



VOL. I

NO. 1



WHITE

WHITE SECTION OF THE SPIRIT OF LOGOS ORGANIZATION
BRONX, N.Y., ALTERNATIVE TO THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITIES



LIGHTNING

OUR BAG, YOUR BAG

OUR BAG! . YOUR BAG?

The story of our group and how it came into being is a very recent one. The history and the roots, however, are as old as that of our grandmothers and grandfathers. We are what is known as "white trash" to the ruling pigs of the nation. We are the wops, micks, polacks, kikes, and poor filth. The myth of the American dream became the same nightmare that our grandparents experienced in Europe. That myth has now been given to us to deal with. Our people left the ghettos and villages of Europe only to be put in ghettos and "dust bowls" over here.

When our people landed on these shores, the brainwashing process started immediately. Immigrants' island was the place where millions of our people were forced to give up their cultures, their names, their dignity and pride. They came here seeking higher wages and found the cost of "survival" twenty percent higher. The unity they had experienced in community life in Europe was destroyed by living in filthy, isolated tenement buildings, squeezed between hundreds of factories where they sweated their lives away. Others were scattered across the mid west where rich landowners had everything and they had ten acres of desert. Everytime our people tried to unite against this new oppressive government they were jailed, massacred (by the Army) or sold out by corrupt union officials and labor racketeers. When they turned to other means of supporting themselves, they were labeled "gangsters", "hoodlums", "scum of the earth."

The only compensation that has ever been offered to them, the only reason they were ever given to feel good was that they weren't "Niggers" and they weren't "Spics." As long as they were white they had a chance to make it. Hey sonny! ypu may grow up to be president! BULLSHIT!

And so with the tool of racism this government has managed to disunify millions of people, telling us we were better, even though we only had one less rat in our homes, even though we only made 13¢ more an hour, even though our mothers and fathers drank themselves to death in the local bars. They even have us killing each other in race riots. They blame Blacks and Puerto Ricans for all our problems. They say it is their fault for increased taxes, for the welfare system, for the ghettos. Never once do the ruling pigs mention that they are responsible for the conditions under which Blacks and Puerto Ricans live.

CONT. PG. 2



WHITE

I was raised in an all white working class trying to be middle class neighborhood and as far back as I can remember I always had less than all of my friends. The reason for this was probably because my father and mother divorced when I was about 4 and my brother 6. It was then up to her to support us. I guess it would have been easier on her if my so called "father" had sent the alimony he was supposed to, but he was too busy spending it on his on personal life. My grandparents and aunt lived next door and they did help her out but there was three of them and they had to provide for themselves.

Anyway, as I was saying in the beginning, my family always had less than most people we knew. My mother was working but she was only able to work a few hours a day because my brother and I got out of school early and she had to be home. She was only being paid about \$1.50 an hour and that didn't even provide for a dress in Alexanders bargain basement. Since the salary they paid her was so low and she was treated like shit, she quit, as a result.

During this time, I had become very insecure. I began to get very selfconscious about how I looked. My girlfriends were always wearing \$10.00 dresses while mine were only a dollar or two. It became very important to me to have whatever they had and look how they looked.

This led to one of the reasons that I quit that jail they call school. The girls that I was hanging out with were all a year or two older than I so they finished high school while I was still in the 11th grade. They all started working and getting money and I became very threatened because since I was not working and did not have the money I couldn't do what they were and most of all I couldn't hang out, so as it was I did the only thing I could do at the time, I quit school to get a job.

I got a job in the deep dark bourgeoisie jungle at 77th and Madison. I remember how phony and fucked up I had to act at the job because most of the people working there were from London and I didn't want these people (PIGS) to see that I thought they were better than me (I repeat "I thought" and that's only because I didn't know that these pigs were the white capitalists trash that kept me and my brothers and sister oppressed, in fact I didn't even know what capitalist meant).

It was about then when I was 16 that I started getting heavily into drugs. But first, I will give you a run down of how I got to heroin. When I was 11

years old I began smoking cigarettes and occasionally sniffing glue. At 12, I would go out drinking (beer) on the weekends. Then from about 13 until 16 I was smoking pot, popping pill, L.S.D., and all that other shit. It turned out that these drugs were not enough for me so when I was 16 I started shooting heroin. All of this came about because I was conditioned by the system to believe that if you don't have a \$50,000 bank account and at least one car you are not making it so therefore you are a reject of society (the petty bourgeoisie society). Because I didn't feel a part of society and really didn't want to be a part of that system, and at that time I didn't know how to bring about change, I just blocked it out by shooting dope. I was strung out on heroin for about two years and during that time people would come over and ask me why I was using. I would say that I just liked the high but the reality was that I didn't think that I could face a day being straight in this bullshit country they call "America the Beautiful".

