

SLA COMMUNIQUE (Approximate date June 7, 1974)
Reprinted by the Bay Area Research Collective

Voice identified as Teko (William Harris):

To those who would bear the hopes and future of our people, let the voice of their guns express the words of freedom. Greetings to the people: the Black Liberation Army, the United People's Army, the Black Guerilla Family, the Weather Underground and all freedom fighters of the United Symbionese Federation and the New World Liberation Front.

This is Teko speaking. Yolanda, Tania and I extend profound feelings of revolutionary love and solidarity to General Field Marshall Cabrilla and all soldiers of the United People's Liberation Army; to Bitin Commander and all elements of the Anti-Aircraft Forces of the SLA; to Combat Unit #4 of the Black Liberation Army; to comrade Martin Sostre and all other comrades brothers and sisters in Amerika's concentration camps.

To our beloved comrades-in-arms, Osceola and Bo, we echo the words you have often left us with: "A Luca Continua... Venceremos."

We have come together in many different cells, squads and military political units. We have taken many different meaningful names. But we are not hung up on names, for, as comrades-in-arms, we are one in our struggle for freedom. The determination to eliminate our common enemy by force of arms has united us. To our comrade sisters and brothers of the Black Liberation Army and all other fighters, let it be known that the Malcolm X Combat Unit of the Symbionese Liberation Army proudly takes up the banner of the New World Liberation Front.

The Malcolm X Combat Unit of the Symbionese Liberation Army left the San Francisco Bay Area in a successful effort to break a massive pig encirclement. It had become clear from intelligence reports from other SLA elements and from the people in the community that the pigs were preparing to trap us on the San Francisco peninsula. We knew there was a great risk in setting up a base of operations in San Francisco, which is a natural defile, a trap. The area was very small, surrounded by water and with limited choices for breaking a major encirclement. However, we accepted this potentially dangerous condition because we saw the importance of making solid contacts in the oppressed communities of this city. We considered ourselves to be an underground unit; however, the majority of our unit's member's moved about freely, and in the five months we were there, we made many good contacts.

We decided to move our base of operations to Southern California, concentrating on the Greater Los Angeles area with its vast oppressed communities and more favorable terrain. In April, the War Council dispatched an Intelligence and Reconnaissance Team to Los Angeles. Its mission: to make some additional contacts and survey the area. Based on the favorable results of this mission and the concentration of pig activity in the San Francisco Bay Area, our unit slipped out of San Francisco and into Los Angeles on May Day, 1974.

On Thursday, May 16, 1974, three members of the Malcolm X Combat Unit of the SLA were sent out to buy a number of items needed by the unit. At Mel's Sporting Goods Store in Inglewood, a pig-agent clerk named Tony Shepard, attempting to show his allegiance to his reactionary white bosses, falsely accused me of shoplifting. It was impossible to allow a verifying search by a store security guard because I was armed, and therefore we were forced to fight our way out of the situation.

The pigs originally said that a 49¢ pair of socks were stolen, and that this was what caused the shootout at the store. The people found this very difficult to believe when it was pointed out that we had already purchased over \$30 worth of heavy wool socks and other items. This, apparently, became increasingly confusing to the pigs, who later charged that an ammunition bandolier was the item taken, supposedly to make the accusation more believable.

The policy of the Symbionese Liberation Army has always been to avoid shoplifting, because of the heavy risk involved to the whole unit. We cannot afford to have soldiers busted on humbug charges. However, we realize that the combat and support elements run a great risk of being jammed whenever we move about above-ground. The most unfortunate aspect of this situation was that the pigs then learned that SLA elements were in the Los Angeles area. It appears that even with this knowledge, the pigs would not have located our comrades if a collaborator named Mary Carr had not snitched to the enemy.

