

Double Issue #20/21 August-October '89

\$3.00
Double Issue

Anarchy

A journal of Desire Armed

Relationships:

Richard Walters on the "Sexual revolution"

Feral Faun on "The economy of love"

"I'll Remember You" by Laurie Ulster

"Monogamy or non-monogamy; A discussion"

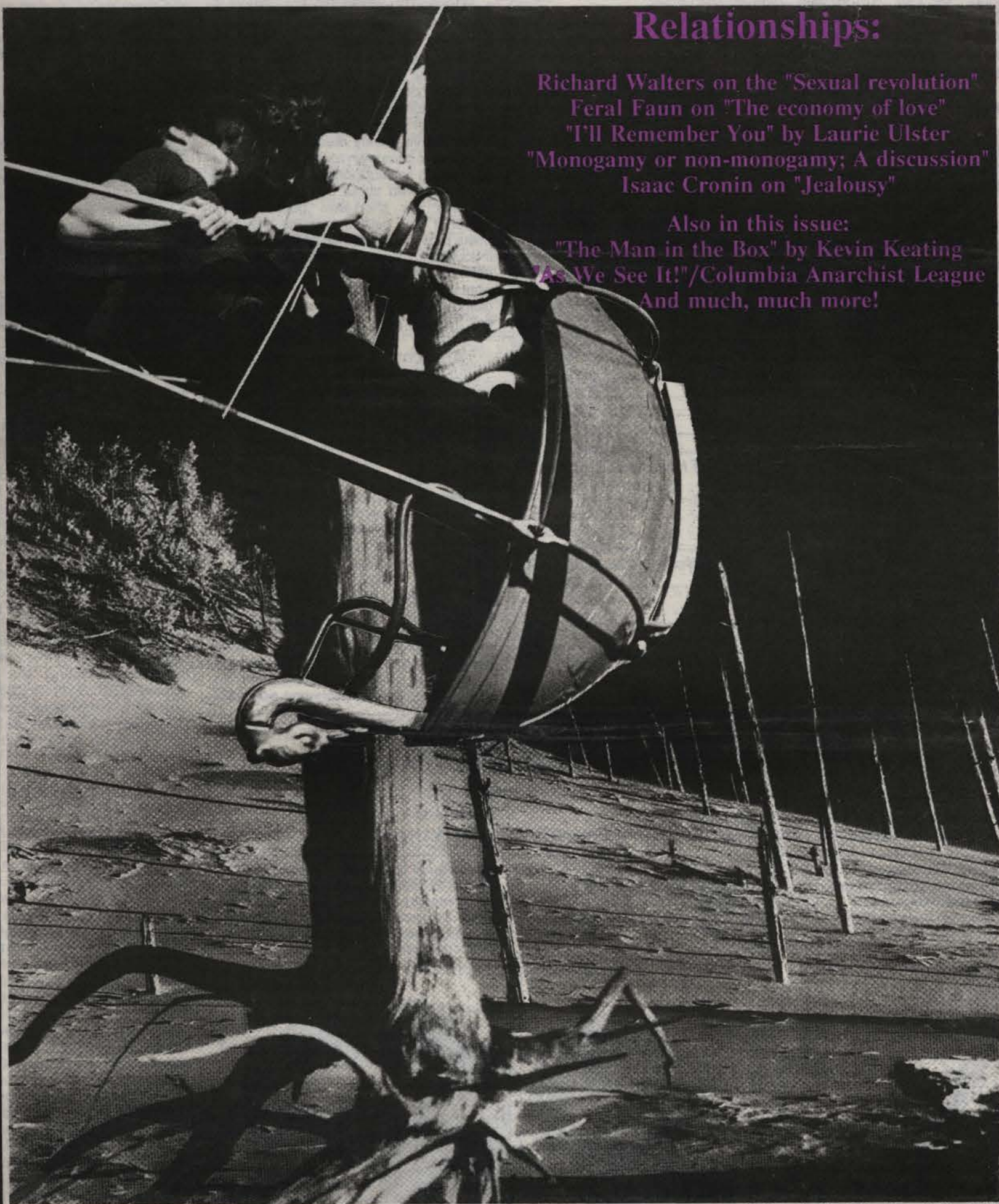
Isaac Cronin on "Jealousy"

Also in this issue:

"The Man in the Box" by Kevin Keating

"As We See It!"/Columbia Anarchist League

And much, much more!



Collage by Freddie Baer (S.F., CA.).

Disarm Authority! Arm Your Desires!

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Reprinted from Wildcat Anarchist Comix by Donald Room, published by Freedom Press (84b Whitechapel High Street, London E1 7QX, England).

Wildcat anarchist comix by Donald Room

A FEW OF THE CHARACTERS WHO APPEAR IN THE "WILDCAT" STRIP

A TYPE OF ANARCHIST

THE FREE-RANGE EGGHEAD

ANOTHER TYPE OF ANARCHIST

THE REVOLTING PUSSYCAT

A FICTITIOUS TYPE

KARL YUNDT

Anarchism is an intellectually respectable doctrine, founded on the axiom that the purpose of society is to extend the range of individual choices.



Thrrrrsp!



I have always dreamed of a band of men absolute in their resolve to discard all scruples, strong enough to give themselves frankly the name of destroyers. No pity for anything, including themselves, and death enlisted for good and all in the service of social chaos.



NOTE. The Egghead appears in a supporting role, because a cartoon is no place for intellectual respectability.

ADDITIONAL NOTE. Karl Yundt does not appear at all, because

his attitude is not remotely connected with anarchism, despite his influence on ideas of "anarchism" among the ill-informed. (He began as a character in *The Secret Agent* by Joseph Conrad.)

Openers

Anarchy notes

Here we are with the second of our quickest pair of successive issues we've yet published--and it's a double issue at that! With this issue we're caught up again with our bimonthly schedule for this year, a schedule that I intend to hold to from here on out till this publishing project ends, whenever that may be. However, getting it out "on time" hasn't been without strains. Both my health and my bank account have been "at risk" this last month. We really could use more subscriptions and donations from all those who feel that this project is worth keeping afloat. This issue cost us somewhere around \$2,500.00 in printing costs alone. And unfortunately, as of yet only a fraction of this cost is covered by subscriptions. So far we've merely reached the quarter mark in our campaign towards making this publication self-supporting. That is, we've so far received about 500 subscriptions, whereas our short-term goal remains 2,000! If you believe that the anarchist press provides a worthwhile function, and if you think we're doing a half-way decent job with *Anarchy*, why not help out with what we feel is a vital project in communicating the anarchist vision in North America? Send us your contribution today!

Anarchy correspondence

Some of you who've written to us have wondered why it takes so long to get a reply, while others are delighted by our quick responses "unlike other publications." But most of the time it's probably just the luck of your timing that determines whether or not you get a quick response from us. You have to remember that we're just a few people with our own lives to pursue outside of this publishing project. That means this is, and will remain, a "spare time" publication. And since I take care of the vast bulk of correspondence (aside from our bulk mailings), this means that the quickness of the replies to your queries, subscription requests, and letters depend upon when and if I have enough "spare time" to take care of them. So please try to be realistic when you write

and don't expect instant responses. I've been known to get sick, take vacations, and work overtime, besides spending weeks on end at times working on production of this paper. So there are many periods when there just isn't any way that I can provide prompt replies. This is a situation we'll all just have to live with! However, for those of you who have waited a decent length of time (2 or 3 months, maybe--3rd Class subscribers should always allow at least this much time for receiving your first issues) without an expected reply, go ahead and remind me--there are times when correspondence gets misplaced or forgotten under the press of deadlines or other aspects of production. And I have no intention of slighting anyone.

Alternative press reviews

I originally took on the project of compiling the "Alternative press review" and "Anarchist press review" because I thought it was important to give everyone a better idea of what kinds of small-press /social-change publications are out there. As I've found with *Anarchy*, one of the hardest tasks involved in anarchist publishing is distribution over a continent in which questioning and thinking people are an incredible rarity. I thought that, given the hundred or so publications which exchanged with us, that I would be able to keep up with them on a fairly regular basis in order for us to run the short reviews we've been running. However, I have to admit that I've never been able to catch up with what we've received. Despite my hopes of doing so, with the increasing numbers of publications of all types that have been coming through our Post Office box I have to admit defeat. From here on out I'm going to begin focussing more on the anarchist press--those publications which in some way have declared themselves to be "anarchist" (or in some special cases "libertarian communist," or other reasonably close-by definition). I'll still do a more general "Alternative press review," but it will no longer maintain any pretensions of covering all the publications we exchange with--only the ones that I have the time and energy and motivation to actually read! We'll still exchange (on at least an issue-for-issue basis) with other alternative publications, but look for a more selective page of alternative press reviews in the future.

Remarks on our last issue

So far, surprisingly, we haven't begun receiving the deluge of reactionary denunciations of our special issue on children's sexuality that I feared we might. Thank you, subscribers and other readers, for apparently accepting this issue in the spirit it was intended. Or is it, maybe, that we've already driven off most of those readers who might have taken offense at our treatment of this subject with the contents of previous issues? At any rate, we expect the contents of this current issue to be at least a bit less controversial. So far, though, we've also failed to receive much response to our readers' survey (in last issue's "Anarchy notes" column), nor have we received much on our proposed book publishing project (to produce a quality paperback edition of the "best" of *Anarchy* under the title of *Desire Armed*). If you haven't already, please consider giving us some information on your likes and dislikes in regard to the contents of *Anarchy*, and let us know if you'd be interested in supporting the publication of *Desire Armed*. Without reader support, there'd be no use in publishing this journal at all.

Continued on next page

Openers



Scene from the April N.O.W. march in Washington, D.C.

Photo by Mikell Zhan

Missouri Senate moves against Satan

In early May Missouri Senators wrote a House of Representatives proposal to include a provision allowing victims of crimes "inspired" by "Satanic" music to sue people who created the songs. No indication was given as to why crimes "inspired" by other types of music (or other types of media) weren't included. The legislation, which was passed unanimously in the Senate, would also ban "obscene" bumper stickers and T-shirts, prohibit "dial-a-porn" telephone messages, and would prohibit the rental of videos featuring "explicit violence" to people under 17—in addition requiring that such movies be displayed in stores in a separate area.

The Senate approved the bill after an emotional speech by Republican Sen. Dick Webster of Carthage Missouri in which he read the lyrics to "I Kill Children" by the punk band Dead Kennedys. The fact that the Dead Kennedys' lyrics have nothing to do with Satan didn't seem to matter to Sen. Webster, whose proposal defines "Satanic recordings or videos" as ones "which promote murder, suicide, violence or drug abuse." After quoting the Dead Kennedys' song Webster said, "If they kill one of my grandchildren, I want to be able to sue the person who inspired the death. It's time to put a stop to this inspiration for murder." However, Democratic Sen. Steven Sharp of Kennett Missouri, who sponsored the measure, tried to persuade Webster to withdraw his amended proposal, since allowing lawsuits against performers "would create more business than our court system is able to accommodate." And certainly this could be the only logical reason for opposing such a measure!

The original Missouri House sponsor of the measure, Democratic Representative Doug Harpool of Springfield, noted that the Senate's additions were "obviously and blatantly uncon-

stitutional." But in a bizarre non sequitur the Senator from Columbia, Democrat Roger Wilson, said in an interview during the debate that while he realized the legislation was unconstitutional, he voted for it "probably for the same reason 80 percent of us voted yes, because we're all against child pornography... It's an emotional bill, and it's one that will be portrayed that way. The question put before us is are we for or against child pornography. That's why it's 34-0."

A House/Senate compromise version of the bill gained final approval on May 11th—minus the Senate's anti-"Satanic" amendments. The final version allows censors to fine stores up to \$200 for renting "extremely violent" videos to children younger than 17—requiring stores to display such films in a separate area, and films considered "pornographic" under Missouri law would also be restricted. In addition the bill outlaws "dial-a-porn" services, imposing maximum penalties of a \$1,000 fine and one year in jail. Another victory for selective censorship; another defeat for free speech.

Mailing codes

For those who are interested in such things, if you received this issue of *Anarchy* by mail, there was likely a short code in the upper right corner of the mailing label. Because this is a double issue, if your subscription ends with either #20 or #21, it's now time to renew! The code key follows:

"#20" or "#21" indicates that you are a U.S. subscriber whose subscription will run out with this issue, or that we're exchanging with your publication on a one-for-one basis, or that for some other reason we're sending you a copy of the current issue. Other numbers alone indicate that your subscription will end with that number or already has ended with that number. So, if your mailing code indicates that your subscription has ended with this issue, now is the time to renew!

"#P20" or "#P21" indicates that you are receiving a free prisoner's subscription, but that it will expire with the issue number indicated unless you contact us to let us know that you wish to continue receiving *Anarchy*!

"#S20" or "#S21" indicates that you paid a little extra to receive your subscription in plain brown envelopes. The number indicates the number of the last issue of your subscription.

"#Z20" or "#Z21" indicates that you paid even more in order to receive your subscription by 1st class mail in plain brown envelopes. The number indicates the number of the last issue of your subscription.

"#L20" or "#L21" indicates that you are a library/institutional subscriber. And once again, the number indicates the number of the last issue of your subscription.

"#F20" or "#F21" indicates that you are a subscriber living in another country besides the U.S. As usual, the number indicates the number of the last issue of your subscription.

