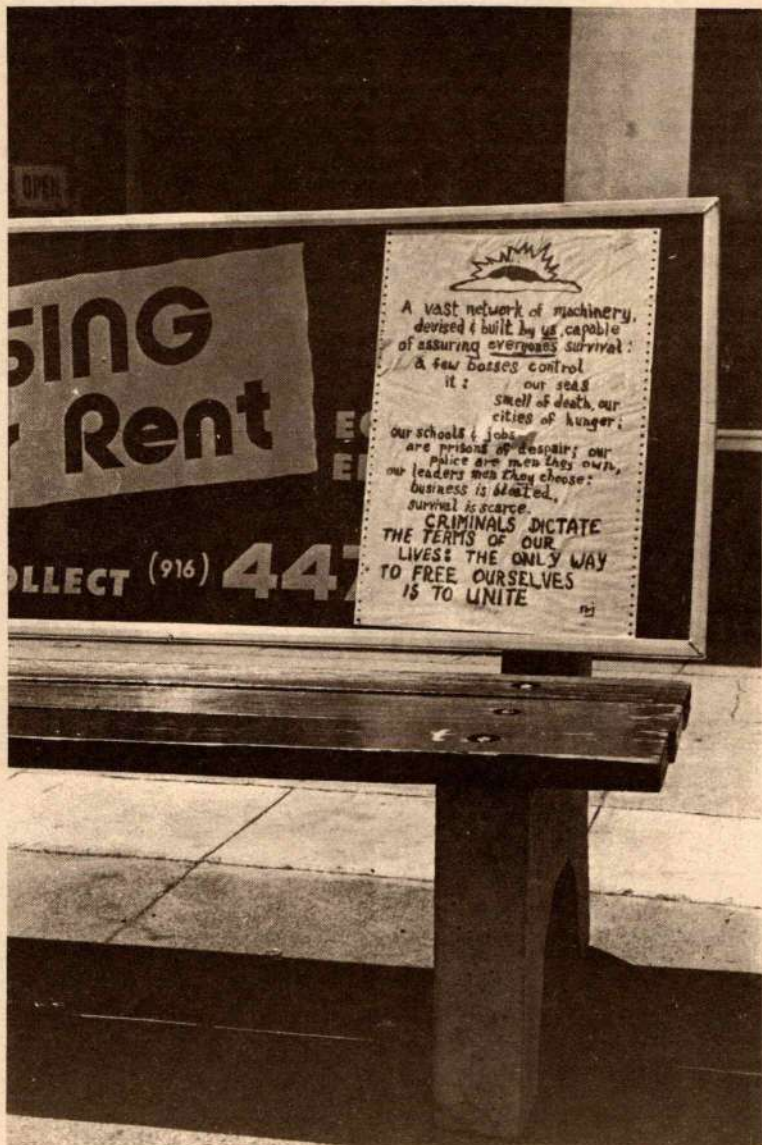


INSURRECTION RESURRECTION



A vast network of machinery,
designed & built by us, capable
of assuring overseas survival:

& a few bosses control

it: our seas
smell of death, our
cities of hunger;

our schools & jobs
are prisons of despair; our
police are men they own,
our leaders men they choose:
business is bloated,
survival is scarce.

**CRIMINALS DICTATE
THE TERMS OF OUR
LIVES: THE ONLY WAY
TO FREE OURSELVES
IS TO UNITE**

121

Insurrection
Ressurrection

by *N.J.*

a poem cycle
to battle & help heal

Photos of Walls 4 to 21 by Ken Light

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Working Peoples Artists
PP Box 40909
San Francisco, CA. 94140

The folks all around the world have been fighting now for a hundred centuries to all be union & all be free, & I sing the songs that tell you about that...

I sing songs that tell you who the racketeers are & how they rob you & how they work & how they would like to keep you as their slave... I just want to be known as the man who told you what you already knew.

Woody Guthrie

I've tried to make poems that might be useful to people. If you find any you can use, please feel free.

If you just find part of one, use that part & throw the rest away. Change any lines you want. Add others. It's okay with me.

If you change one a whole lot, it'll be your poem as much as mine. If you share it with a friend & that friend asks who wrote it, say both of us; if anybody else asks, say anonymous.

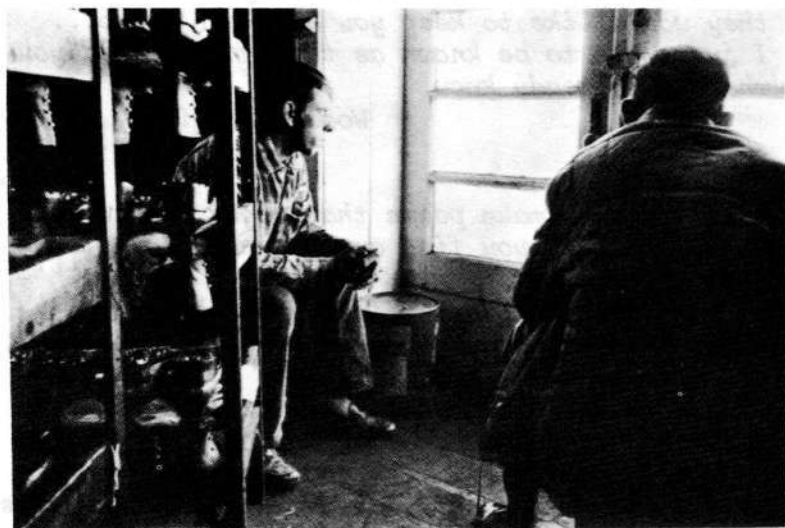


photo: Ken Light

In the third grade
I refused to go to school.
I wandered the streets,
explored the park.
But they caught me
& taught me who was boss,
so I submitted for a while
to their rule.

Later, out on my own,
I had to survive:
I scavanged & hustled
& lived off friends for a while,
till my luck ran out
& I found no recourse
to working for the profit of a boss,
so I submitted for a while
to their rule.

And since then,
I've found myself forced
to submit time & again.

And even now I waste my days
laboring for that crook.

Still, while I drive my aching body
begrudgingly about,
I daydream doing really useful work,
to benefit all the people,
& working collectively, democratically
with the others now-enslaved with me
in the shop.

And sometimes this fantasy gives me joy
& helps me get through the day.
But sometimes reality
crashes down on me
like prison bars,
& that crook or his boy
just better not talk down to me

or get in my way.

No, I will not, no
I will not be bought & sold,
& I won't buy, I won't sell.
I'll do what I have to
to survive,
but I won't be either a good slave
or strive to be a master;
I will not build a stake
in a system
that condemns the children to war
by depriving most of us
of our rightful share.

I don't mind hard work:

Work, I know, can set us free.
Work is what renews the world
& makes us strong.
Sometimes work is singing.

But slavery just drains our energy
& makes us feel helpless.

I've seen death shut factory gates
& stared at office walls in hell.

No, I am no longer afraid
to strike back at our enemies,
or to speak aloud of sweeping them away:
the worst they can do is kill me
& I've already been through that.

Next time, if I go down,
man I'm going down swinging.

Granite cliffs of cloud, trees like awesome
creatures dancing joyous at the sky out-
side my window, a bird, head & breast red
like fuchsia berries, song ecstatic dark like
the moon:

these energy patterns
we call reality or consciousness

...Yet bankers steal our
minds & homes, bosses drink
our souls; they rig things so
money's in charge, hoard our food
in supermarkets, guard our
clothes with burglar alarms, make
lies required reading in school...

OUR PERFECT MIND,
OUR BLEEDING MIND!

We may not reconcile, my sisters &
brothers, til our consciousness is
pregnant with our longing & our
strength. Then like grass
bursting through cracks in concrete,
this birth in fire...

Joe's the good cop,
Ted's the bad.
Ted knocks you down,
kicks you in the head.
Joe pulls him off,
helps you to your knees.

"He's crazy, kid,
he'll kill you,"
whispers Joe.
"Do yourself a favor,
tell him what he wants to know,
do like he says."

Cops working in teams
take on roles:
next time
the bad cop'll be Joe.

