

# GAMECOCK

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“Amerika, you have become a monster,  
a self destructive monster that thrives upon  
war, racism and desperation. A monster  
that grows fat by consuming the sons and daughters  
of humanity. There is no amount of damage  
we could do here that would be commensurate  
to the death and destruction  
wielded by the Selective Service System  
in the name of Amerika.

There are those of us who will not be consumed  
or corrupted to feed your insanity. Listen well!  
We are going to save Amerika from the monster.  
We must.

Be strong, be beautiful, be free! ”

*Selective Service incident*

*March 19, 1970*

*A radical speaks from the underground*

(A Pig By Any Other Name—Page 2)





Former USC student Brett Bursey, convicted of vandalism, is presently wanted by the FBI. On March 19, 1970, he and Jack Weatherford "trashed" the Selective Service local board No. 40 in Columbia. During the trial Weatherford testified that he had been an undercover agent operating on the USC campus.

## Editor's note

Brett Bursey is a fugitive from justice. Last summer he was convicted and sentenced to 18 months in jail for defacing federal property. The prosecution's star witness was Jack Weatherford, a fellow campus radical and undercover agent employed by Solicitor John Foard.

Bursey has now gone underground and is thought to be out of the country. The following is his account of how he felt he was betrayed by Weatherford.

We have printed the complete text of his letter for several reasons. Whether or not you espouse the revolutionary cause, it is a factor in the political destiny of this country and even on this campus.

The events of last spring may seem far away and hopefully the violence of that period will remain as history never to be repeated. This letter is a footnote to that period and may help in the final analysis of those "Months of May."

—Charles Beebe

## Letter from the underground

DEAR GAMECOCK PEOPLE:

Enclosed you will find a short account of my affair with Jack Weatherford, and some thoughts about what we all may have to do before long.

I hope that you will be able to print it as I have had no access to the press since the State foreclosed on my freedoms. Weatherford, as you recall, was given space in the Gamecock to rationalize his being a pig.

This is being forwarded to you through another party.

Give my regards to John Foard, congratulations to Brother Walker - love to all.

FOR THE REVOLUTION,  
BRETT BURSEY

# 'A PIG BY

### WAVE GOODBY TO AMERIKA

It was a year ago, during National Anti-Draft Week, that 5 heroic young guerrillas attacked local board No. 40 of the Selective Service System in Columbia, South Carolina. A note which I had written explained the several thousand dollars damage: "Amerika, you have become a monster, a self destructive monster that thrives upon war, racism, and desperation, a monster that grows fat by consuming the sons and daughters of humanity. There is no amount of damage we could do here that would be commensurate to the death and destruction wielded by the Selective Service System in the name of Amerika. There are those of us who will not be consumed or corrupted to feed your insanity. Listen well! We are going to save Amerika from the monster. We must. Be strong, be beautiful, be free! The Ameri-cong."

I was still strong and beautiful the next afternoon, but hardly free. I was in jail facing a possible 15 years in prison, and my bond was 3 times as high as an Army lieutenant who had murdered his wife earlier that week by slitting her throat with a can opener. It appeared that one of our heroic young guerrillas was a pig, but which one? Of the 5 people involved, 2 were arrested, myself and Jack Weatherford. Two others were questioned; thus, leaving a heavy burden of guilt upon the fifth unsequestered party. It was obvious by the resulting chain of events that one of the 5 was acting as an informer, if not an agent or agent provocateur. Of the 5 Jack and I were less suspect because we had been arrested and had been active in local revolutionary politics for some time. I had been state traveler for the Southern Student Organizing Committee since November, 1968, and carried on my inciting with the Students for a Democratic Society after SSOC's dissolution in June of 1969. I had known Weatherford for almost a year. He had shoulder length hair and a well developed rap about all the right topics. In the fall of 1969, Weatherford and I were co-chairmen of the Carolina SDS chapter. Jack was the only one of the four I had lived with and felt I really knew. Jack was a brother and a comrade; we were close both spiritually and politically. I had no such mental bonds with the other 3 of our group and, in retrospect, too little trust to engage in illegal actions with them. I had underestimated the legal liability our petty vandalism would create. During the four months between the bust and my trial I grew closer to Weatherford, and saw little or none of the other ad hoc terrorists, one of which it still appeared was an informer.