On Friday, May 17, 1974, a CIA-directed force of FBI agents, Los Angeles City, County and California State pigs, with air support and reserve assistance from the United States Marine Corps and the National Guard, encircled elements of the Malcolm X Combat Unit of the Symbionese Liberation Army. The result of the encirclement was that the people witnessed on live television the burning to death of six of their most beautiful and courageous freedom-fighters by cowardly, fascist insects. In most cases when an urban guerilla unit is encircled by the enemy, it can expect to take great losses, especially if the enemy has time to mobilize a massive force.

Our six comrades were not on a suicide mission, as the pigs would have us believe. They were attempting to break a battalion-sized encirclement. By looking at the diagrams of where their bodies were found, it is clear that they had split into two teams, moved to opposite sides of the rear of the house and were preparing to move out of the house by force. The heavy automatic weapons fired from the front of the house was a diversionary tactic to force the pigs to concentrate some of their forces in the front. The two dynamite-loaded pipe bombs were to be used as fragmentation grenades to clear a path through the cringing pigs who had started the blaze by firing incendiary grenades into the house.

Cin, Fahizah, Zoya, Cujo, Gelina and Gabi died of smoke inhalation and burns before they could get outside. The pigs want us to believe that the fire was started by the SLA; that it was caused by SLA molotov cocktails; or by accident from pig tear-gas grenades. This is pig-shit. The SWAT squad, FBI and LAPD would have had to go into the house themselves to clear it out. They showed their true cowardice by using incendiary grenades to cause the fire that killed our comrades.

For those that don't know, incendiary grenades burn at such an incredible temperature that they melt steel and armor plate in a matter of seconds and are impossible to extinguish.

The pigs want the people to believe that the bad-ass tactics of the SLA guerillas drove the fascists to use such barbaric force. But we say that the SLA is a reaction to fascism. The SLA uses automatic weapons and home-made bombs because the pigs have automatic weapons, artillery and hydrogen bombs.

The pigs want the people to believe that General Field Marshall Cinque Mtume committed suicide. To this absurdity, the SLA responds by quoting our beloved comrade brother. He often said: "We must not fear death, for to fear death is to put our fear of pig terror

before our love of the children and the people's struggle for freedom." The pigs have historically focused on eliminating Black leaders. Many have been murdered and imprisoned in Amerika's concentration camps.

For over a year, the pigs couldn't find Cin to murder him, so they attempted to isolate him from the people with pig propaganda. First they worked on the most blatantly racist Whites with their traditional "crazy, Black-nigger, escaped-convict-rapist" routine. Next, we learned that Cin was a plum wine alcoholic. This obviously was the White racist, Liberal answer to the logic that a Black revolutionary leader could order and assist in the assassination of a jive-assed, pig-agent school superintendent.

It followed that the White supremacists and bourgeoisie Black elements of the revolutionary left so-called leadership would be pimped with ridiculous tales of links between the SLA and the CIA—that Cin was and had been a paid informer for the Los Angeles Police Department and the California Attorney General's office. If this were true, we dare these fools and collaborators to explain Cin's reward for his deeds—a life term in California's concentration camps.

White, sickeningly Liberal, paranoid conspiracy freaks and spaced-out counter-culture dope fiends proved their naivete and amateurish research skills as they rambled on and on and on about the California Department of Corrections. Bizarre stories about Cin having been programmed and electrodes implanted in his brain while at Vacaville began to appear in the so-called underground press.

Cinque Mtume: the name means "Fifth Prophet." Cin was indeed a prophet. The pigs would have the people believe that Cin was just, as they would say, another dumb nigger. They continually attempted to undermine his leadership by propagandizing that Cin was being fronted off by Whites; that he wasn't smart enough to be the brains behind the planning and execution of the successful SLA actions.

To this display of racism we say, go on into the Black community and ask the people if Cinque Mtume was not a prophet. Ask the people if they think he was being used by Whites. The people know that a Black man in Amerika does not need conscious Whites to push him into leading a revolution. Racists cannot believe that middle and upper-middle class Whites and a daughter of a super-fascist ruling class family would ever have reason to follow the lead of a beautiful, Black genius, revolutionary warrior and give their lives for the people. Sick-assed racists would have us believe that White women who follow the lead of Black revolutionaries are only mindless cunts enslaved by gigantic Black penises.

