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FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC REALISM

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Prison Break at San Quentin*

"This is it!" a voice cried. Within minutes, six persons were dead: Three white prison guards, two white convicts, and one black convict.

One of the guards had been "stabbed twice in the chest, twice in the stomach; and, shot once in the back of the head"

The second guard was "slashed twice on each side of the throat with a razor; shot once in the back of the head; garroted with an electrical cord; ankles bound together with similar cord; struck in the face with a blunt object".

The third guard was murdered by "three razor slashes on the left side of the neck; garroted with both a strip of cloth and an electrical cord".

One of the white convicts was slain by "gaping 'rip' wounds on the neck and throat, four on the right side, two on the left side". The second white convict died from "one deep slash on the right side of the neck which severed an artery".

According to a prison official, one of the murder weapons, a razor blade attached to a toothbrush, was not sharp, and the homicides "were accomplished slowly as the killers repeatedly sawed back and forth across the victims' necks". The razor blade finally broke and the last victim was attacked with nail clippers in an attempt to sever the jugular vein. The victims had all been blindfolded.

The third convict to die, a revolutionary Maoist, was attempting to escape when he was felled by "a single gunshot wound which entered at a downward angle through the top of his head, at about dead center".

So ended the bloody, abortive attempt at a mass breakout from San Quentin Prison on Saturday, August 21, 1971. It was described by the information director of the California Correctional Officers Association as "the most heinous, macabre crime ever brought against law enforcement in the history of the state".

Back of the horror is a revolutionary scenario.

On stage we have, dead or alive, George Jackson, a black Maoist; radical attorney Steve Bingham; San Quentin officials; the grieving families of the brutally murdered victims; and, the bleating "Liberal" press and other media. Lurking in the wings are members of the National Lawyers Guild, Communists, Marxists, Maoists, "Liberal" clergymen, muck-raking lawyers, and militant legislators—all pouring out incendiary rhetoric and eager to attack the American penal system as being unkind to criminals.

The play began January 13, 1970, at Soledad Prison in Salinas, California. In putting down racial fighting in the prison yard, three black prisoners were killed by guards. On January sixteenth, a grand jury termed the killing of the

convicts "justifiable homicide". That same night John V. Mills, a white guard, was viciously beaten, murdered, and thrown from the third floor of the Y wing of Soledad Prison. After days of investigation, three convicts—John Clutchette, 27; Fleeta Drumgo, 24; and George Jackson, 28—were charged with the murder. All three are black, and all three quickly became heroes to the Communist Black Panthers and the Communist press.

Clutchette had spent five years in prison, and Drumgo three years, both on burglary charges. George Jackson had already been in prison for ten years, serving an "indefinite sentence" of one year to life on a robbery charge. Immediately the three became known as the "Soledad Brothers".

On July 23, 1970, a white Soledad Prison guard was stabbed to death by a convict near an exercise yard. July 29, 1970, a white prisoner was stabbed and murdered on the prison grounds by an unknown assailant. Radicals suggested it was revenge—three whites for three blacks. The terror continued as the trial of the three Soledad Brothers was set for mid-June in Salinas. After legal maneuvers, the prisoners were moved to San Quentin Prison in Marin County, just to the north of San Francisco, the new locale for the trial. On August 7, 1970, Judge Harold Haley was presiding over the trial of Black Panther James McLain, in Marin County's Civic Center. Suddenly Jonathan Jackson, age seventeen, brother of George Jackson of the "Soledad Brothers", stood up in the courtroom holding a gun and announced: "This is it. I've got automatic weapons. Everybody freeze." Then he handed an arsenal of weapons to two convict-witnesses, William Christmas and Ruchell Magee. The plan was to take the Judge and others hostage to force the release of the Soledad Brothers.

The rest is notorious. In the attempted escape that ensued, Jonathan Jackson, McLain, Christmas, and Judge Haley were killed. Soon the hunt was on for Communist Angela Davis, in whose name the guns had been registered.

One year later at San Quentin Prison the day of August 21, 1971, began inauspiciously. In the early afternoon a Berkeley attorney named Stephen Mitchell Bingham entered the prison with a black woman, Vanetta Witherspoon Anderson, who gave her home address as 2230 Tenth Street, Berkeley. (That address is the Berkeley headquarters of the Black Panther Party, the Angela Davis Defense Committee, and the Bobby Seale Clinic.) She was not allowed to enter the interview room, so she waited in the prison's hobby shop while Bingham visited George Jackson. The attorney was carrying a briefcase.