Jack was then living with my wife's old roommate. A woman who had left her husband because of his male chauvinism and political piggishness, and swore to never become involved with a male again. We had convinced her that Jack was a right on fellow, and his sincerity and mellow mood gained her confidence.

Jack had been in radical politics only a short while when I met him in the summer of 1969. The preceding fall and winter were intense times in Columbia, a town that nurtures paranoia. There were various meetings, rap sessions, and education groups 4 or 5 times a week, at most of which Jack was present. Later he developed an interest in going to Cuba and completed an application for the Venceramos Brigade. The women who interviewed him in Atlanta for the brigade were old movement hands, they liked Jack and made a special approval of his late application. In Columbia, Jack was well liked, both in the community and on the campus where he was working on his masters in sociology.

### AMERICAN JUSTICE

When my trial was scheduled for a special session of court in July; it appeared that Jack's case wasn't going to be called. We felt that they wanted to scare him more than prosecute him, and we were not surprised that he was not on the docket. I had discussed with Jack the possibilities of his being asked to turn state's evidence against me. Also the chance that they might offer him a deal about his brother's release. We were quite open about these things, and he told me about the times he was approached. He said that the pigs had offered not to prosecute him if he would cooperate with them. Jack of course refused their advances, and I felt little need for Jack to reaffirm his loyalty. I saw Jack the night before the trial; he wished me luck then, as my lawyer had asked that he not be present in the courtroom.

I went into court the next day not knowing what to expect. Without a witness they did not have a good case, and we still couldn't figure out who, if anyone, was the informer. The party we most suspected of being the agent was not even in the country. My hopes were that their swaggering confidence was a bluff intended to induce me to cop a guilty plea.

The trial began with the state calling for its first witness, Jack M. Weatherford. Weatherford walked in with his blue jeans, long hair, and a shit eating grin; he took the witness stand directly beneath the Confederate flag. The prosecution led off:

Q. Are you Jack M. Weatherford?

A. Yes Sir.

Q. How long have you been working for Mr. Pete Strom sitting here?

A. A little over a year.

Q. A little over a year?

A. Yes Sir. "There is no point trying to express my feelings at that point. I didn't have any - my mind was totally blown. This type of shit happens only on the late show."

Freaks went flying out the doors as if someone had yelled fire! Pig Weatherford had something on nearly every longhair and revolutionary in the courtroom. It was a different person who told of how, for over a year, he had been a secret agent, reporting personally to Mr. Strom (head pig of the state secret police), keeping him posted about people who yesterday he was a brother to, whom today he considered "dangerous and a threat to our country".

Though Weatherford admitted he was responsible for the same amount of damage as I, he was congratulated for his diligence and patriotism, while "living with the scum of the Earth". Prosecutor John Foard, Columbia's own last bastion against the godless threat of communism, was upset that the maximum sentence I could receive was only 15 years, and damn near lost faith in the system when I only got a year and a half.



# ANY OTHER NAME'

It took the oppressive reality of the S.C. State Penitentiary to convince me that the ludicrous court room drama had been in deadly earnest. Those "running dogs" finally had me where they wanted me - in a prison uniform, my head shaved, and in a cell with an ex-green beret sergeant convicted of murder; but the uniform is gone now; my hair is growing back, and the sergeant says the next time he picks up his gun, it will be in the streets of this country.

Two weeks after my appeal bond was posted, I was told I would be released if I agreed to a set of special bond restrictions. The mind of Amerika is accurately reflected in realizing that these restrictions were placed upon someone convicted, not of High Treason, but of malicious mischief. The conditions were that:

- 1) I shall be of good behavior towards all citizens of this state; and keep and maintain and respect the peace and dignity of the State of South Carolina, and the United States of America.
- 2) That I refrain from the violation of any Federal, State or municipal law.
- 3) That I do not depart the State of South Carolina.
- 4) That I avoid injurious or vicious habits of conduct; avoid injurious or vicious habits of character; avoid forcloses me from association of some of my former associates or places that I formerly frequented.
- 5) That I refrain from any actions which directly or indirectly would contribute or lead to disorderly conduct or breach of the peace.
- 6) That I refrain from any utterance, oral or written or printed, which would be in derogation or subversive to the authority, peace and dignity of the State of South Carolina and the United States of America. That I agree to abide by every one of these conditions, and that the violation of any one of these conditions would mean my immediate arrest and forfeiture of my bond. Do you understand that?"

