

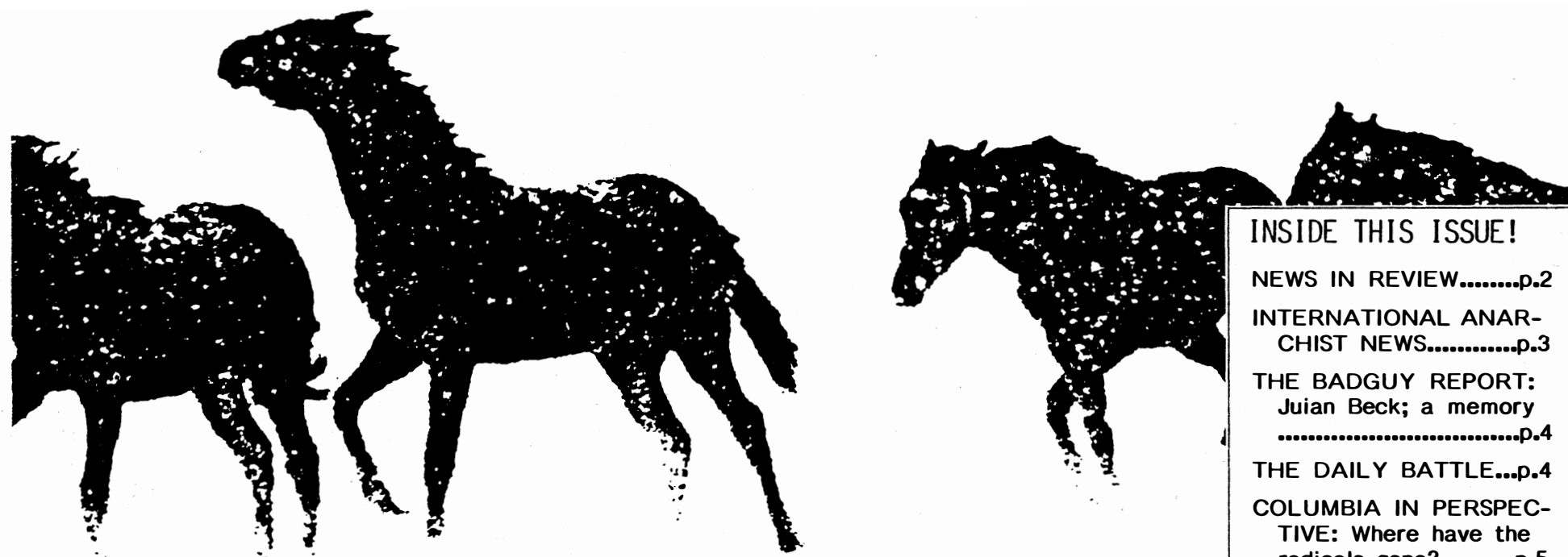


ANARCHY a journal of DESIRE ARMED

Number 8

DISARM AUTHORITY! ARM YOUR DESIRES!

Oct./Nov. 1985



neither god nor master

INSIDE THIS ISSUE!

NEWS IN REVIEW.....p.2

INTERNATIONAL ANAR-
CHIST NEWS.....p.3

THE BADGUY REPORT:
Juian Beck; a memory
.....p.4

THE DAILY BATTLE...p.4

COLUMBIA IN PERSPEC-
TIVE: Where have the
radicals gone?.....p.5

THE ABOLITION OF
WORK.....special insert

News in Review

edited by Lev Chernyi

RAINBOW WARRIOR BOMBING

On September 22nd the Prime Minister of France, Laurent Fabius, admitted after two months of denials that agents of the French Intelligence Service, acting under orders, had indeed sunk the Greenpeace anti-nuclear ship Rainbow Warrior in New Zealand last July. He also admitted that French officials had tried to conceal the truth from Government investigators, as remains obvious since no one has yet admitted who gave the order.

Shortly afterward, Paul Quilès, the new Defense Minister who is leading the investigation into the Greenpeace bombing, was reported to have discovered that key documents on the operation were destroyed. And while there is no proof yet, many people believe that high levels of the French government will be implicated. "In a matter as serious as this," a former Education Minister under President Mitterand, Alain Savary, said, "military personnel could not have acted without approval at a very high political level."

The Rainbow Warrior was sunk by two explosions in Auckland Harbor where it was preparing to sail toward the site of a planned French nuclear test on the Polynesian atoll of Mururoa. One crewman, a Greenpeace photographer, was killed in the second explosion. New Zealand is now holding a French couple for trial in the bombings and murder. The New Zealand government has demanded millions of dollars in reparations from France, as well as representing to France the claims of Greenpeace.

The major question remaining now is whether the Mitterand government actually ordered the bombings, or whether right-wing officers planned the mission with its discovery (and the political embarrassment of Mitterand's socialist government) in mind. So far, four members of French Intelligence have been charged with providing secret information to the press. French police are also seeking a fifth man (who



The Rainbow Warrior being towed from drydock in Auckland Harbor

had earlier been suspended for five years after being accused of manufacturing evidence against a group of suspected Irish terrorists). Their coming trial may at last reveal the true nature of the whole affair.

BOLIVIAN WORKERS MOVEMENT

Bolivia is one of the poorest countries in South America. It has an infant mortality rate of more than 157 deaths per thousand and a life-expectancy of 48 years. Its 6 million inhabitants are burdened with a national debt of between 4 to 6 billion dollars, an inflation rate that defies belief (2700% in 1984) and a "left" government that appears more than willing to knuckle under to the dictates of the International Monetary Fund (IMF).

Since the assumption of power of the "democratic" government of Hernan Siles Zuazo in November, 1982, the economic crisis has deepened in Bolivia and demands for austerity by the IMF and the World Bank as the price for continued economic "assistance" have increased with the result that the working people of

Bolivia have been pushed to the wall.

But Bolivia also has one of the most combative labor movements in that part of the world, the Central Obrera Boliviana (COB), with 800,000 members. The COB is unique among unions in Latin America in that it is completely independent of both the government and all political parties, while allowing the widest possible political pluralism within its own ranks. Though representatives of all political philosophies, from the Communist Party on the right to the anarcho-syndicalists on the left, are free to present and defend their differing perspectives, once a decision is made, the unity of the workers takes precedence.

The key to the preservation of this unity and autonomy is the deeply ingrained democratic and class consciousness of the union's base, particularly within the 50,000 member Miners' Federation (FSTMB), the backbone of the COB, and the peasants union (CSUTCB). The anarcho-syndicalist tradition and the practice of mutual aid are strongest in the mining camps and the rugged rural areas where life is harsh and

has made mutual aid mandatory--giving rise to the kind of self-reliance and solidarity that often seems to be a characteristic of mining communities throughout the world. Equally a tradition in the mining camps is the general assembly, where men and women have their voice and vote on all questions relating to the welfare of the community.

The COB has led the resistance to austerity measures with a campaign of general strikes, road blocks, occupations, and other direct actions to achieve the dual objective of tying wage increases to the cost of living and forcing the Zuazo government to repudiate the national debt. At the same time the COB has also been forced to defend the current "democratic" government from the threats of the right, as it did in June, 1984, when a general strike thwarted a coup attempt staged by right-wing paramilitary groups and a section of the army (tied to the cocaine trade and backed by Argentina).

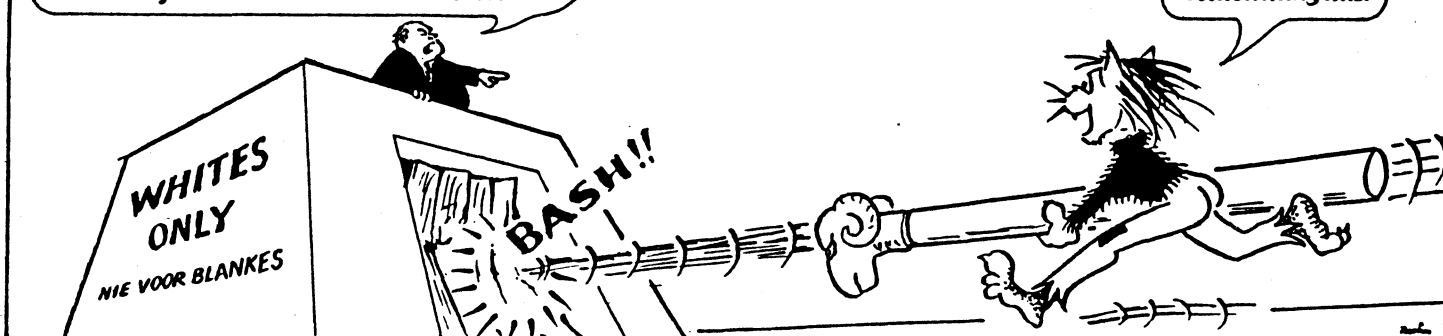
In response to the latest government economic plan the COB has mobilized popular support and has attempted to impose its solution to the crisis. Inspired by the mine-workers of Oruro, who have been using militant direct action tactics (last spring over 10,000 miners helped to blockade the city of La Paz against the army, sealed off the capitol and bombed various state/military targets), the COB has increasingly urged the population to take matters into its own hands. Declaring in February that the government had lost all credibility with the majority of the population, the COB, along with a large section of the FACBAPO (a federation of women who work in their homes), felt it was time to take responsibility for distributing goods, controlling the means of production, and defend/running their own communities.

Not surprisingly, the government was quick to accuse the COB of "encouraging its membership to civil war."

In reply, COB's executive secretary, Juan Lechin Oquendo, has denied this allegation and pointed out that the working class was trying to avoid confrontation. He didn't deny that the country was on the brink of civil war, but he stated that it would be impossible for the workers to win because they had no arms. He continued to say that the government had become useless and that the workers movement should abolish its functions and replace it, given the failure of any workable solutions to Bolivia's eco-

WILDCAT

We've given back your slave-class citizenship, and waffled vaguely about repealing the pass laws. It is now your turn to make a concession.



from FREEDOM; International Anarchist Monthly

Continued on page 5

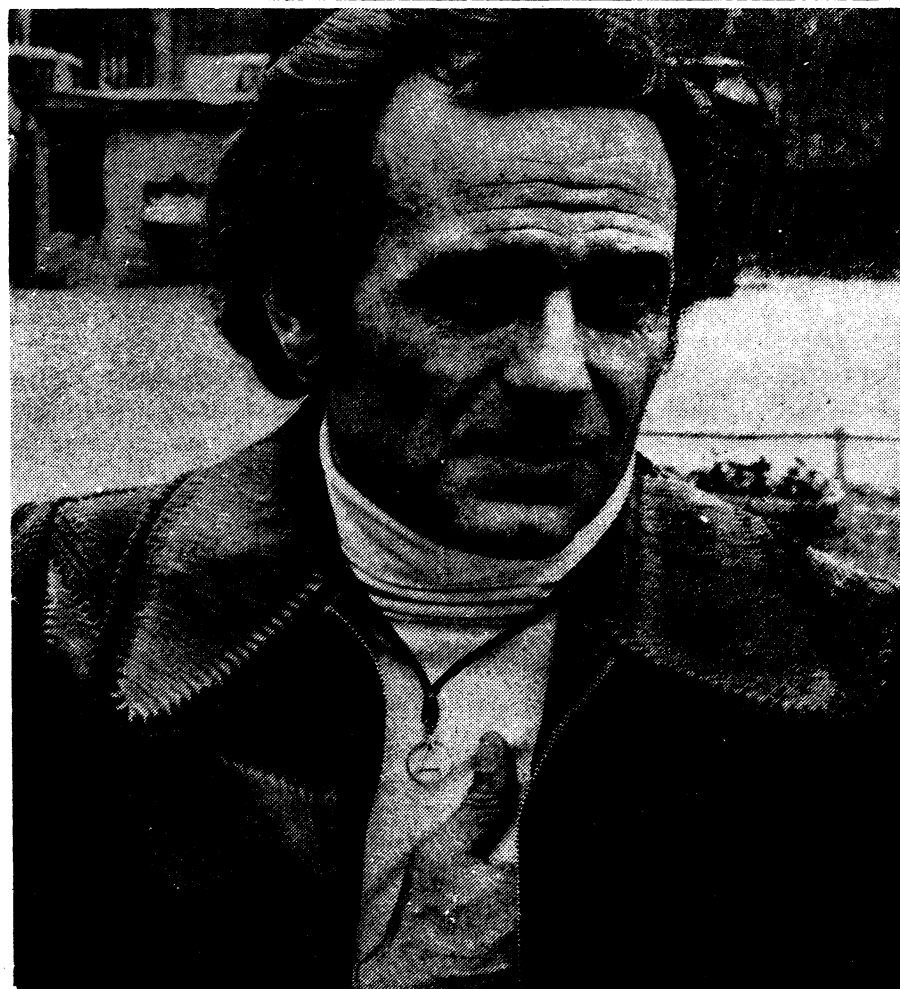
International Anarchist News

PIETRO VALPREDA FREED

On August 1st the trial of all those charged with the Piazza Fontana bombing of December 12, 1969 came to an end. All of the principal accused, including the anarchist Pietro Valpreda, as well as the fascists Franco Freda and Giovanni Ventura, were acquitted for "insufficient proof." However, this may well not be the last heard about what has become the longest, most complex and tumultuous political trial in recent Italian history.