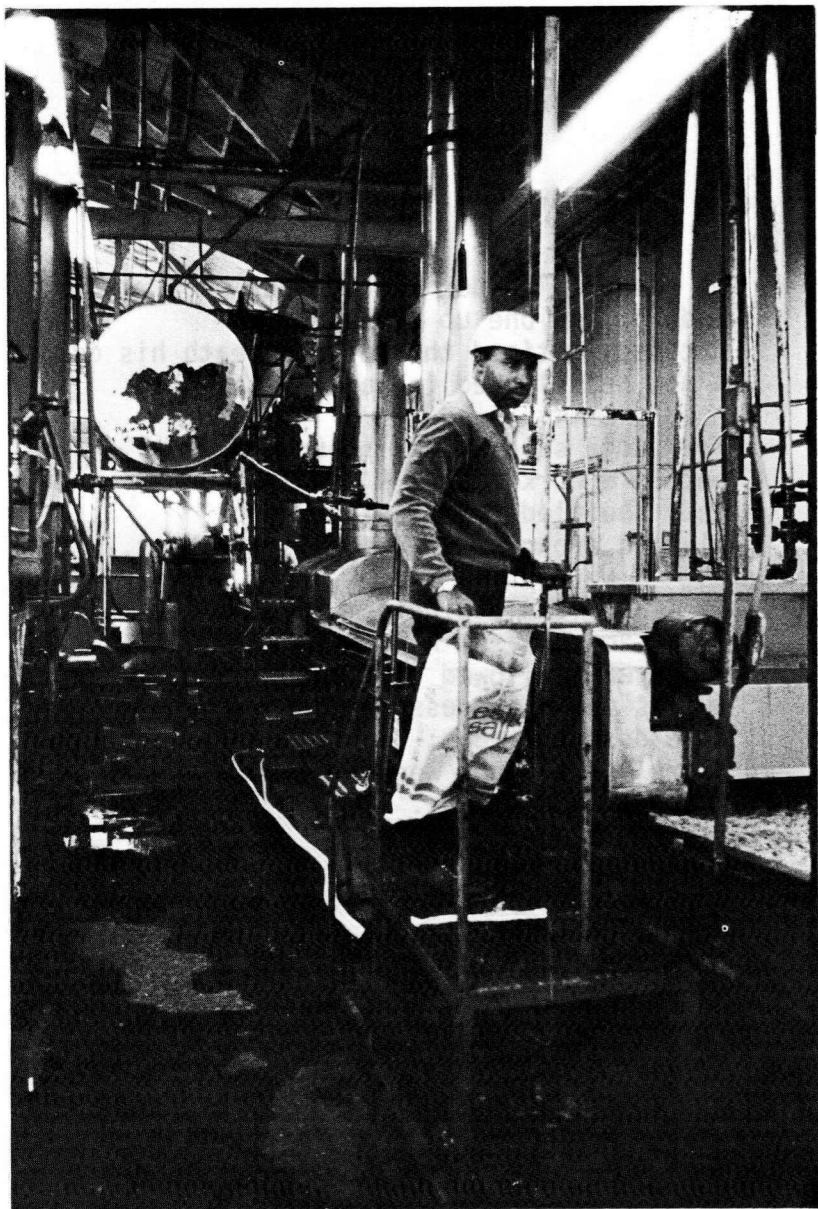
It's like that
up & down the system:
our bosses & landlords & the taxmen
are Ted,
the Welfare Department is Joe.

Like every Welfare client knows,
never turn your back on Joe.

We needed a sander to keep our shop running;
Andy picked one up at Sears.
But they noticed the bulge beneath his coat
& now he's locked in Santa Rita.

The judge said he was poor once too,
but he'd worked hard & studied;
Andy shuffled from foot to foot,
glanced around & cracked his knuckles.

In the prison diningroom
I sat across from him;
we weren't allowed to touch.
Guards paced expressionless
up & down the rows;
there was so much weeping around us
I could hardly hear.
Beneath the wide table
we touched toes.
Andy said, "There's a lot of us in here."



My boss stood dawdling
in front of his office,
with a made-up woman in a bright red dress.
As I passed by, invisible to him,
he licked his narrow lips
& displayed one immaculate palm;
 the other he kept hidden
 in his pants pocket.
"My hands are clean,"
 I heard him chuckle.
"Only money making money from money."

Back on the line I tried to work,
but there was grease on my hammer
& fire in my head.
I caught the foreman's eye
& slunk down to the 'head'.
Plunked on the stool,
face in my hands,
& let my weary calves rest.
Then noticed a bent nail
on the crudded floor,
picked it up
& scratched in jagged letters on the wall:

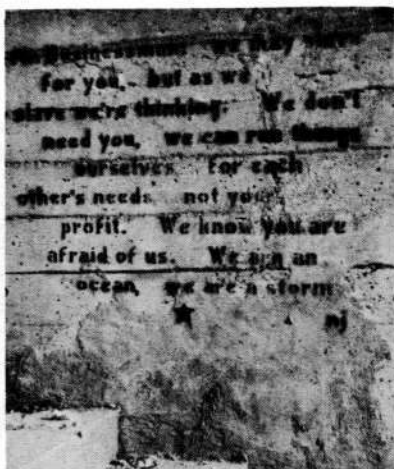
BUT MONEY MAKES MONEY FROM FLESH.



[1st Wall]

We build houses, the banks
own them; we build
machines, the bosses own
them; we try to
build our lives, the state
owns them, & the bosses
& the bankers own the
state. But workingpeople
are dreaming dreams
again. The sky is dark
with birds.

[2nd Wall]



Mr. Businessman: we may slave
for you, but as we
slave we're thinking. We don't
need you, we can run things
ourselves, for each
other's needs, not your
profit. We know you are
afraid of us. We are an
ocean, we are a storm.



We work ten dollars worth,
the boss grabs five, the state
steals two: hunger, death,
smouldering Hanoi rubble: they
pervert our work into misery &
destruction. To perpetuate
their cheating us. The un-
born children laugh & cry.

[3rd Wall]

We work ten dollars worth,
the boss grabs five, the state
steals two: hunger, death,
smouldering Hanoi rubble: they
pervert our work into misery &
destruction. To perpetuate
their cheating us. The un-
born children laugh & cry.

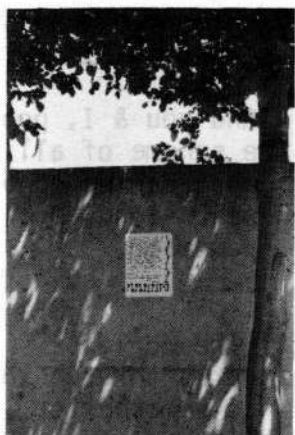
the buglar blows of stripes & stars
but we fly the jolly roger.

And you & I, poor slaves
in the scheme of all that exists,
what can we do but salute
when we're told, pull our oars,
remember,

be,
& persist
until the world
works through this pain
to some better
eventually?

Yet deep down we all know
we'll never reach shore
until we mutiny.

[4th Wall]



They claim the ground I walk, the
house I live in, the machines I
work at, the goods I produce;
they claim two thousand
years of law behind them &
ten thousand hired men with
guns to back them up, & claim
those guns defend their
freedom which they claim is
my freedom too, freedom to
sell them my labor, pay them
my rent, buy back the goods
I've produced, freedom to
scheme to set myself up
like them & exploit fools like
me.

But who am I to
speak?

Just one poor workingman.
And the workers, they claim,
are
content.

Who speaks for workingpeople?

"Labor executives"
propped in their chairs
by the bosses
to be their mouthpieces
& keep us in line?

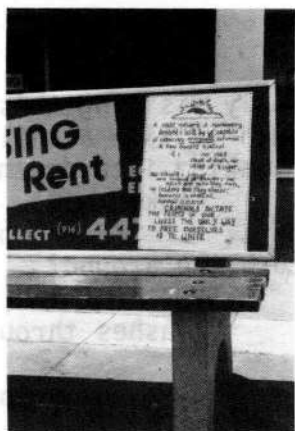
Phony unions make us weak.

Workingpeople's actions speak
for workingpeople.

Organize the unorganized.
Re-organize the mis-organized.



[5th Wall]



A vast network of machinery,
devised & built by us, capable
of assuring everyone's survival:
a few bosses control

it: our seas
smell of death, our
cities of hunger;

our schools & jobs
are prisons of despair; our
police are men they own,
our leaders men they choose:
business is bloated,
survival is scarce.

CRIMINALS DICTATE
THE TERMS OF OUR
LIVES: THE ONLY WAY
TO FREE OURSELVES
IS TO UNITE.

I'm only visiting this meat, passing
through it like a child
waking into dream, dreaming into
wake.

Should I
disturb the around?

Water
washes through the
ground
down to the sea, through
mouths of whales &
otters, gills of
fish, then up again, to
clouds.

Still, I
walk these streets, climb these
walls; I see children too
worried to laugh & men
too pained to crawl; they've got
my name on a list down at City Hall.