"#X" indicates that we exchange (or at least wish to exchange) with your periodical on a regular (all-for-all) basis, and that you publish in the U.S. If we hear from you, we'll most likely continue sending *Anarchy*. If we don't, sooner or later (probably sooner) we'll stop sending it.

"#X20" or "#X21" indicates that we are exchanging with you on an issue-for-issue basis, and that you indeed have sent us a copy of your publication since our last issue was mailed out.

"#FX" indicates that we exchange with your periodical (or wish to) and that you publish outside the U.S. Keep sending us your publication, and most likely we'll keep sending you ours, even if it drives both of us into bankruptcy.

"#M10" indicates that for one reason or another we're sending you multiple copies of each issue of *Anarchy*—usually in the amount of the number following the "M." You might be a bookstore or distributor. You might just be a good friend or special contributor. If you get a bill with your multiple copies you're probably one of the former. If you don't get billed, consider yourself one of the latter!

"#C20" or "#C21" indicates that you've been a contributor to *Anarchy* at some point, and we're sending you free subscription ending with the issue number given.

For those whose mailing codes don't make sense by this schema, maybe we marked them wrong, maybe we forgot them, or just maybe you're not who you seem!

Anarchy notes

Continued from page 2

Sustaining contributors

Once again we want to thank all our current sustaining contributors (as well as those who have sent us other contributions over our subscription rates) for their special contributions! It is contributions like these which make it possible for us to continue publishing by considerably lessening our financial stresses. Our current sustainers include: S.H. of Spencerport, NY.; D.A. of Carbondale, IL.; D.D., L.C., T.O., and A.H. of Columbia, MO.; K.M. of Scarborough, Ontario; A.M. of Farmingdale, N.J.; G.M. of Yellow Springs, OH.; C.Q. of Pawtucket, R.I.; A.H. of New Braunfels, TX.; D.S. in Ohio; A.G. of Paris, France; and D.D. of Orange City, FL. Thank you all for your special support!

—Lev Chernyi

ANARCHY CONTACT NETWORK?

We are beginning a listing of addresses of groups and individuals who would like to see the growth and development of a post-situationist, anti-ideological revolutionary tendency. The list will help enable those participating to make regional contacts and intercommunication links. If you'd like to see your address added to this listing please write:

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Anarchy distributors

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Aardvarx
17 N. 10th St.
Columbia, MO. 65201

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207 S. Ninth St.
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Minneapolis, MN. 55407

Ubiquity Distributors, Inc.
607 Degraw St.
Brooklyn, NY. 11217

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Columbia, MO. 65205-1446

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Information Network
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Cambridge, MA. 02138

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Wooden Shoe Books
112 South 20th St.
Philadelphia, PA. 19103

The Homing Pigeon
Route 1, Box 813,
Elgin, TX. 78621

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\$12.00U.S./six issues for other continents by Surface mail

\$24.00U.S./six issues for other continents by Airmail

Back issues are available postpaid for \$1.50 each in the U.S. by 3rd Class mail (\$2.00 each by First class), \$1.50 each in Mexico and Canada, and \$2.00 each elsewhere by Surface mail or \$4.00 each by Airmail. Issues #1 & 2 (xeroxed) & #6 through #16 (originals) are currently available.

PLEASE MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO THE C.A.L. And keep in mind that since we began sending out subscriptions in Third-Class bulk mailings, that YOU MUST SEND US CHANGE OF ADDRESS NOTICES PROMPTLY (this means at least 4 weeks before you move!) in order to be assured that you'll receive all your copies. The Post Office does not forward them! And we can't afford to freely send out extra copies.

Please send checks or money orders in U.S. dollars only. U.S., Mexican, Canadian or British paper currencies are also acceptable. For checks made out in foreign currencies, add U.S.\$5.00 for conversion. Subscriptions are free to prisoners. Sustaining contributors donate \$30.00 to \$60.00 per 6 issues. Please address subscriptions, contributions, submissions and letters to:

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For submissions, please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with all articles, stories, photos, and graphic art if you wish to have them returned. Short news and comment articles which are used in the "The sad truth," "Radical news in review," and "International anarchist news" will be edited for brevity and style. Other submissions (features) will be edited only with the author's permission. Until we can afford to remunerate authors, photographers, and graphic artists for their published contributions we will give free issues or subscriptions, or other appropriate tokens of our appreciation.

Editorial advisory group: A. Hacker, Shagbark Hickory, Toni Otter, Badguy, Mikell Zhan, Avid Darkly and Lev Chernyi.

The views expressed in the articles, graphics, letters, etc. published in *Anarchy* do not necessarily reflect the views of the Columbia Anarchist League, or those of the editor(s).

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The Sad Truth

Clean, sober & obedient Behind the anti-drug witch-hunt

Back in the Summer of '86 the system's already frenzied anti-drug campaign took on the aspect of a witch-hunt. At the time, many commentators dismissed the spreading social purge as election-year grandstanding, to be forgotten after Election Day. Boy, were they wrong—or did they lie?

In fact, the level of attack has steadily increased. During the recent presidential campaign, both parties identified themselves with an assault on our already meager civil rights. Little need be said about the Bush position, while the "liberal" Dukakis attempted to take a stand to the right of his G.O.P. rival, even calling cops who kick down doors looking for drugs "role models." With bipartisan support, the House voted to suspend the Miranda ruling against illegal search and seizure in drug cases, subject to the searchers' "good intentions." (The courts are weakening this ruling every year anyway.) The full Congress ended up approving penalties of up to \$10,000 for possession of even a single joint, and a cut-off of must federal benefits to those convicted of possession. Recently, courts have approved searches of individuals based upon "suspicious looks," and the National Guard has been recruited to search for drugs at the borders and other entry points.

The Bush regime created a cabinet-level drug czar in the person of former Education Secretary William Bennett. In March 1988 he advocated the invasion of drug-exporting nations. In March 1989 he raised the idea of setting aside constitutional rights such as *habeas corpus*.

Drug testing is being used by more and more businesses and government agencies, with four million transport workers the next target. Kits are now sold to enable parents to test their kids (or vice versa?). The genuinely scary crack situation is utilized by the media to whip up sentiment against any use. Even David Crosby, now a properly reformed ex-user, embraces such nonsense as "pot leads to hard drugs."

We do know better. It's pretty obvious that the social toll exacted by illegal drugs, even crack, pales next to problems caused by tobacco, alcohol, prescription pills and sugar. Tobacco kills 2-300,000 a year, alcohol over 100,000, and legal drugs 10,000, while illegal drugs do away with 3,500 or so a year (U.S. Bureau of Mortality Statistics, 1979, and ABC "Evening News," 1985).

Furthermore, the relation between poverty and/or stress and drug abuse has been well-demonstrated. Yet little is done about poverty, nor can much be done without changing the social structure to which poverty is like sores are to syphilis. Changes in the neurotic pace and out-of-controlness of life in this society, or our growing remoteness from nature, do not receive even lip-service support. In fact we're told stress is healthy.

A long history of reasonable, healthy drug use is well-documented but not so well-known. Many gatherer-hunter and subsistence agriculture societies have employed mind-altering substances for a variety of reasons, including pleasure, for thousands of years, and continue to do so. Marijuana has been in use for at least 12,000 years, and other plants and fungi date back even further. Several studies have connected the suppression of psychoactive drugs with the rise of organized religion (see *Hallucinogens and Shamanism* by Michael Harner, intro., p.xiv). Robert Graves and Raphael Patai contended that the "fruit of knowledge" in the "Original Sin" story was a psychedelic mushroom (*Hebrew Myths*, p.82).

At least two U.S. government-sponsored reports on the long-term effects of

pot have been suppressed. One was a 1972 study of Jamaican smokers sponsored by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. It failed to come up with any demonstrable ill effects of use. Its results were later deemed inapplicable to American users because Jamaicans smoke pot differently (you bet). Another study covered Costa Rica. Among other things, it showed heavy use (six or more joints a day for over 30 years, quite excessive by my standards) produced only slight problems in short-term memory, significant only for "competitive purposes" (*San Francisco Chronicle*, Aug. 29, 1987, p.13). *Overthrow*, a New York underground paper, reported four years ago in a more complete report that the study covered a rather lengthy period, 1967-1983. Drug "experts" often decry the lack of long-range studies, but it seems like the results of these studies were not the ones desired.

Nor are very many people aware of the plentiful evidence which connects powerful figures with drug trafficking. During the '60s, the C.I.A. brought in heroin from Indochina and funnelled it to restless ethnic ghettos and counterculture communities. In the '80s, the drug of choice is cocaine, and George Bush has been doing his share of as coordinator of a drug network involving the Contras and the C.I.A. (his family happens to own a major chunk of stocks in Eli Lilly Inc., a leading maker of drugs).

But none of this really matters. After all, the crusade is not about public health, but social discipline. Life (if you can call this living) is very harsh these days, with economic uncertainties, ecological disasters, decaying social fabric and military maneuvers. As you know, it's gonna get even stranger. Such conditions tend to undermine the power of the social elite, who, unable to really solve any of these problems, can only stay in power through increased control and surveillance. Likewise, the increasingly bitter competition between enterprises and nations for profits means more discipline at work (boosting "productivity," they call it) as well as more control over leisure time, which we're supposed to be using to reproduce ourselves as obedient workers, not to enjoy ourselves.

Over the last decade, lots of rationalizations have been sought for the imposition of more blatantly authoritarian means of control. A new Cold War was used to justify a massive arms build-up and draft registration. Terrorism has been used to promote "security" measures at places like airports and a general racism against Arabs and Muslims. Crime has long been employed to justify domestic racism, more cops on the streets, curfews, phone taps and, in Germany, computerized I.D. cards. It also has led to massive growth for the criminal-industrial complex, the web of courts, prisons, police departments and lawyers.

But all these rationales have limitations. While flexing military muscle is popular, few people desire a real war, especially one that lasts more than a day. Note the tremendous amount of public opposition to even the hint of direct intervention in Central America. Besides, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are becoming friends. Terrorism plays well on TV, but is not a street reality for very many Americans. And while crime is widespread, most crimes amount to only annoyance, with serious cases usually affecting only residents of inner

cities.

Drugs, however, are everywhere. Crack is a problem even on Beverly Hills' Rodeo Boulevard. It has turned many neighborhoods into war zones, unsafe even during daylight. Furthermore, an anti-drug campaign appeals to a populace that feels more and more besieged by life, and is eager to strike back. What better target than remnants of the '60s counterculture, which every well-informed consumer of the mass media knows caused our crisis of values in the first place, "...the counterculture which, with its destructive nihilism and barbaric passions, ripped at the social fabric and left so many lives wrecked" (*Wall Street Journal*, Oct. 23, 1987, p.22).

These conditions have created a climate of support for the current draconian crackdown. Increasing numbers of people, especially inner-city residents, are willing to jettison civil liberties in order to fight drugs. Seventy-one percent of college freshmen support mandatory drug-testing by employers (*San Francisco Chronicle*, Jan. 9, 1989, p.A2). As the war proceeds, the public's wrath is becoming indiscriminate, with all illegal substances and their users being deemed fair game. Opinion polls have even demonstrated support for military action against drug-dealing nations (are there any clean ones?), which represents a major breakthrough for the establishment's drive against the "Vietnam Syndrome." All this is of course further good news for the criminal-industrial complex.

Little is actually being done about crack or heroin. Why should the government endanger one of its few lucrative enterprises? Nor are the powers-that-be ignorant of the role hard drugs play in controlling both the urban poor and striving yuppies. Nothing is being done about legal drugs, of course. The main targets are users of consciousness-altering substances such as pot and psychedelics. These were associated with the radical community in the '60s. While they do not automatically radicalize people, they tend to open minds and connect people to nature. Enlightenment is a natural enemy of a social order whose stability depends upon ignorance of history and reality. Furthermore, becoming sensitized to the environment can only alienate one from a way of living based upon compulsions, repressed desires and suppression/destruction of the natural in and around us.

Lastly, in a social order based on discipline, genuine pleasure is subversive.

The left is so scared of the witch-hunt, it goes right along with it. Many leftists condemn even use of pot and LSD as anti-"revolutionary" or anti-"progressive" (depends upon one's pretensions). Part of this attitude is an analysis which claims that use was a major factor behind the demise of the '60s movement: "They were too stoned to demonstrate." Some conspiracy theorists have even suggested that the C.I.A.'s experiments with LSD in the early '60s prove that the counterculture was a C.I.A. operation aimed at social control and diffusion of opposition. (Funny that the state did all it could to stamp out the counterculture, including the mass importation of heroin into the Haight in January '67 after a major pot-acid bust.)

Leftists (and even some "anarchists") have done little to separate themselves from the prejudices of Western European bourgeois culture. This tradition features a distinct preference for alcohol and a disdain for other substances, or opposition toward alteration of any form, an attitude which reeks of Christianity. Some activists also see use as strictly an escape from the wretched conditions of modern life, a phenomenon which should disappear after the election of a progressive government, the abolition of capitalist relations or a return to a primal lifestyle. Others insist use is a sign of immaturity, something they have gone beyond (and so should you).

But more fundamentally, leftists suspect a culture which nurtures anti-authoritarian and anti-work-ethic values. One day, they expect to be managers of state and capital, and would hate to see disorder. (This may explain increasingly puritanical attitudes within the left regarding sexuality.) Frantz Schurman, a well-known leftist writer, has called for a world-wide effort to fight drugs, on which he blamed lagging productivity.