The bombing took place in Italy in 1969 at the end of what is now called the "hot autumn." This was at a time in which both students and major sections of the Italian working class were engaged in continuous and bitter struggles against the state and capital, and a national metalworker's strike (traditionally the most militant working class sector) had been planned to begin on December 14th. On Dec. 12th, however, an explosion rocked the headquarters of the Bank of Agriculture in Milan, killing 16 people and injuring about one hundred others. Bombs were also defused at other locations (in Milan and Rome).

Immediately after the bombing the Milan police without justification attributed it to the "extreme left," and oriented their investigation towards the anarchist movement. By the middle of the night on the 12th, more than one hundred anarchists were jailed in Milan. Most were released in a matter of hours, but a number were detained. Among those detained was 40 year-old Guiseppi Pinelli, a railroad worker and an anarchist since his youth when he participated in the anti-fascist resistance movement. Pinelli was well known for his commitments to anarchist activities--including



Pietro Valpreda, acquitted for a third time, goes free at last.

his membership in the anarchist circle **Porta Della Ghiselta**, as well as his work with the **Anarchist Black Cross** (an international anarchist prisoner support network). Three days later he was "suicided" by police from the eighth floor window of commissioner Calebresi (police stories were so contradictory and far-fetched that it was fairly obvious that he was indeed murdered by the police).

On December 15th Pietro Valpreda, an anarchist who worked as a professional dancer, was also arrested just as the Italian mass media began a vast anti-anarchist campaign which attempted to attribute the bombing and resulting deaths to anarchists.

Immediately following Pinelli's death and Valpreda's arrest Milan anarchists began a counter-information campaign making three major points: (1) Pinelli was assassinated, (2) Valpreda was innocent, and (3) the Italian state was ultimately responsible for the Piazza Fontana bombing. Over time the counter-information campaign was successful, spreading to all the major cities of Italy, and resulting in the widespread public understanding that Pinelli was indeed murdered and Valpreda was framed. Eventually, in 1972, even the **Corriere della Sera**, Italy's major daily rallied to the campaign for Valpreda's release and the Italian parliament was obliged to pass a law (called the "Valpreda

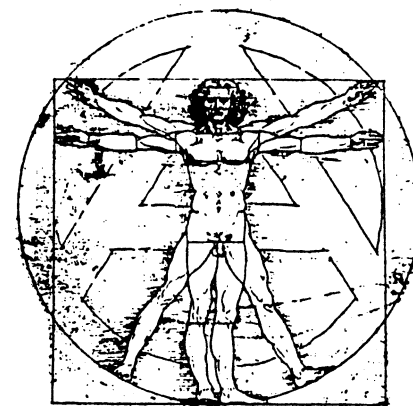
law") specifically to permit his release pending trial.

Unfortunately, the "trial" became a number of trials as Valpreda was **acquitted** first in Milan, then again during the state's appeal in Catanzaro, and finally (after a superior court in Rome annulled this decision) in a new trial in Bari. Now, 16 years after the Piazza Fontana explosion (which is now commonly known in Italy as the "state bombing"), precisely who ordered and carried out the bombing has yet to be determined. However, the role of the Italian state in the affair (through its intimate ties to fascist groups) has become irrefutable. SOURCE: **Black Flag**, London

GAETANO BRESCI REMEMBERED

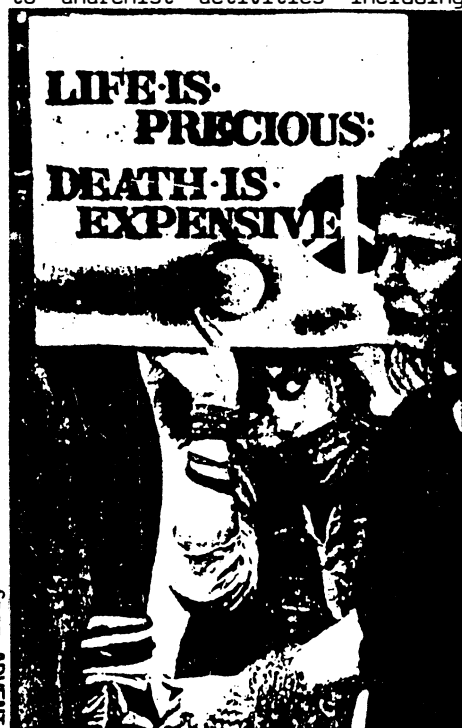
A statue honoring the anarchist Gaetano Bresci is being raised by the marble workers of Carrara, Italy, who have maintained their anarchist traditions since the time of the First International. Throughout the resistance to the Monarchy, to the First World War, to fascism, and throughout the trials of the Second World War and the new resistance, Carrara remained anarchist so far as the quarry was concerned (though it is ironical that the stonemasons of Carrara supply the marble for most of the Catholic churches in Europe).

Because of the electoral abstention of the Carrara anarchists, the Communist Party controls the municipal government, but streets are named after well-known anarchists and tourist postcards even feature pictures of the local anarchist club. So it might not seem so surprising that Carrara should raise a statue to honor the man who in 1900 assassinated King Umberto of Italy. Bresci was a member of an anarchist group (made up of Italian immigrants) in Paterson, New Jersey which sent him back to Italy for that purpose to hold Umberto to account for the repression of workers in 1898. Unfortunately for us the attempted assassinations of Mussolini (in 1926, etc.) and Hitler by anarchists were less successful than Bresci's attempt.



ANARCHISM- THE DOCTRINE AND MOVEMENT WHICH REJECTS THE PRINCIPLE OF POLITICAL AUTHORITY AND MAINTAINS THAT SOCIAL ORDER IS POSSIBLE AND DESIRABLE WITHOUT SUCH AUTHORITY. ITS CENTRAL NEGATIVE THRUST IS DIRECTED AGAINST THE CORE ELEMENTS THAT MAKE UP THE MODERN STATE: ITS TERRITORIALITY WITH THE ACCOMPANYING NOTION OF FRONTIERS; ITS SOVEREIGNTY, IMPLYING EXCLUSIVE JURISDICTION OVER ALL PEOPLE AND PROPERTY WITHIN ITS FRONTIERS; ITS MONOPOLY OF THE MAJOR MEANS OF PHYSICAL COERCION BY WHICH IT SEEKS TO UPHOLD THAT SOVEREIGNTY, BOTH INTERNALLY AND EXTERNALLY; ITS SYSTEM OF POSITIVE LAW WHICH CLAIMS TO OVERRIDE ALL OTHER LAWS AND CUSTOMS; AND THE IDEA OF THE NATION AS THE PARAMOUNT POLITICAL COMMUNITY. THE POSITIVE THRUST OF ANARCHISM IS DIRECTED TOWARDS THE VINDICATION OF 'NATURAL SOCIETY,' I.E. A SELF-REGULATED SOCIETY OF INDIVIDUALS AND FREELY-FORMED GROUPS....

TOM BOTTOMORE



THE BADGUY REPORT

Julian Beck; a memory

Lots has happened in the past two months including the threatened removal of "Sleepless Frenzy" from the air (and the continuing attempt to tone down the show by KOPN's bosses), the premiere public performance of The First Bank of Christ on my show, the great Tiger Hotel bash with Decry, Like a Horse, and Crisco Fister, and of course my 100th birthday celebration live and over the radio with Lurking Fear, Ed Hermann and a rag-tag crew of musicians. So who cares if punk is dead or not? Columbia's fringers still know what good dirty radical fun can be.

But the death of Julian Beck from cancer on September 14th is what I want to pick up on now cause Julian and the Living Theatre are people who have had a lot of influence over the development of my own projects as a cultural provocateur (i.e. turning the culture and its conventions against themselves). I first visited Julian in 1973 at a collective household of the Living Theatre near the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Lev and I had hitched to Manhattan in hopes of seeing the

Living Theatre perform at an anarchist festival at Hunter College, but didn't make it there in time. Somebody gave me Julian's mother's phone number, and before I knew it I had an invitation to come to Brooklyn and talk.

I didn't know much about the Living Theatre at the time except that they were a pacifist anarchist group with an international reputation and a strange play called "Paradise Now." And that I had once brought up the Living Theatre in a high school class only to have the teacher denounce them as untalented no-accounts.

At this time in my life I was trying to decide what I could do that would make a difference and further the cause of personal and social liberation. I went to talk to the Living Theatre with this in mind, hoping to get some insight into how utopians live in the real world.

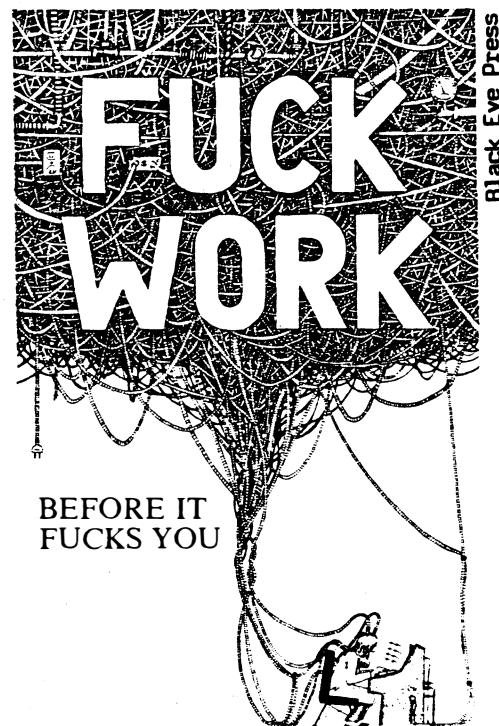
I don't remember all the details of the exchanges I had with the people there. What I do remember is Julian Beck. Such a gracious, passionate and lucid man I had never met. He

talked at length about a film they had made with Bernardo Bertolucci, about the problems of avoiding didacticism while creating theatre pieces for revolutionary transformation, and of the man who inspired them to break through the rigidities of the theatrical medium of performance. That man was Antonin Artaud, whose book *The Theatre and Its Double* was a great blow to the kind of theatre which merely simulates reality. The Living Theatre, like Artaud, sought to break through all the illusory truths and realities we use to routinize and blunt experience. They sought to get rid of the spectator/audience and to encounter others as real persons to get to where we live and create an emotional catharsis which would energize us to dismantle all the false artifacts of the system of domination. They wanted us to glimpse the possibilities of paradise now.