The cringing pigs who faced the fire-power of Gelina, Gabi, Fahizah and Zoya know much better.

Racists believe that it is impossible for White men to denounce White racism and follow the revolutionary leadership of Black men, but the SLA proved this theory to be a sick delusion. Cinque Mtume, himself, was the spirit of Fredrick Douglass, Gabriel Process, Denmark Veese, Marcus Garvey, the Scottsborough Boys, Medgar Evers, William E. Burhardt DeBois, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Emmett Till, little Bobby Hutton, Fred Hampton, L. B. Barkley, Jonathan and George L. Jackson, Mark Essex and every other Black freedom fighter who came before him.

To racist slander, the SLA and all the people say: Death to the Fascist Insect that Preys Upon the Life of the People.

And now, after our comrade brother fought valiantly against a battalion of pigs—a battle witnessed by millions—these same chicken-shit pigs are trying to have us believe that General Field Marshall of the Symbionese Liberation Army Cinque Mtume killed himself. Cin was so determined to kill pigs that as long as his heart was beating and that there was any air in his lungs at all, he would fight, even if his only weapon was his body. We all know that revolutionaries do not kill themselves. Revolutionaries kill the enemy.

Cin was the baddest member of the SLA and therefore our leader. Our five White comrades who died with him were among his students and had learned well. They, too, showed incredible determination and courage. Cujo, Gelina, Fahizah, Zoya and Gabi did not commit suicide, as the pigs would have us believe. Pigs tell us it is suicidal for Whites to join Blacks and other oppressed people in making revolution. To this oinking we say, it is suicidal for the ruling class and all its pig agents to believe that they can continue to oppress, exploit, murder and imprison an undivided revolutionary army of people. White Amerikans who follow the example of our beautiful comrades and join the fight for the freedom of all oppressed people will not do so because they wish to die, but because they wish to be free.

The pigs boast that they have broken the back of the Symbionese Liberation Army. But to do this, the pigs would have to break the back of the people. The military/political leader of the SLA and five top cadre have been killed by the fascists. However, the SLA is not dead and will not die as long as there is one living, fighting member of any oppressed class, race, sex or group left on the face of this earth. The pigs have won a battle, but the war of the flea is not over. As our dear comrade Ho Chi Minh once wrote from an imperialist prison, "Today the locust fights the elephant, but tomorrow the elephant will be disembowed."

Greetings and profound love to the people, to all comrades-in-arms, to all comrades in concentration camps in fascist Amerika, and to all the children. This is Yolanda speaking.

When we say revolution, we do not use the word loosely. By revolution we mean the violent fight for freedom—freedom that can be gained in no other way than by fighting. People do not fight because they enjoy it or because they relish the thought of their own death or the deaths of their beloved comrades. They fight to survive, because they understand the violence of fascism; and that violence means genocidal death at the hands of dictators who massed 500 pigs, armed with military weapons, fragmentary grenades and incendiary grenades, to burn six people to death. Dictators who have imprisoned over 22,000 brothers and sisters in the state of California alone. Dictators who take jobs away from those who are begging to work. Dictators who take food from the mouths of those who are starving. Dictators who take joy from the hearts of those who love the people.

The military/industrial state of the ruling class can only survive through repression. These fascist dogs must destroy truth in the minds of the people to keep them pacified. They must make people afraid so that they'll do nothing. They must make people feel isolated from each other and powerless. Fascism tries to do all these things through the brutal violence of the military police force, the lurking big-brother presence of the FBI, CIA and their computer files, through media propaganda. Fascism tries to tell us we are fools to resist, because in the end we will be destroyed.

