisoners nor the tax payers, but only a few large corporations.)

"It is a known fact that the Department of Corrections cannot function properly without its Industrial Complex. Without its Industrial Complex it has nothing. It is also a known fact that without OUR labor, the Department's Industries would come to a screeching halt, if we oppressed prisoners refused to go to work; refused to prostitute our labor to the Department's unscrupulous merchants who pay us slave wages, we would then put ourselves in a comfortable position to negotiate our grievances in the form of documented demands.

Without our labor, the Department would lose virtually millions of dollars. In order to save itself, the Department would be left with no

a general 24 hour a day lock-up (cells are about the size of an average bathroom.) Prisoners were thrown into segregation; others were beaten; and some were transferred, which served to pass the word. Groups of prisoners at Soledad and San Quentin went on a hunger and work strike in solidarity with the men at Folsom. Outside, the people picketed in support of the striking prisoners.

It was rumored that known strike-breakers and informers were shipped to Folsom from other prisons, and after 18 days the strike was broken.

Though the demands were not met, the unity that was built at Folsom has spread throughout the prisons and prisoners everywhere continue to agitate around the demands of the Folsom Manifesto.

The unity of Attica began at Folsom!



AUGUST 21, 1971:

SAN QUENTIN

For years George Jackson had been telling people that the officials of the system he would not bend to were trying to kill him. He wasn't afraid of their threats, but he didn't take them lightly, and was always on guard.

On August 21, 1971, despite all his precautions, and even though his writings had caused people the world over to focus on San Quentin and the American prison system, the guards carried out their threat to kill George Jackson.

Prison officials say his death was justifiable homicide, that he was shot in the act of attempting to escape. Other prisoners, family and friends say it was murder.

According to Assistant Warden James W.L. Park, George Jackson got a 9 mm gun from Attorney Stephen Bingham, who went to visit George on August 21. People pointed out the close search and metal detectors all visitors, even attorneys, have to go through to get into San Quentin. Then Park added that Bingham brought the gun hidden in a tape recorder. People pointed to the skin search prisoners must go through when they leave the visiting room and re-enter the Adjustment Center (AC). But Park said a guard saw "what looked like a pencil sticking out his long Afro-style hair-do." When the guard asked what it was, said Park, George pulled the gun and two clips out of his hair, loaded the gun, and "took over." People scoffed at the idea that anyone's hair—even a long Afro—could support the weight of a gun. Park said George was wearing a hat. People still disbelieved. Park said he found an Afro wig. A San Francisco Chronicle reporter used a Black model to try out the gun and wig theory, but the gun wouldn't fit under the wig. Right-wing newsman Ed Montgomery, a close ally of the police and FBI, reported the next day that in fact a much smaller gun had been used than was originally reported (a change which as yet has not been backed up by the prison authorities.) But by this time it

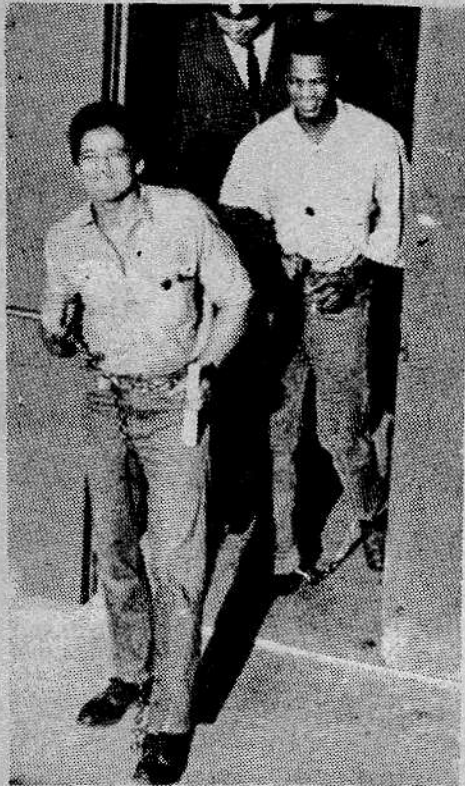
was hard to believe anything the prison officials were saying.

The prison version said that George took over the AC, released all the prisoners on the first tier, and that he, along with other prisoners, killed three guards and two inmates. Then, in an attempt to escape, they said George ran out into the prison yard, gun in hand, accompanied by another prisoner, Johnny Larry Spain. A tower guard on the 20 foot wall surrounding the courtyard shot George through the head, the bullet going through his body, killing him instantly and coming out his back.

But a few weeks later the coroner admitted that the bullet that killed George had gone in his back, coming out through his head. That meant George wasn't killed from above, and that he was lying on the ground when he was killed. Even if someone could believe that George would make a suicidal run into a courtyard surrounded by a 20 foot wall mounted with expert marksmen in watchtowers, the prison's story began to crumble with the coroner's report.

It will be a long time before anyone finds out what really happened in the adjustment center of San Quentin on that day. Many facts cannot be brought out until the trial against the seven men accused of 'conspiring' with George has taken place. (Stephen Bingham, the attorney, is accused of having been engaged in a conspiracy with George. He did not choose to give himself up to the authorities who had murdered his friend. Six prisoners are accused of having joined that conspiracy on August 21. They did not have the option of deciding whether or not to turn themselves in.) But we do know what took place in the AC during the hours and weeks following George's murder. Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette smuggled out an affidavit, written in pencil on the back of a greeting card, signed by all 27 prisoners housed in the AC on that day.

"...Thereafter, the prison guards armed with guns, entered the cell block and ordered the undersigned to come out or to be killed. The undersigned was ordered by the officers to take off all their clothes and walk from the cell one at a time. Each of the undersigned received vicious physical beatings by prison guards with blackjacks, clubs and guns. Each of the undersigned was handcuffed and made to lay on the ground naked from approximately 4:00 o'clock P.M. to 10:00 o'clock P.M. at



which time one inmate, Allan Mancino, who was hand and leg chained on the ground was begging the guards to loosen the handcuffs cutting him and was told to keep his mouth shut by the officer guard who shot part of his leg off with a rifle. There Mancino was made to lay begging for approximately one hour before the guard would allow him moved. Thereafter the undersigned was made to lay on the ground while prison guards threatened to kill them and shot all around the undersigned; beating the undersigned in such a way wounds and injuries still show on them, their bodies, and they still suffer from aforesaid beatings, being held in-

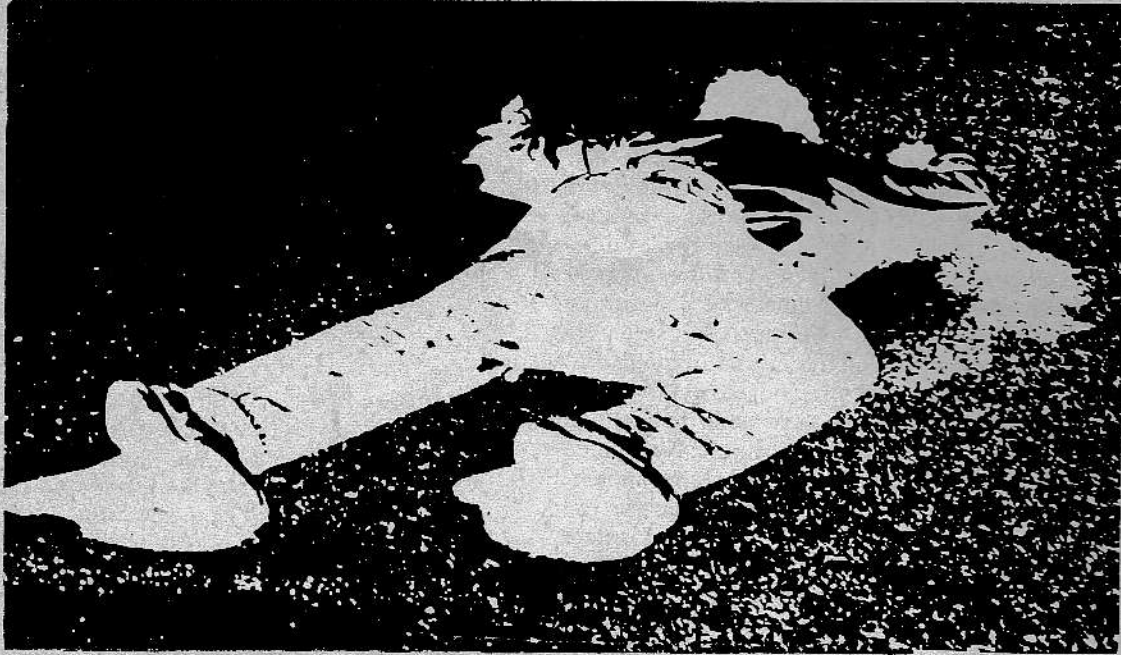
communicado the undersigned are being constantly threatened by prison guards..."