So what could I do, I asked Julian, to be a part of this process of creating anarchy? I didn't

have the theatrical training of the Living Theatre, but perhaps I could find others and form a creative ensemble of some kind. Julian told

Continued on back page



The daily battle

by Freddie Baer

The war begins early in the morning. Your body stiffens to attention as it's wrenched from slumber. You goosestep as you sleep-walk through your routines, awake but not aware. Preparing for the daily battle, you arm yourself psychologically: you layer on your character armor and sharpen your wits so you can claw your way to the top.

You join the forced march to work, blending into the battalion of the battered. Your eyes look neither to the left nor right, but stare straight ahead unseeing as you match the cadence of the crowd. The hostilities have begun.

It makes no difference whether you type letters for the Bank of America, make pizza dough for Blondies, cashier for Safeway, pump gas for Chevron, or somehow sell your labor in a thousand different ways in a thousand different places, you are still a front line soldier for the corporate state. You may have been drafted, you may have volunteered, but you have taken your place in the strategies of capital.

Survey the battleground: the workplace is strewn with psychic corpses, their backbones yanked out and their souls bled out of them. Squads of mercenary automatons patrol, issuing senseless orders. Under continual bombardment from above, you hold your position, constantly on the offensive.

You can find moments of camaraderie in the trenches, as a human esprit de corps infiltrates through

enemy lines, but the captains of industry fire away, and the monotonous siege resumes.

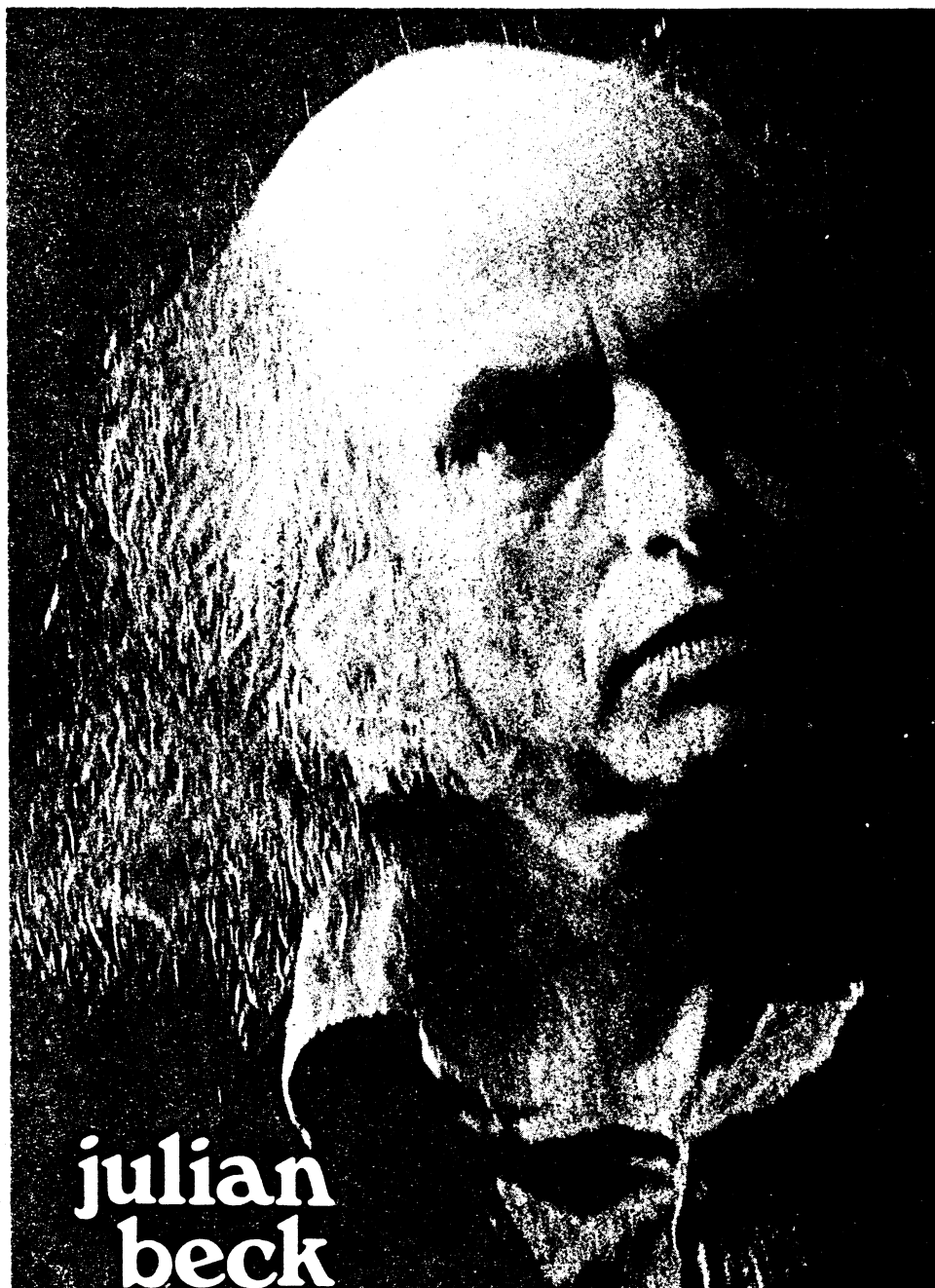
Finally, you serve your time for the day. Shellshocked from another skirmish of labor, you shuffle off to leisure time where the battle begins again. This is a more insidious battle than work because you may think you're gone AWOL from the corporate army. In reality, you've just been transferred to another front.

You double-time it to the stores where your senses are assaulted by platoons of useless consumer goods. You are convinced that your uniform is hopelessly outdated, that you can only survive another day dressed in brand new fatigues, which will, of course, become outdated the next day. You give your pay to the soldier still on duty behind the cash register, unable to see the treadmill you are marching on.

On to the next theater of operations: there remains popular culture to be consumed. You have fun getting brainwashed that you're having fun, and the M.P.'s are there to make sure that you don't have too much fun.

Finally, suffering battle fatigue, you collapse into bed, con-

Continued on page 5



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COLUMBIA IN PERSPECTIVE BY LEV CHERNYI

Where have the radicals gone?

One of the most appealing features of life in mid-Missouri for myself has always been the existence of some genuine aspects of what can loosely be called an "alternative community" here. Like many other people I first came to Columbia as a student at the University and was pleased enough with what I found to decide to stay and make it my home. Although I was severely disappointed with the level of radical campus political activism here (in comparison with the school I had transferred from in St. Louis), it seemed to be more than made up for by the more balanced integration of cultural, political, and social activities that I found. And of course Columbia's small town nature meant that there was a more identifiable and tight-knit community than would ever be likely to develop in a city as fragmented and far-flung as St. Louis.

When I arrived I immediately began involving myself with the groups which interested me most--helping put out first the **Hard Travelin' Times** and later the **Community Sun**, involving myself with KOPN when it went on the air with 10 watts of power, attending meetings of a socialist study group, and (after a couple uncomfortable attempts) eventually doing extensive volunteer work with our local food cooperative, the Columbia Community Grocery. I won't say that my work with these groups was always well received (it wasn't), or that I was always satisfied with it myself (I was often unhappy with my lack of time, experience, and abilities), but given the constraints involved in being a student and working at various jobs, I felt I **was** contributing something to the growth of radical alternatives in Columbia.

These days however I can no longer maintain such an illusion. It was easier to believe that more people shared a genuinely radical vision back in the seventies when (1) for a time KOPN was virtually run by "anarchists" (who also at the time gave the Columbia Anarchist League its start), (2) the Community Grocery was expanding and at times its meetings were for me a model of participatory democracy, and (3) it wasn't that uncommon to run into self-described "radicals" (whether socialists, communists, pacifists, or just unabashed utopians) involved in a large variety of local projects and groups.

Now however, it is more obvious that the promise held out by our alternative institutions was largely a mirage and most of the self-proclaimed "radicals" weren't so radical after all. Community Grocery

sales have declined and years of mismanagement are now taking their toll. Under a succession of anti-pathetic staff and board members (certainly not all, though!) the CCG has steadily backed away from its commitments to anti-authoritarian organization and its participatory bedrock has been dangerously eroded (though it still remains **the** model locally for organizations its size). CCG staff members regularly censor consignment publications, embarrassingly radical publications are discouraged, and attempts were made to suppress dialogue in the **CCG Newsletter** before this once vital bi-weekly publication was finally silenced. KOPN has fared little better, except that financially it is in better shape, dependent as it is on government money like a junkie needs heroin. Radicals and punks are kicked off the air (or threatened to be) with seeming regularity for petty reasons. The current station manager has announced his intention to remove "advocacy" from all but a few programs. And KOPN, never a bastion of participatory democracy, has in general suffered from growing tendencies toward the acceptance of more overt authoritarianism in its management.

The saddest case for me, though, is the general retreat of former radicals towards a bankrupt liberalism and self-deceiving social democratic posturing. After all, the reactionaries within "alternative" institutions like the CCG and KOPN at least have the old excuse for selling out and freezing out radicals that they constitute a threat to financial stability (especially through the guilt by association these organizations suffer for harboring such unsavory elements). And anyone who has much acquaintance with history realizes that any positive institutions (no matter how originally radical) thrown up in resistance to a hierarchical capitalist system will almost invariably be recuperated by it (and eviscerated of any genuinely threatening content over time by the overwhelming pressures of coexistence within the system). But former radicals have only themselves to blame for their failure of nerve and capitulation in the face of a little adversity.

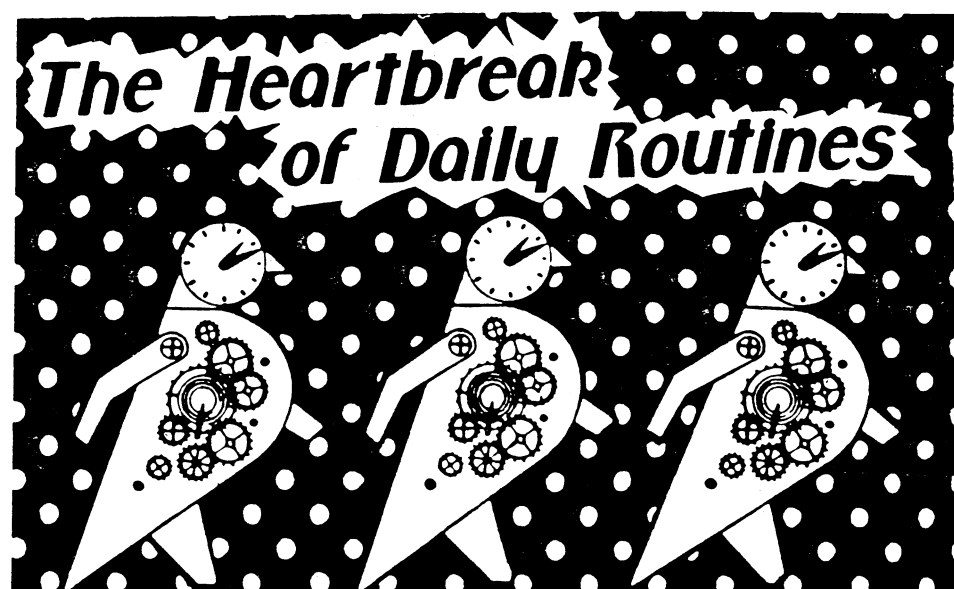
Of course, a case can be made that the more general atmosphere of radicalism I thought I saw in the "alternative community" was itself only the result of a prevalence within it of the kind of self-delusion that incoherent and ideological thinking often cultivate. And undoubtedly this was at least partly the case. Where there was only an

image of radicalism to begin with, no actual retreat from radicalism was necessary. The masks were merely discarded as out-of-date and inconvenient.