Should I give them what they ask, make no
distinctions? Change my mind? Or grow
a beard & change my name? Watch us all
sputter blindly to a messy extinction
while my spirit is floating
outside my brain?

If I view this oppression with
distraction will it pass? Or will it just be
me who passes, distracted & oppressed,
while the oppression remains?

They think we're stupid.
They think we should be glad
they let us eat
& walk the streets,
have roofs over our beds;
we know what's going on
inside our heads,
& that's an advantage
we have over them.

Maia told me she dreams as she works,
of ways to bankrupt her boss
as she balances his books.
In Art's dream he cashes his last paycheck,
walks up to his boss,
yanks him by the nose
& dumps him on the deck.
Ann feeds her boss
slowly into her machine;
work stops,
the other workers rush over
in her dream,
to catch the look on the boss' face.

When I was young,
a furrier, Sam,
told a dream to me,
of workers taking over
their places of work,
firing their bosses,
& running things together,
for everyone's needs.

I thought about it a long while,
then (I was 9 or 10)
went up to him & said,
"Sam, if people have got it
so bad like you say,

& we could all have it so good
another way,
why doesn't everybody just do it?"

He said, "People have been trying to,
for a long long time,
& a lot of people have died trying.
It's not just a question
of what's best for the people
or what the people want:
there's guns pointed at us
from all sides."

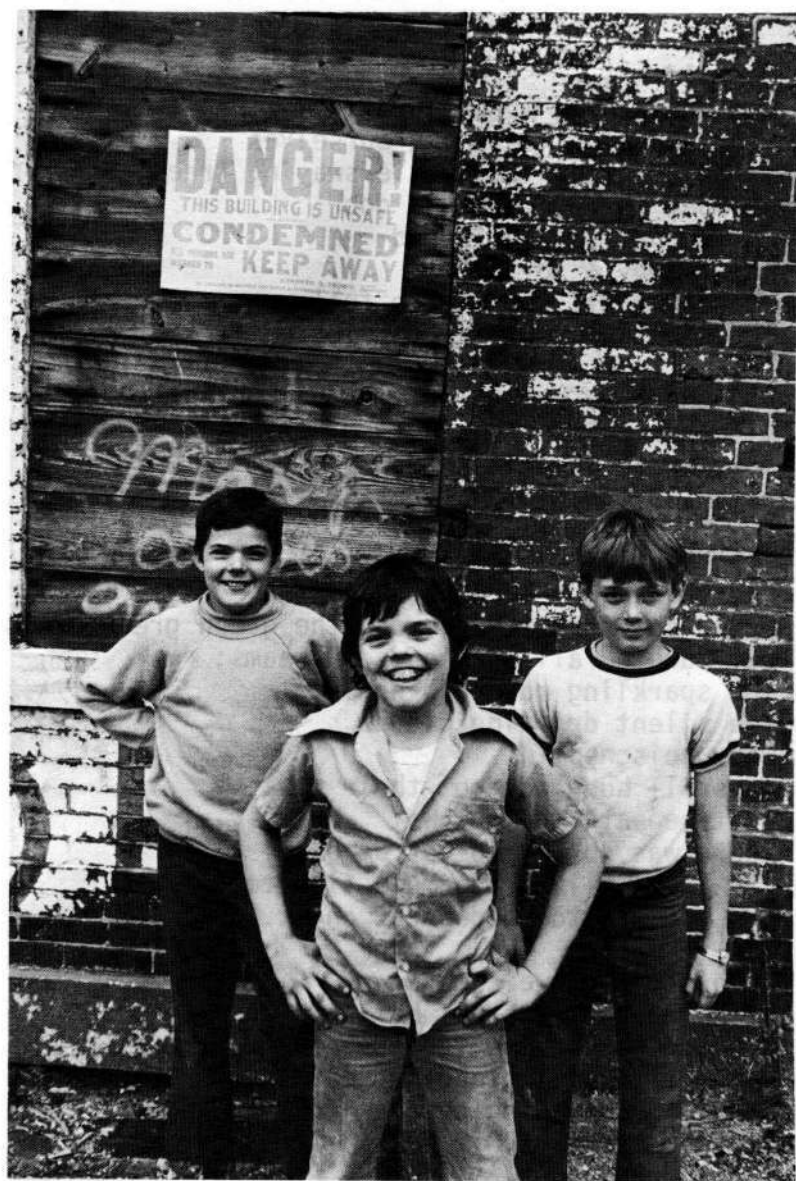
And now that I'm older
& have worked myself
& dreamed my own dreams & nightmares,
I've learned we all dream the same dreams,
& dreams are powerful beyond compare.
If we can each remember them
& share them,
we can build great visions
out of our despairs,
& visions create surging movements among us
to realize those visions
& dispel our most fearful nightmares.

O children,
know that once we children
went away to live among ourselves
in peace among the gentle swaying trees,
stepped through a magic door
to reconstruct our world
in harmony & joy,
expecting all who saw to follow,
the nightmare machine to die for lack of parts.

And there we struggled with each other's ghosts
& fear & pain
& tried to work it through
with sharing & with love.

Then slowly we became aware
the screams of burning children
would not fade away beyond the green green hills
but haunted all our songs & dreams;
the sparkling mountain pools,
the silent drifting clouds
were poisoned;
we still huddled from their guns,
bent beneath their laws;
there was no way to not be part:
 all is too much tied to all
 & too dependent on it.

So one by one we came down
from the soft eternal hills
& stood before the furnace
& the frightful grinding gears,
among the bleeding people
we came back,
O children,
to fight a war.



to fight a war.

[6th Wall]



HEY

KIDS

the businessmen rule over

us. they steal

all the money, buy

the teachers,

politicians & cops.

they trick us into being

slaves, force us into

fighting wars so they

can ransack

the world for their

personal hoards.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

WE ARE GATHERING

LIKE WIND

THIS IS OUR PLANET

THIS IS OUR BLOCK

Emeryville 1973, the night after Halloween.
Tyrone Guyton was walking home.
He was just fourteen.

Three whitemen in business suits
came cruising slowly by.
Ain't that strange, they thought:
a black boy starting up a car.

Tyrone cut down 33rd Street;
they sped up from behind,
rammed him;
he jumped the curb
& smashed a wall hard.

Tyrone scrambled out the door,
he saw their 38s;
he wasn't far from home,
he tried to make a break;
Tyrone felt a blazing flash
& fell flat on his face.

It didn't take that judge & grand jury
long to decide
it wasn't murder but justifiable homicide:
those cops were just doing their job,
protecting private property
from those who haven't got any,
& keeping the people scared.

Now, this town's full of kids
hanging out on the street:
the big cars are passing,
the money flashing,
daddy needs new pants, mama's out of work,
& even when you've got a job
there's just enough to eat;

& the stores are flaunting clothes & food,
rats scratching behind the walls of the apartments,
& you know
it's the banks & finance companies who really own
almost all those shiny cars,
& when the people can't pay,
they take them away
& sell them over & over again,
& they keep the cops & courts
as their accounting department.

Every fourteen-year-old knows
that to break the law
is to strike back
at the criminals who dictate the laws.

So the cops keep on killing,
the grand juries keep acquitting them,
& the kids keep filling
up the jails & the morgues.

And the only way it's ever going to stop
is by the people acting to lock
those hired guns & licensed crooks in jail
& opening the jails to release our own.

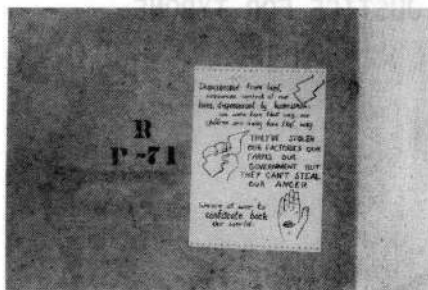
And we can start right now & here:
JUSTICE FOR TYRONE.

Dispossessed from land,
resources, control of our
lives, dispossessed by businessmen:
we were born that way, our
children are being born that way.

THEY'VE STOLEN
OUR FACTORIES OUR
FARMS OUR
GOVERNMENT BUT
THEY CAN'T STEAL
OUR ANGER

We are at war to
confiscate back
our world.

[7th Wall]



[8th Wall]



Our lives are at the whim
of landlords & bosses:
rents & prices up,
wages down, no
jobs: they try to keep us
at each others' throats
to just survive.

The night
is dark, yes.

But there's
many of us & we're
getting ready. Soon
the moon will rise.