It is no surprise that the prison authorities singled out Mancino. First of all, he is white, and they thought they could use their usual racist tactics on him since all but four of the men in the AC were Black and Brown. Also, almost five months before George was murdered, Soledad Brothers defense attorneys obtained an affidavit from Allan Mancino, in which he declared that while he was being held at Soledad Prison he had been questioned by Captain Moody concerning his feelings about George... "He asked if I would care if anything happened to George Jackson, to which I answered that I didn't care one way or another. Moody then asked me directly if I would kill George Jackson. He said he did not want another Eldridge Cleaver." Mancino refused to kill George, although Moody made it clear his own life was in danger if he did not. Mancino was transferred to another prison soon afterwards, so Moody didn't get a chance to carry out his threat. But clearly Moody—and the other guards throughout the prison system—didn't forget about Mancino. After being shot in the leg on August 21, Mancino was taken to the prison hospital and isolated from other pri-



WARDEN PARK

soners and the outside world. No doctors, no lawyers, no visitors, and no other prisoners were allowed near him, and the dangerous and terrorizing game prison officials know how to play on prisoners began. Certainly Mancino



was warned that at least he would lose his leg, perhaps his life, unless he agreed to testify against the other prisoners about what happened on that day. Probably he refused (the other prisoners who say he is not a racist and had no love for prison guards, don't believe he would have caved in so fast.) The next stage is more subtle. Mancino was transferred to Vacaville, then taken out of California. And the rumor began to spread from the prison officials: "Mancino was in 'protective custody' because he was going to be a state witness." By the time Mancino found himself in the "death cell" next to the gas chamber in Nevada State Prison, the guards were probably telling him: "Look, Mancino, the other prisoners are thinking you're working for us. If you don't cooperate, we'll just put you back on mainline in San Quentin. We won't even have to kill you ourselves—your buddies will do it for us." Mancino could believe this because the Convict Code which sets the standards for prisoner behavior says that a man who betrays another prisoner pays with his life. Whether or not this code is even implemented, the prisoners' belief in it makes it an effective tool at the hands of guards like Captain Moody.

Warden Hocker, head of Nevada State Prison, used to be Captain of the guards at San

Quentin when Charles Moody was just a guard. He's the one who taught Moody everything he knows. If Moody is the fearful devil incarnate that many prisoners see him as, Hocker must be pure hell. Mancino, clearly terrorized, was afraid to speak to the one attorney who was able to get a court order to see him. When asked: "Do you need any help?" Mancino glanced frantically over his shoulder for a few minutes, then hurriedly said: "I'd better not talk to you anymore" and got up and left.

It is important to understand why the authorities are trying to stop all communication from the outside to the inside, and vice-versa: a few years back they were able to carry out any kind of torture and the people did not hear anything about it. Now, growing outside support has given strength to the prisoners. The prison authorities have recently decided to limit correspondence in some prisons, and to open all incoming and outgoing mail, even lawyers' mail. They want to go back to their all powerful system of control. Since August 21st, severe restrictions have been placed on attorneys, family and friends of AC prisoners. During visits, the prisoners and their visitors are locked in small cages with a screen separating them. Prisoners are often so tightly chained that they are in terrible pain.

On October 1, a Marin County Grand Jury handed down indictments against Stephen Bingham, and six Black and Brown prisoners: Fleeta Drumgo, David Johnson, Hugo Pinell, Luis Talamantez, Willie Tate and Johnny Larry Spain. They did so over the protests of three of the Grand Jury members, who refused to sign the indictments. Said one: "These indictments aren't about justice, they're about revenge." The seven are charged with five counts of murder, conspiracy to attempt escape, conspiracy to possess a firearm, and conspiracy to kidnap correctional officers. Additionally, some of these prisoners are charged with assault and attempted murder of prison guards.

The San Quentin Six have been brought to court, chained and shackled like slaves, since October 5, 1971. At their first court appearance they were brought in one by one for the State to encourage snitching and to isolate them from each other. The court's tactic to attempt to break their unity is understood by the brothers. The solidarity of these six Black and Brown brothers is an example of the revolutionary awareness that is necessary for us to win the struggle. They know who the real enemy is and what the enemy will do.

Since the first court appearance the brothers have demanded that the court appoint lawyers of their choice. The brothers are third world people, they are prisoners, if they had money they would retain attorneys of their choice and they wouldn't be in prison in the first place.

prison in the first place.

In an effort to insure that they will not have adequate legal representation the State has appointed White middle class Marin County lawyers. The San Quentin Six feel that these attorneys are agents of the State. In fact one of them, Stephen Koolpe, has said in court, "I am, as we all are, part of the conspiracy against you." Koolpe says he was joking, but the indictments are not a joke. The brothers demand the court appoint Ruchell Magee, Charles Garry, R.J. Engel, Rich Hodge and Ed Caldwell who understand the political analysis of the case. The court refuses to hear the brothers' statements on prison conditions and continues to refuse to hear Hugo Pinell's constant request for a brutality hearing.

In January 1972 the San Quentin 6 used their court appearance to tell of a week long hunger strike taking place in the Adjustment Center and B section at San Quentin. The demands were simple things such as hot food, a glass of milk a day, exercise every day and adequate medical treatment. Eventually some of the demands were met.

Since the brothers have been going to court, California has abolished the death penalty, the conviction penalty the State wanted for the San Quentin 6. However, Hugo Pinell has said in court, "It is not a question of living or dying, it is a matter of liberty."



Settle your quarrels, come together, understand the reality of our situation, understand that fascism is already here, that people are already dying who could be saved, that generations more will die or live poor butchered half-lives if you fail to act. Do what must be done, discover your humanity and your love in revolution. Pass on the torch. Join us, give up your life for the people.

12



GEORGE JACKSON



chain of events

January 13, 1970 At Soledad Prison, W.L. Nolan, a political active prisoner, and two other black prisoners are shot dead by a prison tower guard.

January 16, 1970 At Soledad prison a guard is killed in Y wing, Fleeta Drumgo, John Clutchette, and George Jackson indicted for murder. (Soledad Brothers).

February 1970 At San Quentin, Fred Billingslea is teargassed to death in his cell.

March 1970 At San Quentin, a fight breaks out among chicano inmates, only one indicted: Luis Talamantez

June 1970 At San Quentin, prisoners go on strike over conditions and in support of the Soledad brothers.

July 1970 At Soledad a prison guard is killed. Seven black prisoners are indicted for the murder. (Soledad 7)

August 7, 1970 At Marin county courthouse, Johnathan Jackson, William Christmas, James McClain and a judge killed guards and sheriff, when Jonathan Jackson attempts to free them. Ruchell Magee sole survivor.

August 1970 At San Quentin prisoners go on strike

September 1970 Ruchell Magee & Angela Davis indicted for shoot out in Marin

September 1970 Charges against 4 of the Soledad 7 are dropped.