(continued on page 2)

* From REVIEW OF THE NEWS, Sept. 8, 1971

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FROM WEEK TO WEEK

"What was he [President Nixon] telling the American people? That neither in the manner in which they earn their money, nor in the manner in which they spend it, are they ever likely to be free again." Thus Henry Fairlie, Washington Correspondent for the *Sunday Express*, in its issue for Oct. 10, 1971. Mr. Fairlie was referring to President Nixon's announcement on Oct. 7—only about seven weeks after the announcement of the virtual collapse of the dollar and the 'emergency' freeze on wages and prices—of what gives every indication of being a *permanent* central control of the economy, which is the distinguishing feature of Communism as a social system. In short, the Communist take-over of the U.S.A.—covert since its inception under 'Roosevelt's' New Deal—has now become overt; and the only possible further development is counter-revolution, which will inevitably call forth the typical and well-rehearsed Communist *terror* to suppress it.

The quite obvious, and imminent, next step is an 'accommodation' between the Governments of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., and Red China, too. This is what Comrade Brezhnev meant when on March 30, 1971, he proclaimed, "The total triumph of socialism the world over is inevitable". The idea that the "European Community" could survive as an independent entity in these circumstances can now be *seen* to be absurd. All the business about Britain's 'joining' this 'Community' is simply camouflage to put Britain under treaty obligations which can be 'policed', so as to avoid the appearance of an act of aggression which might otherwise be necessary to avoid a show of independence on the part of Britain, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand who, as well as sharing a basic common culture, possess between them sufficient real resources to function economically together. Anything of this sort is now—even since the 'Conservatives' came into power—an exceedingly tenuous hope; and no hope at all unless the fact and mechanism of Conspiracy is exposed forthwith in the House of Commons. For this and, it would seem, this alone might galvanise patriotic Americans into action before Communist control in the U.S.A. is made absolute.

Prison Break at San Quentin *(continued from page 1)*

During the visit Bingham and Jackson faced each other across a table with no other barrier between them. Guards outside could look into the room, but did not keep the pair under continuous surveillance.

Bingham, the last person to visit Jackson before the multiple murders, left the prison about 2:30 p.m., and disappeared that same afternoon.

Authorities speculate that a gun, possibly secreted in a tape recorder in the briefcase, was passed from Bingham to Jackson. The latter may have hidden it underneath a knit cap he had been wearing, or in a mysterious Afro wig later found jammed in a prison toilet in the cell of convict Hugo Pinell.

An officer now escorted Jackson from the visitor's room to an adjustment center where the most hardened criminals are kept, and where he would undergo the usual skin search. A second guard began the search. At that moment Jackson pulled a pistol from his Afro-style hair and pointed it at the officer.

Jackson shouted, "This is it!" and ordered one of the guards to turn a lever that would open all thirty cells on the security tier. This was done and twenty-five inmates emerged, only two refusing to leave their cells.

Fifteen to twenty minutes later, three white guards and two white convicts were dead, their throats slashed. A fourth officer, although badly wounded, miraculously escaped death. Stabbed in the throat, he was thrown into George Jackson's cell and left to die. (Later he named Hugo Pinell as the throat slasher.) The bodies of the murdered guards were tossed in on top of him.

The two inmates were apparently slain because they had refused to take part in the escape attempt.

Finally, after about twenty minutes, an officer looked into the center through a window in the door. A shot was fired at him from inside—but missed its mark. The alarm was instantly sounded. It was then that Jackson and Larry Spain, another convict, fled from the center and tried to reach a high stone wall. Guards opened fire, hitting Jackson twice and killing him. Spain hid in some bushes and escaped injury.

The time was 2:55 p.m.

Evidence was later found indicating that a massive breakout had been planned, possibly for a later date, and that Jackson made the abortive attempt too early. The murdered guards were stripped, probably so that the escapees could wear their clothing. Contraband was found which included .410-gauge shotgun shells embedded in loaves of cheese and bars of soap, and a zip-gun barrel inside a two-pound loaf of cheese. Bullets were discovered secreted in cells at the adjustment center, and a vial containing a powerful explosive available only to the military in Vietnam was found on Jackson's body.

How could it have happened?

Stephen Bingham is the first character on stage in this bloody drama. An attorney, he is a graduate of Yale and of Boalt Hall, the University of California's Law School at Berkeley.

The Bingham family of Connecticut has a long political tradition. Steve's grandfather, a Republican, served as a U.S. Senator and Governor.

Steve's father, Alfred M. Bingham, was a radical in the Thirties, with a number of Communist Front affiliations on his record, including membership in American Friends of Spanish Democracy and Friends of the Soviet Union. He was a member of the national committee of the Workers Defense League, a Front of the Socialist Party. He served as sponsor for the 45th Anniversary of the League for Industrial Democracy, which is the Fabian Socialist Society in the United States.