Downtown steel & glass,
office suite on the 21st floor,
pasty necks on top of ties,
silver cufflinks, manicured hands,
those are the "farmers" of our land:
Bank of America, Tenneco, Safeway,
Union Oil, Southern Pacific Railway,
financiers profiteering
seed to supermarket,
controlling 80% of our farmable land.

And doing all the real work
down there in the sun-scorched rows,
backs cracking,
hardly able to straighten
after a day with the short-handled hoe,
are the "hired hands",
whole families, children too,
sometimes ten, twelve hours a day,
following the harvest farm to farm.

Pesticide cloud blows in your face,
arm caught in a harvesting machine.
Foreman says: "You got 30 plants
to prune every hour. If you don't,
hit the road, tell your complaints
to the white line. And take off
your hat when you see the boss."

Then as soon as the crops are in
or as soon as you're hurt & can't
work any more: "Get lost."

And the pay so low,
at the end of the week
sometimes everything you earned
goes right back to the boss
for what you ate from his price-gauging store
& for sleeping in his chicken coop,
so it's hard to get even a few days ahead
by the time he lays you off.
Not even eligible for unemployment.

And you've got no legal right
to a union
to fight to better your situation,
because grower pay-offs
got farmworkers excluded from the labor laws.

So ten years ago
the California grape-workers
began to organize themselves in union,
stood together in Delano
& declared
they'd work no more under slave conditions.

And after bitter years of picket, march,
boycott & petition,
won a few contracts & a few recognitions.

And farmworkers from Washington to Florida
caught fire & began to organize.

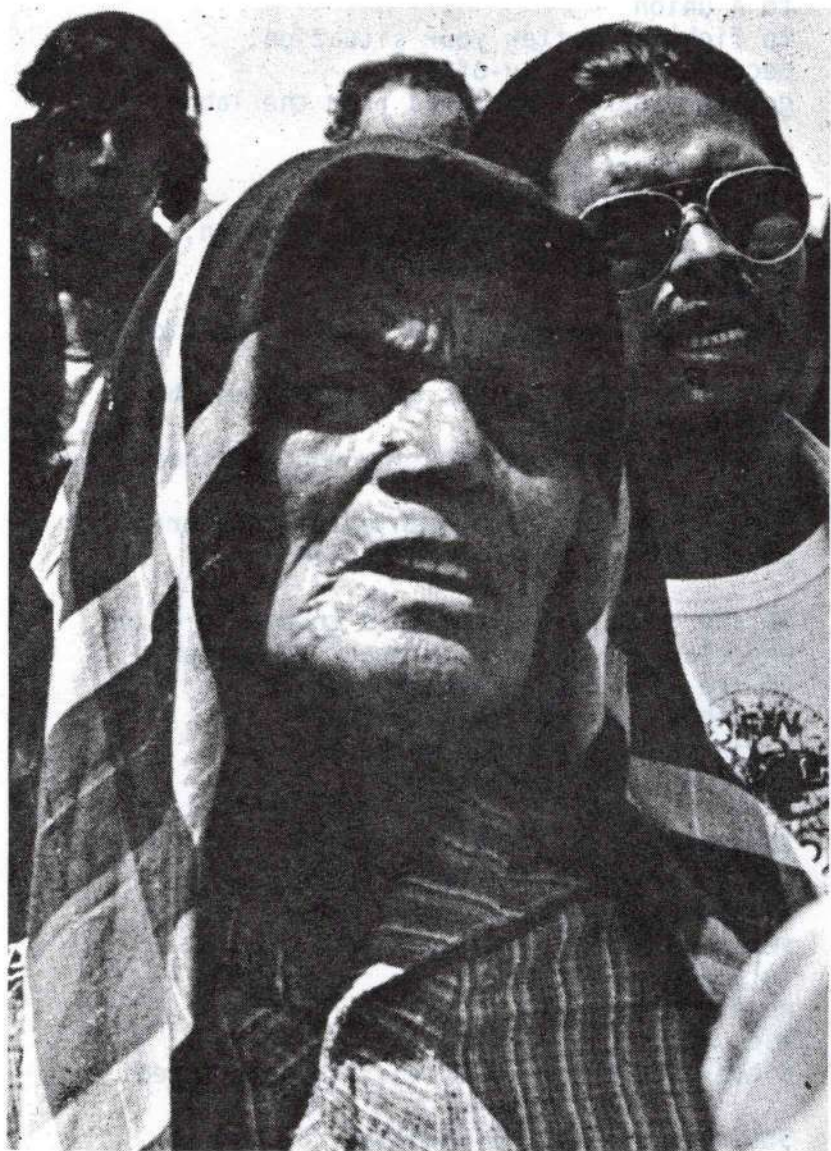
So the growers & financeers turned to Nixon,
who gladly conspired to wreck the union
before it swept across the nation,
for their shared greatest fear
is to see unorganized workers
democratically organized.

They agreed that the best idea
was to bring in the labor racketeers:
as soon as each contract expires,
set up a phony union
in place of the UFW,
no elections,
kick ass,
& everyone who refuses to join gets fired.

Strike! Strike! 5 counties, 63 farms,
7000 workers ranch after ranch
thousands of black eagles
soaring on red flags.

But the growers own the courts & politicians,

And you've got no legal rights



1000 workers ranch after ranch
Thousands of black eagles
soaring on red flags.

But the growers own the courts & politicians.

so the judges scribbled injunctions forbidding
pickets,
& the deputies cracked skulls & packed the jails;
los coyotes trucked in armies of scabs,
& workers' lifetime savings were drained
for doctors, fines & bails.
Teamster-salaried goons stalked the roads
with tire-irons, leather straps,
grape-stakes, chains & knives;
& teams of growers with high-powered rifles
prowled the countryside.

Hundreds hospitalized, thousands jailed.

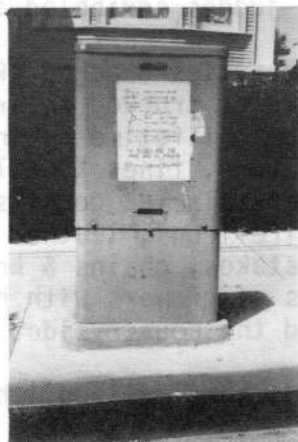
Alicia Uribe, blinded, brass knuckle, right eye.
Nagi Daifullah, massive brain hemorrhage, died.
Juan de la Cruz, 66, bullet through the heart
on a picket line.

So next time you sit down to a meal,
think of the hands in the fields
that put some work into that food for you,
& help them defend themselves
against police-state, labor racketeers
& monopoly financiers:
it's our struggle too.

Don't buy grapes, head lettuce
or any brand of wine made in Modesto,
it's all Gallo wine;
join a march & a picket line.

And keep your ears peeled
for shots in the fields;
get ready to help if you hear the call.
We're all lost if we don't stick together.
It's the farmworkers who feed us all.

[9th Wall]



When you can't stand being
cheated & pushed around by
your boss another minute,
remember:

in this system
all jobs are like that.
you're "lucky"
to even have one.

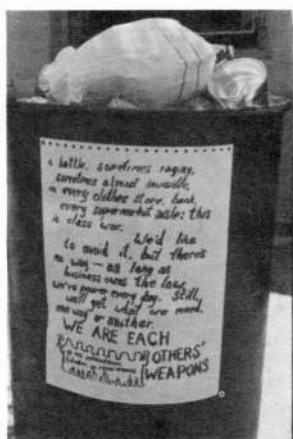
They keep the money scarce &
the jobs few; somewhere
they got a file on me & you.

THE BOSSES ARE THE
MOB ARE IN POWER

We are chained together.



[10th Wall]



a battle, sometimes raging,
sometimes almost invisible,
in every clothes store, bank,
every supermarket aisle: this
is class war.

We'd like
to avoid it, but there's
no way - as long as
business owns the law,
we're poorer every day. Still,
we'll get what we need,
one way or another.

WE ARE EACH
OTHERS'
WEAPONS.

Social oppression
has a personal manifestation
that warps & poisons our daily relations,
hurling sister against brother,
lover hurting lover,
dumping on each other
all the shit they dump on us.

Then they try to tell us:
"We're all individually
fucked up & weird."