Still, a small core of intrinsics remain active. And there have been a few bright spots in the last few years which give some cause for optimism--the occasionally creative and direct tactics of some of the "single issue" groups like those opposing Central American intervention and apartheid, the more energetic, thoughtful and creative of those within Columbia's punk scene, the small minority of local women who haven't debased their feminism to the point of supporting NOW and

the "Ersatz Rights Amendment," and the continuing witness of the tenacious (even if moralistic and ultimately conservative) pacifists in town.

The building blocks are here (as they always have been) for the construction of a coherent and self-consciously radical movement in mid-Missouri. What we lack are enough elements of a **shared vision**, the strength to be earnestly critical (and especially self-critical), and the nerve to carry things through as far as we can at all times. We can't be content to slow ourselves down and wait patiently for "history" to catch up with us. Some of us want to live our lives to the fullest here and now--and if that means we have to prod history along a bit, then that's what we'll try to do!



Freddie Baer

THE DAILY BATTLE

Continued from page 4

fined to barracks yet another night. The War against your humanity continues.

This war must end, and its ending begins with you. You need to become a conscientious objector and reject the militarization of your life. You must learn to say no and to realize why you say no and how you say no.

Desert the foxhole of your isolated alienation and reach out in quiet, honest words to your fellow

drafts, touching in them chords of resistance. Form an underground of sensuousness, discover new tactile tactics, strategies in being human. There is pleasure to be found in small acts of defiance. Sabotage can be subtle and continuous, short and sweet.

Because if you don't resist the advance of corporate capital, if you surrender your sanity and self to the marching minions of madness, we will all end up prisoners of war in a runaway cattle car hurtling to the concentration camp of their bleak future.

ANARCHY

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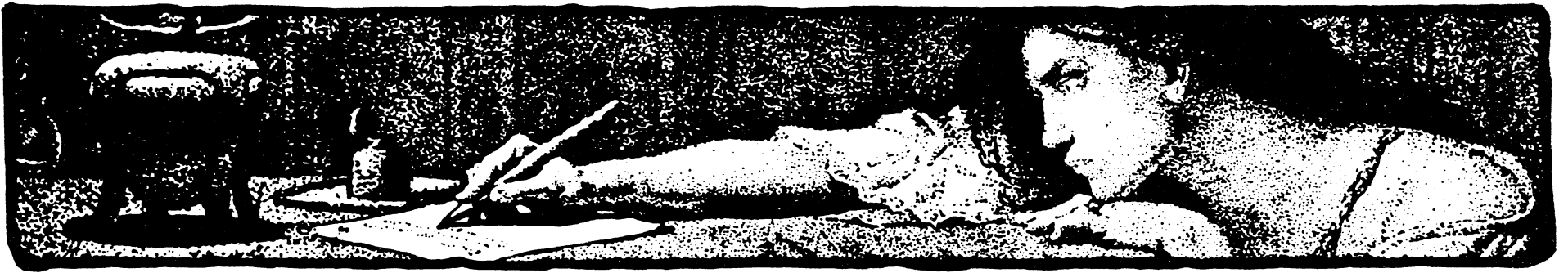
BOLIVIAN WORKERS MOVEMENT

Continued from page 2

nomic and political problems.

More concretely, the COB planned demonstrations against government policies throughout Bolivia, the organization of direct trade of goods between workers, the self-defense/policing of their own communities with citizens militias, campaigns to force down food prices, and a boycott of government taxation.

As should be obvious, there is a strong anarchist section within the COB. It has recently opened talks with the anarcho-syndicalist International Workers Association (IWA-AIT) concerning membership.



Letters

We would like to encourage readers to write to us in order to open a dialogue both with those who are sympathetic and those who are critical of anarchist theory and practice. All letters to ANARCHY will be printed with the author's initials unless it is specifically stated that her/his full name may be used, or that s/he wishes to remain anonymous. We will try to print every letter that we receive for publication, as long as they are not redundant, overly long, or unreadable. Address your letters to ANARCHY, c/o Columbia Anarchist League, P.O.B. 380, Columbia, MO. 65205.

LIBERATING PORN

Dear C.A.L.,

Diane Dekay's article "Pornography & female sexuality" was excellent and a refreshing change of pace from the barrage of anti-porn baloney that emanates from many anarchist journals. I've always maintained that the objectionable aspects of porn are the symptoms of the sexist society at large and that porn, generally, can be liberating and a rebellion against established prudery.

Julian Noah's piece was also very good and I enjoyed Jay Kinney's defense of *Young Lust*. The despicable actions of the co-op censors demonstrate how puritanism (under the guise of "feminism") inevitably results in authoritarianism and intolerance.

For anarchy,
A.M., Farmingdale, N.J.

THANK YOU

Thank you for your journal which I picked up (for free) in the Sociology Building at UMC. Our household would like to subscribe, and we hope we can offer additional support/input in the future as our resources avail.

L.N., Columbia, MO.

A VERY INTERESTING STORY

Mr. Chernyl(sic):

I recently picked up a copy of your journal, *Anarchy*, in MacAlester Hall on the UMC campus. As I flipped through the pages, I have to admit I was a bit surprised, even shocked, at the contents of your newspaper, and perhaps naively amazed to find an anarchist newspaper in mid-Missouri. As can be expected, my journalistic instincts flared, and I wondered about the people behind the words: what is the Columbia Anarchist League, what is it trying to accomplish, and who are they?

What I'm trying to lead up to is that I would like to talk to you about your newspaper and your group. I think it would make a very interesting story and I think your organization merits attention. On your side of the coin, I think a story about your organization would bring more attention to your group and its goals and possibly garner more support for you, especially among the diverse college students for whom we publish our newspaper, the *Maneater*.

So, how about it? If you are interested, and I hope you are, please contact me....

Please consider this. Thank you.

Sincerely,
K.R., Columbia, MO.

CHERNYI REPLIES:

Such a polite and sincere letter deserves a polite and sincere response. So, thanks anyway, but no thanks.

We really don't want or need any publicity about ourselves since (1) we aren't in the business of politics, (2) we don't especially want "support" for our group as such, and (3) we prefer to publicize our ideas in our own ways.

Unlike most radical (or liberal, conservative, or reactionary) groups, we have no desire to gain any poli-

tical power for ourselves, develop a group of followers, or cultivate an image of our group as a potential "expert" leadership for social change. Instead, we hope to stimulate people to think, act, and organize themselves **on their own**, to thoroughly distrust and criticize each and every political "gang" which **does** contest for power over us all, and to stop being satisfied with the narrow avenues which are currently open for pursuit by those interested in social change.

Indeed we **do** wish to attract more attention to anarchist ideas, including the concepts of social ecology, anarcho-feminism, social & economic self-management, the abolition of work, atheism, the critique of character, morality and ideology, etc. But we feel that we can accomplish this much more coherently and with much less confusion ourselves, than if we rely on local capitalist and institutional media to do it for us. We won't indict the entire establishment media in Boone County, but we **have** been burned before by incompetent, misleading, and/or dishonest journalists. And I think most of us simply have no desire or need to take our chances again. Of course I am only speaking for myself here, but I am sure none of the rest of us are overly hungry for the type of publicity you offer.

As for your question about what we are "trying to accomplish?" Your best bet is to watch this space!

SEX WITHOUT LABELS

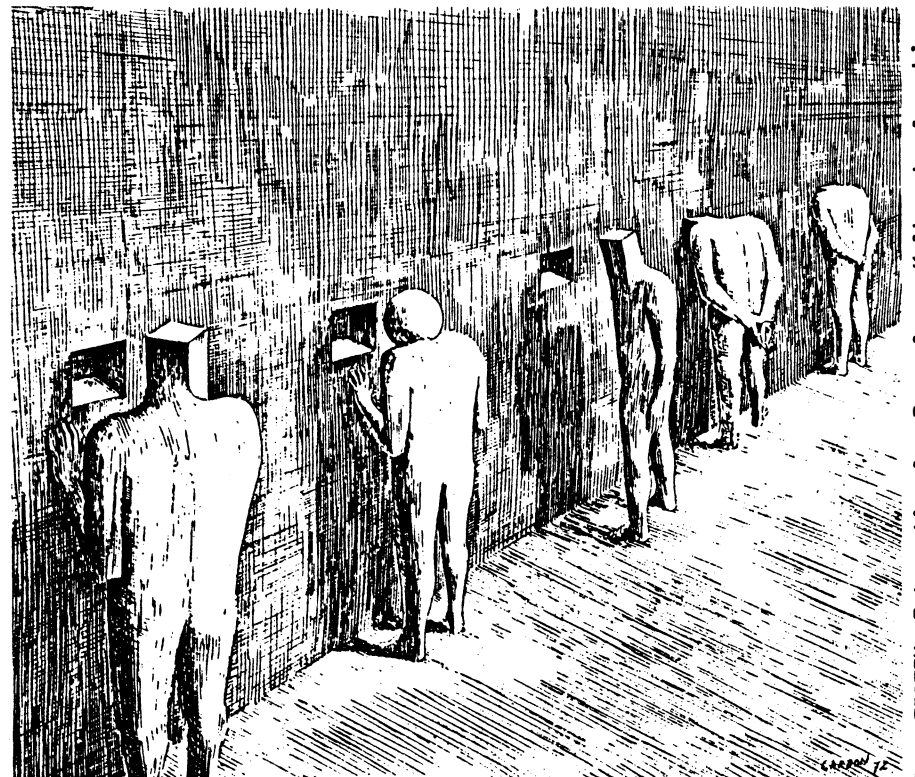
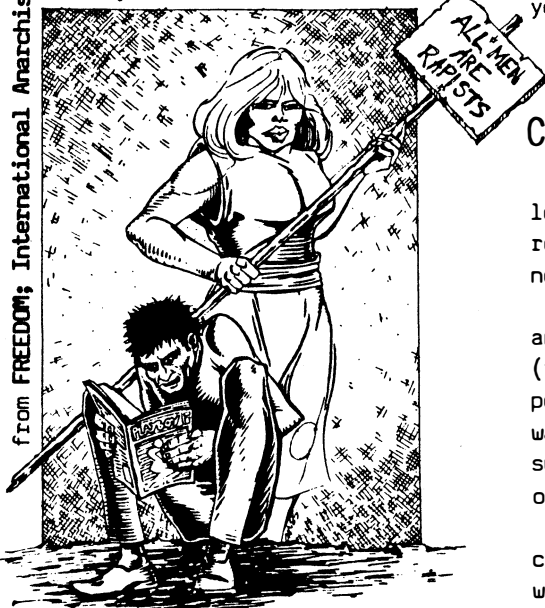
To beings both amorous and desired,

It was a pleasure to read issue #7 of *ANARCHY; a journal of desire armed*. I especially enjoyed the articles "Pornography & female sexuality" by Diane Dekay and "Eros denied" by Julian Noah. As usual, however, whenever I read a critical piece of work, I have to wonder why there are not an equal number of articles containing creative suggestions and solutions to the problems being presented.