W
I
T
H



In February of 1970, my mother (who knew my brother and I were using heroin) was very uptight because she had tried everything she could think of to try and help my brother and I, petitioned a warrant for my arrest to have me put in the Rockefeller Program which is the Narcotics Addiction Control Commission (a cover up name for jail). I knew what the program was all about because my brother and some of the people I knew had been there and I did not want to go so I voluntarily put myself into Logos which is a therapeutic community for the rehabilitation of drug addiction (such as Daytop, Phoenix, etc.). During my year stay at Logos, I learned how a therapeutic community is just there to take addicts and make them into middle class pigs later to be a part and fit into the bourgeoisie society.

When you are in a therapeutic community you are given certain job functions in the house, and since I was a woman and could type I was used and abused and treated like I was a walking business office. Then I was put in the acquisition Dept. (Hustling) this meant that I had to go out in the streets with my mini skirts and sell my body for some food or clothes for the house. (which of

course I never saw again or ate). The staff took just about everything hustled for themselves, even though the residents had hardly any food or clothes. (By sellin my body I mean having to act all sweet and seductive to the managers who we were hustling from). A therapeutic community will use you for any skill you have to benefit them to help them save and make more money.

The one thing that made it so hard for me to leave Logos, was that there you are taught that you shot dope to "cop out" or that you have terrible character disorders and they tell you that if you leave you will be doomed to shoot dope for the rest of your life. I believed it so it was hard to leave. It was only after about 60 of us took the step and left that I realized that it wasn't me who was the capitalistic pig oppressor, it wasn't me who had the character disorders but the society's leaders and the leaders of the so called rehabilitation centers. I also realized that by me and others using drugs, we are doing exactly what the pigs want us to do (this way we would be too doped up to do anything about them). That is the reason that the import of heroin into the U.S. has not decreased but in fact increased. The nine million dollar drug busts (heroin) that you see in the paper every so often is bullshit. The pigs in control bring it in so they can't bust themselves, can they? They could stop drugs coming into the country but if they did that they would have thousands of ex-addict revolutionaries to deal with and that is the last thing they want. As long as the dope comes in they have the addicts in the palm of their hands to do as they want with them. I also learned that it will be a very hard job to educate white addicts and street people because it is hard for a white person to look at how she or he is oppressed by society because society has let white's have a "white skin privilege", meaning that because of your color you can get a little more than others, but what we have to realize is that it only works if you have a \$ sign on your head. And this is what divides us, with each other and Third World people. So our job in the white section in the Spirit of Logos is to educate addicts about the system and to show them that instead of using dope to block out the system, they must educate themselves on their oppression so that they can have strength to fight back at the pig oppressors.

I have not used drugs for 21 months and I know that as long as I keep educating myself politically and struggling, I will never use drugs again.

FIGHT THE OPPRESSOR!
Rona Bernstein

FRIGHT

YORUBA'S TRIAL

This is the second thing that I've written in two years since I have dropped out school. It's a real struggle just to begin to think about writing it. The reason I am getting down to do it is because of the importance of it to me and to people who are reaching draft age. To---begin, Yoruba is Minister of Information of the Young Lords Party who is going on trial for two counts of draft resistance, refusing induction and not showing for his medical. The question now is "what does that have to do with me". First some background to show how it ties together. In 1917 a Jones Act to make Puerto Ricans U.S. citizens was brought before the Puerto Rican legislature and was voted down out was passed by the American congress and Puerto Ricans were made citizens against their will. Why? Because America needs poor people to fight it's wars and so they tried to make it look democratic but when that failed America said fuck it you're citizens and I'm drafting you. This was possible because America was the colonizer and had the power(militarily, economic) So the reason Yoruba is refusing the draft is because Puerto Rico is a colony(controlled militarily, politically, economically) by the U.S. and Puerto Ricans are not really citizens. The war in Vietnam is in the interest of a few rich Americans and not in the interest of the Puerto Rican people or in the interest of any working class and lumpen (unemployed or unemployable) people. The way most working class people deal with the draft is to look for the easiest way to serve the time. I know how this relates to me because the only choices that I saw was the draft or jail which is really no choice. So what I did was check out which was

YORUBA'S



TRIAL

the easiest branch of the service to serve the time. One thing that most people are aware of is that the rich kids don't go. One way or another they get an exemption which are not open for the poor. So while the war is in the interest of the rich, it is the poor who end up fighting. Some things that have already gone down with the trial is that the D.A. said it would only take him one hour to convict Yoruba. Think about how this ties in with what they teach you (the big lie, a person is innocent unless proven guilty). The reason Yoruba has been singled out is because the brother is a threat to the rulers because of his political views and the leadership he gives to his people and all people. A thing people should come and check out at his trial is the so called Jury of Peers (people who come from the same cultural economic and social background). See how this basic right is a farce.

