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March 7, 2009

Mr. Rupert Murdoch
Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
News Corporation
1211 Avenue of Americas, 8th Floor
New York, New York 10036

Dear Mr. Murdoch:

When your News Corp., the parent company of book publisher HarperCollins and the FOX network, canceled publication of the O.J. Simpson murder book and television special "If I Did It," you issued a statement saying:

"I and senior management agree with the American public that this was an ill-considered project. We are sorry for any pain that this has caused the families of Ron Goldman and Nicole Brown Simpson."

Since you are obviously sensitive to the victims of murder, and their families, we ask that you reconsider your decision to publish through HarperCollins the book, *Underground: My Life with the SDS and the Weathermen*, by Weather Underground terrorist Mark Rudd. Rudd was a member of a Communist gang that waged violence and murder during the 1960s and 1970s. The book celebrates the Weather Underground campaign of violence and murder and is scheduled to go on sale on March 24 and a speaking tour, also advertised on the HarperCollins website, begins the next day. In fact, the HarperCollins publicity department says there will be a major marketing campaign for the book, including:

- National broadcast and print media campaign
- 25-city national radio campaign
- College marketing, including mailings to college book stores and newspapers

- Online promotion, including E-mail notifications excerpts, and social networking sites

This is nothing less than an effort by your company to use its resources to expose this communist terrorist and his communist views to millions of Americans, especially young people and students. This is morally wrong.

The book, a copy of which I have obtained in advance from your publicity department, is extremely offensive to the victims of Weather Underground terrorism and their families. In the book Rudd talks with pride of his involvement in terrorist acts, including the planned bombing of a servicemen's dance at Ft. Dix, where hundreds of military personnel and their wives and girlfriends could have been injured or killed. He said our U.S. military personnel deserved a "taste" of what the Army had been doing during the Vietnam War. This book constitutes nothing less than a celebration of attempted murder. Surely you can't defend this.

On March 12, my group, America's Survival, Inc., will be holding a press conference in Washington, D.C. at the National Press Club to call for a full and complete investigation into the unsolved 1970 bombing murder of San Francisco Police Sergeant Brian V. McDonnell. Sgt. McDonnell was killed after a bomb containing heavy metal staples exploded at the Park Station where he was serving. Members of the Weather Underground have been accused of involvement in that murder.

I have enclosed a copy of a letter from the San Francisco Police Officers Association in support of our efforts to obtain justice in this case. Rudd does not acknowledge involvement in that murder in his book, but he does describe how he was involved in casing a California courthouse so that a bomb could be planted there. The FBI says that his fingerprints were discovered in a bomb factory in San Francisco.

As someone who has communicated with many retired police officers who were working in the 1970s to stop this violence and terrorism, I can assure you that the publication of Rudd's book -- and the HarperCollins publicity campaign to promote it -- will cause pain and outrage.

Before my March 12 event takes place, I wanted to provide you the opportunity to contact me personally so that I can report to the assembled representatives of the press and the public what your response will be. That is the purpose of this letter. I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours Truly