Although I am strongly opposed to being perceived as an authority figure, as this hinders self-reliance and sets up power-over rather than power-from-within scenarios, I do believe that communicating self-revelations can be useful. So, in the spirit of sharing and desiring an openness with the universe, I would like to express some of my internal ramblings on the subject of sexuality. This is not to be seen as the rule of thumb for anyone else, but it may hopefully inspire an ongoing dialogue.

To begin with definition. If I were to chrono/logically/linearly define my sexuality in terms of labels and catch-phrases available in today's culture, it would go something like this: (1) monogamous heterosexual, (2) celibate dicktease, (3) non-monogamous heterosexual slut, (4) asexual date rape victim, (5) closet case-homophobic fag hag, (6) celibate-leftist-femi-

from FREEDOM; International Anarchist Monthly



from TRAFIK; Internationales Journal zur Kultur der Anarchie

nist-separatist, (7) lesbian dyke, (8) woman-identified homosexual, (9) bi-sexual preferring lesbian encounters, (10) non-monogamous trysexual (try anything once).

So first of all I reject the use of labels and concrete definitions as they are inappropriate in describing a human being's sexual functions. Terms which indicate a person's skin color, job orientation religion, organizational affiliation, political stance, etc...are useful only when such information is needed for networking purposes and never when trying to express the essence of an individual's existence. As sexuality plays a huge role in how we experience self, I am continually perplexed by people's willingness to be herded into categories such as "bi-sexual," "homosexual," and "heterosexual." Our tendency to categorize our being-ness with terms that describe genitalia only serves to limit and confine our individual capacities as sexual beings. Our tendency to assimilate labels and catch-phrases is dangerous as it sets up mental blocks which automatically confine our sexual responses to a select group of specific individuals. By this I mean that we brainwash ourselves into responding sexually only to those stimuli which our rational mind can sanction at any given period of time.

When I considered myself heterosexual I unconsciously repressed any sexual feeling I might have had towards other women. So that while I was spending time with women it never occurred to me to see them as potential sexual partners. But after a date rape experience when I associated sex with males as violation and exploitation I suddenly became aware that other women were sexually attractive. Surely this indicates an ability to change one's "sexual orientation" at will.

I do not want to merely suggest that we all have bi-sexual capabilities. Is it possible to get beyond our need to stigmatize ourselves with labels? I also believe it should go without saying that any form your sexuality desires to express itself in (as long as it pleases you and whomever else is involved) is okay.

Self-knowledge. All relationships begin with relation to self. Sexual relationships can only begin with self. If I feel lonely and alienated it is because I am merely tolerating my own presence and not exploring and cherishing it fully. Why is it that it rarely occurs to us that our sex with others can only be as good as sex with self? If I am unsatisfied sexually it is because of my own blocks and fears that this is so. All bodies are capable of giving and receiving pleasure. It is our mental and emotional faculties which prevent total pleasure at all times.

Is it possible to take responsibility for satisfying our sexual needs and desires ourselves? If I have not experimented with sexuality while alone, trying various methods and positions during masturbation, different environments and lubricants, etc...what will I have to offer/share in a sexual relationship to another? As Rainer Maria Rilke wrote, "We must form a relation to sex that is wholly our own." There are an infinite number of ways to satisfy self sexually and I will not stifle your creativity by listing them. I just want to say that it is too easy to be lonely and wallow in sensations of self-deprivation. If you are not satisfied with your sex life, get off your ass and massage it!

Communication. It takes a tremendous amount of energy and courage to overcome taboos instilled in your head at birth and constantly reinforced by media propaganda. But it is possible to re/learn for I am writing this and you are reading it. Talking about sex is important if we are devoted to, as Julian Noah writes, "creating a culture in which there is little exploitation" for this, "requires not stronger laws or greater moral resolve, but rather individual and collective experiments in removing the barriers to loving one another." Communicating our sexual needs, desires, experiences and fantasies is paramount to pleasurable sexual encounters. The biggest benefit to be gained from knowing how to satisfy yourself sexually is being able to share that information. If you know what you like because you have dared to please yourself you can ask for someone else to please you. We are not all telepathic yet and we must voice our desires if we want to experience them.

Inevitably it seems easier to discuss sex with people whom we are not involved with sexually. So it is easier to start talking about sex with close friends and eventually lead up to our bed partners. Start today! Even if you can only manage to choke out "I love french kissing."

We must stop repressing our sex if we are to grow as individuals. If we are to heal ourselves and get on with the larger tasks we must be willing to ask for pleasure; to give ourselves joyfully to living.

tantalizingly yours,
Terra Fire, Columbia, MO.

SOCIALISM & ANARCHY

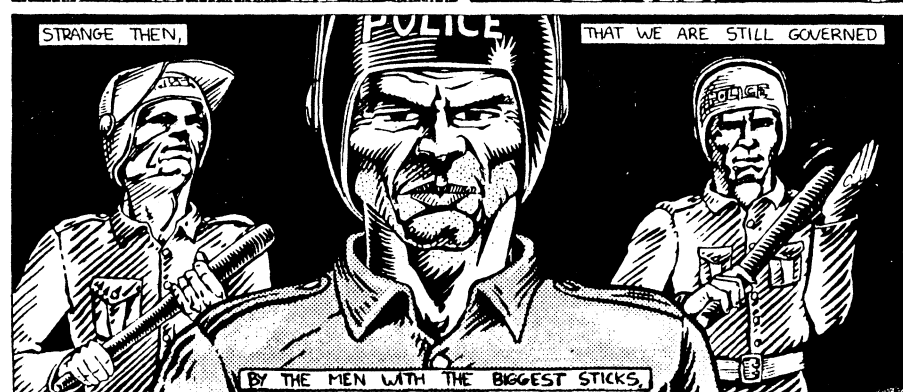
Hello,

I saw your "As We See It" poster in *A New Iron Column*. I am very pleased to see socialism shown to be a libertarian concept. I work with the local socialists and am even a member of the Socialist Party here--and still consider myself an anarchist. My fellow anarchists, who reject socialism, don't under-

A MILLION YEARS OF EVOLUTION SAW US PLOD PAINSTAKINGLY FROM THE SIMPLE BARBARISM OF THE APES TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF CRUDE STONE TOOLS.



ANOTHER MILLION YEARS SAW US LEAP FROM THE DISCOVERY OF FIRE, THE INVENTION OF THE WHEEL, INTO AN AGE OF SCIENTIFIC MARVELS.



stand at all and think socialism is a state-run economy. They don't listen or read anything. They only listen to Crass lyrics. They are anarchists (of course) but my friends seem so closed minded. I believe that we must work on both levels of action--political party (games) and raising consciousness of people around us (work). Why not vote socialist if the socialist is for the same goals of anarchy? No, my fellow anarchists say. "They just wanna rule over us." Ah well.. .. Anyway, enclosed is money for postage. Please send a copy of the poster (or 2...) and any other info the postage costs will allow. I put out a socialist 'zine (its goal is actually educating some of the anarchists and punks!) and would appreciate input. One teacher of mine (I'm a senior in high school) allows me to put up radical literature and posters in his room and your contribution will look nice next to the other material. Thanx.

Hope & struggle,
T.M., Des Moines, IA.

CHERNYI REPLIES...AGAIN:

Thanks for showing interest in our "As We See It" statement. Unfortunately it was printed so small in *A New Iron Column* that you didn't realize that while we did equate

libertarian socialism with anarchy, we also explicitly dissociated ourselves from electoral politics. In fact, we probably have to agree with your "closed minded" friends. Socialist **political parties**, no matter how libertarian they attempt to sound, always ultimately seek to obtain power over us. They try to use local, state, and national governments to implement their political programmes. They **never** seek political power in order to renounce it in favor of community and workplace organizations! Thus they always undermine the goals of the anarchist movement, rather than furthering them. Anarchists seek to help people empower themselves directly and without any fixed, official or professional leadership. Such a goal is necessarily in conflict with most uses of electoral politics. Of course there are still some self-identified "socialists" who are anti-parliamentary and anti-state (at one time the early socialist movement was also largely anti-state). But such socialists are now a minute minority within a generally authoritarian/state socialist left. To say the least we are ambivalent about the "socialist" label, and will not be using it in the new version of "As We See It" which will be published in the near future.

The victim dug his own grave, scooping the dirt out with his hands. Squatting in the hole, he ate some dry powdered milk, and then lay down to die. No one gagged him. But he didn't scream. He crossed himself. Then a contra executioner knelt and rammed a k-bar knife into his throat. A second enforcer stabbed at his jugular, then his abdomen. When the corpse was finally still, the contras threw dirt over the shallow grave—and walked away.



from *Thursday's Children*, P.O.B. 4892, Berkeley, CA. 94704

THE BADGUY REPORT JULIAN BECK; A MEMORY

Continued from page 4

me two things which I took to heart. The first was not to be concerned about where my money came from, that "all money is blood money" and that I had the right to use surplus wealth to stay alive and realize my radical desires. Secondly, he urged me to find some other anarchists and to form a group to nurture and widen the process of non-hierarchical community.

The next year Judith Malina and Julian Beck came to the Hunter College anarchist gathering once again. But they weren't there to perform, they were there to grapple with how to set up a more effective network of continental anarchist groups. But the "working committee" set up at that meeting didn't work as we had hoped. A continental anarchist network has evolved over the decade since then, but it is a loose-knit one without a formal federation or membership organization. Those of us who thought an umbrella organiza-

tion would help further the spread of anarchist ideas were probably mistaken. Most of the spread of anarchist ideas which we have seen has been the result of the efforts of a hodge-podge of small and scattered groups each with somewhat different styles and approaches. The incredible outpouring of anti-authoritarian music and fanzines from the second-wave of the punk movement, the ever-changing array of newspapers, pamphlets and small press publications (which reprint the anarchist classics and/or critique the limitations of traditional anarchist theory), and the general disutility of the national or continental federations which have arisen all lead me to conclude that the strength of anarchists lies in their resilient and amorphous groupings. In short, Julian, Judith and the rest of us made the mistake of trying to artificially forge a federation where the groups themselves did not really have an organic need to federate.

The last face-to-face encounter I had with Julian took place at the

closing meeting of that Hunter conference when a number of us had taken off our clothes and were climbing and prancing around the basement. Julian came to my side and said softly "You have a beautiful body."

In his last months, I am told, Julian was in excruciating pain, had to feed himself intravenously, and sometimes slept 16 hours a day. But he also refused to withdraw from the projects he was involved in. He appeared off-Broadway in a play by Samuel Beckett last spring and the Living Theatre were making preparations to go to Yugoslavia when Julian died. Perhaps Julian's refusal to play the sick role, and his refusal to be still while he still could be alive was a lesson he learned from Artaud. For it was Antonin Artaud who said "Someday we will have to account for our premature death."

Meanwhile Judith Malina and company will continue the Living Theatre, and Julian lives on as a memory and reminder of living peace and anarchy.

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by
Bob
Black

No one should ever work.

Work is the source of nearly all the misery of the world. Almost any evil you'd care to name comes from working or from living in a world designed for work. In order to stop suffering, we have to stop working.

That doesn't mean we have to stop doing things. It does mean creating a new way of life based upon play; in other words a **ludic** revolution. By "play" I mean also festivity, creativity, conviviality, commensality, and maybe even art. There is more to play than child's play, as worthy as that is. I call for a collective adventure in generalized joy and freely interdependent exuberance. Play isn't passive. Doubtless we all need a lot more time for sheer sloth and slack than we ever enjoy now, regardless of income or occupation, but once recovered from employment-induced exhaustion nearly all of us want to act. Oblomovism and Stakhanovism are two sides of the same debased coin.