Yoruba's trial is a trial of all poor oppressed people who refuse to fight the rich mans war. We can't let the man divide us again by telling us that it is just a Puerto Rican thing. We as poor working class whites must see this trial as a defense of our interest. What can we do? The man's too strong! BULLSHIT! Learn from our brothers and sisters in Puerto Rico. They built a strong anti-draft movement of hundreds and thousands and were willing to back up words with actions. Results, no one who refuses to serve is prosecuted in Puerto Rico. In New York, Yoruba showed up for trial with people to support him and it blew the judges mind who granted an extension of the trial. The only fight lumpen (unemployed or unemployable) and working class people have is against the real enemy- ruling class, Rocky's, Nixon's. We must unite, not support. To support is to stand by and agree. To unite is to become one with, to put yourself on the line with your body, your time and your resources. Ways to fight back - Come to the trial, attend rallies, distribute leaflets in schools, build anti-draft movements. SUPPORT YORUBA!!!

YORUBA'S TRIAL IS OUR TRIAL!
S.O.L., WHITE LIGHTNING
BUFFY
POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Swiss-up in their pockets and the thousands of our white brothers and sisters who are strung out on the MAN'S PLAGUE, HEROIN!

To Our Brothers and Sisters

"White Lightning" is the white section of the S.O.L. organization (Spirit of Logos). The S.O.L. is a group of ex heroin and pill addicts that left one of the city's bullshit drug programs (Logos). Once again we were confronted with the same middle class bullshit lies that we were running away from with heroin. Rather than go separate ways, we stayed together and formed the spirit. Our Black and Puerto Rican brothers and sisters are organizing their people in the South Bronx. Our section will be working with white Lumpen(street people).

All Power to all Oppressed
People
Unity then Victory
Off the Pig

Willie, a White Brother

Our Bag, Your BAG Cont'd from pg. 1

Never do they talk about chaining Black people in the bottom of ships to work as slaves here. And "they" are the jive creeps who run this country. The Rockefeller's, the DuPonts, the Vanderbilts and the other pig families.

This section is not meant as a flag waving section for our parents. We all know they try to ram a lot of shit down our throats. But we have to recognize who the real enemy is, the ones who conditioned our parents to the point where they fuck us around.

Something which we see as very tragic is the fact that the truth, the reality of what it has meant to be poor and white has been shut off to White brothers and sisters our age. The jive tool that this government has set up, the "generation gap" has kept us from talking to our mothers and fathers and learning the truth. That truth is available to us in every working class home. We never wanted to know why it was that our mothers and fathers spent their pay checks in the bar. We never try to learn why our fathers spent three years in jail in 1932-35. We never learned that our grandparents sold apples on 125th Street before it be-

came all black.

We may have a TV or our own room, we may even be lucky enough to have a used car, but believe me brothers and sisters, if you sat down and rapped to your parents and found out how they had to bust their asses to get those bullshit possessions (while their pig bosses ride around in cadillacs to their scarsdale homes), you'd cry yourself to sleep and be ready to "off the pigs" tomorrow. Those wrinkles and white hair on our mothers and fathers heads didn't come from luxury

READ YOUR WHITE WORKING CLASS HISTORY

We're uptight, we're pissed off, we're fucking angry--because everything this system has taught us from the day we were born is a crock of shit. And we better get hip quick, because they are slowly but surely killing us off. If they don't get us by sending us to "kill or be killed" by other "poor" people in Viet Nam, then they will get us with a bag of skag or a bottle of booze at home.

We can point out "Niggers" this and "Spics" that. We can complain about "Gooks" and "Comms". But we have to see the thousands of whites who are lining city alley ways with

John Brown-W.E.B. Dubois
Helen Keller- her Socialist
Years-Phillip S. Foner
Dynamite-Story of Class
Violence in America
Louis Adamic
Intellectual Origins of
American Radicalism
Staughton Lynd(Don't Let
The Jive Name Turn You Off)
Morning Star-Elinor Hays
Rebel voices-IWW Anthology
Joyce Kornbluh
Haymarket Martyrs-P.S. Foner
The Case of Joe Hill-Foner
Labors Unfold Story-Foner

F.T.A.

G.I.'s DON'T LIE

F.T.A.*

When I was drafted into the army, I didn't know what was happening. As with everything else at the time, I said Fuck it.

When I went down for my physical, I was stoned on goof balls; but that didn't seem to matter to them. I said "man, these people will take anybody."

Some people told me what I could expect, but I figured I could handle it. Man, if it wasn't for the stockade (which they make a point of showing you), I would have split. It's the most rigid physical and mental changes I've ever gone through.

And why, to become one of the many fibers that comprise the mighty arm of imperialist Amerika. I hated it. But I couldn't understand it, so, as I had done in civilian life, I blamed it on myself. I must be fucked up; I can't seem to fit into this so called normal Amerikan life style.

I used to get fucked up on drugs every pass I would get. I wasn't alone either. All the Brothers feeling the same oppression would get fucked up too--maybe on alcohol or anything that would deaden their thinking.

Once you're in the army, you are stripped of everything you own, including your identity. They give you another one. You are called ASSHOLE. Man, after all the shit you have to put up with, you feel like one.