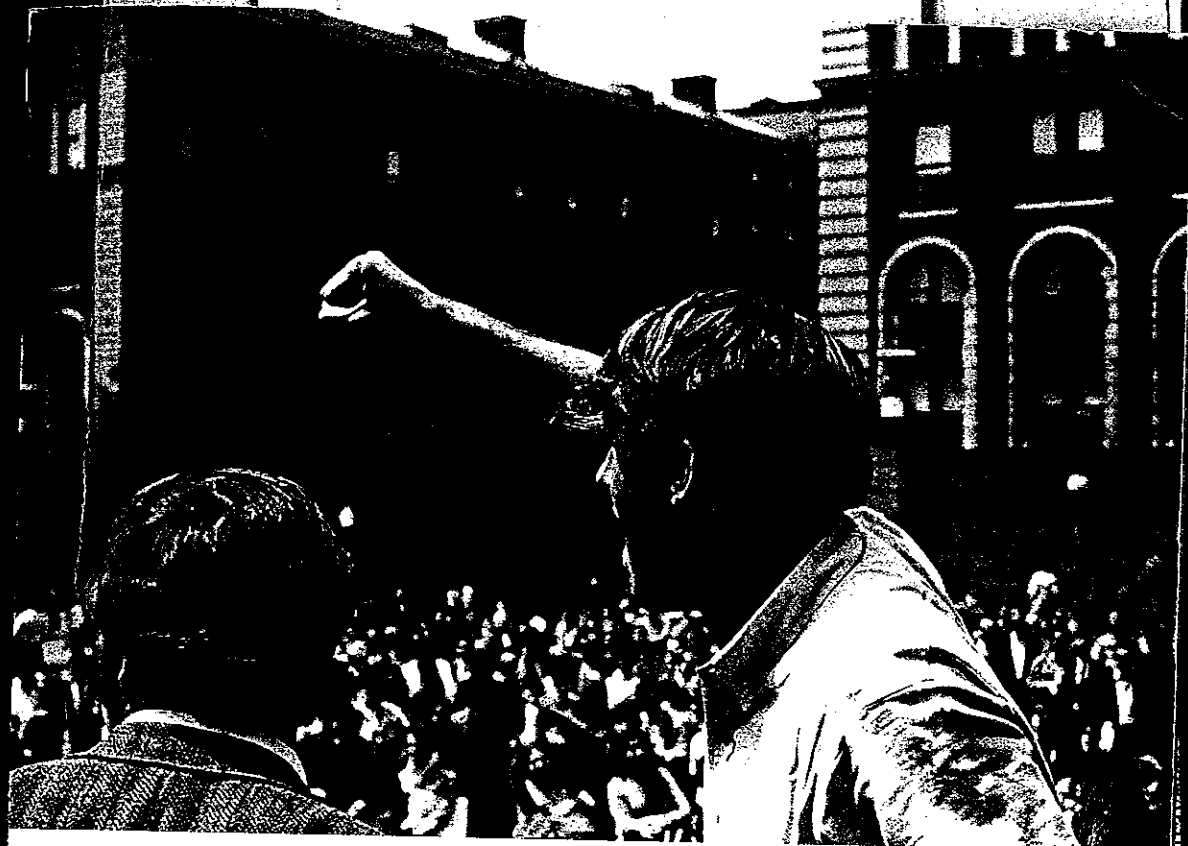


Cliff Kincaid, President
Enclosure



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CHICAGO P. D.
CA 28475



THE LIFE OF THE SDS AND THE UNDERGROUND

UNDERGROUND

MARK RUDD

UNCORRECTED
PROOF
NOT FOR SALE

After his subsequent expulsion from SDS...

For the first time, the leader of the Columbia University student uprising of 1968 and fugitive member of the notorious Weather Underground tells his compelling and engrossing story

In 1968, Mark Rudd was the 20-year-old chairman of the Columbia University chapter of SDS, Students for a Democratic Society, the largest radical student organization in the U.S. That year he led an occupation of five buildings to protest the university's support for the Vietnam War and its racist policies. After a violent police bust, the occupation became a student strike, turning Rudd and Columbia into symbols of student revolt. Rudd went on to become a founder of the Weatherman faction of SDS, which helped to organize the notorious Days of Rage in Chicago in 1969.

But Rudd and his friends wanted to overthrow the government. They wanted revolution. Transforming themselves into the Weather Underground Organization, they planned greater action—until three of their members accidentally died when bombs they were making in a Greenwich Village townhouse exploded. By the end of 1970, Rudd had gone underground and remained a fugitive for more than seven years before turning himself in to great media fanfare.

In this gripping narrative, Rudd speaks out about this tumultuous period, the role he played in its crucial events, and its aftermath. He reveals the drama and tension, as well as the naiveté of activists fighting in the name of peace and social justice—idealistic young people who believed that their actions mattered.

MARK RUDD is a teacher in New Mexico where he lives with his family.

National Broadcast and Print Media Campaign

25-City National Radio Campaign

College Marketing, Including Mailings to College Bookstores and Newspapers

Online Promotions, Including E-mail Notifications Excerpts, and Social Networking Sites

Author Website: www.MarkRudd.com

Memoir/History • April 2009 • 978-0-06-147275-6 • \$25.99 • 336 pages • 6" x 9"

If you've read the galley, I'd love to hear what you think. Please contact me, Lynn Grady, at (212) 207-7349 or by e-mail at lynn.grady@harpercollins.com.

For publicity, contact Seale Ballenger at (212) 207-7478 or by e-mail at seale.ballenger@harpercollins.com.



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WILLIAM MORROW

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FT AIX BOMB PLOT

his way out again, the stone lintel over the basement door collapsed on him, one step away from survival.

Part of the problem was that Terry was doing all the thinking. He was just twenty-one years old, small, wiry, and smart as a whip, though by the time of the explosion his thinking had become twisted. A few nights before, Terry had told me what his group was planning. "We're going to kill the pigs at a dance at Fort Dix," he said. It was to be an antipersonnel bomb made out of stolen dynamite with sixteen-penny nails for shrapnel. Noncommissioned officers and their wives and dates in New Jersey would pay for the American crimes in Vietnam.