November 1970 Folsom strike

November 1970 San Quentin and Soledad Solidarity strike with Folsom

December 1970 At Soledad a guard is stabbed. Hugo Pinell indicted for assault.

1971

March 3, 1971 At Soledad, a prison guard is killed. Hugo Pinell indicted

March 1971 Al Mancino, a white prisoner, files an affidavit in which he states that guards asked him to kill George Jackson

May 1971 Remaining of the Soledad 7 have their charges dismissed.

July 1971 At San Quentin prisoners go on strike

July 1971 At San Quentin a guard stationed in the prison hospital to protect an informer is killed, Larry Justice and Earl Gibson indicted.

August 21, 1971 George Jackson is murdered. Two trustees and three guards dead.

September 1971 At Folsom Prison, civilian laundry supervisor killed. Jeffrey Gauden indicted.

October 1971 Fleeta Drumgo, Johnny L. Spain, Luis Talamantez, Hugo Pinell, Willie Tate, David Johnson from the Adjustment center of San Quentin and Steve Bingham charged with murder of two prisoners and three guards, conspiracy to attempt escape, conspiracy to possess firearms & conspiracy to kidnap corrections officials.

October 5, 1971 San Quentin Six first court appearance.

1972

January 1972 Prisoners at San Quentin adjustment center go on a hunger strike over inhumane conditions.

February 1972 Luis Talamantez acquitted on assault charges.

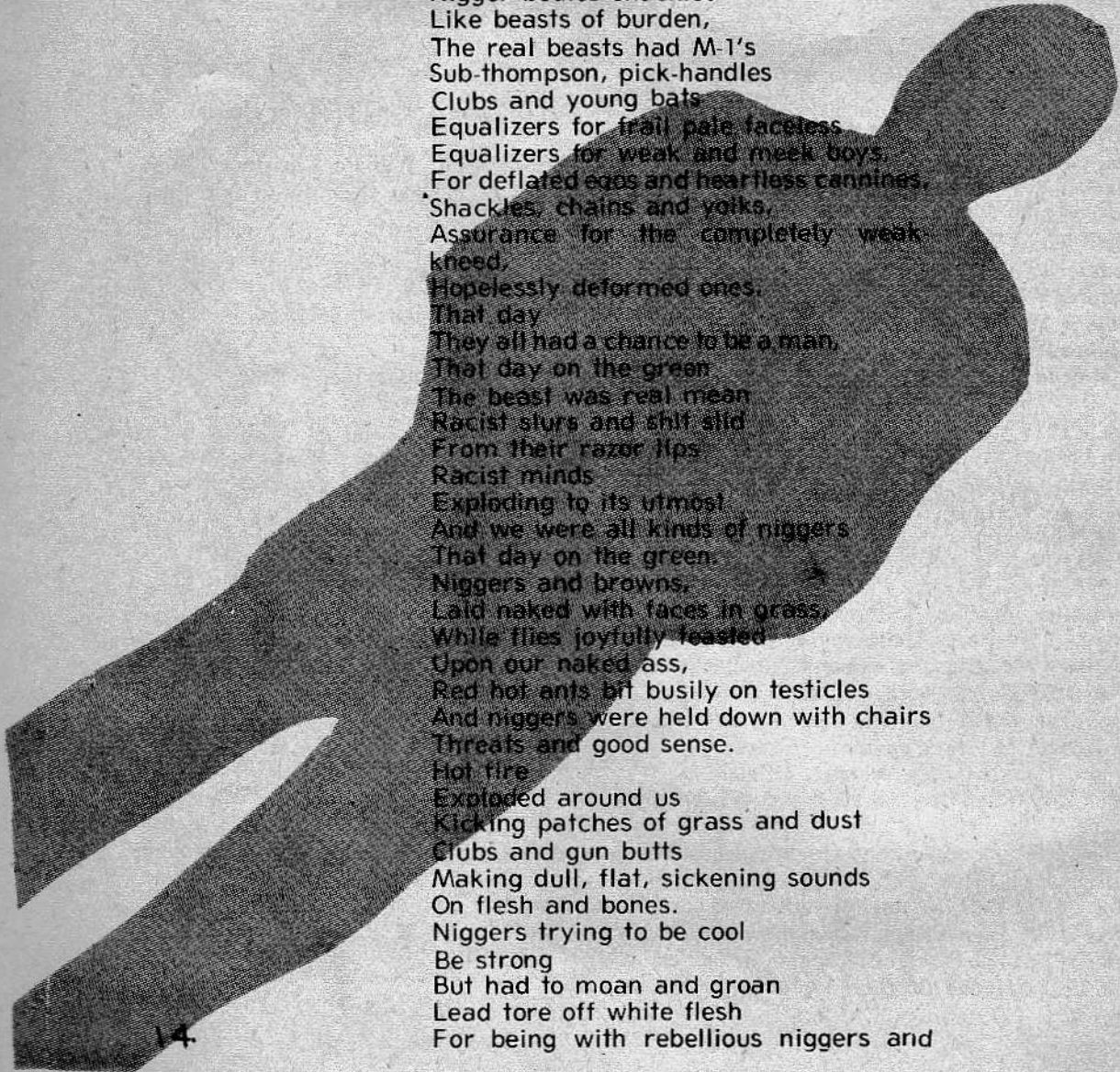
February 1971 Angela Davis trial starts in San Jose

March 1972 Hugo Pinell trial begins in Salinas

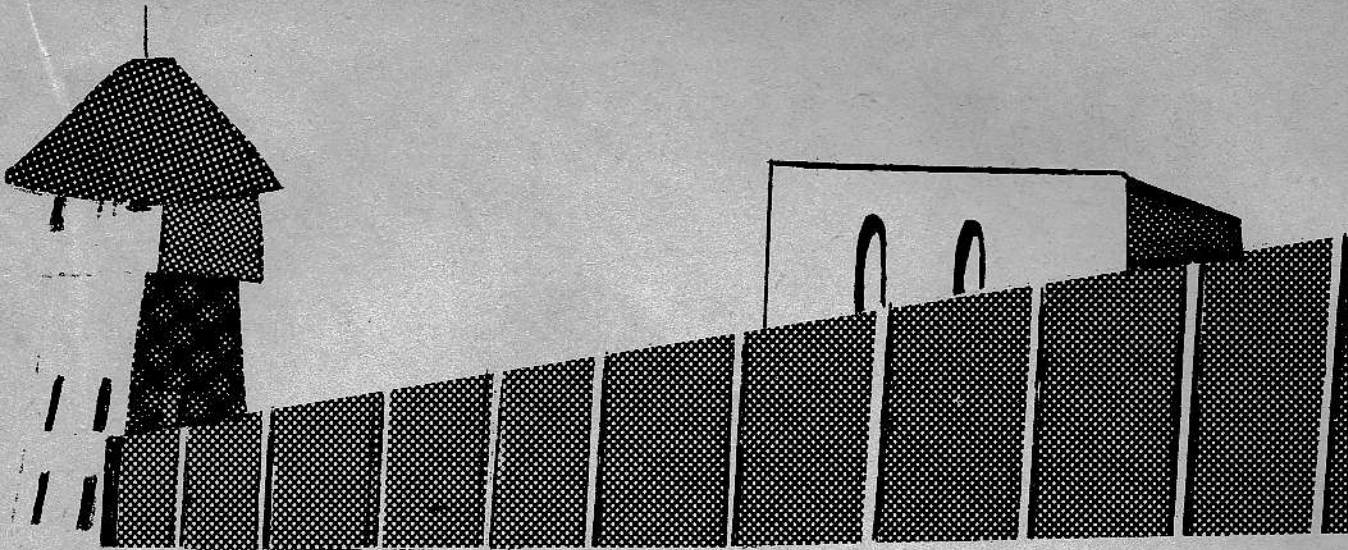
March 1972 Soledad Brothers acquitted.