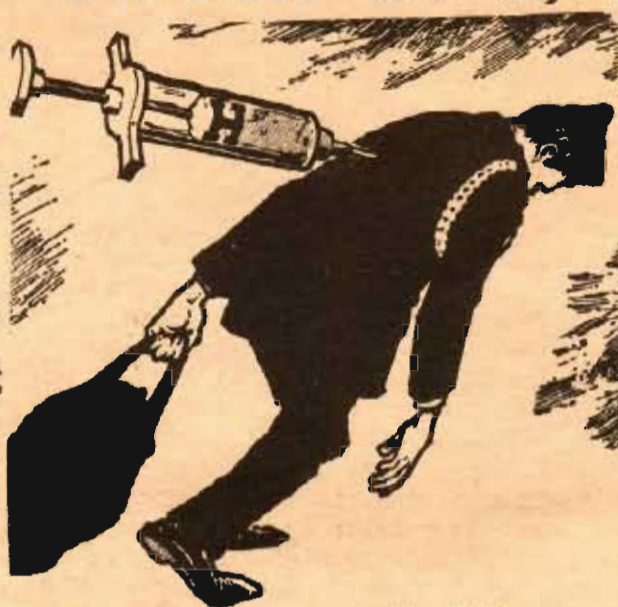
I didn't consciously know I was being conditioned into a racist, imperialist thug. While training you, they make the Vietnamese revolutionaries seem like brainless fanatical murderers who are drug-crazed and have no respect for human life. And we are supposed to help the South Vietnamese people destroy them. I found this to be bullshit when I went over there. The people don't want us over there. They know we are there for profit, not for their benefit. The only so-called drug crazed people I saw were the oppressed G.I.s and South Vietnamese people, who were supplied these drugs by the South Vietnamese fascist puppet government.



I was in the infantry. To qualify for that section you have to be a leftover from the cream of the people who pass the intelligence test they make you go through. If you get a low score on the test or don't know a trade, you are expendable and go into the "do every shit job" infantry. Also, there is a better chance of getting killed.

While in Vietnam I started to become aware of a thing called Class. The word "class" meant nothing to me then, but what did was how the officers lived and worked and how we (the rank and file) lived and fought. They had us building their messhalls, officer's latrines, and even their living quarters, which always were built first and better than ours. When it came to fighting, it was the same way. Very few low ranking officers and all of the rank and file G.I.s served on the front lines;

UNCLE SAM, PUSHER MAN



while the Brass were well within safety.

Most of us didn't know what the fuck we were doing there. After being told by the army that the people of South Vietnam needed and wanted us, we learned from the Vietnamese people that this was a lie. A lot of us realized it was ALL BULLSHIT. What were we to do? Either we fought or went to the stockade and were blacklisted for the rest of our lives.

With all this oppression coming down, I started dealing with it in my usual way--drugs. I was far from being alone. Brothers who never turned on before were turning on now. I'm not just speaking about reefer either. Most of the time they used ups and downs and sometimes opium.

This brings something very interesting into play. When I was there (1966-67), I didn't see any heroin, and, man, if it was around I would have found it. When I went over to Vietnam, the young draftees weren't conscious of what was really happening. In the last five years they have become a lot hipper and started checking out the truth for themselves. They show this change by protesting, more often going AWOL, not taking orders in Vietnam, offing their own officers, and reading new GI papers like the Bond



G.I.s are developing new anti-imperialist consciousness. So what is the best way for the pigs to deal with all this unpatriotic commie stuff. Heroin was their answer and what a beautiful answer it was for them. What control! Bring in some pure heroin, real cheap too, two to three dollars a vile--equivalent to about twenty or thirty dollars in the states.

Once a brother is hooked on heroin he will put up with anything. He doesn't care about My Lai, Jackson State, Kent State, or Attica, all he wants is a fix and he'll do whatever he is told.

Now that all the Brothers are coming home hooked on heroin, it is looking very bad. So the pig Nixon (the biggest puppet of the ruling class) bullshits about rehabilitation. The shit he sets up is a joke. First they told the G.I. "all right boys, you can come into our rehabilitation places and nothing will be put on

your records." A tremendous amount of G.I.s went for it and joined up. Right after they did, the pigs said "after thinking about it, we will put it on your record." This means they are liable to be blacklisted from any half-ass job once they get back into the states.

But that's only half of it. The second phase of control comes in when the G.I.s come home with a habit on heroin. From the front lines to the unemployment lines. Now he's not only unemployed, but he's got one hell of a jones (habit on heroin). So he is forced to steal, lie, cheat, and get busted. Then he is faced with either jail, probation, or a therapeutic environment--all control methods of the pigs. If he makes any waves, he'll be squashed.

Well, pig, I got news for you. There is a solution that will squash you, your class, and the system of oppression that protects you. That solution is in harmony with the heroic Vietnamese people and other people of color who are fighting for their national liberation and the poor and working people of Amerika who are struggling to build a decent society--not based on profit, but on human needs.

That solution is socialism, and we will win, Mother Fuckers, we will win!

Ex-victim of the Heroin Plague
Ex-G.I.