At that point we had determined that there were no innocent Americans, at least no white ones. They—we—all played some part in the atrocity of Vietnam, if only the passive roles of ignorance, acquiescence, and acceptance of privilege. Universally guilty, all Americans were legitimate targets for attack.

Terry's body wasn't identified until weeks later, and then only from a fingertip found in the ruin. Ted, twenty-three, and Diana Oughton, twenty-eight, were identified by the next day. Diana, tall and graceful, smart and earnest, had been driven in part by her experience as a Peace Corps volunteer in an impoverished Indian village in Guatemala. What she saw in Guatemala and learned about the war in Vietnam led her to despise our country's actions in the Third World.

I assented to the Fort Dix plan when Terry told me about it. I, too, wanted this country to have a taste of what it had been dishing out daily in Southeast Asia over the course of the previous decade. Our bombs would be crude, nothing like the sophisticated fifteen-thousand-pound "daisy cutters" used in Vietnam, the antipersonnel weapons with curlicued plastic shrapnel, diabolically designed to be undetectable by X-rays.

I spent most of March 6 at a friend's house in New Jersey, in part to establish an alibi in case anything went wrong with the Fort Dix action. Returning to New York, I called Robert Friedman, my old friend from the *Columbia Daily Spectator*, also to keep my alibi going,

and by chance we decided to go see *Zabriskie Point*, the latest Antonioni movie. After the romantic young revolutionary hero dies, the film ends with the explosion of a fancy bourgeois house in the desert, a metaphorical fantasy of revolutionary retribution. Though I was uncritically enthusiastic about the movie when I saw it, I've never been able to watch it again.

I returned to my collective's house on Henry Street on the Lower East Side at about midnight. My comrades were huddled around the early edition of the next day's *New York Times*. "Where have you been? Didn't you hear?" they demanded, and then they showed me the front page.

TOWNHOUSE RAZED BY BLAST AND FIRE; MAN'S BODY FOUND, screamed the headline. A large picture of the burning rubble carried the caption "Smoke pouring from the four-story building at 18 West 11th Street, near Fifth Avenue. Explosions in the basement shattered glass in the area." The article mentioned that two women had escaped from the explosion, one naked, and were helped by a neighbor, the actor Henry Fonda's ex-wife, before disappearing. Later in the article, the paper ran another picture of the rubble and a shot of Dustin Hoffman, another resident on the block.

I had dropped Terry off at 18 West Eleventh Street two days before, though I hadn't gone inside.

A red gash split open in time. A stillness lasted less than a second, an eternity, before the pain rushed in. I was face-to-face with a loss so immense that it dwarfed everything else, yet I had to act. I willfully switched myself over to crisis mode—though at a deeper level I knew that there was now, suddenly, a before and an after—and in the second instant I was already thinking about what needed to be done.

First I had to find the survivors, to see who was alive and who had died, to try to regroup them and get them to safety.

I used a pay phone a few blocks from the apartment and miraculously, on my first call, managed to find a survivor. We had previously established an emergency backup number. I went to the apartment where she was being sheltered by a friend in the Village, only a few

Bomb plot

selves, resisting the conditions of their incarceration, demanding basic civil and human rights such as decent food and an end to solitary confinement and other arbitrary punishment.

Eloquent books by black prisoners, such as Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* and George Jackson's *Soledad Brother*, became bestsellers, read not only by radicals such as myself but by average white Americans trying to understand what was going on. Both Cleaver and Jackson joined the Black Panther Party, helping to increase the party's standing as "the vanguard of the black revolution."

Inside the prisons a state of war prevailed, with black-white gang battles, guards shooting selected activist prisoners, retaliation against guards. One of George Jackson's organizing partners in the Black Guerrilla Family, a self-proclaimed Marxist revolutionary group, was murdered by a guard who was then exonerated. A few days later, another guard was thrown off a tier balcony in apparent retaliation; Jackson and two other prisoners were charged with the killing.

In early August 1970, George Jackson's sixteen-year-old brother, Jonathan, invaded a courtroom in San Rafael, California, Marin County, where some black San Quentin inmates were on trial and held a shotgun to the head of the presiding judge, making him a hostage for George's freedom. In the ensuing gun battle, the judge, Jonathan, and two of the codefendants were shot. It was a bloody mess.

Out of the event, a number of people became fugitives, including Angela Davis, a young and articulate black Communist professor, who was charged with supplying the weapon to Jonathan Jackson. She became a notorious fugitive, the object of an enormous international support movement, who was eventually captured and acquitted.