Their arguments should be blown apart. Many of those in the counterculture had an analysis which went far beyond the politicians' rhetoric, including calls for the abolition of money, and an understanding of the links between our culture and participation in a global accumulation machine. More recently, the 1977 Movement in Italy was also an upsurge whose nuclei were counter-cultural tendencies. It led to still-ongoing activities in many parts of Europe.

Refuse to submit to brainwashing by either the "establishment" or the "left." Fight them by spreading the facts. Furthermore, be prepared to fight the imposition of martial law by the narco-military-legal junta. If we can't stop draconian anti-drug laws, it'll be harder to stop future steps.

Continued on next page



Reprinted from *Live Wild or Die*
(POB 411233, San Francisco, CA. 94141).

The Sad Truth

War criminal gets wrist slapped Adolf Eichmann is vindicated!

The conviction of U.S. war criminal, Oliver North, on only three of 12 criminal charges for his part in the so-called "Iran-Contra Affair," amounts to only a wrist-slapping which will be unlikely to deter any government officials from the common practice of breaking their own laws with impunity. The successful conviction on three charges marks "the first time a government official has been tried and convicted of crimes committed in the context of a U.S. covert operation," according to Gary M. Stern, writing in *Civil Liberties* (#366/Spring '89), the newspaper of the American Civil Liberties Union (A.C.L.U.). But this fact only underscores the more important one that the great majority of conspirators in this case (including a former U.S. president and the current U.S. president) will escape without even so much as a tarnished reputation over their participation in this "affair."

Despite the sanctimonious pronouncements of some elements of the (more genuinely) liberal press, North's conviction won't mean shit to most of those in a position to continue the unofficial U.S. war against any form of people's self-determination around the world. His conviction on only three piddling charges for his part in running an illegal U.S. war which has resulted in the torture, mutilation and murder of thousands of children, women and men, will be taken as a hint to proceed a little more cautiously and to hide evidence more fully in any current and future adventures of this kind.

According to the A.C.L.U.'s Gary Stern: "This outcome sends an important message: Officials who violate the public

trust while pursuing covert activities are accountable for their actions. Invocations of 'national security' cannot justify conduct that erodes the foundation of democratic government." But the unfortunate reality is that this outcome has changed nothing at all of substance. If caught, lower level flunkies and fall-guys like Oliver North will have to take their chances of conviction on piddling charges. But they will ultimately be rewarded many times over for the minor sacrifices they're forced to make by the generosity of all the millionaires and billionaires who support and help finance the unceasing "dirty wars" engaged in by the U.S.

In actual fact, the cover-up of the Iran-Contra crimes and of the far greater conspiracies which lie behind it has been an overwhelming success, given the major possibilities which were created for exposure of the whole loose, semi-secret network which prosecutes most of the unofficial, off-the-books U.S. covert wars, assassinations, destabilizations, and disinformation campaigns outside of the United States' borders. This is shown in part by the incredibly blatant, yet successful suppression of the Christic Institute's civil suit filed against its own pieced-together version of this "secret team."

Through the withholding of massive amounts of evidence in the interests of an utterly false "national security," through the incredibly vacuous lies and denials of all the U.S. officials, businessmen and lower level cadres involved; and through the complicity of the largest part of the U.S. disinformation regime—the U.S. mainstream/corporate press, yet another massive criminal enterprise has run its course relatively unscathed.

And the major culpability, for the otherwise unlikely success of this whole cover-up, must lie with the U.S. mainstream media. The U.S. media, through its almost complete failure to pursue the most important leads, through its refusal to adequately investigate and cover the Christic Institute's lawsuit, through its unending and relatively uncritical repetition of almost every official lie and denial as if they were truth, has reassured all the war criminals operating from within and without the U.S. government that the press is firmly with them and need only be chastised here and there for the leaks of a few of the more "liberal" reporters and editors.

Though North's trial did result in the disclosure of documents that implicate more senior U.S. officials more extensively than before, this will hardly be likely to lead to any prosecutions of much importance. Though his trial has revealed at least that more senior officials both knew

and approved of much of North's illegal activity, anyone who thinks that—for example—former U.S. President and grade-B actor Ronald Reagan will ever be convicted or serve time for his crimes is out of his or her mind.

And possibly the most disturbing outcome of the trial was the jury's acceptance of Oliver North's Adolf Eichmann/"I-was-only-following-orders" defense in exonerating him of many of the major charges. As an unabashed coward, refusing to take any responsibility for his own actions, Oliver North stands as a symbol of vindication for all those nameless cops, soldiers, government officials and other accessories who've participated in their own small or large ways as cogs in all the dirty covert and overt wars, mass torture campaigns and genocidal atrocities throughout our history.

—Lev Chernyi

News analysis

On Afghanistan

by A. Trotter

Nearly 10 years ago Afghanistan, a country few in the United States had given much thought to, suddenly appeared in the news when Soviet troops invaded to prop up the unpopular Communist regime in Kabul, which was in imminent peril of falling to Islamic guerrillas. Coming fast on the heels of the Iranian "hostage crisis," this event was a crowning blow to the Carter presidency. It contributed to the suspension of *détente* between the two poles of capitalist power and the reinstatement of draft registration in the U.S. And it accelerated a rightward drift in the manipulated popular mood, leading to the election of Reagan, the advent of "cold war II," and a brand new round of nuclear saber rattling.

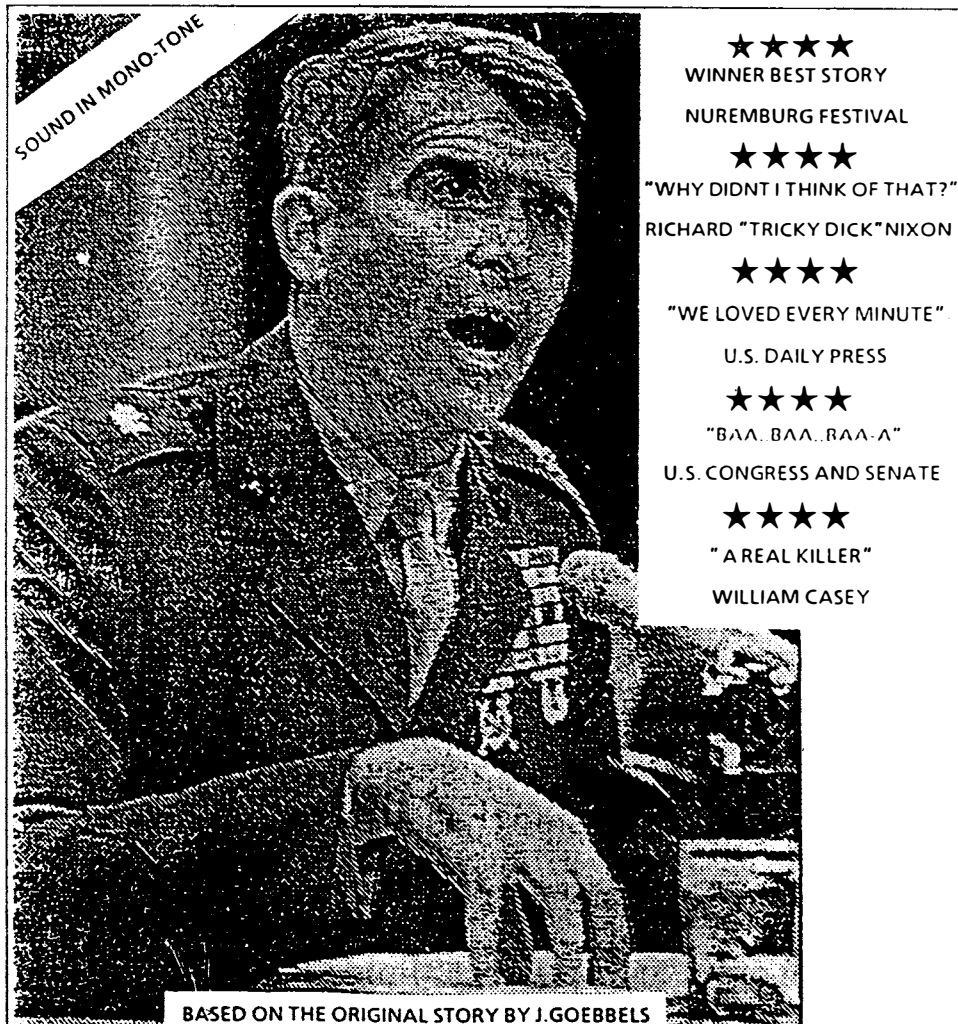
Now the Soviet forces have withdrawn, unable to defeat popular resistance within Afghanistan to the client regime. In the bureaucracy's new era of *glasnost*, Soviet generals openly and ruefully concede that it was all a bloody mistake. Blame for the Afghanistan adventure is being fobbed off, in the new progressive spirit, on the Brezhnev regime, although it is obvious that Gorbachev continued it for four years after acceding to power. Previously, the men of Moscow had felt obliged to portray themselves as infallible as the Church of Rome. All the predictable comparisons have been made by western journalists between Afghanistan and Vietnam as part of a desire to understand the behavior of the U.S.S.R. as a mirror of that of the U.S. These comparisons are rather stretched (each historical situation has a unique dynamic, generative mechanisms,

and so on) but not without a certain truth. Soviet society is by now flooded with disillusioned young men who had the misfortune of serving a tour of "internationalist duty" in Afghanistan, and whose discontent will now surely add to the headaches of the bureaucratic leadership.

And what of the situation in Afghanistan itself today? The war drags on inconclusively. The Communist regime has so far defied predictions of its instant collapse upon the Red Army's departure, even though it lacks a real base of support in the population. Soviet weapons and the disunity of the guerrillas will keep it going. American weapons will keep the Islamic forces going, and the nightmare of universal history, from which the people of Afghanistan and of the whole world cannot awaken, will go on and on. A "permanent" division of power within the country may result as an extension of the global grand compromise between the bourgeoisie and the bureaucracy. Indeed, Najibullah, the current Communist leader, makes a public show of his attending mosque, in order to appease the religious sentiment of the majority of his countrymen. Lenin may have been a crafty devil, capable of all manner of Machiavellian ideological maneuvers, but it is difficult to imagine his having done something like that!

The real nature of the conflict has been buried under a miasma of propaganda. The U.S. leadership screamed about the alleged threat to its supply of Mideast oil. The Communists have attempted to portray what has happened as a "democratic revolution from above." The "revolution" in Afghanistan which began in 1978 had nothing to do with a popular mass movement. Rather, it was a military *coup d'état* staged by leftist army cadres against a senile monarchy. The dream of these officers, apparently, was to bring Afghanistan into the 20th century, as the saying goes. Seizure of state power by Marxist-Leninist parties in other underdeveloped countries had provided them with a proven recipe. But without a peasant insurrection whose strength they could harness for their own purposes, they undertook to force the historical timetable by seizing the state directly, thereby furthering the relentless march of commodity production over the entire surface of the globe. Afghanistan had been one of the few places in the world that had escaped previous waves of colonial expansion by the great powers. (Ethiopia was another country which saw

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★★★★
WINNER BEST STORY
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"WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?"
RICHARD "TRICKY DICK" NIXON
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"WE LOVED EVERY MINUTE"
U.S. DAILY PRESS
★★★★
"BAA... BAA... BAA-A"
U.S. CONGRESS AND SENATE
★★★★
"A REAL KILLER"
WILLIAM CASEY

Clean, sober & obedient

Continued from page 4

Begin now. Learn how to sabotage drug tests. A good source is Abbie Hoffman's *Steal this Urine Test*. Despite some questionable political analysis, it's a wonderful guide to this high-tech war on drug users. Resist plans to restrict public gatherings. The riot in Tompkins Square Park in New York City's Lower East Side this past August shows how. Do your best to expand the sphere where an alternative culture can flourish. And, most importantly, participate in efforts to do away with a social system which requires witch-hunts and drug abuse to stay in existence.

—Jack Straw

Reprinted from *Collide-O-Scope* #1/May '89 (2140 Shattuck Ave., Box 2200, Berkeley, CA. 94704).

Radical news in review



Photo reprinted from Slingshot #28/June'89 (700 Eshelman Hall, Berkeley, CA. 94720).

People's Park riot in Berkeley What really happened on May 19th?

8:30pm: People's Park Film and Torchlight March

The evening began with a showing of the classic Newsreel film on People's Park to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the day James Rector died from shotgun wounds. Some people block off Haste St. so the whole crowd can watch the film. Others turn off one of the street lamps to darken the area and the film begins about 9pm. Two hundred people and one Berkeley cop watch even though the sound isn't working. Neither popcorn nor Twinkies are reported.

Immediately after the film twenty-five homemade Kerosene-dipped torches are distributed and the fiery crowd turns left on Bancroft, cuts through the little alleyway onto Durant, and then retakes Telegraph with the rousing, rhythmic rounds of "We want the park." A few Blondie's eaters and sympathetic students and citizens standing by join the march.

10pm: The first fire

A crowd of streetpeople, homeless, activists, concerned students and others arrive at the intersection of Dwight and Telegraph, kitty-corner from the building where James Rector was shot 20 years ago by an Alameda County Sheriff. A trash bonfire is begun in the street. People start bringing stacks of newspaper, old cardboard, and wooden pallets to throw on the fire.