John Maher
All Power to the People

A P P

AN APPEAL FOR YOUR SUPPORT

Being political, in the simplest sense of the word, means understanding that you share a common interest in supporting the struggles of other people and other groups. The only way that oppressed people can ever win the freedom that is their birthright is by uniting independently of their enemies.

White Lightning fully recognizes that without the sacrifice and struggle of other community people and groups, particularly the Young Lords Party, Health Revolutionary Unity Movement, Lincoln Collective, Lincoln detoxification program, and the workers at Lincoln Hospital we would not have been able to survive and grow. Their support gave us the life-line we desperately needed in order to begin to defend ourselves against a weapon of oppression that is threatening to exterminate a whole generation of our people--the heroin plague.

We have never been a paper organization that speaks in the name of victims of the heroin plague but provides no concrete services for them. Our whole history, on the contrary, has been to be so absorbed, in serving and defending our people that we have been hampered in putting out a regular newspaper and waging political offensives against the institutions and political system that has created and benefits by the heroin plague.

We urgently feel the necessity of moving offensively against the heroin plague to destroy its root causes and not just respond to its ever increasing casualty list. In order to do this work we need the support of all poor and working

BLACK LISTING

WE DEMAND AN IMMEDIATE HALT TO ALL FORMS OF BLACKLISTING AGAINST

FORMER VICTIMS OF THE HEROIN PLAGUE

Blacklisting is not a new term that White Lightning suddenly invented. Nor does it relate to a form of oppression that is restricted only to former victims of the heroin plague.

Blacklisting is the systematic denial of social opportunities to particular individuals and groups because of the political threat they pose to the handful of rulers that own American society.

Blacklisting emerged as a common practice during the historic battles between working people and the owners of industry over the right of workers to join unions and defend themselves against the unquenchable greed of the owners. Militant black and white workers who fought for this basic right were singled out by the bosses and "blacklisted" from employment (or denied the chance to work. Bosses of different industries circulated lists of blacklisted workers among each other and effectively drove many workers to the brink of starvation. Only when masses of workers from many shops and industries put aside their differences and united both at their work places and in political actions were they able

to loosen the grip of the bosses blacklist.

White Lightning and other rebellious victims of the heroin plague are confronted with a similar, but more total form of blacklisting.

The drug treatment industry is a billion dollar business enterprise. As an agency for social change it has been a criminal failure. It has made virtually no advances in its much heralded 'war against drugs.' Over eighty percent of the people who enter therapeutic communities and other drug programs leave before they are officially graduated as "reformed" "junkies" and "dope fiends." Most of them return to drugs. Of the 20% remaining, around 15% of them are actively engaged in working, in one way or another, with some drug treatment business. The reason for these disgusting statistics is simple: the drug treatment industry was never

crush rebels with an unusually cruel form of blacklisting. People who are simply fed up at being treated as adolescent work-machines and who leave these 'programs' unofficially or people who have been purged for standing up to their oppressors, are denied every opportunity to meet their basic needs in the outer society.

White Lightning and other members of the Spirit of Logos have faced the full brunt of this vicious system of blacklisting, especially since we have rebelled not as isolated individuals but as part of an organized movement. As a result of blacklisting, we have been denied the right to work, prevented from acquiring needed job skills and going to school, and refused the few crumbs that welfare could throw our way. Our social relations with people who have never used drugs have been sabotaged by staff-goons. They tell our parents and friends that we are surely in the streets poking needles in our arms. These pigs say we must have the door slammed in our faces--for our own good. Our parole officers have received savage letters and phone calls claiming that we are a band of criminal dope fiends bent on wrecking drug programs. In effect, they are told to imprison us.

Unfortunately many professionals and semi-professionals who have some power over our lives have accepted these vile slanders as true, and therefore have become part of our problem.

Obstructing every social avenue of survival in the past always meant driving our people into the same limited situation that the heroin plague thrives on.

White Lightning has learned first hand that for the 'crime' of threatening the interests of the vampire-owners of the drug treatment industry, victims of the heroin plague are made targets of murder. Blacklisting former victims of the heroin plague from every social opportunity to survive without relating to narcotic poisons, is to willfully attempt to murder them.

White Lightning has learned much from our own painful experiences and the heroic examples of blacklisted workers and community people. The level of oppression we suffer makes individual attempts to hustle "the system", sliding past the reality of blacklisting, disastrous failures. Our chances of survival have always been in direct proportion to the degree of unity and collective struggle that we have maintained. Time in and time out we have learned this.

Organizing ourselves as a force capable of fighting back against the system of boss-owned industries is our main task. We are building a political organization that can link up with other oppressed people. It is the only real chance we have at living a decent life.

Finally, history has repeatedly shown that every worker and oppressed person has a vital stake in joining with us to strike back at every form of blacklisting. Today it is us, tomorrow it could very well be you.

Blacklist the bosses' "right" to oppress us!