THAT DAY ON

THE GREEN



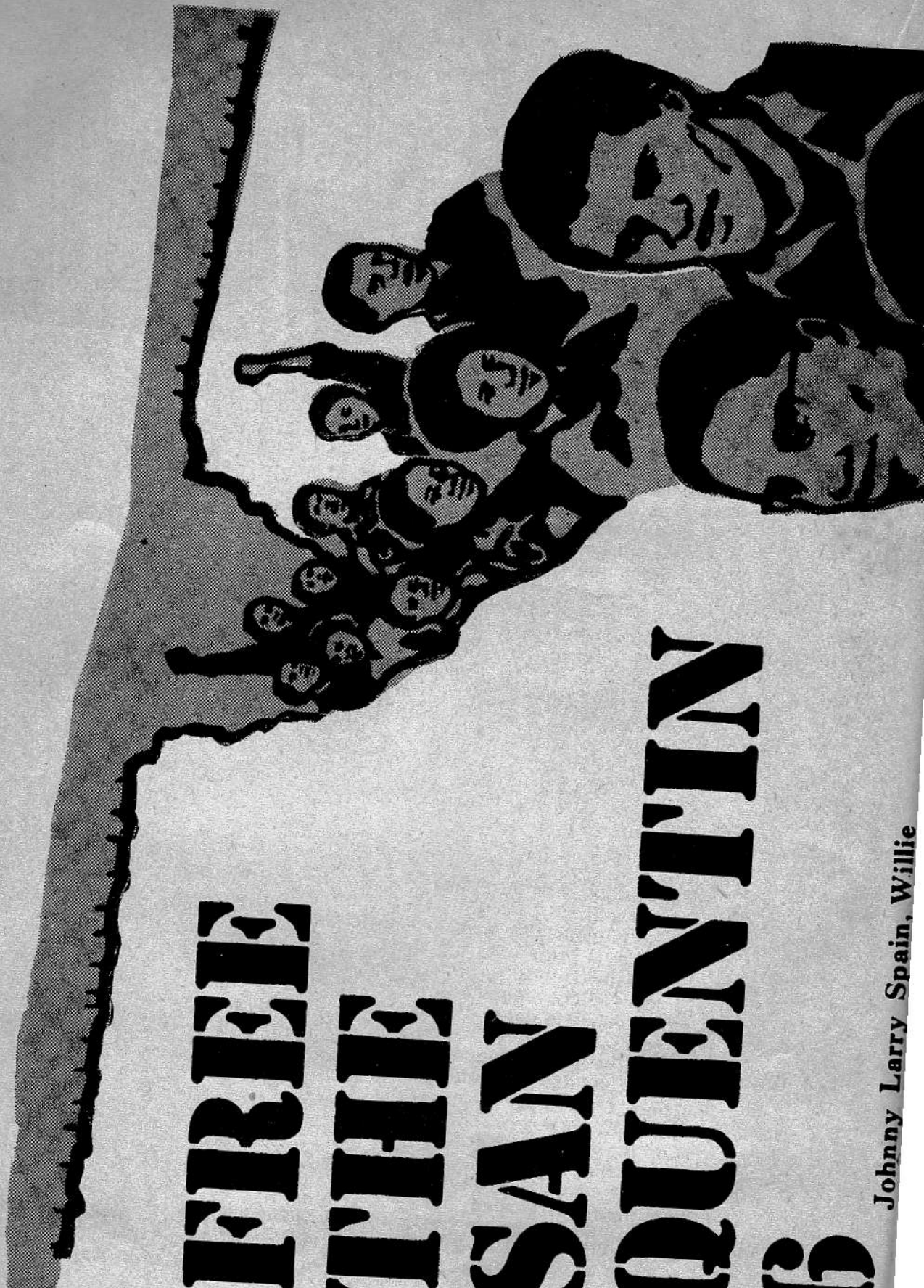
Naked bodies, laid prone
Nigger bodies shackled
Like beasts of burden,
The real beasts had M-1's
Sub-thompson, pick-handles
Clubs and young bats
Equalizers for frail pale faceless
Equalizers for weak and meek boys,
For deflated egos and hearless canines,
Shackles, chains and yokes,
Assurance for the completely weak
kneed,
Hopelessly deformed ones.
That day
They all had a chance to be a man,
That day on the green
The beast was real mean
Racist sture and shit slid
From their razor lips
Racist minds
Exploding to its utmost
And we were all kinds of niggers
That day on the green.
Niggers and browns,
Laid naked with faces in grass,
While flies joytully feasted
Upon our naked ass,
Red hot ants bit busily on testicles
And niggers were held down with chairs
Threats and good sense.
Hot tire
Exploded around us
Kicking patches of grass and dust
Clubs and gun butts
Making dull, flat, sickening sounds
On flesh and bones.
Niggers trying to be cool
Be strong
But had to moan and groan
Lead tore off white flesh
For being with rebellious niggers and



browns
For not joining the conspiracy
Wrapped in white skin
And tied tight,
But that night
He was a for real nigger
That day on the green
Afraid but not afraid,
Calm but heart pounding furiously, The
Feeling and not feeling
But felt the loss of a comrade
And nothing hurt anymore
The spit and insults splattered
Our bodies
But it wasn't shit
Limbs now dead from no circulation
Numb bodies and numb brains
The fear poured out of them in gushes
In the guise of prowess
Virile and unknown manhood
They wasn't angry,
They was is scared.
The brutality
Humiliation, mental abuse
Wasn't shit
Cause niggers was used to ass-kickings
That day I remember the shit
They talked.
Niggers, dirty nigger
Your leader is dead
Niggers
Yogi, I want that nigger
Spain, bad-assed Fleeta,
There's mad dog
Kill that nigger.
Coming off the green
Crawl nigger
In that cage
And niggers crawled
Cause there was no masochist in our
blood
What a helluva scene
That day on the green

KAIDI KASIRIKA
Prisoner of War
San Quentin Adjustment Center

FREE THE SAN QUENTIN 6



Johnny Larry Spain, Willie

Tate, Hugo Pinell, David Johnson,
Fleeta Drumgo, and Luis Talamantez
—accused of the murder of 3 guards
and 2 inmates on August 21, 1971,
as a cover-up of the real incident
in which prison guards
murdered George Jackson
and fired indiscriminately
into the cell block.

SUPPORT THE 6

**BRING THE REAL
CRIMINALS
TO JUSTICE**

Information
and donations:
P.O. Box 40070
San Francisco
Ca. 94110





Hugo Pinell

Hugo Antonio Pinell was born in Nicaragua 28 years ago. His mother brought him to America, the land of opportunity and equality (so we hear) -- to gain a better life. Instead she lost her son -- first to the Youth Authority then to the Adult Authority. Being poor and brown helped insure that he spent time behind the bars-- since he either couldn't afford an attorney and had to accept the P.D., he pled guilty **without a trial** (like 90 percent of all so-called criminal defendants in the U.S.). This is called putting yourself 'at the mercy of the court', or as in Hugo's case 'hari-cari'. So in short, almost all years in this country have been spent behind bars. One thing is for sure, this country knows how to 'take care' of the people: some get social security, or some, like Hugo, get maximum security.

At first Hugo spent much of his time in prison playing sports or reading. But then he began to meet other prisoners who were developing a more political outlook and who were working towards uniting the other prisoners. Hugo became a part of this struggle and because of it has almost assuredly lost all chance of parole. He was given an indeterminate sentence which means 'you don't get out unless you play it by our(institutions)rules'.

Over two years ago the prison told Hugo some thing was going to happen to him. When they want to set someone up, they will stop at nothing. In the Spring of 1971, Hugo was charged with assaulting one guard and murdering another one. Then in October, he became one of the San Quentin 6. Since then, he has been beaten and threatened many times. However, Hugo remains very strong.

I'm not so worried about my person. They can continue harming me - it doesn't matter.

