

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #1

I have just realized that the stakes are myself
I have no other
ransom money, nothing to break or barter but my life
my spirit measured out, in bits, spread over
the roulette table, I recoup what I can
nothing else to shove under the nose of the *maître de jeu*
nothing to thrust out the window, no white flag
this flesh all I have to offer, to make the play with
this immediate head, what it comes up with, my move
as we slither over this go board, stepping always
(we hope) between the lines

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #2

The value of an individual life a credo they taught us
to instil fear, and inaction, 'you only live once'
a fog in our eyes, we are
endless as the sea, not separate, we die
a million times a day, we are born
a million times, each breath life and death :
get up, put on your shoes, get
started, someone will finish

Tribe

an organism, one flesh, breathing joy as the stars
breathe destiny down on us, get
going, join hands, see to business, thousands of sons
will see to it when you fall, you will grow
a thousand times in the bellies of your sisters

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #3

store water; make a point of filling your bathtub at the first news of trouble : they turned off the water in the 4th ward for a whole day during the Newark riots; or better yet make a habit

of keeping the tub clean and full when not in use change this once a day, it should be good enough for washing, flushing toilets when necessary and cooking, in a pinch, but it's a good idea to keep some bottled water handy too get a couple of five gallon jugs and keep them full for cooking

store food — dry stuff like rice and beans stores best goes farthest. **SALT VERY IMPORTANT** : it's health and energy

healing too, keep a couple pounds sea salt around, and, because we're spoiled, some tins tuna, etc. to keep up morale — keep up the sense of 'balanced diet' 'protein intake' remember the stores may be closed for quite some time, the trucks may not enter your section of the city for weeks, you can cool it indefinitely

with 20 lb brown rice
 20 lb whole wheat flour
 10 lb cornmeal
 10 lb good beans — kidney or soy
 5 lb sea salt
 2 qts good oil

dried fruit and nuts
add nutrients and a sense of luxury
to this diet, a squash or coconut
in a cool place in your pad will keep six months

remember we are all used to eating less
than the 'average American' and take it easy
before we
ever notice we're hungry the rest of the folk will be starving
used as they are to meat and fresh milk daily
and help will arrive, until the day no help arrives
and then you're on your own.

hoard matches, we aren't good
at rubbing sticks together any more
a tinder box is useful, if you can work it
don't count on gas stove, gas heater
electric light
keep hibachi and charcoal, CHARCOAL STARTER a help
kerosene lamp and candles, learn to keep warm
with breathing
remember the blessed American habit of bundling

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #4

Left to themselves people
grow their hair.

Left to themselves they
take off their shoes.

Left to themselves they make love
sleep easily
share blankets, dope & children
they are not lazy or afraid
they plant seeds, they smile, they
speak to one another. The word
coming into its own : touch of love
on the brain, the ear.

We return with the sea, the tides
we return as often as leaves, as numerous
as grass, gentle, insistent, we remember
the way,
our babes toddle barefoot thru the cities of the universe.

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #5

at some point
 you may be called upon
 to keep going for several days without sleep :
 keep some ups around. to be
 clearheaded, avoid ' comedown ' as much as possible,
 take vitamin B along with amphetamines, try
 powdered guarana root, available
 at herb drugstores, it is an up
 used by Peruvian mountainfolk, tastes
 like mocha (bitter) can be put in tea
 will clear your head, increase oxygen supply
 keep you going past amphetamine wooziness

at some point
 you may have to crash, under tension, keep some downs
 on hand, you may have to cool out
 sickness, or freak-out, or sorrow, keep some downs
 on hand, I don't mean
 tranquillizers, ye olde fashioned **SLEEPING PILL**
 (sleep heals heads, heals souls) chloryll hydrate
 (Mickey Finn) one of the best, but
 nembutal, etc. OK in a pinch, remember
 no liquor with barbiturates

at some point
you will need painkillers, darvon
is glorified shit, stash some codeine & remember
it's about five times more effective
if taken with aspirin

ups, downs & painkillers are
the essence : antibiotics
for extreme infections, any good
wide-spectrum one will do, avoid penicillin
too many allergies, speaking of which
cortisone is good for really bad attacks
(someone who freaks out asthma-style, or with hives)

USE ALL THESE AS LITTLE
as possible, side effects multifarious
and they cloud the brain
tend to weaken the body and obscure
judgment

ginseng tea, ginger compresses, sea salt,
prayer and love
are better healers, easier come by, save the others
for life and death trips, you will know
when you see one

REVOLUTIONARY NOTE #6

avoid the folk
who find Bonnie and Clyde too violent
who see the blood but not the energy form
they love us and want us to practice birth control
they love us and want the Hindus to kill their cows
they love us and have a colorless tasteless powder
which is the perfect synthetic food . . .