All Power to Oppressed People!
White Lightning

THE WORD BLACK LISTING ALSO HAS RASCIST ORIGINS. IF YOU'LL NOTICE, BLACK IS ALWAYS USED TO DESCRIBE SOMETHING EVIL OR BAD. (EX. BLACK BALLED, BLACK HEARTED, BLACK MAGIC) IT IS USED TO MAKE BLACKS AND OTHER PEOPLE OF COLOR FEEL INFERIOR AND GIVE DOOR AND WORKING-CLASS WHITE'S A FALSE SENSE OF SUPERIORITY. SMASH RASCISM. UNITY THEN VICTORY

the drug treatment industry was never designed to serve our people, but rather to fatten the wallets of the bosses and owners--just as in any other industry in this country.

Our society has prepared three alternatives for victims of the heroin plague: government supported drug treatment industries, prison, or death. People who walk through the door of a drug 'program', walk through with a gun barrel pressed to their skulls. The owners of the drug treatment, therefore, have a free market of slave labor. Bosses of therapeutic communities have their resident-workers slaving up to 12, 14, and 16 hours a day. They don't pay them a cent, and, in addition, reap a welfare check and a certain amount of city, state, or federal funds per sweating body. After proving that they are slaves who have thoroughly learned to accept their oppression without a rustle of protest (this generally takes 12 to 18 months), the resident-worker may be salaried. They start at \$5,200 a year for 10-12 hours of labor a day, 6-7 days a week. Overtime pay is unheard of.

Obviously these bosses, many of whom own huge plots of land, have a stake in preventing rebellions against their airtight empires. They

EAL

people who are in the direct line of fire of the heroin plague.

Victims of the heroin plague come to use with nothing. They comprise one of the very most oppressed sectors of American society. Not only are they oppressed because of their class position (criminal records, lack of job skills, etc.), but they face a peculiarly harsh form of discrimination because of the common prejudices against 'junkies' and 'dope fiends,'

We are urgently in need of all types of material necessities (or money) such as furniture, clothing, paint and hardware supplies, food, stationery supplies, etc. In addition we need the active assistance of people, especially people who have positions that are privileged compared to ours, who can actively assist us with housing, legal aid, employment and medical services.

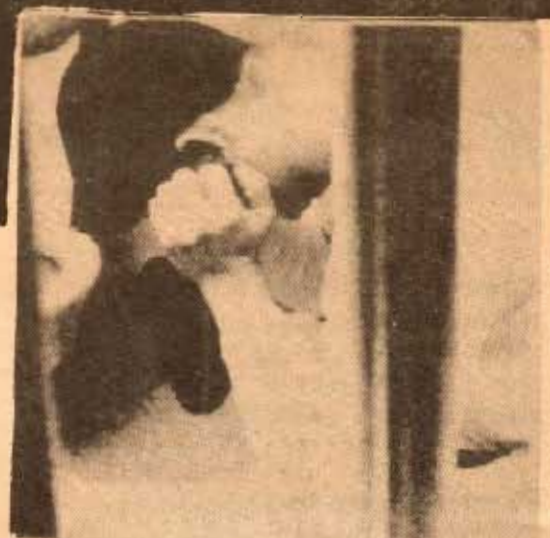
Your support has a two fold meaning for us.

First, it concretely services the pressing, immediate needs of victims of the heroin plague and provides them with a decent chance to learn to deal with American society without turning their rage inward against themselves.

Secondly, it provides us with the breathing space to be on the street organizing our brothers and sisters into a strategic force that can begin assaulting the institutions and social system that needs the heroin plague in order to exist. Your support means that we can move on to a new stage of political struggle where our enemies, not us, will be on the defensive.

Unity, then Victory
White Lightning

LEARNING ABOUT CLASS



I started attending catholic elementary school when I was 6 years old. My older sister was one year ahead of me in the same school. The starting day was frightening because it was the first time that I had ever been away from my home by myself. The school and its staff nuns were intimidating with their black cloaks and strict methods of teaching. As far back as I can remember the only reason I did any work at all was out of fear. On many occasions I would raise my hand for permission to use the toilet but was told to put my hand down and be silent. Not being outspoken and being frightened half out of my pants I would urinate on myself. At other times we would have hymn or communion practise. I can remember being caught not singing and the nun would round up all of us who didn't sing and command us to put out our hands palms up. We would get whacked with a ruler until we cried. If we didn't demonstrate that our spirit was broken (if we didn't cry) we would get hit in the face.

As I got older I refused to do my homework, either because I didn't understand it or because I reacted to the authority of the nuns. As punishment I was brought to my sisters class room and made to kneel in front of her class for 2 hours. The idea behind the punishment was to make me feel like an isolated idiot in front of other students and to turn my sister against me. My sister would then go home and report my "misbehavior" to my parents who played their part in making me feel like a moron. My yearly attire was a crew-cut, brown oxfords and baggy pants. I could never have any girlfriend because I felt out of place and not in with the styles. When it came time to graduate I did as best I could in grades and received a 93% average for the year. I then took the Catholic high school entrance exam and I was accepted for 3 schools. At that time it was the thing to go to Catholic high school. But because my family moved they couldn't afford any of the schools tuition. When school started the next year I entered James Madison high in Brooklyn.