You are showing the public that there is something to conceal...

I oppose all this. We were tried, found guilty and punished on August 21 - Us 6 and all the others have been continually brutalized.'

I am with all oppressed people everywhere.'

'Give my love to the people.'

Willie Tate

First of all, I come from a very large family and we have known poverty all of our lives. Over a third of my life has been stolen from me, wasted by the California Youth Authority and Department of Corrections.

I was born in Selma, Alabama, and raised in Fresno, California. I am 27 years old.

In the hopes of giving their offspring a better and less oppressive life, my parents moved to California in 1952. In order to survive, we picked cotton, berries, cut grapes, etc. Finally in 1959, my family had to receive assistance from the welfare department. This in spite of the fact that my father had a regular job. There were 12 of us then. His wages just weren't sufficient to feed and clothe all of us.

Coming into contact with the institutionalized racism of the California juvenile judicial system, I was, after being subjected to its bogus court proceedings without benefit of an attorney, sent to the Youth Authority. This was for allegedly assaulting (non-seriously) a 19 year old white youth who had ignominiously slapped me. Arrested July 24, 1959, I served a total of 21 months in Paso Robles and Preston and was paroled on April 18, 1961.

It was at first a little hard for me to adjust but after awhile I was doing fairly well—then boom!—the bomb dropped. I was arrested for gang activity on July 10, 1961, and was returned to Youth Authority. I had spent less than 90 days on the streets. Little did I know that that was to be my last time on the streets in all the years that have gone by.

Returning to Preston, I became involved in an altercation with a white counselor who had a nasty habit of yelling at Blacks. I objected to this. We fought and I won. So to punish me the Youth Authority transferred me to the Deuel Vocational Institute at Tracy, on October 6, 1961. "Tracy" is a combined youth and adult institution. I was taken directly to Tracy's A-C where a guard informed me — "There is a big white boy you will be living by — if he spits on you or race-talks you — don't say nothing!"



In all of the AC there were only five Blacks. Needless to say, all night long we would hear nothing but nigger, nigger, etc. This really was an educational experience for us. Some of the most vociferous callers would have pissed in their pants if there were a chance for a heads-up confrontation.

Living under these conditions—environment served to raise our consciousness to the need to bring some basic changes by confronting the "nigger callers." Confrontation came—invariably we would win. Three years of madness I spent in D.V.I. Comrade George and Big Carr were there in 1962. These brothers strived tirelessly to educate and raise our consciousness politically. They taught us to respect Blacks, not to fatmouth, not to play with racists, to respect them, to preserve our lives by taking concrete steps when necessary. In short, they taught us how to survive and win respect from our fellow prisoners regardless of their color. They also taught us the importance of prisoners unity. We, however, were seldom able to make this a reality then, since guards easily could instigate some neo-nazis into starting a racial conflict and-or loudmouth tom would ac-

comply the same purpose by talking about all the white women he-they had copulated with, etc. Tract was one hot house.

In December of 1964 I was accused of assault on a white prisoner. Subsequently I and another brother, Herman Brown, were, through tricknology, coerced into pleading guilty. We were given the maximum—6 months to 10 years. No longer was I "Y.A.", but a convict. In 1966 I was sent to Quentin where I've remained ever since. here, I took a trade, something I hadn't had a chance to do at Tracy since I was locked down nearly all the time. I was there. After 3½ years of fairly clean time I went before the Adult Authority to make my annual board appearance. I was talked to so nice, I just knew I had a date. When I got my result, I again had been denied a year.

On January 4, 1969, I was locked down on suspicion of assaulting a prisoner. After doing a year locked down in "B" section, I was put up for release to San Quentin mainline. Boom! Three brothers, W.L. Nolan, Jug, and Edwards were murdered at Soledad Prison. My release which had been approved was stopped.

A month later a Black man was tear-gassed to death by San Quentin guards. Along with some more brothers, I signed a petition calling for an investigation into the brother's murder. After this the guards intensified their harrassment of me. In July, 1970, I was transferred to AC, where in June of 1971 I was assaulted by a guard.

Now that I have less than 3 years left before I am automatically discharged from the Adult Authority, I have been charged with acts committed on August 21, 1971.

Well, if they don't get you one way, they will get you another. Whatever the outcome is—We shall not deny our love for Comrade George whose spirit continues to light up the world.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
SUNDIATA



David

Johnson

"I was born and raised in San Diego. At 15 I was sent to the California Youth Authority for petty gang activities, the usual thing that the State gets teenagers for. In 1966 I was railroaded to a county camp for assault on a police officer, in an instance where he gave testimony that I did not strike him.

In 1968 I was coerced into pleading guilty to a charge of second degree burglary. I have 3 and a half years on that.

In July of 1969 I was transferred to Duel Vocational Institution at Tracy; I found out there how authorities proposition off peoples lives. Since that time I have dedicated my life to exposing to the people the corruption that exists in these pig stys, for my efforts I have been the victim of all type of persecution which has culminated in my indictment in this fraud case.

To quote Che, The "The duty of the revolutionary is to make the revolution." This is our stand as we move forward with resolute will to fight and win.

The hatred we have for our oppressor is not a sudden thing, years of hardships, heartaches and pains has served to kindle our vigor and revolutionary flame. Who knows better than us what it means to die if we die. We will not die defeated men or in obscurity, The destruction of this corrupt capitalist system will be a monument to our existence."

"It is inevitable that a revolution come to pass in Amerika but we don't desire it to occur fifty years from now but today, now, we have got to discipline ourselves and arm ourselves with necessary weapons, and ideologies to wage an effective struggle.

Political prisoners have to a degree accomplished this task, and attempted to carry things to a broader and elevated level. For this they have come under a heavy concentrated assault by the agents of fascism, yet they still resist and will continue to do so until they die or win.

Your support of the people will assist us in overcoming this big monster and ultimately its destruction. In relation to our case presently they have us pinned down since we have these court agents who don't care about our lives...

Luis Talamantez



Luis is a 28 year old Chicano from Venice, California. He was sent to San Quentin in November, 1965, having been convicted for two counts of armed robbery.

Having spent the previous ten years of his life in and out of state controlled homes and camps, Luis had to hustle just to survive on the streets, and didn't understand that the "hustle" is a game the system runs on people that makes them go to prison.

It is hard to pinpoint when a person awakens to a certain awareness. Something is heard from another prisoner, you read something, you get an idea, you talk to somebody, and before too long you know what must be done to prepare yourself to help people build a better world.

Che Guevara said "at the risk of seeming ridiculous, let me say that a true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love." Luis has that love for the people, and it comes out with every word he writes in his letters. He sees in the people a great will to survive: "Nothing can live or survive where the will to struggle, to exist has withered and died—we will not be now, nor ever again, if we no longer want to be, for we will disappear and be erased as a people, we will know our destiny and fate someday. I have much faith in our people, it will never die in them. It has survived all this time and brought us this far, so that in our hearts we are still la raza—the people."

"The struggles of our Latin brothers to the south of us are very important to us. This is not fully understood by the people here. All revolutionary struggles going on all over the world are enhancing our own chances for revolutionary changes also, but the countries to the south are even more relative to la raza's own revolutionary development and growth here in the American state because of the proximity of the same common enemy and oppressor—the pig state."

Prior to August the 21st, Luis had concentrated his energies on getting prisoners to stop fighting among each other. He shared the legal knowledge he has gained (from his court battles) with the San Quentin Six and other prisoners, and he learns from them whatever knowledge they can share with him, in order to better prepare himself for his future fights. Since that day, his efforts to get outside help have intensified: "We are not receiving much mail but the people should continue writing to all of us who are imprisoned. It is important to show the dogs that we are not forgotten."

"I'm hoping that my writing will serve to lead people into identifying and working more closely with us in prisons, and maybe to also motivate (raza) people everywhere within the American imposed situation into feeling as I've searched, realized now totally feel that what is here applied pertaining to prisoners, can also hold true for them and their loved ones."