After a few minutes, a fire truck arrives and six or seven Berkeley cops try to clear a path to the fire, but protestors link arms and block the firepeople (all men). Eventually, the water cannon on the top of the truck shoots thick surges of water, but a

group of people hold cardboard, coats, their bodies, and the "U.C. Out of People's Park" banner to block it. Everyone is laughing and getting wet, and even the firepeople are smiling. After each failed attempt by the authorities to put out the fire, the crowd cheers and brings in more materials to fuel it.

On the fourth or fifth attempt, somebody grabs and unwinds the firehose and a tug-of-war with the Berkeley Police begins. As usual, the police cheat, and start using their clubs to strike at their opponents. They grab and arrest one person who was only watching. Some people are clubbed, a rock is thrown in response and then the police put out the fire. (One can only imagine the amusing scene if the protestors had gained control of the firehose.)

A few people then run up the Avenue and push some trashcans into the street, but things look like they might be dying down. The fire truck leaves, most of the cops leave to get riot gear, and the organizers of the film and march have left. Telegraph Avenue is open to traffic again.

10:30pm: More fires and barricades in the streets

As the traffic lights change, a man walks into the street and sets down a burning wad of paper. Two or three other people add more paper and coax the small fire. After a couple of cars drove over the burning paper, several dozen people surge into the street and began piling on more paper.

Several people go over to the boarded up Café S and rip sheet after sheet of plywood off to feed the growing fire; others dance around the fire, roam contentedly around, or just stand about, wondering what will happen next. A bag of

marshmallows appears and a few are skewered and toasted.

The cops, about six of them from the Drug Task Force, stand by waiting for the firetruck which soon rolls into the intersection. As the hoses are dragged out people take plywood shields to again protect the fire.

But even as the firemen are putting out the fire at Dwight and Telegraph, another is lit up the block towards Haste, and then yet another at the intersection of Haste and Telegraph. Determined to defend the new fires, people drag dumpsters and concrete trashcans into the streets to block the police and the fire truck.

By this time, almost a thousand people have gathered. Two women rekindle the fire which had been essentially extinguished. Sidestreets are blocked by debris and more fires are ablaze up the street. A kiosk heavily encrusted with posters goes up in flames. Parents, out to dinner with their graduating sons or daughters, rush up the street to get away from it all. Hundreds of people watch through the windows of restaurants and cafés. The cops remain back at Dwight waiting for reinforcements.

11pm: The fight for and liberation of Telegraph Avenue

Another fire truck pulls up into an intersection and prepares to start spraying the fire. Objects fly from the crowd, rotten oranges and tomatoes and some rocks, and the firemen jump back into their cab. They emerge tentatively, and people boo as the hoses are readied. As the crowd gathers facing the fire truck, a sudden crack rings out and the truck's windshield shatters. Many in the crowd gasp. Others cheer. One woman tries frantically to point out who threw the rock, becoming involv-

ed in a furious argument with people who tell her to stop. After a bottle bounces off the side of the truck, the firemen move back a little and stop spraying the fire.

This marks a change of mood. The smashed window lets people know that a little more is "permitted." For the next half hour the Avenue is a blur of activity as people move further and further up the sidestreets, looking for better barricades and dumpsters. Occasionally someone shouts out something about the park, and one person shouts "Beijing to Berkeley." The crowd is still growing. The active participants do not include boozed frat boys and jocks; they will play a less supportive role in this riot.

Suddenly, shouts come from down the street towards Dwight and a vast surge of people came moving and running up Telegraph. A phalanx of 40 cops is sweeping up the street; people press up onto sidewalks or scurry around the corners. The cops push and club a few people who don't get out of their way. As soon as they pass, and the initial panic subsides, people just march alongside or behind them taunting.

The cops' three-block-long thrust up Telegraph only serves to focus the hostility on them and the crowd just surges around the cops. The crowd doubles again, and includes the younger, black, Latino, Asian and white kids who come to enjoy the stores and scene on Durant. After a few pointless sweeps back and forth on Telegraph and Durant, the cops form a stationary line on Telegraph and wait. A huge crowd gathers in front of the line of cops, and people-activists, homeless, students, and others sympathetic to the park or hating the cops, the young kids, punks-began hurling bottles, rocks, soda cans, garbage bags and other trash. The usually macho U.C. police grab a black man and use him as a shield.

The cops slowly retreat amidst the storm of debris. More than a thousand people march after them, down Telegraph. Hundreds join in and chant, "Save People's Park, We Want the Park, Save People's Park, We Want the Park!"

Amazingly, Telegraph Avenue from Dwight to Bancroft (and all along the sidestreets) is a liberated zone. Unbeknownst to the crowd, which expects an army of cops, horrified officials are unable to get reinforcements from the Alameda County Sheriffs-the ones that murdered James Rector 20 years before. They are already engaged; 100 Sheriffs have just been sent to quell a riot in Hayward that erupted after the cops tried to shut down a heavy metal concert.

11:30pm: Two firetrucks are overturned, one torched and the looting begins

After the live TV broadcast on the 11o'clock news, more people arrive. The crowd swells to between 2,000 and 4,000 people in the next hour. The great majority are passive spectators, U.C. students finally done with exams.

An empty fire department truck is overturned on Telegraph with a loud crash; another one is spotted on Dwight Way and overturned as well. It is set alight; the vehicle quickly becomes a pyramid of fire, the tires explode with a loud bang, and the flames reach towards the tree tops.

Chain stores are hit first and hardest. Miller's Outpost is the first store to be looted. First a few, and then many people rush in and grab anything they can. The whole atmosphere is very friendly, festive and wild. Strangers hug each other and pass out the loot to those who want it. Walden Books loses its large CD collec-

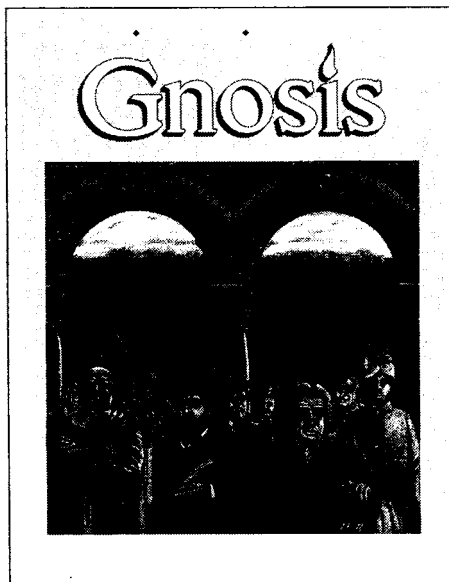
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Alternative media review

Alternative press review

compiled by Lev Chernyi

Unfortunately, the number of publications which exchange with *Anarchy* has now grown to the point where I can no longer even attempt to review them all. Included among the following reviews are many which were left out of *Anarchy* #19 due to a lack of space. In future issues, I'll be more selective in the range of publications I will review in this column.



GNOSIS; A journal of the Western Inner Traditions #12/Summer'89 (POB 14217, San Francisco, CA. 94114-0217) is an 84-page magazine edited by Jay Kinney (who is also editor of the *Anarchy Comics* series published by Last Gasp). This is probably the best issue I've seen yet, with a nice range of articles, including one by Gnosis's finest contributing writer, Peter Lamborn Wilson, entitled "Shootout at the Circle 7 Koran" (which includes a very interesting aside on "the tribe of Ishmael, who were said to live a 'polygamous, non-Christian, and racially-integrated' hunter-gatherer existence in the former wilderness now occupied by the city of Indianapolis!"). This issue also features a fairly decent article on "The three faces of Satan; A close look at the 'Satanism scare'" by Chas S. Clifton, informative (though rather uncritical) essays on the "Wandering bishops" by Stephan A. Hoeller and "The modern Rosicrucians" by Christopher McIntosh, an interview with "The Emperor of AMORC" (the self-described "autocratic leader" of the largest Rosicrucian sect), a rather credulous account by Tom Joyce of the techno-hype banalities of Church of Scientology doctrine entitled "The technology of transformation; Hubbard's ladder," and two essays which I haven't yet had time to read—Lawrence Sutin's "Hasidism; A paradoxical heresy" and James F. Lawrence's "The Swedenborgian Church." If you're interested in these types of subjects, and you haven't yet seen a copy of *Gnosis*, this is probably the issue to get! Subscriptions are \$15/year (4 issues).

UTNE READER; The best of the alternative press #34/July-Aug.'89 (Subscriber Services, POB 1974, Marion, OH. 43306-2074) is a 148-page compilation of excerpts largely reprinted from the more establishment-oriented side of the "alternative press." This issue focusses on "Postmodernism and beyond..." including the fairly interesting essay "Postmodernism defined, at last!" by Todd Gitlin, a piece by Bruce Handy entitled "A Spy guide to post-modern everything," a confused essay by Pierre Delattre on "Beauty and the aesthetics of survival" (in which he suggests "a Division of Beautification within the E.P.A.," among other things!), Suzi Gablik's "Making art as if the world mattered: Some models of Creative partnership," Molly Ivins lightweight (but worthwhile) "Too much stuff! Our accumulating crisis" Michael Helm's "Salvage as salva-

tion: Tales from a junk man," and Gene Logsdon's interesting essay "Who says the family farm is dead? Welcome to future farming's best bet." Subscriptions are \$18/year (6 issues).

ALSO RECEIVED:

Subject Vol.1, #2/Winter'89 (POB 15352, 1500 Main St., Springfield, MA. 01115) is a 42-page journal which attempts to portray post-modernism as a radical discourse (unsuccessfully, I'd say, since this seems a fairly impossible task). However, for the philosophically-minded, the results may be found interesting. This issue includes unattributed essays on "Habermas vs. Lyotard" (in which both are accused of thinking in terms of "the philosophy of consciousness"), "Foucault & feminist theory of difference," and (the most convincing piece) "On Heidegger" (which argues that Heidegger's Nazism was of a piece with his philosophy). Send 65¢ in stamps for a sample.

Factsheet Five #30 (c/o Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, NY. 12144-4502) is a "zine of crosscurrents and cross-pollination," now 110 pages packed with reviews of every alternative zine, tabloid, and one-shot you'd ever wished you'd never heard of—along with quite a few interesting gems scattered in their midst. For those who haven't yet seen a copy, this is a must read. This issue includes a section on anarchist periodicals all (28 of them) reviewed together. Also includes book, poetry, music, T-shirts, games, mail-art, and software reviews, along with a couple regular columns by Anni Ackner, Kerry Thornley and Garry DeYoung. Subscriptions are \$2/issue (up to 5 issues) or \$11/6 issues.

Albany Journal #13/June 15-28 '89 (279 Washington Ave., Albany, NY. 12206) claims to publish "All the satire fit to print," but it seems to be pretty well limited to satire from a liberal perspective. This issue features editorial cartoons mostly concerning Khomeini's death and the recent crackdown in China. Also included is "Let the hundred flowers bloom" by Hunter S. Thompson and "Let's make a deal with the devil" by Ned Zeman. Copies are free in the Albany area; try sending a 45¢ SASE for a sample.

Box of Water Vol.1, #4/1988 (1031 York St., S.F., CA. 94110) is a 52-page, half-sized "annual magazine of visual and textual experimentation, with reviews of magazines, compilations, and exhibition catalogs publishing work in this area." Half of this issue is made up of occasionally interesting collages, photo/xerography and other graphic works, and most of the other half consists in brief magazine reviews—mostly within the same or similar genres. Subscriptions are \$5/2-years (2 issues).

Green Synthesis #31/June'89 (L.E.D., POB 1858, San Pedro, CA. 90733) is a 16-page, "official publication of the Green Committees of Correspondence." This issue features John Rensenbrink's "The SPAKA Conference and Green Praxis" (SPAKA is greenspeak for "Strategy and Policy Approaches in Key Areas"), Theresa Shimer's account of the Reclaim the Test Site II action, a conclusion to a somewhat superficial essay on "Ecology, community, and art" by Mindy Lorenz, a partial (edited) reprinting of the recent "Call for a Left Green Network," along with a somewhat incoherent reply trashing the Left Green Network by Lorna Salzman entitled "Is the Left-Green Network really Green?" (in which Salzman seems to be excessively worried by the Left Green's critique of capitalism, though there are a few good points made in the confusion), and David Albert's (somewhat more sophisticated than the usual) moralizing arguments for an ideological pacifism entitled "A letter on non-violence." Subscriptions are \$10/2 years (10 issues).

Street #38/undated (POB 441019, Somerville, MA. 02144) is a nicely-produced magazine which "deals with poor people's issues in a way that's not perceived as an ideological mallet" according to its publishers. With a lively, supermarket-tabloid type layout, this issue features an uncritical interview with a Boston local union bureaucrat entitled "Playing to win" (this guy even thinks Jimmy Hoffa "had some vision!"), a story on the militant anti-AIDS

organization ACT UP by Beth Fertig, a critique of one of Mitch Snyder's staged media-event Community for Creative Non-Violence (C.C.N.V.) demonstrations against homelessness in Washington by Timothy Harris, an interesting piece of dystopian short fiction entitled "The Mall Society" by Daniel Glenn, and a somewhat decent (though liberal) review of E.F. Torrey's *Nowhere To Go; The Tragic Odyssey of the Homeless Mentally Ill* also by Timothy Harris. Subscriptions are \$20/year (including "two books of poetry as a premium").