If we were only six people, they would be correct, for they can destroy the lives of six, or

nine, or even one hundred people. But the truth the pigs try so desperately to repress is one the people are coming to understand only too well. People are ridding themselves of the bourgeoisie desire to lead a long life, and instead wish to fight for a better, more human life. Yes, repression breeds resistance. It is proven to be true as each day goes by, as dark eyes grow darker with hate, and strong muscles grow stronger with rage, and cold steel grows colder in the firm grip of a hand that loves the people.

We must face the inevitable truth that repression will grow more intense as the power-hungry pigs see their grip slipping. Whites in this country have historically had a tendency to back off when repression intensified, feeling they could escape the vicious tentacles. For this reason, Black, Brown, Asian and Indian brothers and sisters have not trusted Whites, feeling that they would desert the fight as it was just beginning in order to save their own skin. These brothers and sisters were often proven correct. That is why we say anyone who loves freedom must prove this love through action, not words. And only after they have fought can they speak.

So we are freedom fighters. We may be murdered, but whether we live or die, the day is close at hand when the people will join together in an army because of the wish to survive on their own terms, and the people will change the course of history through their courage and determination. To all those whose fear is stronger than their hatred of the pig, I must say that the freedom fighters do not bring repression to your door. The fascist pig is responsible for this, and soon even those of you with White skins will lose your privileges.

The pig will no longer knock and be very polite. He will shoot to kill. He will burn and rape. He will imprison and starve. He does this already in the ghettos of this country, and will expand his efforts to stay in his greed-filled position of power. And if people wish to survive, they will have to defend themselves with as much rage as the pigs would use against them. Only in this way can the people in this country avoid the mass genocide that occurred to Jews in Germany and leftists in Chile.

All these things have been said before, but I will continue to say them until the reality is so clear we no longer need to repeat the words. That will be the day when our mind accepts what we see with our eyes.

To those who have attempted to express their love for us by calling for our surrender, we say, we must express our feelings of love only by continuing the fight. We renounce our class and race privilege, so that we love no individual more than we love freedom. The fight has cost us of the SLA eight comrades: six dead, and two in concentration camps, as well as the death and imprisonment of our comrades-in-arms of the BLA, the BGF and the Weather Underground.

We clearly understand that the reality of revolution will include death and imprisonment, suffering and violence, as well as victory. The price is high, but we accepted this reality when we picked up the gun for the first time and nodded a yes to freedom, to love, to living. Because we must endure the suffering does not mean we have any doubt in the beauty of the victory.

Our comrades died the way they chose to live—fighting courageously. They did not compromise to the hundreds of insects crawling the community who resorted to burning them to death rather than facing in battle the ruthless strength and courage of freedom fighters. 54th Street is not an end, but a beginning. People are gathering on the street. They are feeling the strength of their own bodies. They are clearing the fear and blind ignorance

from their eyes. Cinque, Fahizah, Zoya, Cujo, Gelina and Gabi conquered the fear and will never die in the minds of those who see the monster and know that he will be destroyed.

All comrades, dead and alive, in prison and out, underground and on the streets, are calling on all the people to conquer the fear and join the battle, realizing what can happen when 500 pigs surround a house, and then are surrounded by 50, or 100, or 500 irate niggers firing from their houses, alleyways, treetops and walls with a straight and fearless shot to bring down the helicopter, the SWAT squad, the LAPD, the FBI, the neighborhood snitch. Consider the day when the pig won't even enter the communities of the armed people. We got to make the pig fear for his life, because he knows every eye behind every curtain in the ghettos, barrios and poor communities is sighting down the barrel of a piece ready to pull the trigger at any moment.

There's been a lot of talk about wasted lives, referring to the six dead bodies of our comrades, and to Tania, Teko and myself. The ironies of racist, fascist Amerika are once again reflected with sickening reminder. There are no editorials written for the wasted lives of the brothers and sisters daily gunned down in the streets and prisons. The present uproar of White Amerika over the fate of Patty Hearst was barely a murmur, as hundreds of young men, mostly Black and Brown, went off to die in Vietnam.