Young Bingham's uncle is Jonathan Bingham, Democratic Congressman from New York City, a radical Leftist. He has held prominent positions in the State Department, the U.N., and U.N.E.S.C.O., and is author of "Shirt-Sleeve Diplomacy: Point 4 in Action", described as a "blueprint for the expansion of international socialism at the expense of American taxpayers". He is also a member of the powerful Council on Foreign Relations and Americans for Democratic Action.

So Steve Bingham comes by his radicalism "honestly". Fresh out of law school he worked in Mississippi during the civil disobedience movement. He was arrested twice. Rising rapidly he became Martin Luther King's coordinator for the Mississippi Summer Project, which organized "freedom schools" to radicalize local blacks.

In California, Steve supported Cesar Chavez's grape boycott, defending migrant radicals. Again he was arrested.

Bingham also served as lawyer for the Berkley Neighborhood Legal Service, an organization composed of radical attorneys. He received a grant to work on the legal cases of the needy and to organize rent strikes.

Steve now became the attorney for the *Red Family*, one of Berkeley's reddest Fronts. He is also associated with the National Lawyers Guild, cited by a Senate Subcommittee as the "foremost legal bulwark of the Communist Party".

Comrade George Jackson, the Black Panther and Communist revolutionary, is best explained through his own words, gleaned from the underground press and from his book, *Soledad Brother—The Prison Letters Of George Jackson*.

At a Youth Authority Institution in Tracy, California, George Jackson declared: "If I hadn't been busted, I'd probably be a small-time gambler or a dope fiend. I learned something about butchering, meat cutting and knives when I was doing time." And, he continued, "I'm an internationalist, Marxist, Leninist, Maoist, Fanonist, an admirer of the Cuban revolution, the Vietnamese revolution, the world's workers-people's revolution".

And he meant business: "Do you know where the barbarians and the guerrillas are going to come from to destroy Imperial Amerika, from the black colonies and these concentration camps [i.e., *prisons*]."

Comrade Jackson speaks of God: "Forget that Westernized backward stuff about god. I curse god, the whole idea of a benevolent supreme being is the product of a tortured demented mind. It is . . . a tool to keep people of low mentality and no means of production in line."

Advising youths about school, Jackson declared: "Burn it; all the fascist literature, burn that too. Then equip yourself

with the Little Red Book" of Chairman Mao's quotations. "Dialectical materialism is my bag."

Of Martin Luther King he said: "I'll be easy with it, slip it in, like it was just common knowledge that King was a Maoist." And he said of himself: ". . . I can't be satisfied with myself until I am Communist *man*, revolutionary man"

Remember these words as revolutionaries and the "Liberal" media do their best to make a martyr of Communist George Jackson.

Jackson is not being built up without purpose. Last year one of the foremost radicals in the country stated that the Sixties were the decade of student revolts, and that the Seventies would be the decade of the prison revolts. In November of 1970, S.D.S. founder Tom Hayden, veteran of the destroy-America movement, told a rally at Sacramento, California, that the public must be educated to "understand the great jail break that is coming". He said the "revolutionary movement is spreading from the Tombs of New York to the prisons of California . . . penitentiaries are the birthplace and the hardening place of new revolutionary leadership". The underground press echoed: "It's high time the people took over the jails and freed all the prisoners."

Associate Warden James Parks of San Quentin is planning to stop such venom from reaching the prisoners. He has declared that henceforth revolutionary publications advocating "violent acts such as 'kill the pigs' will be censored before convicts get to read them We're going to take a hard look at such publications, and if court rulings mean we have to censor them issue by issue then we'll do just that".

The question is: Why were prisoners *ever* permitted to receive publications urging them to murder and revolt? On the Saturday of the murders at San Quentin, Warden Parks explained: "On Friday I was a 'common cause' liberal. I believe in human rights, but if it's the choice of the lives of our officers . . . no more."

Parks brought up a serious issue that faces all law enforcement personnel, the courts, and the rest of us—the role of radical lawyers—promising, "We're going to tighten up our procedures. We've leaned over backwards to protect the men's legal rights. We have run scared in the light of shyster attorneys. This is going to stop. We are going to take recourse against attorneys".

In the past few months authorities have had advance warning of several planned prison breaks which they were able to stop. Prominent radical attorneys were involved.

The radical attorneys are a fairly new breed who have been well-trained to distort, bend, and use the law for revolutionary purposes. The pro-Communist National Lawyers Guild, for example, supplies a vast number of such attorneys, many of whom are involved with radical prisoners like those at San Quentin. Over the last few years the Guild's obvious strategy has been to aggravate conditions inside our prisons. Great damage has been done by Guild members who have insinuated themselves into organizations like the recently founded California Prisoners Union. The Union has several hundred members and a board made up of ex-convicts. Its announced goals are to create unity among the state's convicts and ex-convicts and to force collective bargaining with prison authorities. It plans to start a prisoners'

legal defense fund to initiate "class action" suits against California's penal system.