Green Egg Vol.XXII, #85/Beltane'89 (Church of All Worlds, POB 1542, Ukiah, CA. 95482) is a fairly professionally produced, 40-page "official journal of the Church of All Worlds, a Neo-Pagan Earth Religion dedicated to the celebration of life...." This publication has come a long way from its beginnings in St. Louis and I was surprised that it still exists! This issue features Otter G'Zell's "Robert A. Heinlein: A correspondence" (Heinlein was the "spiritual founder" of the Church of All Worlds!), "Eros as ritual" by Anodea Judith, "Shamanic roots of European traditions" by Z. Budapest, an interview entitled "My dinner with Timothy Leary" (still as whacked-out and inane as ever!), "We are the other people" by Otter G'Zell, "Lasting impressions" by Joan Christianson (who claims to be a "Ritual Abuse Survivor...of a family that for generations had been practicing Satanism!"), and many other articles, etc. Subscriptions are \$12/year (4 issues).

Smile/Commodity Issue—undated—(#789, 2526 Hillsborough St., Raleigh, NC. 27607) is an 8-page pamphlet critical of commodity relationships and advocating plagiarism. Send an SASE for a copy.

Discussion Bulletin #33/Jan.'89 (POB 1564, Grand Rapids, MI. 49501) continues its fairly open discussion of the theory and strategy of "anti-statist, non-market socialism." This issue includes a report on the Nov. 1988 Conference on Workers' Self-Organizing in St. Louis, a fairly long reprint of "A Contribution to the Critique of Marx" by John Crump, and an review of John Zerzan's *Elements of Refusal*. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Pagans for Peace #40/April 9989A.D.A. (POB 6531, Stn.A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1X4, Canada) includes a piece on "Creating a personal pantheon: Naming your deities" by Leokadia, as well as quite a number of responses to editor Sam Wagar's criticisms (in the previous issue) of a resolution identifying pagans with only legal practices that had been issued by the Church of All Worlds. The responses are generally of a tone which increases my own respect for the pagan community—or at least for those pagans who participate in the Pagans for Peace network. The editor goes on to point out some of the dangers involved in uncritically accepting the dominant political culture's views by identifying with its repressive laws and ignoring its systematic "abuse of people." Subscriptions are \$15/year (13 issues).

Reclaiming Newsletter #34/Spring '89 (POB 14404, San Francisco, CA. 94114) is published by "a collective of San Francisco Bay area women and men working to unify spirit and politics." This issue includes a self-critique of a recent public Brigid ritual performed by the Reclaiming Community, "Memoirs of a quiltworker" by Eire Clutterbuck, the continuation of an interesting article on a direct action El Dia de los Muertos needle exchange project, an article on the "Zapping" of the Greenham Women's Peace Camp with non-ionizing radiation, and a letter describing the unveiling of a sculpture in remembrance

of the witchburnings in the village of Gelnhausen, West Germany. Subscriptions are \$6/year (4 issues).

The Nuclear Resister #60/Feb.15, & #61-62/May 2,'89 (POB 43383, Tucson, AZ. 85733) provides "comprehensive reporting on arrests for anti-nuclear civil resistance in the U.S. and Canada, with an emphasis for providing support for the women and men jailed for these actions." Issue #60 includes an overview of "Nuclear resistance, 1988" by editors Jack & Felice Cohen-Joppa, an interesting column on "Resistance reflections" (also by the editors) concerning their view of the relationship of non-violent-direct-action-anti-nuclear arrests with those of other "movements," and an article on the sentencing of the Missouri Peace Planters in January. Issue #61-62 includes more information on the Innu resistance to N.A.T.O. overflights, and an interesting letter from NAVSTAR computer saboteur Katya Komisaruk from prison on the subject of inmates' relationships to prison guards. Subscriptions are \$15/year (10 issues).

Kallisti Vol.2, #3/Sept. & #4/Winter '89 (Matrix Productions, POB 19566, Cincinnati, OH. 45219) has announced that it is ceasing publication with its Winter '89 issue after its editor concluded "that it's already done everything it can as an underground periodical." Issue #3 featured an editorial calling for the use of "clean, inexpensive nuclear energy" (!), a call for a "Harmonic Divergence" by Dennis Murphy, "Mindtheatre" by Lynda Grimm, another episode of the comic "Juliane...and his guardian planaria" by Kern Day, and "On the dangers of over-specification" by ASht Ssaratu. The last issue features "Health & Longevity; a futuristic vision" by Lynda Grimm, an apology for "The new age" by Kenneth Deigh, a short story called "Kid Charlemagne's Return" by Pope Jim, and the last episode of a rather distasteful story glorifying Israeli Military Intelligence agents by Sheva Bron called "Amir's Men." Subscriptions were \$9/year (6 issues). Back issues are still available.

The South Sound Alliance Vol.8, #12/Dec.'88, Vol.9, #1/Jan., #2/Feb., & #3/Last/March'89 (POB 921, Olympia, WA. 98507) is a very nicely-done "progressive news monthly for the Cascadia bioregion." Issue #8 features an article on "Auto-destruction; Car culture and its discontents" reprinted from *Processed World*, and a compilation of news on largely anarchist demonstrations from around the world called "Wild in the Streets." Issue #2 features a cover story on "Who's really to blame" on the recent Washington coast oil spill by Markus Tengesdal, and a survey of women's erotic literature by Margot Boyer. The last issue features a story on "The 20-acre loophole" which a large developer is attempting to use to grease a last-ditch, environmentally-destructive development effort in west Olympia. Subscriptions were \$15/year (12 issues).

Renegade #8/undated (Ben Lewis, 2559 Flossmoor Rd., Apt.#303, Flossmoor, IL. 60422) is a small 20-page comic zine featuring "Anarchist cop," "Levon sells cartoon balloons," and "Nadziej" in this issue. Send \$1.00 for a sample.

The Tenants' Voice Winter'89 (4001 Michigan Union, Ann Arbor, MI. 48109) is "an informational newsletter of the Ann Arbor Tenants Union." Send a contribution for a sample.

Green Action Vol.5, #3/undated (POB 2044, Cottonwood, AZ. 86326) is an "independent green publication." This issue features "Copper mining and the environment in Peru" by Julio Diaz Palacios, "Glasnost for the American greens: A history and analysis of our movement" by Zvi Baranoff (in which he asks "Why is there not a national Green Party...?" as he recounts the history of green organizing in the U.S.), and articles on various U.S. "third parties," as well as a reprint from the anarchist *Ecomedia Bulletin* criticizing voting in the 1988 U.S. election. Subscriptions are \$20/year (10 issues).

Across the Lines Vol.1, #1/undated (2440 16th St. Box 241, San Francisco, CA. 94103) is a new 8-page newsletter of Seed of Peace. This issue features information on plans for the recent (April) "Reclaim the Test Site II" civil resistance in Nevada. Send a donation for a sample.

Destroy the Double Standard #1/1984-5 [new title/now *Sour Milk*] (Smitty, POB 116, Troy, IL. 62294) is a 15-page xerox zine which "seeks to illustrate the actual conditions under which most of the world lives—the conditions of obedience...." Sample copies are \$1.00.

Mesechabe #2/Winter'88-89 (7725 Cohn St., New Orleans, LA. 70118) is a new, well-produced, 32-page "magazine about reinhabitation and the Green Movement in the Mississippi River watersheds and the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico." This issue features "The jungle is near; Culture and nature in a subtropical clime" by D.E. Bookhardt, "The French Revolution and American radical democracy" by John Clark, and several short accounts of the New Orleans "Toxics March." Subscriptions are \$10/year (4 issues).

Disorientation #4.0/Spring'89 (c/o OAC, 410 Kansas Union, Univ. of Kansas, Lawrence, KS. 66045) is an alternative to official student orientation manuals, though it was paid for with K.U. student activity fees. This year's issue includes a section on "Sex, Drugs, and Rock 'n Roll," "K.U. alumni they don't tell you about: A portrait of the lawyer as a young maniac" by Boog Higberger, and "Western Civ on acid" by Brian Schwegmann. Send 'em a couple bucks and maybe they'll send you a copy.

Youth Connection Vol.1, #1 & #3/undated (Terry Inman, 3910 Nara Drive, Florissant, MO. 63033) is a 4-page right-wing "libertarian" student newsletter. Issue #1 includes an interesting article on "Jury nullification; Secret weapon against draft registration." Send an SASE for a sample.

Alternative media review



Photo by Peter Öhlander, reprinted from *Brand* (Box 15015, S-104 65 Stockholm, Sweden).

Remaking Love

A review by Alison Gross

Remaking Love by Barbara Ehrenreich, Elizabeth Hess, & Gloria Jacobs (Anchor Press/Doubleday: New York, 1987).

Can't see the forest for the birds and the bees. Three people writing a book together is like three chefs collaborating on a batch of soup: unless you're lucky, the result is bland, an overworked combination of three different tastes. *Remaking Love* isn't so lucky.

Dealing with taking back the night in the sexual sense, it is a "pop" feminist view of the sexual liberation movement from the '60s to the mid-'80s. Originally published in 1986, it seems to have been written for those of us who were living the revolution, not reading about it, kind of a catch-up primer for the non-intellectuals. For those of us who have read all the feminist and sex manual literature, *Remaking Love* summarizes the effects of these materials on the general population. This book is not about equal rights or women's liberation in general, but rather sexual rights and women's sexual liberation. We're not discussing the E.R.A. here, but rather *Fear of Flying*.

The three authors, apparently female, are never identified except by name and by the fact that this book was developed from an article they wrote for *MS.* in 1980. The first chapter sets the tone for the book, with a superficial premise for why the sexual revolution started: inhibited teenage sexuality, fashion marketing and the Beatles come together. The authors basically describe the symptoms. Their concern is with "the cultural mainstream... how Americans understood and interpreted the change(s) to themselves," quoting from such sources as *Newsweek*, *Ladies Home Journal* and *The Feminine Mystique*.

After the hysterics of Beatlemania and Presley power, the authors chronicle such

historic events as the female problems of virginity and frigidity, the clit/vag orgasm controversy, sex and the single girl, masturbation, sexual consumerism and the politics of promiscuity. The chronicle ends with quotes from commercial radical feminists who have come full circle and are promoting sexual puritanism.

There are some potentially interesting/powerful questions raised along the way: why is there the dichotomy (in power and in practice) between what is done in bed and what is admitted among friends, family? Did the sexual revolution liberate men or women--their claim is that only men were "liberated." How does one keep the revolution moving and not let it disintegrate into internal moralistic squabbling in the face of the conservative opposition? (Which opposition's sexual subversions, by the way, are not left unremarked; in fact, the chapter "Fundamental Sex--Hitting Below the Bible Belt" tells me more than I ever wanted to know about how the other folks fuck). Unfortunately, the questions raised are never even fully asked, and one is left hungry for more information, and the frustration of questions that could have been discussed, i.e. how does prostitution fit into the sexual revolution? Why was Kinsey's focus on the orgasm more acceptable than Reich's? What about children's sexuality? And how did the fitness/beauty body fad fit in to all this?

On the other hand, I did pick up some fun bits and pieces. For instance, I've never seen the bumper sticker "Sit on a Happy Face." I finally got to find out what that mystical "G" spot was all about without resorting to *Cosmopolitan* magazine. And it's encouraging to know that there are women out there who, like myself, have a kind of "gang boyfriend." That is, an assortment of lovers who are well-loved for exactly who they are, as well as who they will never be, no strings attach-

ed.

Their limited historical perspective (1950-1980) and social perspective (privileged middle-class whites) invalidates, for me, their discussion almost before it gets started. Referring, for instance, to the Beatles-era, "for girls, high school was all there was to public life, the only place you could ever hope to run for office or experience the quasi fame of popularity." Whose values are those? Making broad general statements like "the most signifi-

cant 'innovation' to enter the sexual mainstream in the seventies was oral sex" sidesteps history, and dilutes their thrust, especially when one could compare this timeframe with that of the *Kama Sutra* or any of the sexual literature in the 18th or in past centuries, and sexual diseases have always been a concern.

The writers' claim is that sex up to the sixties was primarily a topic for the doctor's office, and the revolution brought it into the hands of general advice-givers. Reference is made here to Dr. Ruth, J. of *Sensuous Woman*, and Alex Comfort of *Joy of Sex*, whose books are reviewed in the chapter "Lust Frontier." The same chapter features male strippers, pornography and sex tupperware parties, where the goods sold are sex toys. This brings up what is labeled the newest "sexual frontier," sado-masochism, termed by the authors as the ideal capitalist sex. Despite some analysis of power-tripping, the subject is handled from an amazingly clean, objective perspective.

That's my problem with the book. It's too squeaky clean for a book that's about one of our more primal urges. Colin Wilson recently put out another book from his *Outsider* series called *The Misfits, A Study of Sexual Outsiders*. I don't necessarily agree with his conclusions, but the book is juicy; he shows me how he's arrived at each point, and gives me some insight into the persons described. He backs it up with stories, facts, history, a certain passion for the subject: in other words, substance and feeling, not just a chronicle.

Maybe it's a problem of trying to synthesize reality and ideology with some kind of social commentary. Granted, it's a complicated topic, and they did an admirable job in not trying to simplify the factors that went into shaping sexual attitudes during the last two decades. Also granted, they basically did what they set out to do, to chronicle women's sexual liberation as it "occurred in the most visible parts of American mass culture." Unfortunately, like sex itself, the most visible aspect is also usually the most boring.