We of the SLA hate the historical reality that requires young people to struggle to survive and to die violent deaths. We hate the reality in this country that murdered our six comrade sisters and brothers and daily continues to murder throughout the world. Because we hate this reality we must fight to destroy it by any means necessary. Yes, history might be different if they had lived, but revolution is not made by saying "if only." We do know that the lives of revolutionaries will never be wasted.

Right now there are men and women, young and old, Black, Brown, Asian, Indian and White who are filled with the fighting spirit of King, of Malcolm, of George, of Cinque, of your mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers who have died at the hands of the pig. And these are a new breed of the baddest motherfuckers alive. Yes, we hate the pig, and we are at war with the pig, and we will kill the pig as violently as he has killed comrades of ours for centuries. We will do this because we love the people we are lucky enough to know; and we love the people we will never know: the beautiful babies, the angry young men and women, the understanding mothers and fathers who have seen the rising tide for as long as they have been alive.

Our past as middle-class White Americans was meaningless. It was truly wasted potential, filled with desperate pessimism that could feel the emptiness of Capitalist Amerika even before we could understand it. Our lives now are not easy or full of joy. We may die. But our lives are real, because we see the truth and the future. Right now the people are igniting the spark for the great prairie fire, and the fire-fighters will soon be helpless against the freedom fighters because the flames will be far too hot and deadly for their weak wills to endure, and their evil spirit will die with them in the ashes.

Once again, my love to all the comrades.

Greetings to the people. This is Tania. I want to talk about the way I knew our six murdered comrades because the fascist pig media has, of course been painting a typical

distorted picture of these beautiful sisters and brothers.

Cujo was the gentlest, most beautiful man I've ever known. He taught me the truth as he learned it from the beautiful brothers in California's concentration camps. We loved each other so much, and his love for the people was so deep that he was willing to give his life for them. The name Cujo means "unconquerable." It was the perfect name for him. Cujo conquered life as well as death by facing and fighting them. Neither Cujo or I had ever loved an individual the way we loved each other, probably because our relationship wasn't based on bourgeois, fucked-up values, attitudes and goals. Our relationship's foundation was our commitment to the struggle and our love for the people. It's because of this that I still feel strong and determined to fight.

I was ripped off by the pigs when they murdered Cujo, ripped off in the same way that thousands of sisters and brothers in this fascist country have been ripped off of people they love. We mourn together, and the sound of gunfire becomes sweeter.

Gelina was beautiful. Fire and joy. She exploded with the desire to kill the pigs. She wrote poetry—some of it on the walls of Golden Gate, all of it in the LA pig files now—that expresses how she felt. She loved the people more than her love for any one person or material comfort, and she never let her mind rest from the strategies that are the blood of revolution. Gelina would have yelled "Fire Power!" to the people if there wasn't the need to whisper the words of revolution. We laughed and cried and struggled together. She taught me how to fight the enemy within, through her constant struggle with bourgeois conditioning.

Gabi crouched low with her ass to the ground. She practiced until her shotgun was an extension of her right and left arms, an impulse, a tool of survival. She understood the evil in the heart of the pig and took the only road that could demoralize, defeat and destroy him. She loved to touch people with a strong—not delicate—embrace. Gabi taught me the patience and discipline necessary for survival and victory.

Zoya wanted to give meaning to her name, and on her birthday she did. Zoya, female guerilla, perfect love and perfect hate reflected in stone cold eyes. She moved viscerously and with caution, understanding the peril of the smallest mistake. She taught me, "Keep your ass down and be bad."

Fahizah was a beautiful sister who didn't talk much but who was the teacher of many by her righteous example. She, more than any other, had come to understand and conquer the putrid disease of bourgeois mentality. She proved often that she was unwilling to compromise with the enemy because of her intense love for freedom. Fahizah taught me the perils of hesitation—to shoot first and make sure the pig is dead before splitting. She was wise, and bad, and I'll always love her.