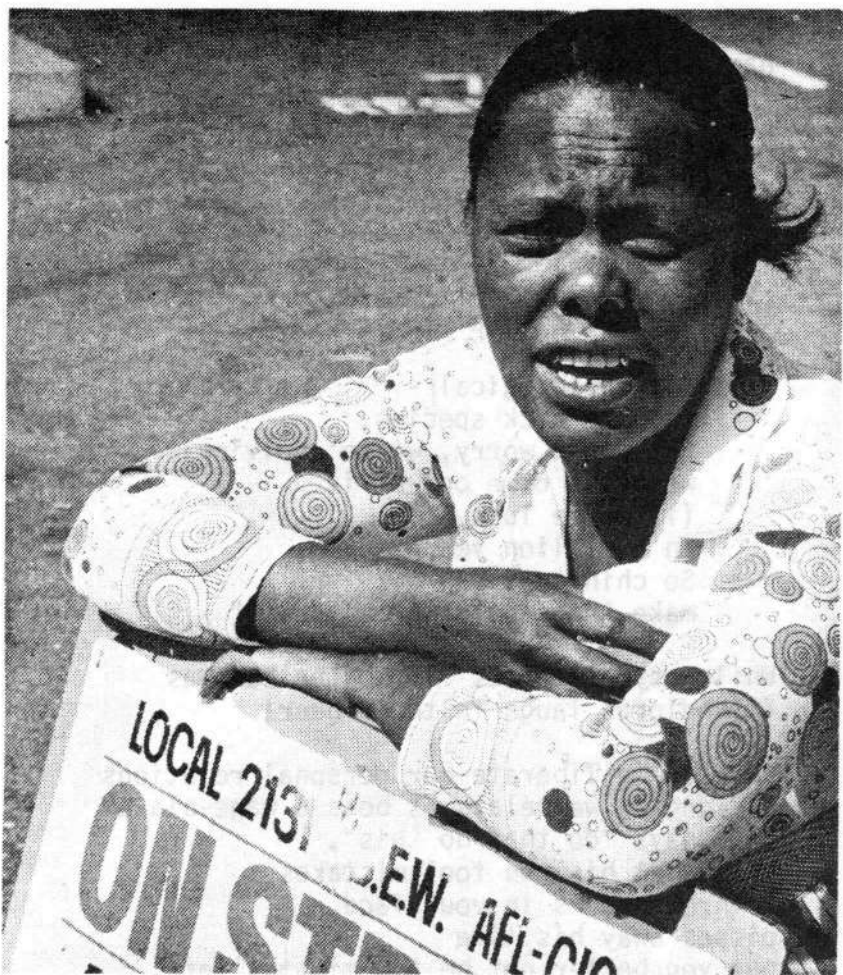
Either that or:

"It's biological -
we're a sick species.
But don't worry, we're evolving:
we might come out of it
(if we're lucky)
in a million years.
So chin up,
make the best of a bad deal."

While psychiatrists fly to the Bahamas
& landlords laugh in their beer!

How can we liberate our personal relations
as long as we relate as boss & wage-slave?
Boss says "do that do this",
smiles at his own fool mistakes
& throws yours in your face,
pisses away his time
but you better not be ten minutes late,
all the while he's picking your pocket,
aren't those personal relations?

Son of a banker landlord
robbing your food & clothes money



All the while he's sipping your pocket,
even if those nervous relatives

Son of a banker landlord
robbing your food & clothes money

& don't even fix the window or sink,
aren't those personal relations?

You forced to be a petty crook
because you live in a land of crooks,
where the government's the joint dictatorship
of the biggest crooks of all,
& aren't those personal relations?

Or does your personal liberation stop
at who washes the dishes or lies on top?
Or does your personal liberation end
when it's time to punch the time-clock
or pay the rent?

Or does your personal liberation end
in a mountain hideout
with some close friends?
Or should your personal liberation stop
with privileged organization men
& technologists on top?

Why let your personal liberation stop
when liberation is without end?

Politicians, bosses, land-
lords, leeches bleeding us
as they bled our
parents, as they
have plans for our
kids.

THE PEOPLE ACT
TO STOP THEM

they

fire, evict us

WE ACT AGAIN

AGAIN

they order us beaten jailed
murdered

WE ORGANIZE, ACT
ACT AGAIN AGAIN

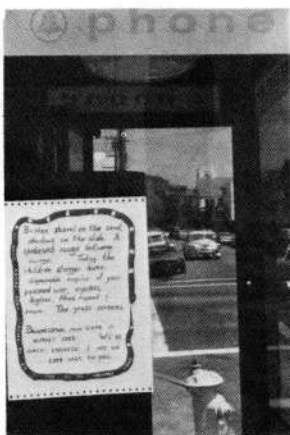
The leeches are not the only
ones with plans.

[11th Wall]



Broken shovel in the sand,
shadows on the slide. A
spiderweb sways between
swings. Today the
children stagger home,
disposable surplus of your
poisoned war, eyeless,
legless, flesh ripped &
sewn. The grass screams.

Businessman, your game is
over. We're back, full grown,
with guns beneath our soldiers'
rags, & are we ever
wise to you.



[12th Wall]

Hurtling through eternity,
this slaveship earth!

They've seized our means of survival
with their laws & guns & machines,
keep us chained,
some to work them,
the rest to their charity,
desperate, superfluous.

Wherever bosses rule,
technology remains a tool
to keep us in poverty, captivity.

The only breakthrough
that will help toward the solution
is in the technology
of revolution.

Digging in my garden I overturned
a curved flat bone
with a hole in one end
& strange markings its length.
A cry overhead.
I looked up, shielded my eyes.
Three great pale birds veered
southwest, disappeared
into a dark mountain of cloud.

Looking for signs?
Watch the foodstamp lines.
Or where at gunpoint
they're giving food away.
One side the bay,
general strike;
on the other side,
armed struggle:
already they're spanned
by a steel bridge.
Who can say
why dark comets pass darkly by,
or where Atlantis might rise?

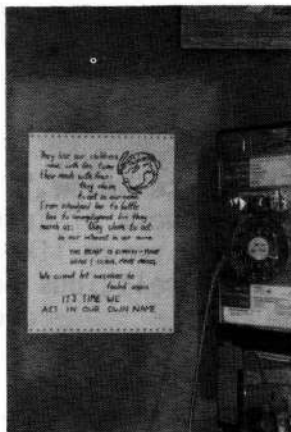
[Winter 1974]



of where Atlanta's might rise?

[Winter 1974]

[13th Wall]



They try to blur our children's
minds with lies, tame
their minds with fear:
they claim
to act in our name.

From schoolyard line to battle
line to unemployment line they
march us: they claim to act
in our interest in our name.

THE BEAST IS SLIPPERY - MANY
HEADS & CLAWS, MANY MASKS.

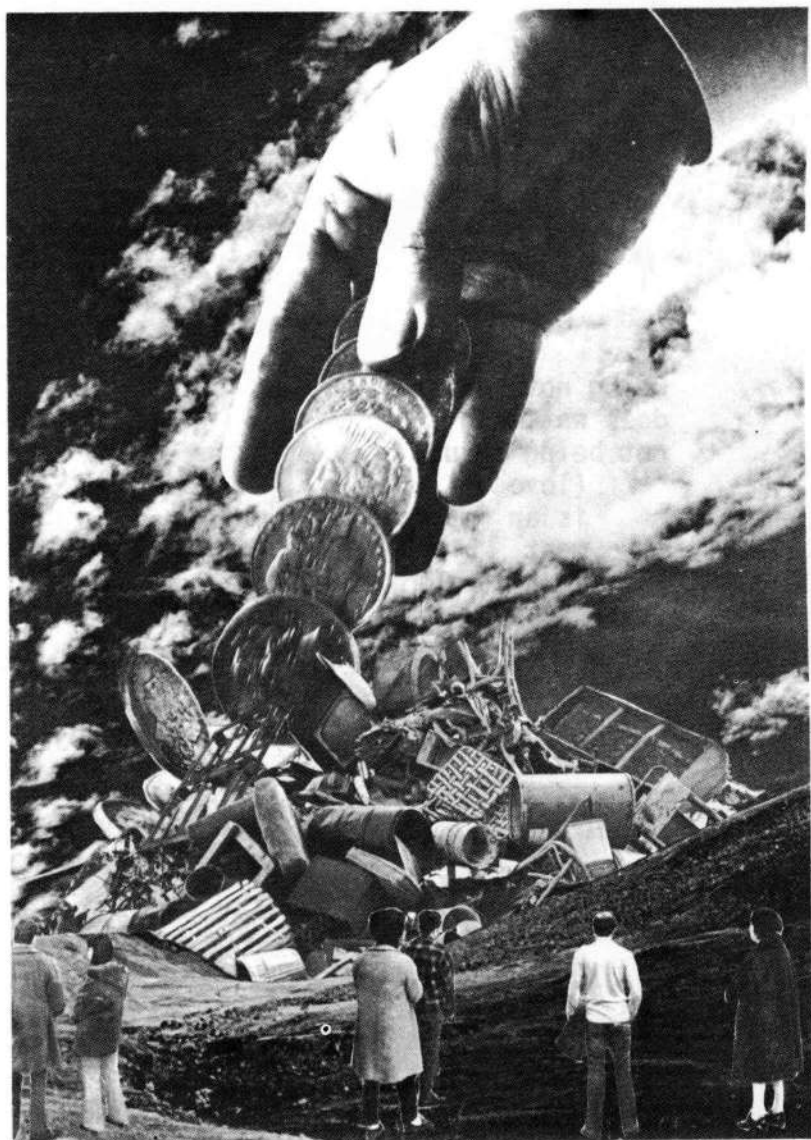
We cannot let ourselves be
fooled again.