People as kitsch

Errol Morris' "The Thin Blue Line"

reviewed by Sidewalks of New York

Errol Morris' "The Thin Blue Line" doesn't sit well. Watching it, you may find yourself engrossed in the story Morris is telling, but deadened and revolted by his presentation of it. Why is this film--which concerns an actual murder, and a miscarriage of justice--so fancied-up? As a reporter, Errol Morris shows canniness, sympathy, verve, openness and persistence. He has the gifts of an eccentric journalist, but he isn't content with them. He wants above all things to make art, and he's in thrall to his aesthetic thinking.

The film concerns the murder of a Dallas policeman, and its aftermath. Morris makes the case that the man put in prison for the crime, Randall Adams, is innocent. (Thanks in large part to Morris, Adams' conviction was recently overturned, and Adams was released from jail.) Most of the movie consists of interviews; with policemen and lawyers, with people who claim to have been witnesses, with Adams himself, and with many others. It's puzzling that Morris is so often written about as an innovative, ground-breaking filmmaker. His techniques--which rely on "appropriation," repetition and references to bad pop art--are pretty familiar. In his presentation, Morris uses no narration, and no expository titles; he doesn't use titles or voice-

overs to identify who's speaking. One result is that the story, which could be summarized in a paragraph or two, comes across very indirectly; the information we need to know is made to seem to emerge from Morris' artistry. We see and hear only the people he's talking to, not Morris himself; he makes his "comments," such as they are, with his general approach and his editing, and with his photography style, which is related to William Eggleston's visions of American suburbs as science-fiction film-sets, to "Still Life," Diane Keaton's collection of movie-studio promotional photographs, and to the radiation-glow cinematography of Ed Lachman.

The phrase "the thin blue line" is spoken in the film by the judge who sentenced Randall Adams; this judge recalls trying to hold back tears when the case's prosecutor spoke of the "thin blue line" of men and women, i.e., the police, who stand between law-abiding citizens and chaos. Visually, Morris locates nearly all the people he films within "the thin blue line" (which he pretty clearly wants us to take to mean "so-called 'normal' American ways of going about determining truth"). He does this very literally; he films almost all his interviewees in blue light, or against blue walls. In one case he color-coordin-

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ates a woman interviewee's blue eyeshadow and blouse with the light.

Morris gussies up the film with reenactments of events from the night of the crime, which he artificializes with slow motion, "obvious" framing and super-deliberate cutting; he turns camera angles as well as certain images—a flung milkshake, popcorn, an ash tray, a dropped flashlight whose lens shatters—into icons of weirdness. Throughout the film, he scatters inserts of grids, maps, diagrams, photos, and excerpts from newspaper reports about the crime and the trial; his point is to suggest the texture of "conventional ways of figuring things out." (Some viewers may instead find this to be an instance of an esthete's fascination with the morbid reaches of tabloid journalism.) He drops into the film excerpts from old crime movies—cruddy Hollywood junk he seems to want us to regard as what, in America, take the place of an unconscious. These interludes are also scolding little lectures on "how America imagines crime to be and how it actually is"—Morris and the hip, appreciative audience presumably being those in possession of the true facts.

Morris is putting most of his filmmaking energy into creating a Next Wave-style art object about America the Grotesque. He treats the people he films, as well as the murder and the possible miscarriage of justice, as kitsch objets d'art that are evidence of a psychopathology that dwells within America. He isn't interested in the people inside the kitsch; he's interested in people to the extent they can be seen as kitsch. This is a form of snobbery that verges on outright cruelty. Morris uses his self-consciously foursquare framing and lighting (both of which suggest the way products such as dishwashing soap were presented in '50s ads) to make us wince and giggle at the appearance of a woman lawyer who tried to defend Adams. We have to get over the reaction he has enforced on us to realize how on the ball the woman lawyer is, and how much gump-tion and brains she put into the case.

As a filmmaker, Morris is an aesthetic dandy with an elaborately-achieved, distanced-passive pose. He abstracts himself—his physical presence, and his human reactions—right out of the movie. We're meant to register that he isn't taken in by—and that he won't take part in—kitsch culture. It's clear that we're meant to feel that Morris is more likely than a "mainstream" documentarian not only to answer the question of Adams' guilt or innocence, but to be onto something philosophically impressive—like "the nature of truth," or "how we do/don't perceive," or "the myth of objectivity," or some such. What his film style signals us isn't just that Morris believes that he recognizes the dangers and limitations of "the thin blue line," but that he thinks it necessarily produces grotesqueries. He stands outside the thin blue line; his pose is "I'm a Martian lost in mid-America. Isn't what's going on around here bizarre?"

In a bit of audio-tape recording that's included in the film, a hick charmer named David Harris, who spent part of the evening of the murder with Randall Adams and who is now on death row for another crime, all but admits that he, not Adams, killed the cop. (We have to obtain the film's production notes to find out that the reason this interview was recorded only on audio-tape was because Morris' camera broke. And we have to read the production notes to find out that when Morris asked Harris if he acted alone, Harris nodded yes. Morris' esthetic—which is meant to question the possibility of directness and spontaneity, as well as the possibility of the existence of a speaking "I"—prevents him from simply "telling" us anything.) This is the only time during the film

FIFTH ESTATE #332/Summer'89 (POB 02548, Detroit, MI. 48202) remains the premier journal of the North American anarchist movement. This 24-page (tabloid) issue is packed with news, commentary, analysis and dialogue, and comes close on the heels of their last (special) issue entitled "Return of the Son of Deep of Ecology" (reviewed in *Anarchy* #19). This issue includes an account of an anti-incinerator-struggle demo in Detroit entitled "Women WEAVE a web of resistance" by Ruby Lips, a piece of news and analysis on the recent April "Mass action at gates of war machine" at the Nevada Test Site by Sunfrog, a very interesting account of mass resistance to the Indian state in North Orissa on the coast of the Bay of Bengal (including the creation of a 5,000 person "suicide squad" to prevent government vehicles from entering the area) by Pablo Kala, the nicely-done "Countering the mystique of the proletariat" by Gerard of the French Interrogations group, information on the "San Francisco 1989 anarchist gathering Without Borders" (including a statement of the FE position on the controversial "Day of Action" in the East Bay, as well as an excellent response to the naïve calls for the creation of some sort of continental anarchist organization), an interview with "West German anarchists on the autonome" conducted by (a somewhat antipathetic) Elizabeth Kemp, Ward Churchill's excellent "Unmasking the Custer myth" which shows Custer for the actually brutal, vainglorious coward he was, the reprinting of a translation of an anarchist tract issued by a group of 15 to 17-year-olds (who called themselves Los Quijotes) during the Spanish Revolution in 1937, a reprint from Peter Kropotkin's *The Great French Revolution* on "The storming of the Bastille," Pat Medicine's "Butt Mousse and beach whistles," and "A continuing exchange" on "Anarchy & the sacred" in which Dogbane Campion painfully attempts to justify his repudiation of critical rationality in favor of reverence for the "sacred." Subscriptions are still a ridiculously cheap \$5/year (4 issues). If you haven't yet, send in your subscription today!

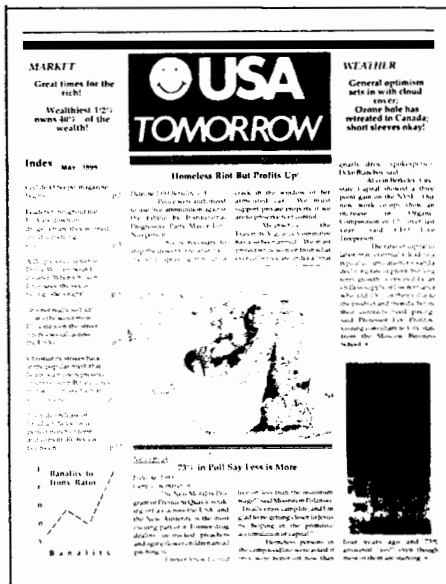
COLLIDE-O-SCOPE #1/May'89 (2140 Shattuck Ave., Box 2200, Berkeley, CA. 94704) is a nicely-done 20-page left-communist/anarchist magazine featuring a parody *USA Tomorrow* cover! Also included is a eulogy for Abbie Hoffman by

we get a sense of Morris' person, and of his involvement in the case. It comes as a shock to realize that as a reporter he's so quick on his feet; he's sparring successfully with a psychopath.

But what Morris shows us during this passage is the minicassette recorder the tape is supposedly playing on. He shows it from all sorts of angles, the images dumbered-up in a "this is how bad photographers once took color photos" way, the editing treated similarly. He ends the sequence with an enormous shot of the tiny reels turning around and around. This turning over and over is of a piece with the rest of the film. For instance, Morris plays, and then replays and replays some more, his deliberately-fake reenactments of the murder, and then he replays them yet more. Only a couple of times do the reenactments serve an explanatory purpose—for instance, when we realize that people in passing cars who later testified against Randall Adams couldn't possibly have gotten much of a look at the face of the

Anarchist Press Review

compiled by Lev Chernyi



Jack Straw entitled "Did he fall, or was he pushed?" an essay on some of the not-so-hidden realities behind the insane "anti-drug" crusade also by Jack Straw, Will Guest's excellent (though overly Marxist) "In the wake of the Exxon Valdez: World capitalism and global ecocide," "What, me worry?" by Jack Straw, Ned Kelly's assembly of Christian Bible quotes "that would make Salman Rushdie gag!" entitled "The 'Angelic Verses:' read 'em and bleep!" as well as Ned Kelly's "re-review" of the video release of the movie "Broadcast News" under the title "The banal critique of banality?" This issue is definitely worth checking out. Copies are free; send a contribution and/or a large 65¢ SASE.

ALSO RECEIVED:

CNT Vol.4, #101/Abril/Mayo'89 (CNT-Periódico, Apartado Nº 282, 48080 Bilbao, Spain) is the "organ of the National Confederation of Workers" of Spain, a union affiliated with the anarcho-sindicalist A.I.T.-I.W.A. (International Workers Association). This issue of the Spanish-language, 20-page tabloid includes articles on "The state against free radio," "Repression in Brazil" (focussing on the recent repression of the Brazilian anarcho-sindicalists of the C.O.B./A.I.T.), a report on the recent national conference of CNT union affiliates in Madrid, and an opinion-piece on "The fetishism of publicity" as well as a review of "Problems and dilemmas of the Soviet economy" both by Abraham Guillén. Subscriptions are 1900pta./year (12 issues).

Homo Sapiens; Materiali Della Sinistra Libertaria Vol.2, #5-6/Marzo'89 (C.P. 705, 70121 Bari, Italy) is a very slick 64-page Italian-language journal of the libertarian left. This

issue features an article entitled "Wut, Witz, Widerstand!" on the recent International Monetary Fund (I.M.F.) conference in Berlin and the immense human misery generated by the I.M.F.'s control over Latin America due to its huge debts, an article entitled "Occupare Oggi" on the experience of the Centro Sociale Autogestivo "Villa Sansoni" in Livorno (there is a network of local centers for social self-management throughout Italy), and an interview with Pietro Valpreda entitled "Una cena a...Le Barriate." Also included are a number of other articles, however my lack of comprehension of the Italian language prevents their description here. Subscriptions are 15,000Lira/year (3 issues).

Bayou la Rose #30/Spring'89 (c/o Arthur Miller, 302 N. J St., Apt.3, Tacoma, WA 98403) is a 16-page tabloid working-class anarchist/networking paper. This issue features a letter from Native American activist Leonard Peltier on the "lockdown" at the U.S. prison in Lewisburg (PA), news on the recent setting up of Fran Trutt (an "animal rights" activist) on an attempted bombing charge, news on the recent Spanish general strike, and an editorial on "Making the connections." Subscriptions are \$7.50/year (4 issues).

Black Eye #6/Spring'89 (324 East 9th St., NYC, NY 10009) is an interesting 40-page, 5"x8½" journal worth checking out. This issue features Paul Z. Simons' "Theses on play," a reprinting of Mike Kolhoff's "The call for a North American federation" along with a fairly well-done response by Joe Braun, Bob McGlynn's "From Tompkins Square Park to Gdansk," A. Trotter's concise "On Afghanistan," a reprint of an old piece by members of the March 22nd Movement (France, '68) entitled "Why sociologists?," "Nietzsche & the Derivatives" by Hakim Bey, and an article on "State sponsored genocide? AIDS as biological and psychological warfare." No subscription price is given, but they ask \$1.50 (cash) for a sample.

Le Libertaire; Revue de Synthèse Anarchiste #96/Mai'89 (25 rue Duménil d'Aplemont, 76600 Le Havre, France) is a 4-page, very regular monthly, French-language "review of synthetic anarchism" (in the style of Voline's anarchist "synthesis") published by the Union des anarchistes. International subscriptions are 80F/year (10 issues).

Green Perspectives #16/June'89 (POB 111, Burlington, VT 05402) is an 8-page "Left Green Publication." This issue includes part one of Janet Biehl's nicely-done essay "Women and the Democratic Tradition," as well as a letter and response regarding Biehl's essay in a previous issue on "The politics of myth." Subscriptions are \$10/year (10 issues).

Anarkia IOYNHE 1989 (P.B. 26050, T.K. 10022, Athens, Greece), formerly *Dokimi*, is the 16-page Greek-language monthly newspaper of the Union of Anarchists. Although it seems to be a very activist-oriented and militant paper, my complete ignorance of the Greek language means that I can't decipher the

Continued on next page

be caught meaning—to inform or protest. His film conveys no urgency and no outrage.