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #7

there are those who can tell you
how to make molotov cocktails, flamethrowers,
bombs whatever
you might be needing
find them and learn, define
your aim clearly, choose your ammo
with that in mind

it is not a good idea to tote a gun
or knife
unless you are proficient in its use
all swords are two-edged, can be used against you
by anyone who can get 'em away from you

it is
possible even on the east coast
to find an isolated place for target practice
success
will depend mostly on your state of mind :
meditate, pray, make love, be prepared
at any time, to die

but don't get uptight : the guns
will not win this one, they are
an incidental part of the action
which we better damn well be good at,
what will win
is mantras, the sustenance we give each other,
the energy we plug into
 (the fact that we touch
 share food)
the buddha nature
of everyone, friend and foe, like a million earthworms
tunnelling under this structure
till it falls

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #8

Everytime you pick the spot for a be-in
a demonstration, a march, a rally, you are choosing the ground
for a potential battle.

You are still calling these shots.

Pick your terrain with that in mind.

Remember the old gang rules :

stick to your neighborhood, don't let them lure you
to Central Park everytime, I would hate

to stumble bloody out of that park to find help :

Central Park West, or Fifth Avenue, which would you
choose?

go to love-ins

with incense, flowers, food, and a plastic bag
with a damp cloth in it, for tear gas, wear no jewelry
wear clothes you can move in easily, wear no glasses
contact lenses

earrings for pierced ears are especially hazardous

try to be clear

in front, what you will do if it comes
to trouble

if you're going to try to split stay out of the center
don't stampede or panic others

don't waver between active and passive resistance

know your limitations, bear contempt

neither for yourself, nor any of your brothers

**NO ONE WAY WORKS, it will take all of us
shoving at the thing from all sides
to bring it down.**

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #9

advocating

the overthrow of government is a crime

overthrowing it is something else

altogether. it is sometimes called

revolution

but don't kid yourself : government

is not where it's at : it's only

a good place to start :

1. kill head of Dow Chemical

2. destroy plant

3. **MAKE IT UNPROFITABLE FOR THEM**

to build again.

i.e., destroy the concept of money

as we know it, get rid of interest,

savings, inheritance

(Pound's money, as dated coupons that come in the mail

to everyone, and are void in 30 days

is still a good idea)

or, let's start with no money at all and invent it

if we need it

or, mimeograph it and everyone

print as much as they want

and see what happens

declare a moratorium on debt

the Continental Congress did

' on all debts public and private '

**& no one 'owns' the land
it can be held
for use, no man holding more
than he can work, himself and family working**

**let no one work for another
except for love, and what you make
above your needs be given to the tribe
a Common-Wealth**

**None of us knows the answers, think about
these things.**

**The day will come when we will have to know
the answers.**

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #10

**These are transitional years and the dues
will be heavy.**

**Change is quick but revolution
will take a while.**

America has not even begun as yet.

This continent is seed.

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #11

drove across
San Joaquin Valley
with Kirby Doyle
grooving
getting free Digger meat
for Free City Convention
grooving
behind talk of Kirby's family
been here a long time
grooving
friendship renewed, neat pickup truck, we stopped
at a gas station
man uptight at the
sight of us, sight of Kirby's hair, his friendly
loose face, my hair, our dress
man surly, uptight, we drove
away brought down
(across fields of insecticide and migrant workers)
and
'Man' I said 'that cat
so uptight, what's he
so uptight about, it's not
your hair, not really, it's just
what the TV tells him about hippies
got him scared, what he reads in
his magazines
got him scared, we got to

come out from behind the image
sit down with him, if he
sat down to a beer with you he'd find
a helluva lot more to say than he'll find
with the man who makes your image
he's got nothing in common
with the men who run his mind, who tell him
what to think of us '

**SMASH THE MEDIA, I said,
AND BURN THE SCHOOLS**
so people can meet, can sit
and talk to each other, warm and close
no TV image flickering
between them.