In order to prepare ourselves for the future struggles, he writes: "...there is the urgent need for all to realize the necessity of preparing now through our unity our combined struggle and our pooling of communal resources and efforts, as the only actual means by which to survive a turbulent and uncertain future yet to be challenged.. Only through mass strength in our united effort will the people, implanted with the seeds of determination and conviction bring about our own awareness and brotherly concern. This will serve us as a deeply rooted reservoir that will in turn help us endure the trials of heavier time yet to come.

In March 1970 at San Quentin Prison, a fight broke out between Chicano prisoners. Luis was indicted and charged with assaulting another prisoner. On February 9, 1972, almost two years after the indictment came down, Luis was acquitted of that charge by an all white Marin County jury. The day after the verdict was received, a representative of the jury telephoned Luis's lawyer to say that it was obvious to them that it was a clear case of persecution against Luis.

Of the San Quentin Six, Luis says; "We have tremendous fortitude and confidence within ourselves. This is due partly to the concern shown by the people. We express our thanks and gratitude to all revolutionary people in the world and to our comrades in struggle. All of us political prisoners know the plight of each other and the loss suffered when George was assassinated. Our memories are with our late comrade."

Webs of last night's sleep slip away
 from my dry eyes
 as the noises increase around me
 I feel the chill of December
 On my naked body and
 I reach blindly
 for my fallen blankets that I lift
 from the cell's cold floor and
 I think
 of the day ahead
 with a similar theme as my dreams
 where anything could happen
 anything might come loose,
 and of things to do.....here,
 so that boredom will not overcome me
 so that time will go on
 for one more
 day
 just a day at a time is all I attempt
 at one timenow



I awoke abruptly
 As I often awaken to each new day
 to the clapping of bootheels on
 stone floors sounding monotonously
 from above me
 I drowse briefly
 back into nothingness
 Soon
 the patter
 of heavy-footed footfalls
 will become even louder
 as they searchingly
 work their way towards my crypt
 my abode
 On the early morning rounds
 (I'm still here you bastards!)
 my mind whispers in toke defiance
 As the jangling of jailers keys
 rattle
 Their flatbrass cacphony
 so disturbing to the ears
 A stab of light penetrates
 my domain
 Brown features shines my unending
 presence
 I shield my eyes
 and await
 My keeps hovering departure
 over now——
 All over the bastile
 other numbers are being counted
 other souls tallied
 Luis

This day will be a long one
It is Christmas
I still can wonder at what
this Mex-bay
Is doing here in this wrong place
My mother
She did tell me of these places
But
she did not have no chance to
either
or
Maybe she thought her hijo WOULDN'T
NEVER FIND HIS WAY HERE

When I hear from my aged abuela
She asks
If I'm cold?
She does not mean if

If I have enough clothes
or a coat.
She is old and wrinkled and she is wise
She has known
herself.
The ways of the pale foreigners
in our land and way of life
always
the bringers of our troubles
The inquisitors
Beckoning to us with their crook'd finger
their rednecks and panzas swollen
with poisons
of greed and consumption
calling us to come
to them
to be abused, used and screwed.

I feel an itching
on the side of my brow
a bug bite
something has feasted on me again
through the night maybe

A spider
There are many varieties hiding
in the cracks of the wall and my bed
Living with squadrons of roaches in
sharing companionship
I wonder though of my flesh
If I have ever swallowed any in my sleep
and what I must of
dreamed I was eating
A grape?
I have not had any of those in so
long...

I listen to another con call
OVER TO HIS NEIGHBOR
"GET UP YA LAZA ASS WAP
CHOW'S COMING"
FUCK SHOW"

"WATCHA GOT IND A BAG KID
WHAT'D YA GREASY FINGAS BEEN
OUT STEALING NOW?"

"EET EES ONLY MY LUNCH FOR
SCHOOL MEESTER" I'VE REPLIED
SO MANY TIMES IN THE PAST
... WILL NEVER DIE.

Fleeta

Drumgo



I was born in Shreveport, Louisiana. Most of my childhood was spent in Shreveport where I lived with my cousin and my aunt. After moving to Los Angeles, I was put in Preston, a so-called "school" for boys. In 1963 I went back on the streets.

Later, I was busted in L.A. for attempted murder. I was loaded off pills (Red devils) and had an argument. This was my first encounter with real prison life. I was under the Youth Authority (Y.A.) My number was Y.A. 42512—I went to Tracy at this time. Tracy was and still is in my opinion a prison—it has long corridors and the units are 3 tiers high. I was at Tracy one day before a so-called race riot occurred. This was behind a brother getting stabbed by a self-proclaimed Nazi inmate.

I stayed at Tracy about 2 years, 2 months. Then I was transferred to North Facilities at Soledad in 1966. At North, I was given a nine month program. I was released in November, 1966.

I had a year continuance in 1963 when I first entered Tracy. I was locked up 3 years, 3 months before going home.

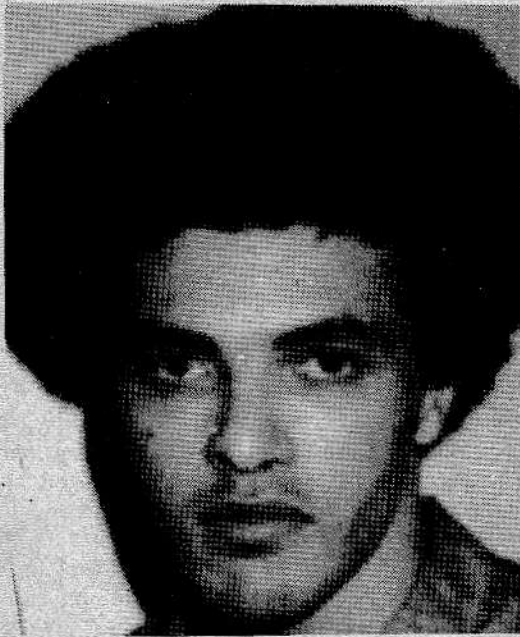
When I was released, things had changed tremendously. Black people had made a step towards unity and self-dignity. The Watts riot had happened—brothers and sisters wore Afro's opposed to those gases (processes and konks). It was a new world to me. I was in Tracy when Malcolm was killed. Stokely and Rap were burning up when I was released. I didn't have any consciousness of the struggle at that time. My thoughts were wrapped up in trying to style and live above my means. I wanted to be a player, so-called slicker, I wanted suits galore and a blade (cadillac). These were my thoughts at that time. I was given a pound of grass and told by a friend-dealer to get it together and kick him when I got straight. I kept some of the dope and gave the rest to another so-called friend to deal. The money was slow and not enough. So I hit the street. I got a burglary and was sent back because they said I was unable to be helped and set in my ways. See, I had been in the Youth Authority since I was 13 for runaway, but the only so-called serious crime was when I shot at somebody.

So, in November, 1967 I was sent to Soledad North again. I started attending Black History classes, trying to really get myself together. Thinking Black I got wired up in Black poetry. I read about Huey Newton, he reminded me of myself and what I should have been off into on the street. I got a case for having a poster of him and Rap Brown on my wall at Soledad North. I was later transferred to Central facilities at Soledad. I was put in O wing where I stayed 11 months. I was labeled a militant by the prison administration. Brothers like W.L. Nolan and Howard Tole impressed me. They were for real soldiers.

In 1969 I heard about Comrade George Jackson. My cell partner who had just returned to Soledad from San Quentin asked me did I know General G. I said no, then he went on to run down how dynamic George was and how he had defended a brother from a group of racist Nazi inmates at San Quentin. So low and behold one day upon returning to the cell, my cell partner said General G. was in O wing, we got to jam the administration to get him out. So Tony Gibson and a few brothers went to see if they could get George out of the hole. About a month or so later, George got out.