What the film is really about is Errol Morris' aesthetic responses. His filmmaking emphasis is all on his own way of seeing. Morris seems to believe that he's an artist because he's consciously perverse, and what he seems to want us to do is examine his obsessiveness, drive and willfulness as if they were somehow akin to what he would have us take as an insanity at the heart of the nation. But dwelling on your aesthetic responses to material like this is really kind of horrid. An actual murder and a miscarriage of justice aren't great material to base refined, illusion-and-reality style games on. "I think the film is broader than just the story of a miscarriage of justice," Morris told the *Washington Post*. "It's a film about evidence, about illusion and self-deception, confusion, error. About lying and truth-telling." Just the story of a miscarriage of justice? Just?

International anarchist news

Letter from a Venezuelan anarchist

Venezuela in the streets!

Dear friends,

Venezuela, a country known internationally as a "democracy," was involved in spontaneous revolt, February 27-28, 1989, characterized by people taking to the streets to seize what had been so long denied them by an administration which has effectively held power since 1958. In addition to the poor, even the middle classes had no choice but to hit the streets in protest, since the poor had nothing to eat except the upper middle class. This participation of the middle class broke a tradition of lies and deceit sustained by the state and those who support it.

As a politician with some public credibility said: "The recent events (tragically marked by so much death) are only the tip of an iceberg. This is a serious situation affecting all of Venezuela. Economically and politically, the crisis has extended like the tentacles of an octopus, spreading misery and reducing everyone's real income."

The administration of Jaime Lusinchi ended by robbing from the national treasury what little was left, and the people, with a new president implementing a "package of economic measures," did not support price increases on basic foodstuffs and used the best resource available to people throughout the world: the general strike.

The conditions of the moment were not conducive to a coup d'état, as has been the style in other Latin American countries. It was possible that the autonomous movements of Brazil and the Dominican Republic might have been repeated here. Behind these events exists the Latin American who wants a better life and needs to escape all the schemes which for so many years have violently suppressed Third World countries.

Venezuela has a military with a sort of "democratic tradition" since its officers and soldiers have been trained during a period of relative economic prosperity. The military has at present no interest in the responsibilities of government since this would conflict with the good life and special privileges it enjoys. But I must thank the Defense Minister since he could have engineered a coup d'état and it is obvious to everyone that he already controls the country. If he had staged a coup the casualties would have been in the thousands, and this would have set Venezuela back for many years.

We have not forgotten the cases of Colombia and Peru. In Colombia there is a trilogy of power: 1) a the guerrillas (Maoist, pro-Fidel Castro, pro-Soviet) who still don't know what they want, 2) a narcotics racket concerned only with profit, exporting drugs and destroying the health of young people throughout the world, and last but not least, 3) the Colombian government which still wants to maintain class stratification, regardless of the existing illiteracy and gross economic misery.

The situation in Peru is even more critical. Money is worthless there. The oppressive contradictions of the ruling political and economic classes have placed the indigenous people, descendants of the Incas, in a desperate position. The Maoist guerrillas "Sendero Luminoso" (Shining Path) terrorize the countryside to obtain recruits and their own survival, and meanwhile Peru is bleeding to death.

Examples like these and others (Argentina, Chile, Paraguay) do not apply to Venezuela.

In Venezuela one should keep in mind that the current strategy is to install

a government in which technocrats are chosen by the president, thus giving the impression that any changes will protect the interests of those in power. It is important to remember that Venezuela has been comfortably dependent for a long time on oil exports and was a founding member of O.P.E.C. This export-oriented economy has produced stagnation, obstructed development in other areas, and kept people in a state of ignorance. Many Venezuelans are aware that world news, like news of the February revolt, is not reaching the people of Venezuela. The government tried to ignore and belittle the February events, and this is one reason I want to get out of Venezuela. I can tell you that many Venezuelans, including me, did not participate in the looting during the revolt. We do not consider looting a revolutionary weapon.

The position of an anarchist who embraces Pacifism and the struggle for Peace is to maintain oneself as an observer and not to intervene unless it's necessary. We cannot forget that radical leftist groups manipulate the interests of the people. In addition, during recent events the military was killing people and we could not foolishly risk the lives of our children. One must conduct the struggle intelligently. One thing is certain, Venezuela is no longer the same. Things have changed.

In Venezuela the anarchist movements of theoretical maturity and clarity are not recognized, largely because of the

intervention of Church and State. Moreover, the struggle in the cities is different from that in the countryside. I have lived in a little village that has been isolated for a long time and its residents seem scarcely to know where their best interests lie. However, the February revolt occurred throughout Venezuela, except for certain areas in the south. Please note that Latin American underdevelopment is not only economic but also educational.

To understand the brutality we face here, one must remember an ugly phrase that typifies repression here and around the world: "Shoot first and ask questions later."

The natural organization of the people and rapid communication of the movement's actions took those in power by surprise and has caused them to think carefully.

I hope this brief letter has helped in understanding the current situation in Venezuela. Economically things are bad, and survival is our primary concern.

Salud compañeros,
G.P., Venezuela

Anarchist press review

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articles. Copies appear to be 100 Drachmas.

Ecomedia Bulletin #53/May 30 & #54/June 14, '89 (POB 915, Stn.F, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 2N9, Canada) is a small, 4-page biweekly anarchist news bulletin. Issue #53 includes a story on the suicide of Robin Voce following 5 years of fighting for justice after being raped by two Toronto cops who had stopped her for drunk driving, and an account of the recent regional Canadian Shield anarchist gathering held in Ottawa. Issue #54 includes a short



Anarchist squatters in Greece

On May 27th a group of homeless young anarchists occupied an empty building on 34 Asklipiou Street near the center of Athens. The building, empty for the past 10 years, was a mess and was cleaned up by the squatters.

A few days later the owner began proceedings with the courts and the cops to remove the anarchist occupiers. However, with its attention focussed on the June elections in Greece, the occupiers were not immediately evicted by the government.

Then on June 23rd a district attorney and many cops invaded the house, arresting the five comrades who were at the time. They were held, beaten while in custody, and sent charged with "disturbance of the common peace" (this despite—or possibly because of—the fact that all the neighbors in the area were supportive of the anarchists and their clean-up efforts). A trial date was set for November and the judge in the case set the five free till then.

On June 30th 200 anarchists and leftist sympathizers marched around the area of the occupation and promised to begin a new squatter's movement, since in Athens alone there are 200,000 empty apartments, while many remain homeless. Currently there are three occupied buildings in Greece. Two are in Athens—with one occupied by anarchists alone since 1988, and one occupied by anarchists and leftists (who sometimes are supportive of the radical movement) since 1985. The third occupation—by another mixed group of anarchists and leftists—is in Salonika (the 2nd largest city in Greece).

The anarchist squatters group in Athens has put out a huge poster calling for people to: "Occupy the empty buildings. Self-organize and engage in direct action against the exploitation of housing." The groups involved in all the current occupations are in support of the most recent attempt at 34 Asklipiou which has been locked up by the cops.

SOURCE: Y.K., Athens, Greece



A scene from the Mayday 1989 celebrations in Spain. Reprinted from CNT (CNT-Periódico, Apartado No.282, 48080 Bilbao, Spain).

International anarchist news

article on Toronto housing entitled "A city we can't afford to live in," news of the torture of prisoners in Greece, and news on the incarceration and charging of a group of Arizona Earth Firsters with conspiracy to sabotage several nuclear plants. Subscriptions are \$15/year (26 issues). The Ecomedia group also produces two radio shows in Toronto, "Word of Mouth" Wednesdays at 7pm on CKLN 88.1 FM and "Desire Armed" Fridays at 11:05am on CIUT 89.5 FM!

Chroniques Libertaires Double issue #8-9/1er semestre 1989 (BP 266, 75624 Paris Cedex 13, France) is a 28-page French-language magazine featuring an article on Action Directe called "Le silence et la terreur; Table de mœurs" by Claude Guillon, an account of

the "Actualité situationiste" (stating that from February through April of this year, the Centre Pompidou in Paris presented a display entitled "Sur le passage de quelques personnes à travers une assez courte unité de temps, à propos de l'internationale situationiste 1957-1972"), an interview by Florence Tosi with Claude Guillon concerning his new book *De la Révolution*, and numerous book and journal reviews. Subscriptions are 55Francs/5 issues.

Counter Information #21 (p/h C.I., 11 Forth St., Edinburgh, EH1, Scotland) is a 4-page newssheet. This issue includes coverage of protests against a new "Employment Training" scheme for those on the dole in England, and numerous news shorts on resistance around the world. Free-send a contribution for postage.

Brazilian Death Threats

One year ago in Brazil a railway worker named José Ulysses Albuquerque was shot and killed by railway police. Because of this killing and the recent increase in the number of political murders in Brazil, the Confederação Operária Brasileira (C.O.B.—Brazilian Workers Confederation) and its affiliate Union of Transport Workers organized a protest meeting in São Paulo on February 17th.

After the local council of São Paulo attempted to stop the meeting, it was held after a three-hour delay. Though a member of the railway workers union and another participant in the meeting were threatened by a member of the railway police at gunpoint.

The secretariat of the International Workers Association (an anarchosindicalist union federation) has protested to the Brazilian embassy in Bonn against these death threats and requests that others protest to their own local Brazilian embassies and consulates.

People's Park riot

Continued from page 6

tion and bestsellers go at rock-bottom prices. Headlines is next to go; it sells useless, overpriced nicknacks, gadgets, leather jackets and other clothing. Once emptied, some of the crowd shows its extreme distaste for this symbol of consumerism by smashing it up a bit.

Chanting "We want the Gap!" the looters move up the block. It is here that the white frat boys and jocks really join in, but not to loot. They are the right's surrogate police force, reminiscent of a posse or lynch mob. They defend the stores and strike out at the racially mixed crowd. The mood changes slightly. Several fights break out between frat boys and looters and the previous beautiful unity among the crowd is destroyed. There is a clear class and race tension emerging, as looters tell the "college boys" to clear out of the way.

1am: Arson attack on Bank of America

The Bank of America is the next target. The front of the bank has been redesigned especially for such occasions. Only a few supposedly rock-proof windows ring the top of the large, brick facade. But the windows crack and shatter and eventually burning paper and flaming, looted clothing is thrown in. For a few moments, the crowd holds its breath; the reflection of flickering flames lingers in the shadows of the bank ceiling. Burn, Baby, Burn. But then it dies out.

Looting continues in the stores. Miller's Outpost is having its busiest day in a long time. A few computers are reportedly removed from a store on Channing. A few smaller stores are looted and windows on other stores are broken. Clothing and books are available for all and for later resale. Big bundles are being carried car- or home-ward by enthusiastic black kids.

Anarchy

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2am: The police reclaim Telegraph Avenue

By 2am most of the active participants have left the area. The police come back and casually walk among the remaining people, mostly spectators, and tell them to go home.

City workers come in with garbage trucks, a tow truck for the burned out vehicle and bulldozers to clean up the mess. The police make twelve arrests that night, mostly for possession of stolen property. Five of the arrests are juveniles.

The following weeks: Police arrest three People's Park activists

On Saturday evening there is a heavy police presence on Telegraph. They arrest two people on riot-related charges: Michael Delacour, a long-time People's Park activist, and Bill Turnstall, a homeless man. Clearly they were looking for scapegoats to blame the riot on. Both of them are sent to Santa Rita. Bob Sparks, another veteran of the People's Park struggle, has a warrant issued for his arrest.

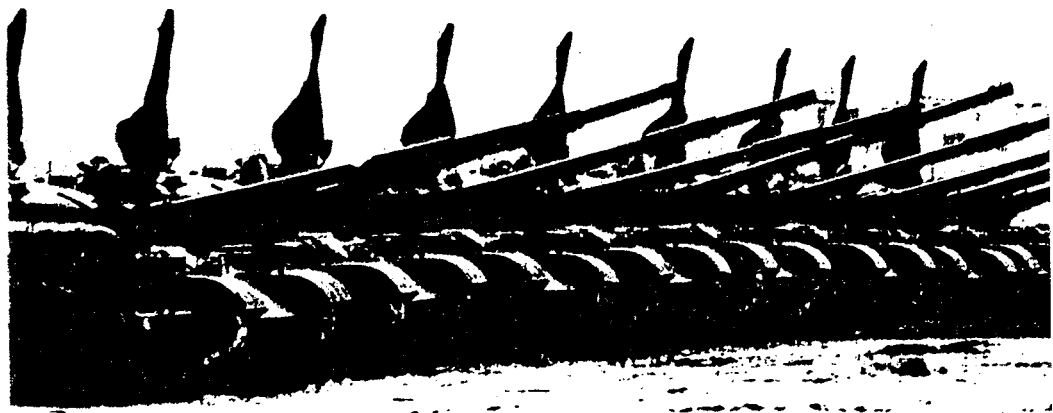
On Monday, Delacour gets released on his own recognizance at his arraignment. Bob Sparks comes to the courtroom to turn himself in, but the judge tells him to go next door to the police station, where he is booked and released on his own recognizance.

However, Bill is still being held in Santa Rita on \$23,000 bail. He is charged with the torching of the fire truck among other charges, when in fact all he did that night was play his flute. The fact that he is homeless makes it a lot harder for him to get out of jail.

One student made a two-hour videotape and sold it to the cops! So watch out for kids with cameras so that you don't end up in Santa Rita.

Reprinted from Slingshot #28/June '89 (700 Eshelman Hall, Berkeley, CA. 94720).

[Note: Bill Turnstall was eventually released on \$5,000 bail on June 13th.]