The ludic life is totally incompatible with existing reality. So much the worse for "reality," the gravity hole that sucks the vitality from the little in life that still distinguishes it from mere survival. Curiously--or maybe not--all the old ideologies are conservative because they believe in work. Some of them, like Marxism and most brands of anarchism, believe in work all the more fiercely because they believe in so little else.

Liberals say we should end employment discrimination. I say we should end employment. Conservatives support the right-to-work laws. Following Karl Marx's wayward son-in-law Paul Lafargue I support the right to be lazy. Leftists favor full employment. Like the surrealists--except that I'm not kidding--I favor full unemployment. Trotskyists agitate for permanent revolution. I agitate for permanent revelry. But if all the ideologues (as they do) advocate work--and not only because they plan to make other people do theirs--they are strangely reluctant to say so. They will carry on endlessly about wages, hours, working conditions, exploitation, productivity, profitability. They'll gladly talk about anything but work itself. These experts who offer to do our thinking for us rarely share their conclusions about work, for all its saliency in the lives of all of us. Among themselves they quibble over the details. Unions and management agree that we ought to sell our time of our lives in exchange for survival, although they haggle over the price. Marxists think we should be bossed by bureaucrats. Libertarians (**editor's note:**

of the capitalist variety) think we should be bossed by businessmen. Feminists don't care which form bossing takes so long as the bosses are women. Clearly these ideology-mongers have serious differences over how to divvy up the spoils of power. Just as clearly, none of them have any objection to power as such and all of them want to keep us working.

You may be wondering if I'm joking or serious. I'm joking **and** serious. To be ludic is not to be ludicrous. Play doesn't have to be frivolous, although frivolity isn't triviality: very often we ought to take frivolity seriously. I'd like life to be a game--but a game with high stakes. I want to play for **keeps**.

The alternative to work isn't just idleness. To be ludic is not to be quaa-ludic. As much as I treasure the pleasure of torpor, it's never more rewarding than when it punctuates other pleasures and pastimes. Nor am I promoting the managed time-disciplined safety-valve called "leisure;" far from it. Leisure is nonwork for the sake of work. Leisure is the time spent recovering from work and in the frenzied but hopeless attempt to forget about work. Many people return from vacations so beat that they look forward to returning to work so they can rest up. The main difference between work and leisure is that at work at least you get paid for your alienation and enervation.

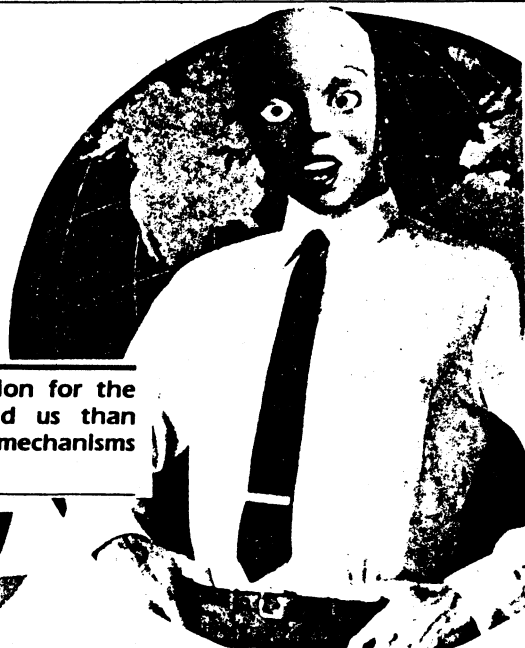
I am not playing definitional games with anybody. When I say I want to abolish work, I mean just what I say, but I want to say what I mean by defining my terms in non-idiosyncratic ways. My minimum definition of work is **forced labor**, that is, compulsory production. Both elements are essential. Work is production enforced by economic or political means, by the carrot or the stick. (The carrot is just the stick by other

means.) But not all creation is work. Work is never done for its own sake, it's done on account of some product or output that the worker (or, more often, somebody else) gets out of it. This is what work necessarily is. To define it is to despise it. But work is usually even worse than its definition decrees. The dynamic of domination intrinsic to work tends over time toward elaboration. In advanced work-riddled societies, including all industrial societies whether capitalist or "communist," work invariably acquires other attributes which accentuate its obnoxiousness.

Usually--and this is even more true in "communist" than capitalist countries, where the state is almost the only employer and everyone is an employee--work is employment, i.e., wage-labor, which means selling yourself on the installment plan. Thus 95% of Americans who work, work for somebody (or something) else. In the USSR or Cuba or Yugoslavia or Nicaragua or any other alternative model which might be adduced, the corresponding figure approaches 100%. Only the embattled Third World peasant bastions--Mexico, India, Brazil, Turkey--temporarily shelter significant concentrations of agriculturalists who perpetuate the traditional arrangement of most laborers in the last several millenia, the payment of taxes (= ransom) to the state or rent to parasitic landlords in return for being otherwise left alone. Even this raw deal is beginning to look good. **All** industrial (and office) workers are employees and under the sort of surveillance which ensures servility.

But modern work has worse implications. People don't just work, they have "jobs." One person does one productive task all the time on an or-else basis. Even if the task has a quantum of intrinsic interest (as increasingly many jobs don't) the monotony of its obligatory exclusivity drains its ludic potential. A "job" that might engage the energies of some people, for a reasonably limited time, for the fun of it, is just a burden on those who have to do it for forty hours a week with no say in how it should be done, for the profit of owners who contribute nothing to the project, and with no opportunity for sharing tasks or spreading the work among those who actually have to do it. This is the real world of work: a world of bureaucratic blundering, or sexual harassment and discrimination, of bonehead bosses exploiting and scapegoating their subordinates who--by any rational-technical criteria--should be calling the shots. But capitalism in the real world subordinates the rational

Work is a much better explanation for the creeping cretinization all around us than even such significant moronizing mechanisms as television and education.



maximization of productivity and profit to the exigencies of organizational control.

The degradation which most workers experience on the job is the sum of assorted indignities which can be denominated as "discipline." Foucault has complexified this phenomenon but it is simple enough. Discipline consists of the totality of totalitarian controls at the workplace--surveillance, rote work, imposed work tempos, production quotas, punching-in and -out, etc. Discipline is what the factory and the office and the store share with the prison and the school and the mental hospital. It is something historically original and horrible. It was beyond the capacities of such demonic dictators of yore as Nero and Genghis Khan and Ivan the Terrible. For all their bad intentions they just didn't have the machinery to control their subjects as thoroughly as modern despots do. Discipline is the distinctively diabolical modern mode of control, it is an innovative intrusion which must be interdicted at the earliest opportunity.

Such is "work." Play is just the opposite. Play is always voluntary. What might otherwise be play is work if it's forced. This is axiomatic. Bernie de Koven has defined play as the "suspension of consequences." This is unacceptable if it implies that play is inconsequential. The point is not that play is without consequences. This is to demean play. The point is that the consequences, if any, are gratuitous. Playing and giving are closely related, they are the behavioral and transactional facets of the same impulse, the play-instinct. They share an aristocratic disdain for results. The player gets something out of playing; that's why he plays. But the core reward is the experience of the activity itself (whatever it is). Some otherwise attentive students of play, like Johan Huizinga (*Homo Ludens*), define it as game-playing or following rules. I respect Huizinga's erudition but emphatically reject his constraints. There are many good games (chess, baseball, Monopoly, bridge) which are rule-governed but there is much more to play than game-playing. Conversation, sex, dancing, travel--these practices aren't rule-governed but they are surely play if anything is. And rules can be played with at least as readily as anything else.

Work makes a mockery of freedom. The official line is that we all have rights and live in a democracy. Other unfortunates who aren't free like we are have to live in police states. These victims obey orders or else, no matter how arbitrary. The authorities keep them under surveillance. State bureaucrats control even the smaller details of everyday life. The officials who push them around are answerable only to higher-ups, public or private. Either way, dissent and disobedience are punished. Informers report regularly to the authorities. All this is supposed to be a very bad thing.

And so it is, although it is nothing but a description of the modern work-

place. The liberals and conservatives and libertarians who lament totalitarianism are phonies and hypocrites. There is more freedom in any moderately de-Stalinized dictatorship than there is in the ordinary American workplace. You find the same sort of hierarchy and discipline in an office or factory as you do in a prison or a monastery. In fact, as Foucault and others have shown, prisons and factories came in at about the same time, and their operators consciously borrowed from each other's control techniques. A worker is a part-time slave. The boss says when to show up, when to leave, and what to do in the meantime. He tells you how much work to do and how fast. He is free to carry his control to humiliating extremes, regulating if he feels like it, the clothes you wear or how often you go to the bathroom. With a few exceptions he can fire you for any reason, or no reason. He has you spied on by snitches and supervisors, he amasses a dossier on every employee. Talking back is called "insubordination," just as if a worker is a naughty child, and it not only gets you fired, it disqualifies you for unemployment compensation. Without necessarily endorsing it for them either, it is noteworthy that children at home and in school receive much the same treatment, justified in their case by their supposed immaturity. What does this say about their parents and teachers who work?

The demeaning system of domination I've described rules over half the waking hours of a majority of women and the vast majority of men for decades, for most of their lifespans. For certain purposes it's not too misleading to call our system democracy or capitalism--better still--industrialism, but its real names are factory fascism and office oligarchy. Anybody who says these people are "free" is lying or stupid. You are what you do. If you do boring, stupid, monotonous work, chances are you'll end up boring, stupid and monotonous. Work is a much better explanation for the creeping cretinization all around us than even such significant moronizing mechanisms as television and education. People who are regimented all their lives, handed to work from school and bracketed by the family in the beginning and the nursing home at the end, are habituated to hierarchy and psychologically enslaved. Their aptitude for autonomy is so atrophied that their fear of freedom is among their few rationally grounded phobias. Their obedience training at work carries over into the families they start, thus reproducing the system in more ways than one, and into politics, culture, and everything else. Once you drain the vitality from people at work, they'll likely submit to hierarchy and expertise in everything. They're used to it.

We are so close to the world of work that we can't see what it does to us. We have to rely on outside observers from other times or other cultures to appreciate the extremity and the pathology of our present position. There was a

time in our own past when the "work ethic" would have been incomprehensible, and perhaps Weber was on to something when he tied its appearance to a religion, Calvinism, which if it emerged today instead of four centuries ago would immediately and appropriately be labelled a cult. Be that as it may, we have only to draw upon the wisdom of antiquity to put work in perspective. The ancients saw work for what it is, and their view prevailed, the Calvinist cranks notwithstanding, until overthrown by industrialism--but not before receiving the endorsement of its prophets.

Let's pretend for a moment that work doesn't turn people into stultified submissives. Let's pretend, in defiance of any plausible psychology and the ideology of its boosters, that it has no effect on the formation of character. And let's pretend that work isn't as boring and tiring and humiliating as we all know it really is. Even then, work would still make a mockery of all humanistic and democratic aspirations, just because it usurps so much of our time. Socrates said that manual laborers make bad friends and bad citizens because they have no time to fulfill the responsibilities of friendship and citizenship. He was right. Because of work, no matter what we do we keep looking at our watches. The only thing "free" about so-called free time is that it doesn't cost the boss anything. Free time is mostly devoted to getting ready for work, going to work, returning from work, and recovering from work. Free time is a euphemism for the peculiar way labor as a factor of production not only transports itself at its own expense to and from the workplace but assumes primary responsibility for its own maintenance and repair. Coal and steel don't do that. Lathes and typewriters don't do that. But workers do. No wonder Edward G. Robinson in one of his gangster movies exclaimed, "Work is for saps!"