I remember being in the gym punching the bag when Tony came up and said come meet Comrade—speaking of George—when we got over there George was in a heavy conversation discussing the war. He was the one who introduced us to Uncle Ho and Mao and Che and Fidel. When we got together, he gave me some literature and told me to read it. George always encouraged us to read and exercise. So this was when I really started getting my shit together. But I still had the tendency to go trip on records. George didn't trip alot like other prisoners, I mean he didn't always spent time discussing women. He spent most of his time schooling us and himself. He used to stay up night after night after we was locked up explaining Marxism to us.

I once asked why was it that people reject Marxism. George explained that they had been programmed that Communism was destructive and something to fear. This came from the reactionary forces and through TV and movies and other propaganda. Comrade George stressed that we should really drive and transform from utopian socialist to scientific communists. And that's where it's at...



Johnny

Spain

I was sent to prison at 17 years old for what the state termed a "crime", yet, the facts, which are recorded in my trial transcript say otherwise; they say that I was but defending my person of an attack; they say that in ameriklan society, when a black defends himself, if the attacker is **not** black, the former is automatically sent to prison; regardless of age, circumstances, guilt or innocence. It's custom. So is the water gone by... ..

Since that time, 1966, there has been the realization of realization of ever-pressing oppresion that exists in prisons; the inclement experience of being **the kept** against ones will ("the keeper being the warped-minded craven animal"). And moreover, the replica of society viewed and proven to be prisons; one is the minimum, thote other the maximum They are differentiated only by degrees, by intensity, the essence of both is the very same. Through these years (I'm working on number 6), I have become—as a result of my learnings and beliefs—one of the prime targets of the system. It is the system intent to destroy me by the same vicious means in which it has destroyed so many other comrades (of course, I intend just the reverse). But then, this miniature ameriklan (prison) is but displaying its nature; war upon humanity. I see this on all levels and wholeheartedly stand in opposition of such a nature. And we have to relinquish, men (in one form or another) are destroyed by **war**, just as they are by oppression. There is essentially no variation in the two. The oppression is not recognized on a massive level-and fought against as would be an obvious war-agression.

The effects of the war that prisons (and keepers) have waged on all political prisoners have not passed me by, and as subsequent as melting snow leaves water, his entire experience, from the harassment of the 115 (the keepers side of the story; the only side ever told), to the present threat by the state to take my life and the lives of five other Comrades (which is the state's attempt at

justifying the murder of Comrade George Jackson), has given me a progressive manner, and forced awareness in my life. Though, I cannot deny that the maleffects that prison produces have destroyed me and many others as people "fit for society". I, in fact, would want it to be no other way—seeing the great injustices that are prevailing in capitalist society. It is true then, I am not prepared to go back to minimum security and sit, watching and accepting the sight of the people enduring hell that ultra-capitalism creates. What's further, I won't sit in maximum security hoping my life will be saved or my job will be done by "prison reform" in a diminishing state of affairs, nor can there be a building structure strong enough to hold a man who is imprisoned unjustly ... as long as it permits any man to be locked behind walls and bars for unjustified reasons, that man will resist; first against the imprisonment, and then against the social order which created the imprisonment, and then against the society.

This stage we're in is the "in-between," and resistance is the call which I hear everytime the bell of the oppressor rings. The present is extremely darkened by unfavorable conditions, but this only says the conditions for revolution are increasing; the time draws nearer for acts to obtain liberation as every denial is pushed forward by "the keepers of Amerika." I have no intention of ceasing my role until I'm totally spent, or until enough people wake-up and see that even the most severe sufferings of this soldier have not stopped him; and by chance, before it's all over, they may wonder at: why didn't that pure water ever turn muddy. There isn't much rest for those who remain pure.. but I do not separate myself from the many for we are all sleeping a real sleep—and none will be allowed such a place as sleep to dream. This is one hell-of-a stage, and those who fancy trekking through this darkness causing the weaker of his kind misery, will wander into a channelled point which carries the fury of the sun! I'll be there!

Johnny Larry Spain

Steve Bingham

Steve Bingham's life has been different from the lives of the Six. He comes from a wealthy New England family, the kind news-papers like to call 'politically prominent'. The reactionary media express surprise that Steve has been tied to George Jackson and the Six, for he was supposed to be one of their own. They try to minimize the political importance of his work in prisons and cast him in the role of 'dilettante revolutionary' to convince people that this work was a fluke or accident. But those who know Steve and his work, and how the prison system operates, know that his indictment by the state is no accident. The state needs to direct attention away from the oppressiveness of prisons, and to intimidate and discredit radical lawyers who provide one of the few links between prisoners and the outside.

For almost ten years, Steve has tried to make unified action by Third World and white people possible and effective. Sometimes, as with the Peace Corps in Africa, he found that the way he chose was a mistake. But whether it was with SNCC in Mississippi, Chicano farm workers in the San Joaquin Valley black tenants in West Berkeley, or a workers' caucus in San Francisco, he struggled with his own background of race and class privilege, convinced that coordinated efforts by blacks, brown, and white not only could happen but had to happen.

As Steve's experience grew, he tried to develop a clear sense of political direction. After a trip to Cuba, he began a serious effort to understand political theory and the strategies of revolutionary movements. His view of the political process is long range: successful change will come only after years of organizing, building big victories on smaller ones. For Steve, more than most of us, theory is to be realized in practice. In work and personal life, he has tried to live his politics. He tries to overcome racism not only in society but in himself. When he realizes the arrogance of professionalism, he tries to change his own practice. In every aspect of his existence, Steve applies his understanding of the politics of change.

Those who run the state understand the significance of people like Steve Bingham. They know that racism and elitism are tools to keep people from acting together to gain their rightful share of power. Steve is a white professional, trained to serve an oppressive system who has actively joined oppressed people fighting against that system. As prisoners build a movement inside the walls with the help and support of people outside, they threaten the power that now belongs to state and prison officials. This is the threat the state wants to crush.



Let's take all the years of oppression.
Let's take from those years, 11 years experienced.

Let's take 11 years of **knowing** that before those 11 years there were hundreds, thousands-and-more-years of oppression.

Let's take 11 years of hard study.

Let's take 11 years of fighting for the people and for survival on unfavorable grounds (this being the longest any Guerrilla has ever fought on such grounds).

Let's take 11 years of being attacked.

Let's take 11 years of developing defenses for every enemy-attack.

Let's take 11 years of building a body strong enough to hold up the world.

Let's take 11 years of everything that was given.

Let's take all of **this**, and put it into one man, and we will come out with George Jackson.

Let's not take that for granted!



Then, let's take a persn who has learned almost everything from what was given.

Let's take a person who loves The Comrade more than could be imagined.

Let's take this person and put him in the same position; the same condition; put him on the same road...

Let's let him see in a day what The Comrade saw for eleven years.

Let's take him and beat him.

Let's kick him.

Let's stomp him.

Let's spit on him.

Let's drag him naked over cement.

Let's put a gas gun in his mouth and tell him if he continues to love George the trigger will be pulled.

Let's take a person who sees no consequences for loving the Comrade.

Let's place any type of opposition to The Comrade before him;

Let's ask him to understand...

He won't!