IT'S TIME WE
ACT IN OUR OWN NAME.

"As above, so below,"
say the keepers of spiritual revelation.
And so they reign like gods
over their religious non-profit tax-
deductable corporations.

Can heaven really be
an authoritarian class society,
is business God's chosen organization?
What God? The God of Money?
Or is it just the choice
of those anointed
businessmen who peddle god-realization?

But suppose heaven really is fascist,
God with the face of Ford,
dressed like the Pope,
talks like Rockefeller
& smells like the Maharaji.
Well then,
don't be surprised to hear
that John the Baptist's back in jail,
and
Jesus on the streets
crying,
"Struggle, for the Commune is at hand!"



Being not sexist
does not mean
not being sexual
 (love
 is an imperative of meat;
 meat
 is a channel of mind).
Tenderness.

||: Yet death
is but a wind in the mind.

The clouds change.

(I dreamed only
of generations of birds
then awoke,
still enchained.

Money! Women!

Property!

Bankers bathe in blood

of porpoises & monkeys!

Step right up folks!

Watch the lawyers

pick their noses!

See the hula maidens

prance!

Soon

I began to think of guns.):||

Yet life
is a wind in the mind.

The clouds change.

Still,

to flow back

to the sunlit whispering hills,

we must first think of guns. |

So you picketed here & rallied there,
& marched through the streets
waving flags & singing,
& got a \$50 fine & a couple days in jail
& started to feel
it was all to no avail
when you saw no instant revolution...

Well, you can jump off, brother,
& swear it's the end of the line,
but swear as you will,
 this train's moving on!

As long as orphans have to trespass
to survive,
& money decides who gets a hospital bed
& who gets brutalized;
as long as schools regiment to prepare us
for bosses' rule in our jobs;
as long as those who labor are poor
& those who bark orders are rich;
as long as the people are slapped with a choice:
either submit or starve,

THERE WILL BE A MOVEMENT

Businessmen

create our poverty & perpetuate
it, then tell us we're
poor 'cause we're stupid or
lazy,

Businessmen steal
our every technologic
advance & hand us
back unemployment &

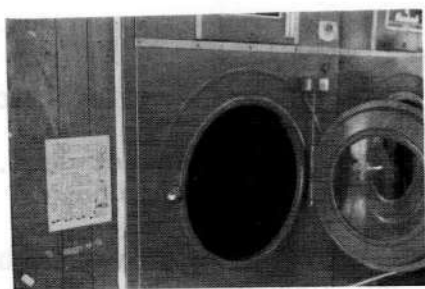
war,

Businessmen
structure fear into our
lives to control us, to
cheat us of our equal shares in
this our great grandchildren's
earth:

may their violence
return to them like
haunting dreams (even
now they are afraid to
walk the streets, even now
they are afraid to fall
asleep);

may their
jail terms be as long as
their bank balances.

[14th Wall]



[15th Wall]



When our blood begins to age,
our muscles slow,
our energy retreats
like sap from snow-crisp branches,
when life should begin to mellow:

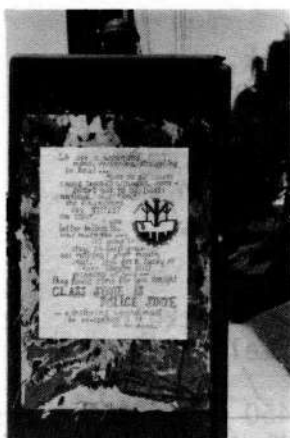
INTO THE GARBAGE HEAP!

expended with,
each of us,
for we'll no longer be
useful enough to them,
replaced at the office or machine
with fresher, more profitable flesh.
Then

 go sit in the park,
nothing in your pocket,
or stay home & watch TV
if you haven't hocked it.

The old know the truth:
When we're young
 they drain our lives into money;
when we're old
 they help us to get dead.
America is a slaughterhouse.

One by one we're expendable to them.
But together,
fighting back while we've still strength,
we can take care of each other
& expend with them.



[16th Wall]

We are a wounded
mind, festering, struggling
to heal...

"Got to be losers
'cause there's winners, some-
body's got to be boss:
natural selection," (the
financiers say),
"fittest on top."

& you
better believe it,
kid, & that's the way
it's going to stay,
so keep your ass moving & your
mouth shut. You been
lucky so far:
they're still
grinning at you -
they could come for you tonight!

CLASS STATE IS
POLICE STATE

... a festering wound must
be re-opened if it
is to heal.

Blue-collar woman,
fire in your arm
& grease on your cheek,
faded red bandanna tying your neck
with a granny knot for a locket;
after a hard day, tough & mean
or smiling like a mountain stream,
rally flier in your jeans,
phillips-head screwdriver
& 15/16th open-end wrench
sticking out your back pocket:

I just want to tell you
you look fine
driving that 1450 multilith press
clacking & hissing in 4/4ths time,
or rolling on that creeper
beneath that ten ton truck,
arc-welding that ship's truss,
or waving that picket sign.

I just want to tell you
it feels fine
to be hammering with you
on the assembly line,
or pouring concrete forms in rain,
or driving tractors across the plains,
or mopping floors,
or goofing off,
or laughing at the boss,
or shoveling earth for a sewer line.

Because it sure got to feel
pretty weird & unreal
when day after day
& year after year
I was forced to work only with other men.

I just want to tell you
I know it's a hard fight
for a working woman
of the working class;

I just want to tell you
you burn like the night
as you twist & weave
in your worker's dance.

[Billboard 1]



Bosses economy collapsing!
We don't need them;
survival means seizing our freedom!
We have nothing but each other.

How they mindwash our
children's reality, presenting
false images of
freedom & harmony
in a
 police-enforced
racist society
 where the "game" of business
 is just a front
 for the dictatorship of money,
&
 beneath advertising's
 happy-day smiles
lurks an incorporated fascist elite,
oh
 where is class struggle
 on Sesame Street?

Cast
off your personality, do
whatever occurs to your
brain, see the living crystal
structures of
reality, step out of your
bones & run in the
rain; attune your
energies to the great
streaming frequencies, share your
mind & meat with all
livingkind,
till your body stretches
to the ends of the universe
& the galaxies
are thoughts in your mind...

then come back.

And see this day-to-
day reality
where you wipe your ass & wear out
shoes & brains,
is as real, as perfect, &
includes all the rest,
& we don't fully exist outside it.

But...

there's
your boss still telling you
what to do, still making ten times
more than you, & for doing nothing, & if
you were to say shit about it, you'd
be fired, then how you going to
pay the rent? still children hungry
cold while stores are piled with
clothes & food. still Reagan,
Rockefeller, DuPont, Mellon, Ford, Chile,
San Quentin, Pepsi-cola, IT&T...



Can this be real?

Shut your eyes & hear a oneness in your
body singing; open your eyes &
see this wonderous singing universe;
open your eyes & see you're living
in a corporate fascist state.

Is the road to liberation to shut your eyes again?
Can you stop the slaughter by stopping it
in your mind?

Or must flesh liberate flesh
before mind will reflect it?

Meditation:

a thousand-petaled lotus,
a thousand picket signs.



[17th Wall]

In America there's
3 classes (or so they teach
in school): a few
rich, the middle class, &
a few poor; the
"middle class" includes almost
all of us, they say,
& we're in control...

SUCH MUDDLE IS
DESIGNED
TO FRAGMENT US
& SMOKESCREEN OUR
MINDS, DETACH

OUR WORDS FROM
WHAT WE SEE, OUR
FEELINGS FROM WHAT
WE FEEL.