Sweet Bleeding Jesus, could anyone understand that shit? You would think I had raped the judge's mother on the courthouse steps, after leading Maoist hoards on an assault down Main Street. It was so absurd I felt compelled to humor them; I agreed with their conditions. The sixth condition was particularly offensive. It ostensibly would prohibit me from statements that would reflect anything but my wholehearted support for the pigs and their tactics. Though I try not to be negative, this would in effect rather limit my freedom of speech. I find redemption in the fact that I have since violated every one of these conditions (it is not true that I am hiding in the capitol dome, in constant radio contact with Peking).

## A PIG BY ANY OTHER NAME

The main impact of this sordid experience should not be the injustices that young, white, well-intentioned revolutionaries can suffer in Amerika; but that any young, white, seemingly well-intentioned revolutionaries can be pigs.

Pig Weatherford defied all logic. He knew the rhetoric he so earnestly mouthed about this country to be true. During his year as an agent he knew the type of love, compassion and sincerity that the youth of this country shares and the hope of Amerika rests upon. Though he lived in a community of hope, he was consciously an agent of despair, knowing that all those things he so cleverly professed to believe were only camouflage to maintain his deception. Weatherford maintained for over a year a facade so thorough that none of us were even aware enough of it to make an effort to see through it. A contrived existence that had to be maintained through sleep, love, and drugs, 24 hours a day. I wonder if his dreams were in pig or revolutionary.

Weatherford has disproved all the previously applied methods used to spot an agent. I overheard a sister say the other day that she didn't trust anyone she hadn't slept with. I know both men and women who invalidate that test. I used to believe that tripping with someone, especially someone you love, would reveal all - that acid was the eye from which no pig could hide. Not so, Weatherford did dope, he did dope with people he professed to love. A friend has since told me that he and Weatherford used to often make love while tripping. There are many personal methods used to detect a pig; just about everyone reading this will say "ah-ha, but they didn't do --- (favorite foolproof method used to spot 'em every time), but remember you must suspect someone before you tail them or what ever - and brother Jack fooled all of the people all of the time. Living, loving, working, dope, streetfighting, riot inciting, and just plain vibes, all proved to no avail.

In order to effectively combat agents in our ranks, we must try to understand them. Weatherford uses a peculiar logic to rationalize his mission as a SLED agent, as seen in the following excerpts from the GAMECOCK, Carolina's student newspaper.

"First of all, I too will have to agree to the regretability of having undercover agents in a democratic society, however, I must reply with the all too obvious statement that we do not live in an ideal world, that we live in a world with very real problems and with very real threats and dangers. In this world it is the duty of the state to protect the lives, rights, and property of its citizens. In order to accomplish this, we have not yet found means totally void of deception. There are times when the ideal of a society without deception is in conflict with the protection of the rights of that society's members, and the state is forced to use deception to protect these rights... My position did not arise from any attempt to infringe on academic freedoms or to suppress dissent. I have to the greatest extent possible, attempted to perform my functions in an objective manner, bearing foremost in mind the duty to protect the lives and rights of every individual, irrespective of his political beliefs. While it is immediately obvious how such a position can serve to protect the rights and interest of the greater society, few people seem aware of the way in which it serves to protect the rights and interest of those advocating change, in that it can help to prevent over reaction against the dissenters... In performing my function, it was necessary that I be as far within as possible the activities of those individuals who were felt to pose the greatest threat to this community... I hoped that I would be able to identify illegal or potentially illegal transgressions without infringement on the intellectual or emotional privacy of individuals concerned. In conclusion, I would like to state my hope that the majority of students and faculty on this campus will not be persuaded to see my presence as having been one of

"spying" on faculty or of compiling files on student activists, when it was simple vigilance against legal infractions. There are those, of course, who would portray my recent activities as evidence of the existence of a police state, but I do not fear these allegations as much as I do those of individuals on the other extreme who might use my presence as a means of intimidating both students and faculty in such a way as to stifle academic discourse and halt, through fear, the exercise of constitutional rights. It is the duty of the members of this community to avoid such an occurrence, and I feel that the best way of avoiding it is through the recognition of my position as it actually was, namely one of law enforcement."