Cinque loved the people with tenderness and respect. They listened to him when he talked because they knew that his love reflected the truth and the future. Cin knew that to live was to shoot straight. He longed to be with his Black sisters and brothers, but at the same time he wanted to prove to Black people that White freedom fighters are comrades-in-arms. Cinque was in a race with time, believing that every minute must be another step forward in the fight to save the children. He taught me virtually everything imaginable, but wasn't liberal with us. He'd kick our asses if we didn't hop over a fence fast enough or keep our asses down while practicing. Most importantly, he taught me how to show my love for the people. He helped me see that it's not how long you live that's important,

it's how we live; what we decide to do with our lives. On February 4th, Cinque Mtume saved my life.

The Malcolm X Combat Unit of the SLA was a leadership training cell, under the personal command of General Field Marshall Cinque. General Teko was his second in command. Everything we did was directed toward our development as leaders and advisors to other units. All of us were prepared to function on our own if necessary, until we connected with other combat units. The idea that we are leaderless is absurd as long as any SLA elements are alive and operating under the command of our General Field Marshall.

It's hard to explain what it was like watching our comrades die. Murdered by pig incendiary grenades. A battalion of pigs facing a fire-team of guerillas, and the only way they could defeat them was to burn them alive. It made me mad to see the pigs looking at our comrades' weapons—to see them holding Cujo's .45 and his watch which was still ticking. He would have laughed at that. There is no surrender. No one in that house was suicidal—just determined and full of love.

It was beautiful to hear Gabi's father. He understands. Gabi loved her father and I know that much of her strength came from the support he gave her. What a difference between the parents of Gabi and Cujo, and my parents. One day, just before making the last tape, Cujo and I were talking about the way my parents were fucking me over. He said that his parents were still his parents because they had never betrayed him, but my parents were really Malcolm X and Assata Shakur. I'll never betray my parents.

The pigs probably have the little old man monkey that Cujo wore around his neck. He gave me the little stone face one night.

I know that the pigs are proud of themselves. They've killed another Black leader. In typical pig fashion they have said that Cinque committed suicide. What horseshit! Cin committed suicide the same way that Malcolm, King, Bobby, Fred, Jonathan and George did. But no matter how many leaders are killed, the pig can't kill their ideals.

I learned a lot from Cin and the comrades that died in that fire, and I'm still learning from them. They live on in the hearts and minds of millions of people in fascist Amerika. The pig's actions that Friday evening showed just how scared they really are. They would have burned and bombed that entire neighborhood to murder six guerillas.

The SLA terrifies the pigs because it calls all oppressed people in this country to arms to fight in a united front to overthrow the fascist dictatorship. The pigs think they can deal with a handful of revolutionaries, but they know they can't defeat the incredible power which the people, once united, represent.

It's for this reason that we get to see—live and in color—the terrorist tactics of the pigs. The pigs saying "You're next." This kind of display, however, only serves to raise the people's consciousness and makes it easier for our comrade sisters and brothers throughout the country to connect. I died in that fire on 54th Street, but out of the ashes I was re-born. I know what I have to do. Our comrades didn't die in vain. The pig lies about the advisability of surrender have only made me more determined. I renounced my class privilege when Cin and Cujo gave me the name Tania. While I have no death wish, I have never been afraid of death. For this reason, the brainwash/duress theory of the Pig Hearsts has always amused me.

Life is very precious to me, but I have no delusions that going to prison will keep me alive. I would never chose to live the rest of my life surrounded by pigs like the Hearsts. I want to see our comrades in this country's concentration camps, but on our terms as stated in our Revolutionary Declaration of War, not on the pigs terms.

Patria o muerte...Venceremos! Death to the Fascist Insect that Preys Upon the Life of the People.