



BIOGRAPHIES

Greg Jackson, 1970 - Compiled From His Interview 'No Way As A Way' and a Biographical Sketch Found in Our Culture, Our Resistance by Ernesto Aguilar (2003)

Greg Jackson was born in 1970 in Seattle to a white mother and black father, he was raised mostly by his mother. He became politicised due to racist violence he experienced & growing up on welfare until he was 17. This also helped jump start his career in martial arts, beginning with boxing. His answers to some question in the 2003 interview provide excellent insight to his early life and political experiences.

Was there a defining political moment in your life?

One thing just led to another. All my life my mother struggled to feed us and keep a roof over our heads. Welfare used to send her on jobs that didn't pay a living wage. But she was required to go, or else we would be cut off for good. But, if by some miracle she made any money, it would be deducted from her monthly check and they would threaten her with prosecution or being cut off for making too much money. Every year I had to take a form to the school to fill out and send to them to prove I was in school. One more reason other kids had to pick on me.

The day she died, she was a college grad, Phi Theta Kappa, with a bachelor of arts in journalism; but she was working at a fast-food restaurant because local newspapers refused to pay her a living wage or didn't hire her at all.

When I was a teenager, I was on the bus going to work as a dishwasher at an upscale restaurant when a group of white police stopped the bus and ordered all of the black people off, accusing us of shoplifting at a local mall. I glanced at one officer's badge as I got off, he saw me do it, and said that he would be more than happy to put a third 'eye' in my forehead. Years later, I was confronted by neo-Nazis in the University District, and I successfully defended myself against them. At the time, I was a trained kick-boxer who fought ring matches regularly; they never saw it coming. I later found out that I wasn't alone; there was a "movement" of punk rock homeless kids, gangster types and weed dealers who were doing their part to run them off the Ave also.

It wasn't until I read *Revolutionary Suicide* and *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* that I began to get a clearer picture of what I was dealing with. Later, some of the homeless kids turned me on to Marxist and anarchist writings.