Needless to say I could find fault in Weatherford's logic. His actual reasons for becoming an agent may have been a bit more mundane than Officer Jack would have us believe. He was paid well, and received many fringe benefits. Primarily, I think and hope that he is insane.

The woman Weatherford was living with did not know he was an agent until my trial. It literally destroyed her mind when she realized that her longhaired, revolutionary lover was a pig. She is still living with him. The shock of finding out that everything about someone she was so totally involved with was a calculated lie and deception, has made her unable to relate to anyone except in menial pleasantries. I can empathize with this woman's inability to understand why and how such a deception is humanly possible.

Weatherford may have been an exceptional agent, but because of this exception we must assume there are others like him - even if his motive was insanity. There were no agents discovered on the last Venceremos Brigade that spent several weeks of intensive introspection on Cuba's Isle of Youth. But they were there, and now carry the credentials and credibility of those who are not agents. Weatherford had been accepted to go on the brigade and did not go in order to testify at my trial. The F.B.I. was the agency he was responsive to in this case, and they would not have blown his cover on me unless they had a sufficient number of agents already in the brigade. Weatherford is obviously a slick dude. The fact that the cracker pigs in S. C. have the ability to recruit someone so capable should make movement people in every state take a closer look at their security and the fragile nature of the freedom that a diminishing number of people in this country enjoy.

## 2, 3 MANY WEATHERMAN'S

I am now "underground," my appeal having run out in January not plugged into a vast network of the International Communist Conspiracy, but not alone or isolated. The very nature and survival of underground cadres like Weatherman, exclude the possibility of the recruitment of new undergrounds. You don't join Weatherman - you create it. In order to survive and win the protracted struggle that is underway in this country other people, collectives, families and tribes must realize the necessity of establishing their own underground systems. With an increasing number of us becoming fugitives, time is of the essence in the establishing of locally autonomous underground cadres. Without such groups the revolutionary facing jail has little choice but to submit, or go into hiding. In hiding, revolutionary effectiveness is limited and often reduced to individual terrorism. Individual terrorism has its merit, but is not going to give us the strength, combined knowledge, and durability of small bands of inter-relating guerrillas. Without such groups we reduce our viability and frustratingly isolate ourselves from our sisters and brothers. The isolation that the Weather Underground expressed in their "New Morning" statement makes it clear that being a fugitive has its limitations; however, I fear that the pigs are not going to stop busting people because weathermen have discovered there are disadvantages in being underground.

The percentage of young people whose life styles make them criminals is increasing. The court dockets of Amerika are bloated with young men and women who must either go to jail, hide or go underground. Since you can not join the existing underground, you must create your own. Small tribes of revolutionaries springing up all across Amerika seem to me more preferable than large groups of prisoners. People in struggle everywhere must begin to prepare themselves in the event that they must go underground to remain a free and a viable revolutionary force. This doesn't mean that people should drop what they're doing and dig tunnels; they can on the contrary, work better in the jobs they are doing, knowing they have prepared an option of either obeying the law, or going to jail. It's something like revolutionary insurance.

Preventing agents like Weatherford from infiltrating and temporarily destroying our unity is something that only time, extreme care, and collective struggle may accomplish. The formation of these cadres will be safer and more thorough if development is begun before any of its members become fugitives. It is not necessary or desirable for the entire group to go underground when one or two members are forced to do so. You can't begin to work too soon on alternate identifications, mail and phone systems. Start now - keep the revolution in your own neighborhood.

Some day, perhaps on November 7, 1972, in Washington, D. C., all the tribes and families of Underground Amerika will meet to combine their energies and form a liberation army that will no longer be underground. But we must stay alive, and free, and fighting to hasten that day and be around when it comes.

I have in my head a vague notion of something that the brutal, contemptible and pitiful people who are destroying this country cannot begin to perceive. It is a revolution to which violence is an insignificant part of, as having feathers is to flying. It is a revolution of mind and soul that once started never stops, and must remain as fluid as the ever changing needs of the people, which it serves. It is a revolution which we will win, or die.

Sisters and brothers, you know we are all outlaws in the eyes of Amerika, and if they are sane, then we are all hopelessly mad. Our madness flourishes, and within it thrives the hopes and spirits of a new people.

I remember all the shit I left behind in Amerika, and wonder who's more free - you, or me?

—Brett Bursey