The California Prisoners Union, which publishes an expensive-looking newspaper called *Anvil*, has been correctly described in the press as "an underground revolutionary group of inmates". It employs threats and intimidation, and helped organize the recent prison strikes at San Quentin and Folsom.

The situation is serious. As Raymond K. Procnier, director of the California Department of Corrections, has observed: "Revolutionaries are something new in the state prisons . . . They don't give a d*** about what happens—even the killing of innocent persons—as long as it achieves what they want . . . publicity and support for their cause." With radical attorneys urging them to every excess, the problem grows ever more dangerous each day.

As of this writing radical attorney Steve Bingham, who may have smuggled the gun to George Jackson, is still being sought. The gun in question, according to investigators, was purchased in the East Bay of San Francisco two years ago by Landon Robert Williams, a leading member of the Communist Black Panthers, who is currently in prison in New Haven, Connecticut, awaiting trial on a murder charge.

But now the mutilated prison guards have been buried, all but ignored by the "Liberal" news media.

And the Communist press has pulled out all the stops for George Jackson.

Saturday, August 28, 1971, offices of the State of California in San Francisco, San Mateo, and Sacramento were shattered by powerful bomb blasts in an apparently coordinated terrorist tribute to Jackson. That morning the Communist Weathermen claimed responsibility for the explosions in Sacramento and San Francisco via a letter to the *San Francisco Examiner* proclaiming:

On Saturday, August 21, 1971, George Jackson, black warrior, revolutionary leader, political prisoner, was shot dead by racist forces in San Quentin . . . Tonight the offices of the California prison system in San Francisco and Sacramento were attacked. One outraged response to the assassination of George Jackson . . .

Two small bombs do not cool our rage. We nurture that rage inside us . . . We view our actions as simply a first expression of love and respect for George Jackson and the warriors of San Quentin.

The letter was signed by "Weather Underground" and adorned with a crude design of a rainbow above prison bars slashed with lightning.

Amidst all this horror and propaganda, compounded by the barbaric bombings, Hearst's *Examiner* published an angry editorial declaring: ". . . we are gripped by a cold fury as we watch the calculated campaign of leftist lawyers, preachers and others to martyrize this bloody killer.

"George Jackson was an intelligent man. As a writer he may have been a gifted man. But when he was cornered in his prison break-out scheme at San Quentin Saturday afternoon, he led other convicts into one of the most cruel, savage and beastly series of murders in prison annals.

"Yet the leftists and the bleeding hearts have the consummate gall to cry repeatedly, in print and on the air, that

this creature was a 'beautiful person' shot down cold-bloodedly in a plot hatched by the prison administration. In a big lie perversion of facts they seek to make choir boys of criminals and criminals of prison officers. They demand protection for the savage or savages who wielded that dull blade on the jugulars of five men now dead . . .

"Let us remember that only one escaping convict died. That was George Jackson, shot from a prison tower as he raced for a prison wall with five lifeless bodies behind him.

"Let us remember that three prison correctional officers died at the hands of the convicts—died horribly with blood gushing from their throats.

"Let us remember that two other convicts were killed by their fellow convicts in the same way simply because they wanted no part of the escape plot.

"Does that roster of the dead sound like a plot of prison administrators to kill George Jackson? Is such frenzied murder the stuff of which martyrs are made? Yes, but only in the twisted minds of the people who are trying to destroy the system of justice of this society.

"They have gone too far."

—O.B.F.

America 1971

Mr. Gary Allen's survey *America, 1971—The Politics of Dollars and Sense* which we are re-printing serially from *American Opinion* will be continued in our next issue.

R.I.P.

Ernest Butterworth (1902) of Coventry: a Social Crediter for forty years, an active helper until last month. Died 11 October.

THE SURVIVAL OF BRITAIN

by BRYAN W. MONAHAN

Edited and arranged by T. N. MORRIS

Part I is a collection of notes and comments which appeared in *The Social Crediter* during 1968-70. Individual notes cover a wide range of observation and argument, but all the extracts demand urgent attention.

Part II aims at introducing some realism into economic thinking. It contains proposals of prime importance which, although intended in the first instance for South Africa, could be applied in principle in Great Britain as a first step towards preventing inflation and even putting it in reverse, thus bringing speedy and progressive amelioration to all concerned.

The Appendix, entitled *The Trap*, was published separately as a pamphlet in July, 1969.

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