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #12

the vortex of creation is the vortex of destruction
the vortex of artistic creation is the vortex of self destruction
the vortex of political creation is the vortex of flesh destruction
flesh is in the fire, it curls and terribly warps
fat is in the fire, it drips and sizzling sings
bones are in the fire
they crack tellingly in
subtle hieroglyphs of oracle
charcoal singed
the smell of your burning hair
for every revolutionary must at last will his own destruction
rooted as he is in the past he sets out to destroy

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #15

When you seize Columbia, when you
seize Paris, take
the media, tell the people what you're doing
what you're up to and why and how you mean
to do it, how they can help, keep the news
coming, steady, you have 70 years
of media conditioning to combat, it is a wall
you must get through, somehow, to reach
the instinctive man, who is struggling like a plant
for light, for air

when you seize a town, a campus, get hold of the power
stations, the water, the transportation,
forget to negotiate, forget how
to negotiate, don't wait for De Gaulle or Kirk
to abdicate, they won't, you are not
'demonstrating' you are fighting
a war, fight to win, don't wait for Johnson or
Humphrey or Rockefeller, to agree to your terms
take what you need, 'it's free
because it's yours'

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #20

(for Huey Newton)

I will not rest
till men walk free & fearless on the earth
each doing in the manner of his blood
& tribe, peaceful in the free air

till all can seek, unhindered
the shape of their thought
no black cloud fear or guilt
between them & the sun, no babies burning
young men locked away, no paper world
to come between flesh & flesh in human
encounter

till the young women
come into their own, honored & fearless
birthing strong babes
loving & dancing

till the young men can at last
lost some of their sternness, return
to young men's thoughts, till laughter
bounces off our hills & fills
our plains

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #21

Can you
own land, can you
own house, own rights
to other's labor, (stocks, or factories
or money, loaned at interest)
what about
the yield of same, crops, autos
airplanes dropping bombs, can you
own real estate, so others
pay you rent? to whom
does the water belong, to whom
will the air belong, as it gets rarer?
the american indians say that a man
can own no more than he can carry away
on his horse.

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #25

Know every way
out of your house, where it goes, every alley
on the block, which back yards connect, which walls
are scalable, which bushes
will hold a man.

Construct at least one man-sized hiding place
in your walls, know for sure which neighbors
will let you sneak in the back door & saunter out the front
while the Man is parked in your driveway, or tearing
your pad apart, which neighbors won't be home, which cellar doors
are open — whom you can summon in your neighborhood
to do your errands, check the block, set up
a getaway while you sit tight inside & your house
is watched . . .

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #26

**' DOES THE END
JUSTIFY THE MEANS? ' this is
process, there is no end, there are only
means, each one
had better justify itself.
To whom?**

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #27

How much
can we afford to lose, before we win, can we
cut hair, or give up drugs, take
job, join Minute Men, marry, wear their clothes,
play bingo, what
can we stomach, how soon
does it leave its mark, can we
living straight in a straight part of town still see
our people, can we live
if we don't see our people? ' It is better
to lose & win, than win & be
defeated ' sd Gertrude Stein, which wd you
choose?

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #28

**O my brothers
busted for pot, for looting, for loving
young beautiful brothers & sisters, for holding out hope
in both hands to the Man, enraging him
O my brothers, freaking out this moment
this beautiful summer evening
in all the cages of America
while the sun goes down on this fabled & holy land :**

**know that we have this land, we are filling its crevices
its caves and forests, its coastlines and holy places
with our mating flesh, with the fierce play of our children
our numbers increasing
we are approaching your cells, to cut you loose
to march triumphant with you, crying out
to Maitreya, across the Pacific**

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #29

beware of those
who say we are the beautiful losers
who stand in their long hair and wait to be punished
who weep on beaches for our isolation

we are not alone : we have brothers in all the hills
we have sisters in the jungles and in the ozarks
we even have brothers on the frozen tundra
they sit by their fires, they sing, they gather arms
they multiply : they will reclaim the earth

nowhere we can go but they are waiting for us
no exile where we will not hear welcome home
'goodmorning sister, let me work with you
goodmorning brother, let me
fight by your side '

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #14

are you prepared
to hide someone in your home indefinitely
say, two to six weeks, you going out
for food, etc., so he never
hits the street, to keep your friends away
coolly, so they ask no questions, to nurse
him, or her, as necessary, to know
'first aid' and healing (not to freak out
at the sight of torn or half-cooked flesh)
to pass him on at the right time to the next
station, to cross the canadian border, with a child
so that the three of you
look like one family, no questions asked,
or fewer, to stash letters, guns, or bombs
forget about them
till they are called for, to **KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT**
not to 'trust'
even your truelove, that is,
lay no more knowledge on him than he needs
to do his part of it, a kindness
we all must extend to each other in this game