In public school it was a new and different experience. In catholic school there weren't any 3rd world people. Part of my whole false consciousness was that better education exist in all white schools. In my second year I began noticing that most of the hip people were the rich or middle class people which I resented. They always got the good grades, the nice looking girls, went to parties and always dressed in style. I always felt like a goon because my family couldn't afford these things. All the hip people were into a whole psychadelic thing. I started to

get involved with acid, speed but still felt rejected by those people. So I began relating to black people in school where I felt more accepted. I had been using heroin for 1 and a half years already but to be down with most of the black people I increased my habit and started stealing alot more. This went on and on and then came graduating time. I started to experience a sense of never getting anywhere. I always felt put down, stupid and hated alot of Jewish people because they were privileged as I mentioned before (Hip People). I was constantly in the deans office for cutting classes, fighting and wearing dungarees which didn't fit the middle class taste. After going from a academic course which I couldn't pass to dum peoples general course. The principal called me to his office for a bargain. It was May 1968 near the of the year and he said if I would leave school now he would pass me for the year and if I went to summer school and passed he would give me my diploma. So this was pretty simple to me, I mean being strung out and all, what more could a junkie ask for. So I bargained with him, went to summer school and got my general diploma which I haven't used until this day.



KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND YOU WILL GO A LONG WAY

Towards the end of 1969 I went to Daytop village where I stayed for 5 months. I entered this therapeutic community because I heard you could kick a habit and learn about yourself. When I was interviewed I was told I couldn't think, it was my own fault I used drugs and I could not deal with my feelings. I saw that if you compete with your fellow residents you could get privileges (clothing, \$1.00 a week-numan basic needs, and also better food). I was there 2 months with the thought of violating probation if I left

pounding in my head. I could not take their oppressive mental beating any longer so I stole a camera and left and bought some heroin. My P.O. told me I must go back or go to jail. So I returned only to be put on display for the whole community with a half-shaved head and on my knees begging them to save my life. I stayed for 2 more months and left to do the only thing I could, shoot dope. Eventually, I was picked up for a warrent and sent to Rikers Island for 5 months. I was then sent to a new drug program called Logos. Again I stole money and shot dope in the house. I was given an interview when I came in by Daytop graduates working for Logos so when they heard my experience in Daytop they put me through the same ringer again. I stayed this time for 14 months, meeting a lot of residents who struggling with me to make political connections and rise up and fight the staff in this institution resulting in the forming of the Spirit of Logos White Lightning.

I have referred in this article to 3 supposed institutions of learning (I could add prison as a 4th)

I have learned at almost the price of my life that these institutions don't teach the people but track people from different classes into different social positions. Wealthy white people are tracked into priveleged and authoritatian positions. People of color, working class and poor people are tracked into unskilled, inferior positions, the army and heroin.

The only organization where I have really learned and developed is the Spirit of Logos. Together we have learned about the real world not found in the fairy tales of text books. We have learned how the class society has tried to destroy us and pin the blame for their destruction on our own "individual failures". We have learned together about our basic worth and the essential role that we and our families have played in creating the wealth of this country.

We have learned to have confidence in our-selves and to fight for a society where we the people will rule society in our interests and not in the interests of a small oppressive minority.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE
PETE DONNELL

S.O.L. PLATFORM

I. WE WANT AN END TO THE USE OF NARCOTICS FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROFIT MAKING OPPRESSION AND GENOCIDE BY CAPITALISTS.

Throughout the history up to the present, oppressive (capitalists) governments have used drugs as a tool for pacification and extermination of those people that are most oppressed.

II. WE WANT AN END TO THE CONDITIONS THAT CAUSE OUR PEOPLE TO USE NARCOTICS.

The reasons that our people relate to narcotics as a way of life is because there are a number of realities that are hard to deal with. Ex: Sexism, Racism, living conditions (class) etc. We have been taught to think in such a way, that we don't see a solution to our problems. In order for our people to stop relating to narcotics, these conditions have to be abolished.

III. WE WANT ALL NARCOTICS PROFITEERS OUT OF OUR COMMUNITIES.

As confused as we may be, we would not relate to narcotics if they were not available to us. The pushers that profit from the narcotics traffic are backed by the pigs.

IV. WE WANT COMMUNITY EDUCATION ON THE TRUE NATURE OF NARCOTICS ADDICTION.

One of the ways of preventing our people from relating to narcotics as a way of life, is for our people to understand the purpose of narcotics in our communities and how the system we live under directs us towards the use of narcotics.

V. WE WANT COMMUNITY-WORKER-PATIENT CONTROL OF ALL NARCOTICS REHABILITATION PROGRAMS.

Programs that are set up to deal with narcotics addiction, have always been run with the purpose of profit making and with the ideals of whoever is running it. The patients, workers, and the community have never had a say in the running of the programs, and subsequently they do not meet the needs of the people.