Both Plato and Xenophon attribute to Socrates and obviously share with him an awareness of the destructive effects of work on the worker as a citizen and as a human being. Herodotus identified contempt for work as an attribute of the classical Greeks at the zenith of their culture. To take only one Roman example, Cicero said that "whoever gives his labor for money sells himself and puts

himself in the rank of slaves." His candor is now rare, but contemporary primitive societies which we are wont to look down upon have provided spokesmen who have enlightened Western anthropologists. The Kapauku of West Irian, according to Posposil, have a conception of balance in life and accordingly work only every other day, the day of rest designed "to regain the lost power and health." Our ancestors, even as late as the eighteenth century when they were far along the path to our present predicament, at least were aware of what we have forgotten, the underside of industrialization. Their religious devotion to "St. Monday"--thus establishing a *de facto* five-day week 150-200 years before its legal consecration--was the despair of the earliest factory owners. They took a long time in submitting to the tyranny of the bell, predecessor of the time clock. In fact it was necessary for a generation or two to replace adult males with women accustomed to obedience and children who could be molded to fit industrial needs. Even the exploited peasants of the *ancien regime* wrested substantial time back from their landlords' work. According to Lafargue, a fourth of the French peasants' calendar was devoted to Sundays and holidays, and Chayanov's figures from villages in Czarist Russia--hardly a progressive society--likewise show a fourth or fifth of peasants' days devoted to repose. Controlling for productivity, we are obviously far behind these backward societies. The exploited *muzhiks* would wonder why any of us are working at all. So should we.

To grasp the full enormity of our deterioration however, consider the earliest condition of humanity, without government or property, when we wandered as hunter-gatherers. Hobbes surmised that life was then nasty, brutish and short. Others assume that life was a desperate unremitting struggle for subsistence, a war waged against a harsh Nature with death and disaster awaiting the unlucky or anyone who was unequal to the challenge of the struggle for existence. Actually, that was all a projection of fears for the collapse of government authority over communities unaccustomed to doing without it, like the England of Hobbes during the Civil War. Hobbes' compatriots had already encountered alternative forms of society which illustrated other ways of life--in North

Their aptitude for autonomy is so atrophied that their fear of freedom is among their few rationally grounded phobias.



America, particularly--but already these were too remote from their experience to be understandable. (The lower orders, closer to the condition of the Indians, understood it better and often found it attractive. Throughout the seventeenth century, English settlers defected to Indian tribes or, captured in war, refused to return. But the Indians no more defected to white settlements than West Germans climb the Berlin Wall from the west.) The "survival of the fittest" version--the Thomas Huxley version--of Darwinism was a better account of economic conditions in Victorian England than it was of natural selection, as the anarchist Kropotkin showed in his book *Mutual Aid, A Factor of Evolution*. (Kropotkin was a scientist--a geographer--who'd had ample involuntary opportunity for fieldwork whilst exiled in Siberia: he knew what he was talking about.) Like most social and political theory, the story Hobbes and his successors told was really unacknowledged autobiography.

The anthropologist Marshall Sahlins, survey-

ing the data on contemporary hunter-gatherers, exploded the Hobbesian myth in an article entitled "The Original Affluent Society." They work a lot less than we do, and their work is hard to distinguish from what we regard as play. Sahlins concluded that "hunters and gatherers work less than we do; and, rather than a continuous travail, the food quest is intermittent, leisure abundant, and there is a greater amount of sleep in the daytime per capita per year than in any other condition of society." They worked an average of four hours a day, assuming they were "working" at all. Their "labor," as it appears to us, was skilled labor which exercised their physical and intellectual capacities: unskilled labor on any large scale, as Sahlins says, is impossible except under industrialism. Thus it satisfied Friedrich Schiller's definition of Play, the only occasion on which man realizes his complete humanity by giving full "play" to both sides of his twofold nature, thinking and feeling. As he put it: "The animal works when deprivation is the mainspring of its activity, and it plays when the fullness of its strength is this mainspring, when superabundant life is its own stimulus to activity." (A modern version—dubiously developmental—is Abraham Maslow's counterposition of "deficiency" and "growth" motivation.) Play and freedom are, as regards production, coextensive. Even Marx, who belongs (for all his good intentions) in the productivist pantheon, observed that "the realm of freedom does not commence until the point is passed where labor under the compulsion of necessity and external utility is required." He never could quite bring himself to identify this happy circumstance as what it is, the abolition of work—but we can.

The aspiration to go backwards or forwards to a life without work is evident in every serious social or cultural history of pre-industrial Europe, among them M. Dorothy George's *England in Transition* and Peter Burke's *Popular Culture in Early Modern Europe*. Also pertinent is Daniel Bell's essay "Work and Its Discontents," the first text, I believe, to refer to the "revolt against work" in so many words and, had it been understood, an important correction to the complacency ordinarily associated with the volume in which it was collected, *The End of Ideology*. Neither critics nor celebrants have noticed that Bell's end-of-ideology thesis signalled not the end of social unrest but the beginning of a new, uncharted phase unconstrained and uninformed by ideology. It was Seymour Lipset (in *Political Man*), not Bell, who announced at the same time that "the fundamental problems of the Industrial Revolution have been solved," only a few years before the post- or meta-industrial discontents of college students drove Lipset from U.C. Berkeley to the relative (and temporary) tranquility of Harvard.

As Bell notes, Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations*, for all his enthusiasm for the market and the division of labor, was more alert to (and more honest about) the seamy side of work than Ayn Rand or the Chicago economists or any of Smith's modern epigones. As Smith observed: "The understandings of the greater part of men are necessarily formed by their ordinary employments. The man whose life is spent in performing a few simple operations...has no occasion to exert his understanding.... He generally becomes as stupid and ignorant as it is possible for a human creature to become." Here, in a few blunt words, is my critique of work. Bell, writing in 1956, the Golden Age of Eisenhower imbecility and American self-satisfaction, identified the unorganized, unorganizable malaise of the 1970's and since, the one no political tendency is able to harness, the one identified in HEW's report *Work in America*, the one which cannot be exploited and so is ignored. That problem is the revolt against work. It does not figure in any text by any laissez-faire economist—Milton Friedman, Murray Rothbard, Richard Posner—because, in their terms, as they used to say on *Star Trek*, "it does not compute."

If these objections, informed by the love of liberty, fail to persuade humanists of a utilitarian or even paternalist turn, there are others which they cannot disregard. Work is hazardous to your health, to borrow a book title. In fact, work is mass murder or genocide. Directly or indirectly, work will kill most of the people who read these words. Between 14,000 and 25,000 workers are killed annually in this country on the job. Over two million are disabled. Twenty to twenty-five million are injured every year. And these figures are based on a very conservative estimation of what constitutes a work-related injury. Thus they don't count the half-million cases of occupational disease every year. I looked at one medical textbook on occupational diseases which was 1,200 pages long. Even this barely scratches the surface. The available statistics count the obvious cases like the 100,000 miners who have black lung disease, of whom 4,000 die each year, a much higher fatality rate than for AIDS, for instance, which gets so much media attention. This reflects the unvoiced assumption that AIDS afflicts perverts who could control their depravity whereas coal-mining is a sacrosanct activity beyond question. What the statistics don't show is that tens of millions of people have their lifespans shortened by work—which is all that homicide means, after all. Consider the doctors who work themselves to death in their 50's. Consider all the other workaholics.

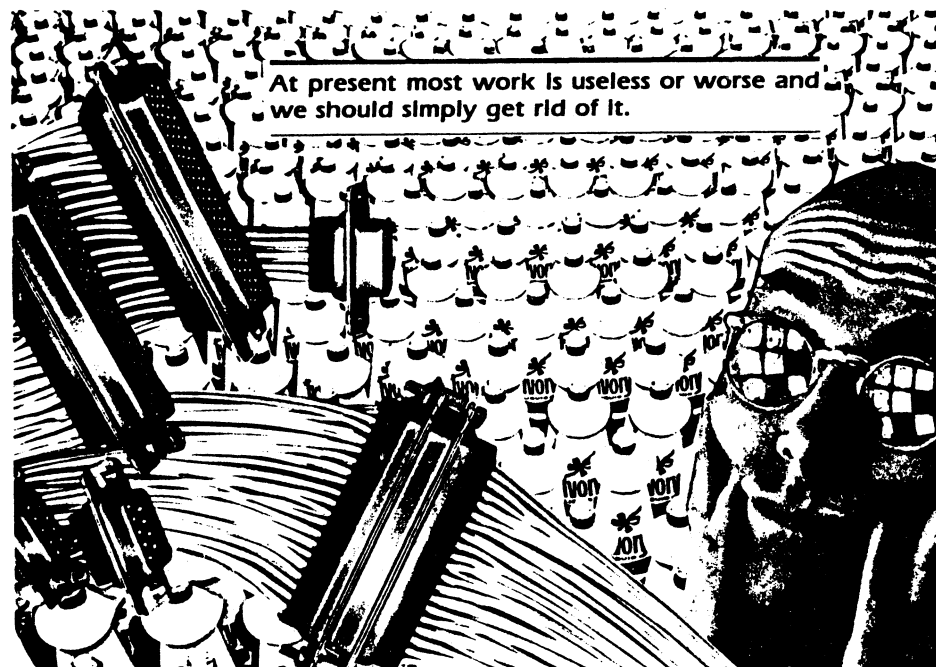
Even if you aren't killed or crippled while actually working, you very well might be while going to work, coming from work, looking for work, or trying

to forget about work. The vast majority of victims of the automobile are either doing one of these work-obligatory activities or else fall afoul of those who do them. To this argumented body-count must be added the victims of auto-industrial pollution and work-induced alcoholism and drug addiction. Both cancer and heart disease are modern afflictions normally traceable, directly or indirectly, to work.

Work, then, institutionalizes homicide as a way of life. People think the Cambodians were crazy for exterminating themselves, but are we any different? The Pol Pot regime at least had a vision, however blurred, of an egalitarian society. We kill people in the six-figure range (at least) in order to sell Big Macs and

conscious and not just visceral rejection of work. And yet the prevalent feeling, universal among bosses and their agents and also widespread among workers themselves is that work itself is inevitable and necessary.

I disagree. It is now possible to abolish work and replace it, insofar as it serves useful purposes, with a multitude of new kinds of free activities. To abolish work requires going at it from two directions, quantitative and qualitative. On the one hand, on the quantitative side, we have to cut down massively on the amount of work being done. At present most work is useless or worse and we should simply get rid of it. On the other hand—and I think this the crux of the matter and the revolutionary new de-



Cadillacs to the survivors. Our forty or fifty thousand annual highway fatalities are victims, not martyrs. They died for nothing—or rather, they died for work. But work is nothing to die for.

Bad news for liberals: regulatory tinkering is useless in this life-and-death context. The federal Occupational Safety and Health Administration was designed to police the core part of the problem, workplace safety. Even before Reagan and the Supreme Court stifled it, OSHA was a farce. At previous and (by current standards) generous Carter-era funding levels, a workplace could expect a random visit from an OSHA inspector once every 46 years.

State control of the economy is no solution. Work is, if anything, more dangerous in the state-socialist countries than it is here. Thousands of Russian workers were killed or injured building the Moscow subway. Stories reverberate about covered-up Soviet nuclear disasters which make Times Beach and Three Mile Island look like elementary-school air-raid drills. On the other hand, deregulation, currently fashionable, won't help and will probably hurt. From a health and safety standpoint, among others, work was at its worst in the days when the economy most closely approximated laissez-faire. Historians like Eugene Genovese have argued persuasively that—as antebellum slavery apologists insisted—factory wage-workers in the Northern American states and in Europe were worse off than Southern plantation slaves. No rearrangement of relations among bureaucrats and businessmen seems to make much difference at the point of production. Serious enforcement of even the rather vague standards enforceable in theory by OSHA would probably bring the economy to a standstill. The enforcers apparently appreciate this, since they don't even try to crack down on most malefactors.