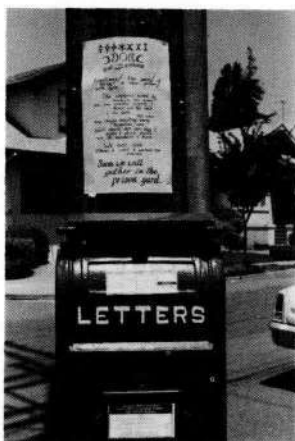
Our grandchildren will
admit to one another
that so many
of us shouted so loud that we
were "free"
because we were afraid
to face our slavery.

Money & property
rule
the people.

Businessmen padding their paunches,
people desperate in the street,
the economy slowly dissolving,
like a rotten peach.

Yet we must
survive, my sisters &
brothers, so let us
come close, as
close as our wounded souls are
able, breathe
deeply though the sky's not
clear, share
what poor food is left:
with each
other is our freedom, from
each other is our strength.
embryos need
warmth &
shadow.

Only if
we cultivate each other
will we harvest.



[18th Wall]

Sometimes / the pain/ of
being/ in this prison/
with you...

(the warden's owned by
bankers, our bosses
are our guards; property &
money are the walls
& the bars.

Yet even
now they're brawling among
themselves, over
which should own our days &
nights & which should
rule the mountains & stars.

WE MUST KEEP
STRONG & WAIT & WATCH THE
TOWERS

Soon we will
gather in the
prison yard.

(George Jackson, revisited)

[19th Wall]



EITHER YOU GOT A JOB OR YOU
GOT A HUSTLE. IF YOU'RE A
WORKER, MAN YOU GOT A JOB; IF YOU'RE
A BOSS, MAN
YOU GOT A HUSTLE.

How come we got to
work for hustlers, how
come they're
directing the show? Why can't

I work for you & you
for me, share what we
have, be each other's security?
Did God arrange things like
this? Nature's law, human
nature? Is our collective
mind diseased projecting
horrible dreams? Or am I
here alone in my
strange creation?

Still, consciousness has laws of its own.
awakening will begin in unbearable oppression,
when death is overcome
power will flow, renewal
(if not for their guns
our parents our grandparents
would have kicked them out long ago).

DAWN.

LIGHTNING FROM BELOW.

Speedup. Keep moving. No mistakes.

Grin at the boss, tearing a hole
in the side of your stomach worrying
it'll be you laid off
next month or next week.

They tell you to work to get ahead;
you work & work & get deeper in debt.
They tell you our country's the richest
in the world;
the country may be rich, but
tell it to the landlord
knocking at your door.

Inflation already taken
next year's vacation.

Inflation already digested years of savings
& next year's pay hike.

A bunch of crooks ruling our nation,
hoarding our wealth,
using inflation to bleed us dry:

GENERAL STRIKE!

To kick our the crooks & the bosses!

GENERAL STRIKE

For a shorter work week & useful work for
every hand!

GENERAL STRIKE

Produce for needs, not profits!

GENERAL STRIKE

For control of our jobs
& to take back our homes & tools & land!

STRIKE

STRIKE BACK

against the violence that rules our daily lives!

STRIKE

with every weapon we command!

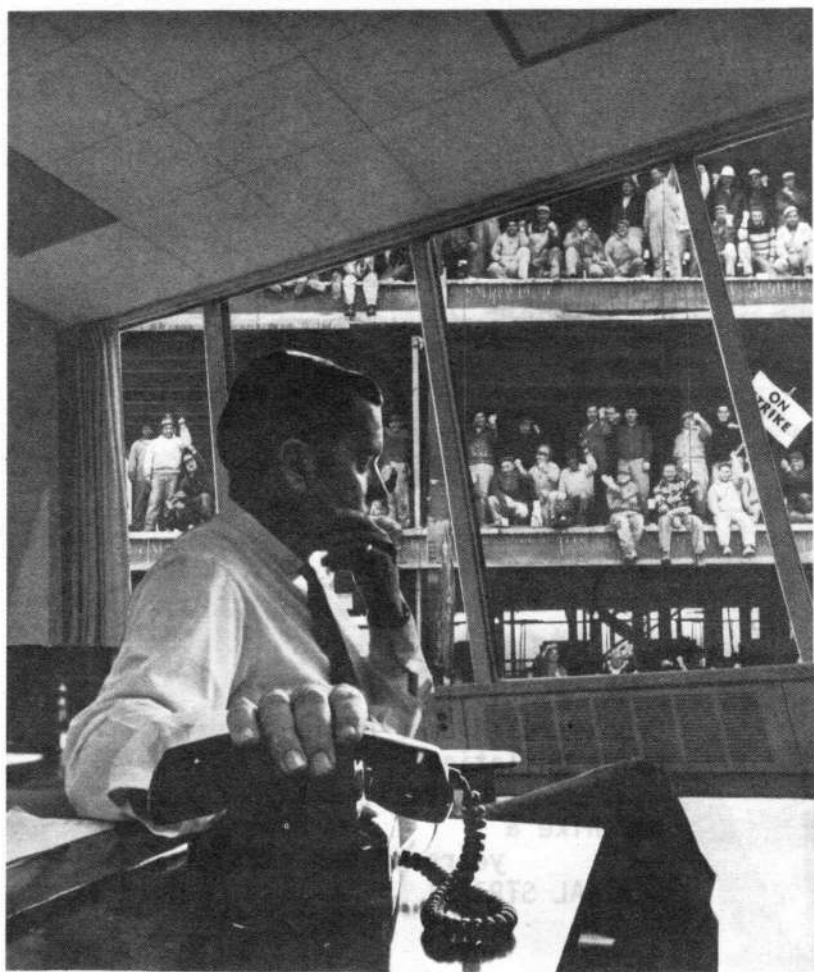
Like driving rain, overflowing rivers!

GENERAL STRIKE

For economic democracy!

GENERAL STRIKE!

Until they meet our just demands!



montage: Bruce Kaiper



20th Wall
- variation]

Crooks ruling our nation,
using inflation
to steal next year's
pay hike &
years of our savings!
GENERAL STRIKE!

[21st Wall]



Poor blacks, poor whites
competing for the same lousy jobs
that aren't even there:
 nobody getting a fair share.
So whiteman shoves brown
& brownman shoves back;
blackwoman maimed,
whitewoman attacked:
 huge corporate profits,
 poverty biting.
They try to keep us fighting
 for crumbs
to try to keep us from
 uniting.

Can you hear the great orgasmic drone
of this wonderous living universe?
Can you hear a million hungry children scream?

Can you see all the lovers in the world
who are making love right now,
feel the planetary pulsations?
Can you see all the lovers in the world
who are being beaten & thrown in jail,
can you taste the guards' humiliation?

Watch that hummingbird
hover by that poisoned rose!
Gaze deep in those damp lilac bushes:
sunglassed generals & tasteful bank presidents
in the shadows
peddling beaver pics
& blood of innocents!

Suppose there is a place beyond,
where none of us hungers or thirsts:
does that mean that therefore it doesn't matter
that here in this place
each day they knock us down,
each day kicked around,
each day worrying about the food & rent,
stick your neck out
& they take you away?

Gaze through the veils of the Kingdom of Heaven.
Gaze through the TV Kingdom of Heroin.

Can you see an act of liberation
in each defiant crime
against the bosses' property?
Can you see in each picket sign
a strike against the bosses' monopoly?
Can you see revolutionary struggle
as spiritual rebirth?

Visualize

The Democratic Commune of California.

Visualize

The Commune of Earth.



montage: Bruce Kaiper

I went up the mountain with Acutapetl:
he led me on a trail I could barely see,
through swamp & over precipice,
across raging streams;
& when I fell & cried I could go no farther,
suddenly he was gone;
I panicked, then pushed slowly on,
& met him by a fallen tree;
his eyes shone like dawn.
He pointed to a boulder
jutting from a grove of thorns,
& said, "Climb it. Tell me what you see."

I saw great forests burning
& animals fleeing,
white fish bellies floating like a carpet
on the sea;
I saw a million bulge-eyed children
throw stones at a wall;
an aged black-shawled woman shoplifting cheese;
I saw fierce explosions in numberless places,
hands drop from arms & walls drop from roofs;
babies & warriors crying in rubble,
numbers tattooed on every cheek;
guards wearing masks patrolling each corner,
tanks rumbling down every street;
I saw corpses in business suits
smile & shake hands
while puddles of blood clotted about their feet.

"Look," said Acutapetl,
in a voice like a bell.
"Tell me what you see."