VI. WE WANT ALL NARCOTICS PROGRAMS TO TEACH THE TRUE NATURE OF NARCOTICS ADDICTIONS.

Programs have always related to therapy, usually based on Freud. Therapy does not deal with the problems of Third World and Poor White people in this society. It does not deal with the realities of narcotic addiction. These things must be taught in order for addicts to be able to deal with their problems.

VII. WE WANT THE ELIMINATION OF LEGAL ADDICTIVE DRUGS AS AN ALTERNATIVE TO NARCOTIC ADDICTION. EX: METHADONE, HEROIN, ETC....

Making any drug legal to deal with the problem of narcotic addiction is only an open way of keeping our people enslaved by the government. It is not dealing with the problem of the individual under the influence of such drugs.

VIII. WE WANT THE HUMAN RIGHTS OF ALL NARCOTIC ADDICTS AND EX-NARCOTIC ADDICTS TO BE RESPECTED.

Narcotics addicts are the victims of this capitalists system. In this society, narcotic addicts and ex-narcotic addicts are treated like beasts. The pigs have been brutalizing them mentally and physically.

IX. WE WANT THE IMMEDIATE RELEASE OF ALL PRISONERS BUSTED ON NARCOTICS OR NARCOTICS RELATED CHARGES.

The government does not have the right to put narcotic addicts in concentration camps for narcotics or for crimes committed to support narcotic habits, because "they" are the cause of narcotic addiction.

X. WE WANT THE PIGS TO STOP USING DRUGS AS AN EXCUSE TO INVADE OUR COMMUNITIES AND OPPRESS OUR PEOPLE WITH THE BACKING OF LAWS. EX: THE NO-KNOCK LAW.

The government has been using drugs as the reason why there are so many police in our communities that do not protect our people (pigs), why they abuse many individuals, and why they have passed no-knock laws that are not used to arrest narcotic pushers but to invade the houses of those people who are moving on the conditions that are oppressing our people.

XI. WE WANT SELF DETERMINATION FOR ALL OPPRESSED PEOPLE.

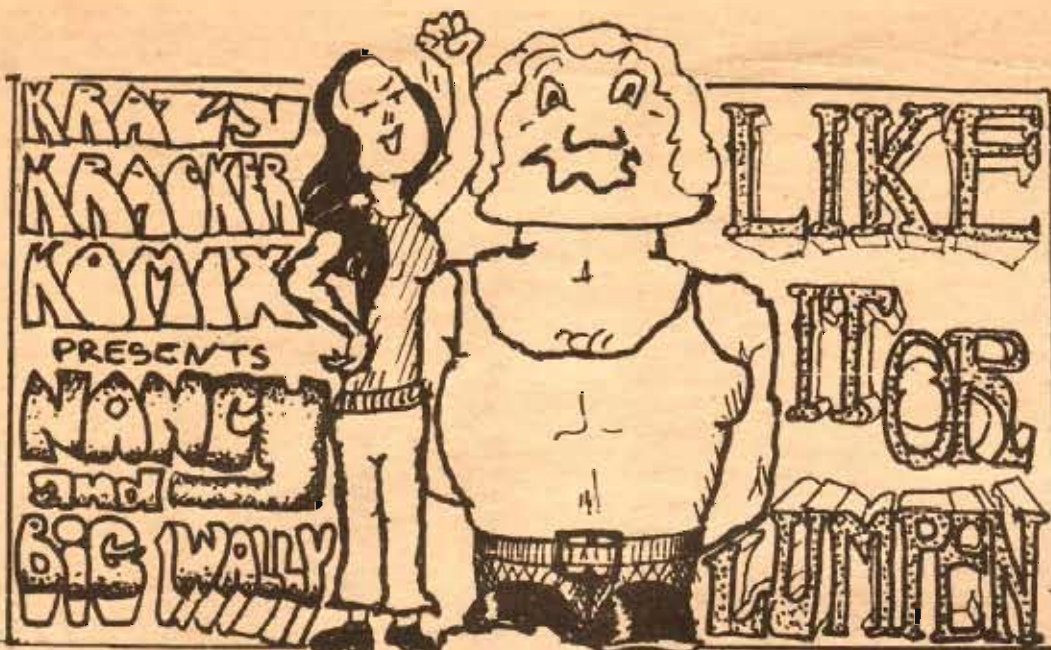
The problem of narcotic addiction cannot be solved until the people have control of their own lives in their own hands. This is only possible under a socialist society.



THE HIDDEN FACTOR BEHIND THE VIETNAM WAR IS HEROIN!!!!

GENOCIDE
 +
 CAPITALISM
 =
 DOPE





TRAPPED IN THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITIES, SUCH AS LOGOS, 000 JAIL HELD OVER YOUR HEAD. THE STREET, DOPE AND DEATH BEHIND. MORE TOTALITARIAN THAN THERAPEUTIC, THE TIG BREAKS ALL SELF-RESPECT AND MOLDS ROBOTS IN SERVICE OF THE SYSTEM...