What I've said so far ought not to be controversial. Many workers are fed up with work. There are high and rising rates of absenteeism, turnover, employee theft and sabotage, wildcat strikes, and overall goldbricking on the job. There may be some movement toward a con-

spire—we have to take what useful work remains and transform it into a pleasing variety of game-like and craft-like pastimes, indistinguishable from other pleasurable pastimes except that they happen to yield useful end-products. Surely that shouldn't make them less enticing to do. Then all the artificial barriers of power and property could come down. Creation could become recreation. And we would all stop being afraid of each other.

I don't suggest that most work is salvageable in this way. But then most work isn't worth trying to save. Only a small and diminishing fraction of work serves any useful purpose independent of the defense and reproduction of the work-system and its political and legal appendages. Twenty years ago, Paul and Percival Goodman estimated that just five percent of the work then being done—presumably the figure, if accurate, is lower now—would satisfy our minimal needs for food, clothing and shelter. There was only an educated guess but the main point is quite clear: directly or indirectly, most work serves the unproductive purposes of commerce and social control. Right off the bat we can liberate tens of millions of salesmen, soldiers, managers, cops, stockbrokers, clergymen, bankers, lawyers, teachers, landlords, security guards, ad-men and everyone who works for them. There is a snowball effect since every time you idle some bigshot you liberate his flunkies and underlings also. Thus the economy implodes.

Forty percent of the workforce are white-collar workers, most of whom have some of the most tedious and idiotic jobs ever concocted. Entire industries, insurance and banking and real estate for instance, consist of nothing but useless paper-shuffling. It is no accident that the "tertiary sector," the service sector, is growing while the "secondary sector" (industry) stagnates and the "primary sector" (agriculture) nearly disappears. Because work is unnecessary except to those whose power it secures, workers are shifted from relatively useful to relatively useless occupations as a measure to

I don't want robot slaves to do everything; I want to do things myself.



assure public order. Anything is better than nothing. That's why you can't go home just because you finish early. They want your time, enough of it to make you theirs, even if they have no use for most of it. Otherwise why hasn't the average work week gone down by more than a few minutes in the last fifty years?

Next we can take a meat-cleaver to production work itself. No more war production, nuclear power, junk food, feminine hygiene deodorant--and above all, no more auto industry to speak of. An occasional Stanley Steamer or Model-T might be all right, but the auto-erotism on which such pestholes as Detroit and Los Angeles depend is out of the question. Already, without even trying, we've virtually solved the energy crisis, the environmental crisis and assorted other insoluble social problems.

Finally, we must do away with far and away the largest occupation, the one with the longest hours, the lowest pay and some of the most tedious tasks around. I refer to housewives doing housework and child-rearing. By abolishing wage-labor and achieving full unemployment we undermine the sexual division of labor. The nuclear family as we know it is an inevitable adaptation to the division of labor imposed by modern wage-work. Like it or not, as things have been for the last century or two it is economically rational for the man to bring home the bacon, for the woman to do the shitwork to provide him with a haven in a heartless world, and for the children to be marched off to youth concentration camps called "schools," primarily to keep them out of Mom's hair but still under control, but incidentally to acquire the habits of obedience and punctuality so necessary for workers. If you would be rid of patriarchy, get rid of the nuclear family whose unpaid "shadow work," as Ivan Illich says, makes possible the work-system that makes it necessary. Bound up with this no-nukes strategy is the abolition of childhood and the closing of the schools. There are more full-time students than full-time workers in this country. We need children as teachers, not students. They have a lot to contribute to the ludic revolution because they're better at playing than grown-ups are. Adults and children are not identical but they will become equal through interdependence. Only play can bridge the generation gap.

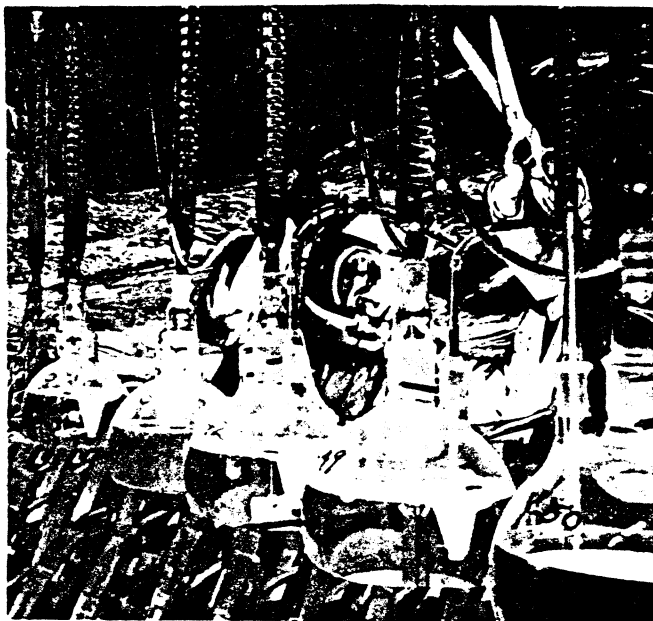
I haven't as yet even mentioned the possibility of cutting way down on the little work that remains by automating and cybernizing it. All the scientists and engineers and technicians freed from bothering with war research and planned obsolescence should have a good time devising means to eliminate fatigue and tedium and danger from activities like mining. Undoubtedly they'll find other projects to amuse themselves with. Perhaps they'll set up world-wide all-inclusive multi-media communications systems

or found space colonies. Perhaps. I myself am no gadget freak. I wouldn't care to live in a pushbutton paradise. I don't want robot slaves to do everything; I want to do things myself. There is, I think, a place for labor-saving technology, but a modest place. The historical and pre-historical record is not encouraging. When productive technology went from hunting-gathering to agriculture and on to industry, work increased while skills and self-determination diminished. The further evolution of industrialism has accentuated what Harry Braverman called the degradation of work. Intelligent observers have always been aware of this. John Stuart Mill wrote that all the labor-saving inventions ever devised haven't saved a moment's labor. Karl Marx wrote that "it would be possible to write a history of the inventions, made since 1830, for the sole purpose of supplying capital with weapons against the revolts of the working class." The enthusiastic technophiles--Saint-Simon, Comte, Lenin, B. F. Skinner--have always been unabashed authoritarians also; which is to say, technocrats. We should be more than sceptical about the promises of the computer mystics. They work like dogs, and chances are, if they have their way, so will the rest of us. But if they have any particularized contributions more readily subordinated to human purposes than the run of high tech, let's give them a hearing.

What I really want to see is work turned into play. A first step is to discard the notions of a "job" and an "occupation." Even activities which that already have some ludic content lose most of it by being reduced to jobs which certain people, and only those people are forced to do to the exclusion of all else. Is it not odd that farm workers toil painfully in the fields while their air-conditioned masters go home every weekend and putter about in their gardens? Under a system of permanent revelry, we will witness the Golden Age of the dilettante which will put the Renaissance to shame. There won't be any more jobs, just things to do and people to do them.

The secret of turning work into play, as Charles Fourier demonstrated, is to arrange useful activities to take advantage of whatever it is that various people at various times in fact enjoy doing. To make it possible for some people to do the things they could enjoy it will be enough just to eradicate the irrationalities and distortions which afflict these activities when they are reduced to work. I, for instance, would enjoy doing some (not too much) teaching, but I don't want coerced students and I don't care to suck up to pathetic pedants for tenure.

Second, there are some things that people like to do from time to time, but not for too long, and certainly not all the time. You might enjoy baby-sitting for a few hours in order to share the company of kids, but not as much as their parents do. The parents meanwhile



The ludic life is totally incompatible with existing reality. So much the worse for "reality," the gravity hole that sucks the vitality from the little life that still distinguishes it from mere survival.

profoundly appreciate the time to themselves that you free up for them, although they'd get fretful if parted from their progeny for too long. These differences among individuals are what make a life of free play possible. The same principle applies to many other areas of activity, especially the primal ones. Thus many people enjoy cooking when they can practice it seriously at their leisure, but not when they're just fuelling up human bodies for work.

Third--other things being equal--some things that are unsatisfying if done by yourself or in unpleasant surroundings or at the orders of an overlord are enjoyable, at least for awhile, if these circumstances are changed. This is probably true, to some extent, of all work. People deploy their otherwise wasted ingenuity to make a game of the least inviting drudge-jobs as best they can. Activities that appeal to some people don't always appeal to all others, but everyone at least potentially has a variety of interests and an interest in variety. As the saying goes, "anything once." Fourier was the master at speculating how aberrant and perverse penchants could be put to use in post-civilized society, what he called Harmony. He thought the Emperor Nero would have turned out all right if as a child he could have indulged his taste for bloodshed by working in a slaughterhouse. Small children who notoriously relish wallowing in filth could be organized in "Little Hordes" to clean toilets and empty the garbage, with medals awarded to the outstanding. I am not arguing for these precise examples but for the underlying principle, which I think makes perfect sense as one dimension of an overall revolutionary transformation. Bear in mind that we don't have to take today's work just as we find it and match it up with the proper people, some of whom would have to be perverse indeed. If technology has a role in all this it is less to automate work out of existence than to open up new realms for re/creation. To some extent we may want to return to handicrafts, which William Morris considered a probable and desirable upshot of communist revolution. Art would be taken back from the snobs and collectors, abolished as a specialized department catering to an elite audience, and its qualities of beauty and creation restored to integral life from which they were stolen by work. It's a sobering thought that the Grecian urns we write odes about and showcase in museums were used in their own time to store olive oil. I doubt our everyday artifacts will fare as well in the future, if there

is one. The point is that there's no such thing as progress in the world of work; if anything it's just the opposite. We shouldn't hesitate to pilfer the past for what it has to offer, the ancients lose nothing yet we are enriched.

The reinvention of daily life means marching off the edge of our maps. There is, it is true, more suggestive speculation than most people suspect. Besides Fourier and Morris--and even a hint here and there, in Marx--there are the writings of Kropotkin, the syndicalists Pataud and Pouget, anarcho-communists old (Berkman) and new (Bookchin). The Goodman brothers' *Communitas* is exemplary for illustrating what forms follow from given functions (purposes), and there is something to be gleaned from the often hazy heralds of alternative/appropriate/

intermediate/convivial technology, like Scuhmacher and especially Illich, once you disconnect their fog machines. The situationists--as represented by Vaneigem's *Revolution of Everyday Life* and in the *Situationist International Anthology*--are so ruthlessly lucid as to be exhilarating, even if they never did quite square the endorsement of the rule of the worker's councils with the abolition of work. Better their incongruity, though, than any extant version of leftism, whose devotees look to be the last champions of work, for if there were no work there would be no workers, and without workers, who would the left have to organize?

So the abolitionists would be largely on their own. No one can say what would result from unleashing the creative power stultified by work. Anything can happen. The tiresome debater's problem of freedom vs. necessity, with its theological overtones, resolves itself practically once the production of use-values is coextensive with the consumption of delightful play activity.

Life will become a game, or rather many games, but not--as it is now--a zero-sum game. An optimal sexual encounter is the paradigm of productive play. The participants potentiate each other's pleasures, nobody keeps score, and everybody wins. The more you give, the more you get. In the ludic life, the best of sex will diffuse into the better part of daily life. Generalized play leads to the libidinization of life. Sex, in turn, can become less urgent and desperate, more playful. IF we play our cards right, we can all get more out of life than we put into it; but only if we play for keeps.

No one should ever work. Workers of the world...relax!

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