In our tribe house on Pine Street, San Francisco, only a few miles from the Marin County Courthouse, we held a meeting right after the shooting. *What could we do to show solidarity with Jonathan Jackson and the black revolutionary prisoners?* The organization had developed some expertise in building bombs; several had been exploded successfully in New York City back in June 1970. Despite our dysfunction, our collective of the Weather Underground decided

we would demonstrate our solidarity by blowing up the Marin County Courthouse.

I was given the job of casing the site, trying to figure out where and how to plant the bomb. This was the first overtly political act I'd been engaged in in months. I drove out to Marin in an old '57 Chevy station wagon, an anonymous car at the time, and parked in the courthouse parking lot. The building, designed by famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright, was a treasure in concrete of open California design, with colonnades and porticoes along its south-facing side to protect against the glaring August sun. Security, I found, was remarkably lax, given the events of the week before. No one stopped or even noticed me.

I ducked into a men's room and looked around. In a stall I found a drain that could be accessed by a screwdriver. I pried it up and peered down. It was two inches in diameter and appeared to go straight down at least a foot. I had the spot for the bomb. It was so simple.

I reported back to the collective. From there, other people took over the manufacturing of the device. A few days later, the bomb was put in the bathroom, with a timer set for after the building was closed. We called in a warning late that night, giving them time to evacuate the building. Then we waited to hear a report of the blast on the radio: nothing. The next morning one of us cruised by the courthouse to see if there was any evident damage: nothing. Worried that it would go off accidentally and harm an innocent visitor or a janitor, we called in a second warning, telling the security office at the jail that there was a bomb in the men's-room drain. It never exploded.

George Jackson was murdered by guards at San Quentin prison a week later, in an alleged escape attempt, and became another revolutionary martyr. He was buried with full Black Panther honors.

The Weather Underground branch in San Francisco was particularly busy that August: A plan was being hatched to help Timothy Leary, the pioneer and guru of acid, break out of federal prison at San Luis Obispo, down the coast. Leary was serving a ten-

Rudd's prints at bomb factory

~~TOP SECRET~~

WUO "Pine Street Bomb Factory"

[REDACTED]

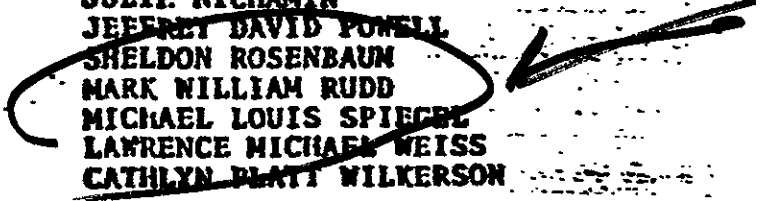
[REDACTED] San Francisco, California. He stated that during April, 1970, one CLINTON EVERETT WILLARD rented the apartment for a year period ending March, 1971. At the time he claimed to be employed by Mr. EZRA HENDON, an attorney in Berkeley, California. When [REDACTED] arrived at the building in mid-April, 1971, he discovered the apartment apparently abandoned. On inspection he discovered bombing paraphernalia which led him to contact the FBI.

[REDACTED] viewed photographs of various WUO members and identified photographs on California drivers licenses in the names CLINTON EVERETT WILLARD and ROBERT PEARSON WHITE as being identical to the man who rented the apartment. (Both the WILLARD and WHITE drivers licenses had come to the attention of the FBI in previous investigation insofar as both individuals in whose names these licenses were issued died as infants.) [REDACTED] also identified a photograph of WUO member CLAYTON VAN LYDEGRAF as being identical to the older man who helped to move "WILLARD" into the apartment. (On May 20, 1971 [REDACTED] Kent State University, Kent, Ohio, was shown the WILLARD and WHITE drivers licenses and advised that both bore the photograph of MARK JOSEPH REAL, whom he knew to have been the WUO leader in the Kent area in late 1969.)

Inspection of the apartment yielded an amount of explosives and bomb making paraphernalia. Fingerprints were subsequently lifted from articles in the apartment by Special Agents of the FBI. Fingerprints of the following WUO members were found in this apartment:

- KAREN LYNN ASHLEY
- WILLIAM CHARLES AYERS
- KATHIE BOUDIN
- PETER WALES CLAPP
- JOHN WILLARD DAVIS
- DAVID JOSEPH GILBERT
- NAOMI ESTHER JAFFE
- MICHAEL THOMAS JUSTESEN

- HONARD NORTON MACHTINGER
- JULIE NICHAMIN
- JEEFREY DAVID POWELL
- SHELDON ROSENBAUM
- MARK WILLIAM RUDD
- MICHAEL LOUIS SPIEGEL
- LAWRENCE MICHAEL WEISS
- CATHLYN PLATT WILKERSON



~~TOP SECRET~~

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