I saw multitudes surge through the heart
of the city,
men & women sharing the front lines,
I saw police lines dissolve in the people's path,
soldiers ripping off their masks,

some running, some joining
the flash flood of flags & picket signs;
I saw blackmen & whitemen opening jailcells,
people hugging on every street,
I saw great factories run
without bosses or foremen,
millions of children planting trees;
I heard "union" on each lip,
saw communion in every deed;
I saw the ocean quench the planet
& the planet rock the sea;
I saw the planet
as a living conscious entity.

"Look," said Acutapetl,
in a voice like a well.
"Tell me what you see."

I gazed around once more
then down at him, & said,
"I see struggle. I see harmony."

[a spell against the enemy]

ATHEMA ATHEMA
 SYNATHEMA

H*U*M

 the leg of the chair.
conversations in a crowded room.

 rachel's ball.

I am confused.

 ...death is not the end of it.

 yet the pain...

 (I see but fear

I am mad, know but fear I am alone)

 Che climbs a tree

in Bolivia. Jill walks to the bed.

This is not reality but

 the structure of my mind.

 she lifts

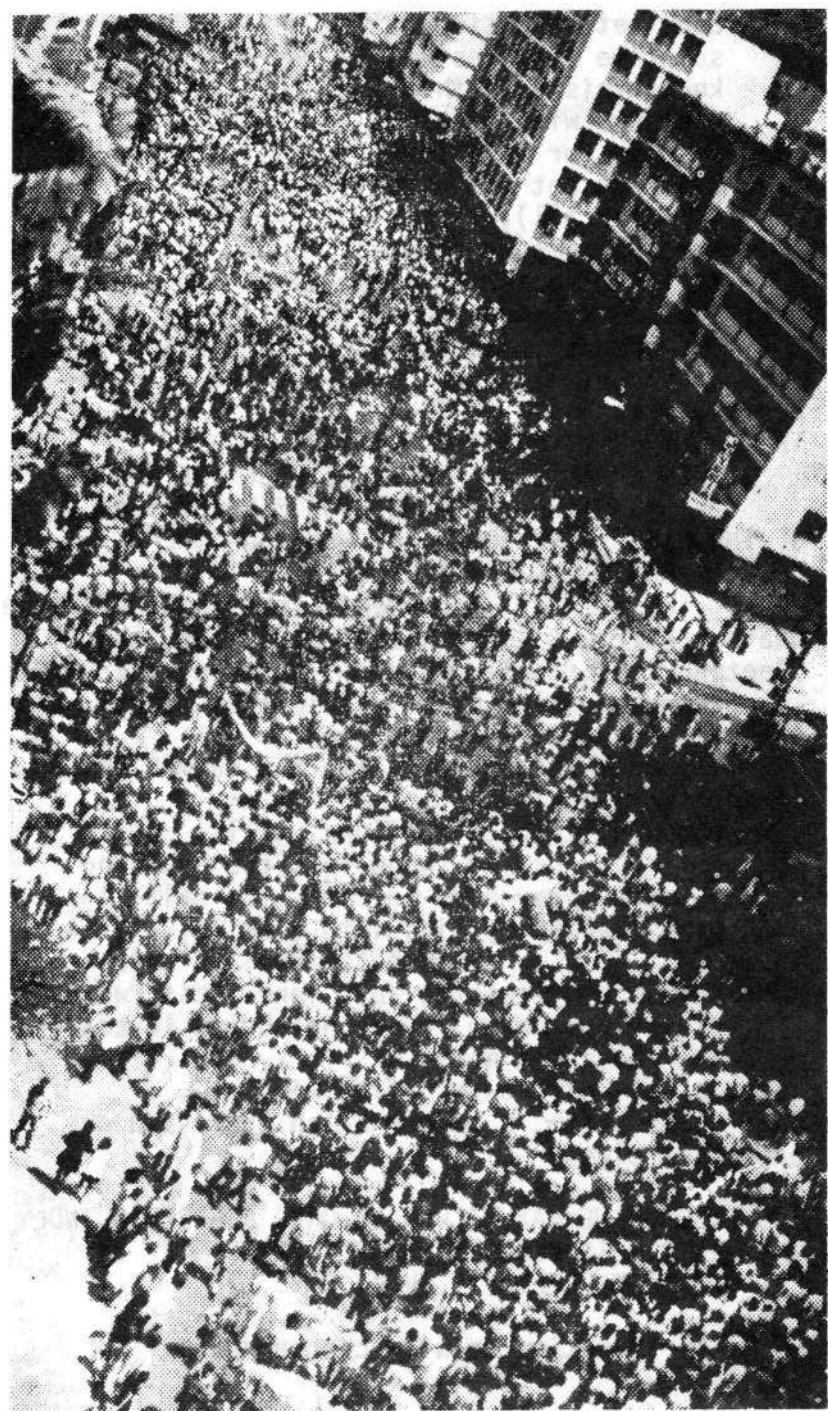
 her dress.

 interpretation. yesterday's mind.

To try to concieve
the extinction of consciousness
is thought.

 the extinction of consciousness
 is not thought.
 not-thought.

Still the leaves
darken & crumble, the tide
 rolls restlessly in:
 caterpillars
with minds of butterflies, butterfly
meatmind in a thousand clustered eggs,
thinking as it has thought without a
break for a million million
 years: all that



once set in motion will
sometime find rest, I
know, this pain this
pleasure will finally
resolve for us & for
all (but not for us until
for all), &
resolve when we choose
it. And sooner or later we
will choose it. And then will be
beyond, sensationless, without time
or place, without
person, yes. BUT

THERE & THEN IS NOT YET &

EVEN IF WE HOLD PERSPECTIVE OF THE NEBULAE
& STARS, OF A MILLION MILLION YEARS,
OF THE LIGHT, THE SOUND, OF MIND, OF DREAM,
WE ARE STILL NOW & HERE:

movement, imbalance, struggle,
death, rebirth - these transient bodies, these
fleeting joys, these tears! watching the
changes, being alive within them, part
of them, inseparable from them:

... your thighs soft like the summer sky...
in the ferry bow,

chopping through iceflows, gulls
crying swoop into the churning
wake, your hand in mine, the salt
wind freezes my lips into a smile...

just to feel, to have
bodies that can feel the joy, loneliness, weight
of loving, being loved, not being loved, of
having a mind, a
size, a sex, of growth, of growing old,
in a slave state, a member of an oppressed or
oppressor class.

THOUGH WE MAY EACH HAVE ONCE STEPPED BLINDLY
INTO THIS PLACE WE DIDN'T CREATE,
WE EACH CREATE IT EVERY DAY.

Sometime we will choose death

again, & it will choose us; I at least hope
to be ready, unattached to this specific vehicle,
anxious to voyage home to be renewed.

Till then
we are together in this body this
mind.

So let us move together
within the movement freely, being
of it, becoming with it, un-
afraid of where that becoming leads, for we can
only flow through, transform, giving seed in
ecstasy & joy, becoming seed ourselves
once more, like birds in the wildness, rain
in the ocean, sunset in the vast night sky,
for it can only lead to clarity:

a handful of millionaires own our land,
industries, resources, control our
government, our lives.

a qualitative rise in our collective
consciousness will express itself in heightened
awareness of our oppression; like a fetus
remembers it's always been both an embryo & a
child, we will remember the embryo we've been,
our history, remember
there are only two classes in the United States,
working & corporate ruling
(if you're not one you're the other),
remember what we are to become.

a mass expansion of our consciousness
will express itself
in revolution
to commune our land resources factories farms,
outlaw exploitation,
abolish privilege,
be our own government,
control our own lives,
restore the balance,
transform the pain,
recover the lost world.



GOOD WAYS TO PUBLISH YOUR WORK

Spray paint through a cardboard stencil.

To be legible, the letters should be at least 1 3/4 inches high. The largest stencil one person can handle is about 3 feet square. Bring lots of rags & solvent: this can get messy.

Posters & paste or staples

Silkscreen is easy to learn & inexpensive. You can use the same screens over & over again. If you're broke, scavage used computer paper.

Mix up a gallon of wallpaper (wheat) paste, add a couple cans of condensed milk. You'll need a big brush, a sheet of stiff cardboard, a cardboard box & some rags.

Park around the corner from where you plan to snipe. The cardboard is flat on the back seat of your vehicle, the paste bucket on the floor. Lay a few posters face down on the cardboard. Paint the back of the top one, fold it paste to paste, put it in the box. Do half a dozen or so.



montage: Bruce Kaiper