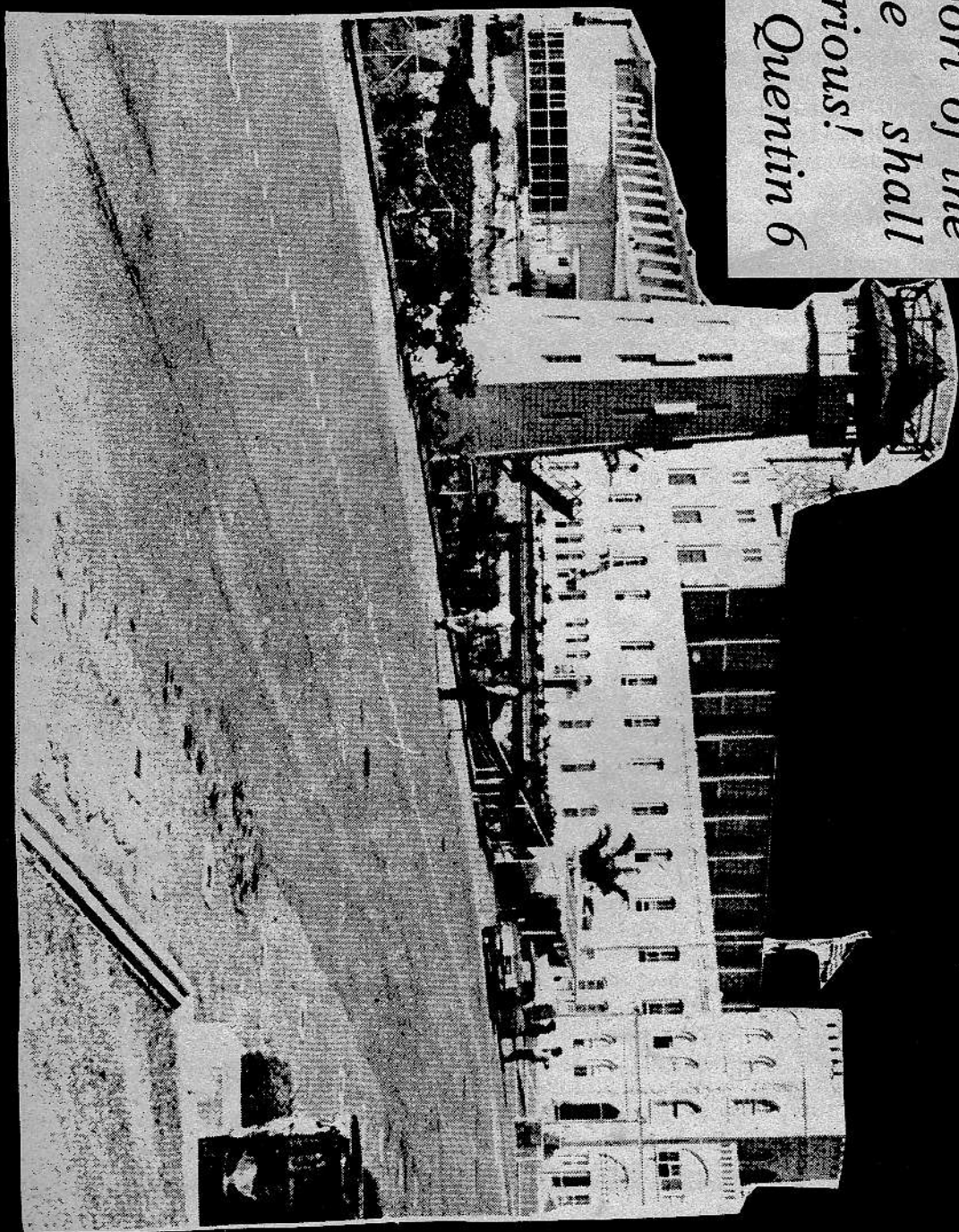
Johnny Larry Spain

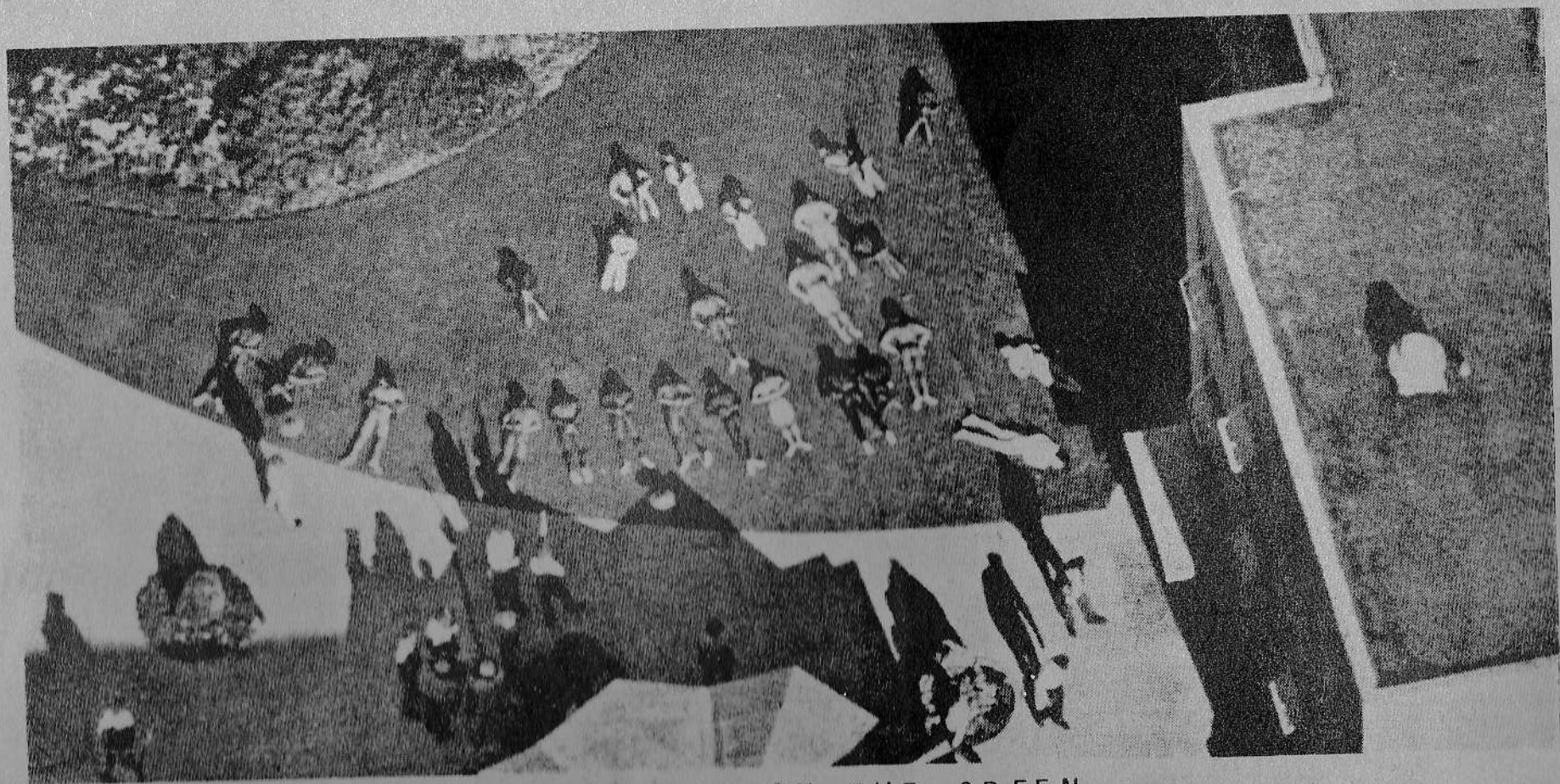
The Soledad Brothers were acquitted The San Quentin 6 can be acquitted. The Soledad Brothers, through the work of the people who responded, were able to retain lawyers of their choice, lawyers who quickly learned the true nature of the prison system, who pushed to expose the lies of the state and at least select the best jurors available to them.

It is only through the peoples' response that we can get the attorneys of our choice and an acquittal that is ours. That means pressure, money, and publicity.

We know that these acquittals are just small victories, small steps, because George Jackson was killed, because Fleeta and John are still in the Adjustment Center, and because injustice is still committed in the prisons. The people who commit those acts are the same people who are oppressing and exploiting the people of the world.

*with the support of the
people, we shall
emerge victorious!
the San Quentin 6*





THAT DAY ON THE GREEN