On Afghanistan

Continued from page 5

its ancient feudal order overthrown by a state-capitalist bureaucratic coup in the 1970s.)

"Revolution from above" as an ideology in its pure form originated with Stalin, although the outlines of it had been tested by Lenin, who spoke of the original Communist regime in Russia as "the bourgeois state minus the bourgeoisie." In *Society of the Spectacle*, Debord described the theory of permanent revolution of Trotsky and Parvus as "the only theory which became true for countries where the social development of the bourgeoisie was retarded, but...only after the introduction of the unknown factor: the class power of the bureaucracy" (cf. theses 103 & 113). Once in power, the Communists tried to make Afghanistan into a modern capitalist nation, but quickly found themselves swamped by the resistance of Islamic feudal society, which resented the nationalization of property, atheism, and the emancipation (within a bourgeois framework) of women. The very limited power base of the regime was recruited from middle class urban strata in Kabul and a few other cities, while the great peasant majority remained alienated and furnished support to the guerrillas. Defections and desertions from the national army were (and probably still are) very common. It is fairly certain that the social engineering imposed by the initial putsch would have failed without the Soviet invasion. The local bureaucracy was left with no choice but to call for aid on the father-image of modern "socialist" bureaucracies, which began its assistance by sponsoring a coup to assassinate the Afghan Communist leader and replace him with one more pliable to Moscow. The early years of Socialism in Afghanistan were marked by such nasty plots, purges, and palace maneuverings as recalled the great and glorious October Revolution in Russia itself.

In the West, the invasion was almost universally deplored (sanctimoniously, of course) by government officials and pundits, liberals and conservatives, socialists and even some Communist parties. But in other quarters it was defended, by left-wing journalists and academics, and, of course, by the majority of Stalin-Trotskyist sects. The infamous Spartacist League became the shrillest in its praise for the Red Army and its "Bonapartist" action. Reports of Soviet atrocities, including wholesale reprisals against villages suspected of aiding the *mujahadin* and the distribution of exploding toys for children, tended to be dismissed by our contemporary friends of the Soviet Union as bourgeois imperialist propaganda.

The great achievement of people's Afghanistan in catching up with capitalist reification represents a type of underdeveloped "progress" that no revolutionaries

should be satisfied with. The proletariat in many "Third World" countries like Afghanistan is minuscule; peasant-bureaucratic movements seeking to imitate Bolshevism in various ways are likely to remain, unfortunately, the principal form of revolutionary struggle in the ex-colonial regions of the world. But in other countries formerly considered underdeveloped, such as South Korea, rapid industrialization (and hence proletarianization) has already taken place. In these countries, the forms of struggle, by workers and students, come to resemble, more and more, those in the metropolitan centers of world capitalism. These movements may suffer still from illusions of their own, but they are closer than any Leninists to shedding alienated modes of revolt. After all, people who have lived under the reign of a fully developed or overdeveloped economy are not likely to respond favorably to an ideologized, hierarchical movement that promises to "liberate" them through a further development of the forces of production that everyone is so sick of.

Reprinted from Black Eye #6/Spring '89 (324 East 9th St., NYC, NY 10009). Sample copies are \$1.50 (cash).

A's for Attitude

continued from page 38

actions, and they in turn are responsible for the future of human association. If we accept that, then we also have to accept that we may succeed or fail at what we try to do. We may get hurt, die or prosper; basically we are plunging into the unknown. This can be scary, and it certainly is difficult. But isn't even the continuation of our own lives an element of this unknown? What's to stop us?

External forces play an important role in this; people who have tried to break out of a society or a government in numbers are forcibly suppressed. Individuals are psychologically attacked by others for daring to shake it up. People are intimidated by others' reactions to their actions, and projects are labeled as failures before they have a chance to develop. We are then harassed by other people's reaction to recognized failures, and by having to be judged by a greatly different value system. And lastly the tyranny of the supposed righteousness of the majority prevents us from setting up viable alternatives to running the world the way it is now. The solution to these pressures seems to be a pressure of our own—persistence.

As curious social detectives, we can try to deal creatively with all sorts of situations; not doing so—relying on standard procedure, feeling that an alternative would create problems too complicated to deal with—this is already admitting defeat, admitting your inability to inter-react without predetermined social or political institutions. When we allow ourselves to be overwhelmed, to relax ourselves into easy acceptance, this is when we run the risk of resting, a powerless entity, a living hypocrisy.

Chicago '86...Minneapolis '87...Toronto '88...What do we do now?



One of the vicious arrests by undercover cops at the Toronto gathering demonstration last year. Photo by Alison Gross

An open letter about the Toronto gathering demonstration and demonstrations in general

I wasn't at the Toronto gathering and have no direct experience of the demonstration that occurred there. Because of this, I have refrained from saying anything about it. But over the past several months, I have read a number of accounts and critical analyses of the demo and have noticed one very disturbing omission: while there was much criticism and analysis of specific aspects of the demonstration, the demonstration itself was not questioned, analyzed or criticized. Several important questions were not even touched upon: Why did the demo occur? On these terms, was it successful? Why or why not? Was the underlying purpose in keeping with the destruction of domination and the creation of free life--i.e. with the goals anarchists and anti-authoritarian radicals claim to be striving for? These questions raise further questions in my mind: What *really* is a demonstration? Can it be a tactic for liberation? If so, under what circumstances? If not, how do we move beyond this tactic? Before the upcoming San Francisco gathering, at which many of us would like to see some sort of radical action, I think these things need to be discussed and hope to open such a discussion with what follows.

In asking why the demo took place, I am *not* saying that it should have centered around an issue. I am quite aware that issues are often ruses of authority to take our mind off our own daily experience of domination. I am rather wondering what in this instance motivated people to risk arrest and injury. Some of the implications I've gotten from the articles I've read are pretty disturbing.

One motivation for the demonstration may have been the desire to have fun. I consider this one of the best motivations for doing anything. Commodity culture strives to eradicate all

fun that is not commodifiable--that does not have a price-tag. So to have fun without paying for it is a threat to commodity culture. But from the accounts I've read, it doesn't seem that much fun was had.

Maybe people took part in the demo in order to release anger. Very clearly that did happen, but it seems to have been done foolishly. Anger creates an intense energy that can do a great deal to wreak havoc against authority. My impression is that, in this case, anger was released in a very diffuse way. It accomplished nothing that I can see beyond a short, relatively unsuccessful battle with the cops. It seems the energy of this anger could have been better concentrated to really wreak havoc, to really do something that would fuck up the functioning of the dominant society.

But from all I've read about this demo, I get the impression that people demonstrated because it was the "appropriate anarchist" thing to do--i.e. to prove that they were "good anarchists" and show people what "good anarchists" do. I recognize that this may not have been the motivation for everyone who got involved, but it is the tone that pervades the articles I've read. And I'm left to conclude that there are quite a few pretty unthinking anarchists out there. The implication of such a motivation is that there is a social role, "anarchist," to which one should conform by acting in a certain way. We put down yuppies for their conformity to a certain ethos, their striving for success, their constant need to prove themselves. But I see anarchists doing the same thing, just with a different set of standards. If we don't "do something," then we're not "good anarchists." So we end up staging confrontations with the cops that do nothing but let off a little steam and get some of us busted or hurt. But at least

we've put another notch in our "good anarchist" belt--and this is called "liberation," "revolution," or "rebellion"? Unless we can get beyond the need to prove ourselves, to stack up "anarchist credentials," to conform to some "anarchist ethos," all we really are is anti-social yuppies--doing the same thing they do, but within our "anarchist" framework. And all our actions will tend to be spectacles, attempts to paint a certain image of anarchy, not attempts to realize our desires and live as freely as possible. My impression is that it would have been better if the demo in Toronto had not happened.

But the problem may not be with this particular demonstration. I think it grows from the nature of demonstrations. A demonstration is a spectacle (in the sense used by the Situationists) of the most blatant sort. It is an attempt to create the image of radicalism. But the realm of the spectacle is the realm of capital and of authority. It is the eclipsing of actual life by the image of life. This has been made clear to me by the way anarchists almost always, after a demonstration, have to watch themselves on the TV news or get the newspaper to read about it--I've done it myself. It is only seeing this image that makes the demo seem worthwhile, because the ultimate purpose of every demonstration is to create this image.

So is a demonstration *ever* a worthwhile tactic? Since it is clearly a tactic that is an integral part of the society of the spectacle--the culture of capital--and that reinforces that society, whenever we use it we are fighting on the terrain of authority and capital. Still it is possible to subvert these things, to use roles and spectacular images in ways that expose and/or undermine them. If the "demonstration" is, actually, a festival or is turned into a festival by the more playful elements, the reality of the pleasure of the moment will, at least for the anarchic, festive playmates, undermine the whole image-making process as they won't care what image they portray, they'll just enjoy themselves. I've been part of such festivals and

Continued on page 18

Don't talk to cops

"GOOD MORNING! My name is investigator Holmes. Do you mind answering a few simple questions?" If you open your door one day and are greeted with those words, *stop and think!* Whether it is the local police or the F.B.I., at your door, you have certain legal rights of which you ought to be aware before you proceed any further.

In the first place, when the law enforcement authorities come to see you, there are no "simple questions." Unless they are investigating a traffic accident, you can be sure that they want information about somebody. And that somebody may be you!

Rule number one to remember when confronted by the authorities is that there is no law requiring you to talk with the police, the F.B.I., or the representative of any other investigative agency. Even the simplest questions may be loaded and the seemingly harmless bits of information which you volunteer may later become vital links in a chain of circumstantial evidence against you or a friend.

Do not invite the investigator into your home!

Such an invitation not only gives him the opportunity to look around for clues to your lifestyle, friends, reading material, etc., but also tends to prolong the conversation. And the longer the conversation, the more chance there is for a skilled investigator to find out what he wants to know.

Many times a police officer will ask you to accompany him to the police station to answer a few questions. In that case, simply thank him for the invitation and indicate that you are not disposed to accept it at that time. Often the authorities simply want to photograph a person for identification purposes, a procedure which is easily accomplished by placing him in a private room with a two-way mirror at the station, asking him a few innocent questions, and then releasing him.

If the investigator becomes angry at your failure to cooperate and threatens you with arrest, stand firm. He cannot legally place you under arrest or enter your home without a warrant signed by a judge. If he indicates that he has such a warrant, ask to see it. A person under arrest or located on the premises to be searched, generally must be shown a warrant if he requests it and must be given a chance to read it.

Without a warrant, an officer depends solely upon your helpfulness to obtain the information he wants. So, unless you are quite sure of yourself, don't be helpful.

Probably the wisest approach to take to a persistent investigator is simply to say: "I'm quite busy now. If you have any questions that you feel I can answer, I'd be happy to listen to them in my lawyer's office. Goodbye!"

Talk is cheap. But when that talk involves the law enforcement authorities, it may cost you, or someone close to you, dearly.

By Robert W. Zeuner (member of the New York State Bar). This was reprinted from an anonymously produced leaflet.

*Editorial note: This, of course, depends upon the circumstances. Just because we theoretically "have certain legal rights" doesn't mean that in practice we always do, since "rights" are one of those social myths which frequently are invalidated by the actual practice of arbitrary authority! It isn't necessarily worth putting your life in danger on the basis of a legal abstraction in excessively threatening situations, especially when other means of evasion might make more sense. But the general rule always holds--don't talk to cops. The less you do, the less information they will likely have to use against you in their persecutions.

A journal of Desire Armed

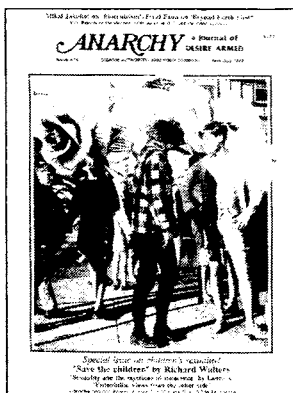
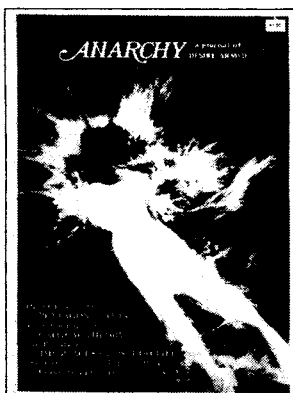
Tired of being told what to do, how to feel, and what to think? Discover and explore the world of anarchy. We don't claim to have any final "answers" to the question of how we can create a genuinely free and satisfying social world, but we'd like to search for them with you.

Anarchy is a journal of **desire armed**! Neither left nor right, we're just uncompromisingly anti-authoritarian. **Anarchy** refuses all ideology. We criticize all religion, all spiritualism, all moralism, all political ideology. We refuse to bow before the altars of "God" or the nation-state. We spit on nationalism, militarism, racism and hierarchy. We don't want to leave anything out. **Nothing** is sacred, least of all anarchism.

We want to create a genuinely different alternative vision—radically cooperative & communitarian, ecological and feminist, spontaneous and wild—a liberatory vision free from the constraints of our own human self-domestication.

Anarchy defends what little integrity still remains in our highly-alienated "brave new world." We defend the integrity of the individual. We encourage attempts to create and maintain genuine community, not for the sake of repressive ulterior motives—money, God, morality—but solely for the sake of the pleasures we may find there. And most fundamentally, we defend the integrity of our desires. For if our own most intimate and inalienable desires cannot be trusted, why bother with living?

If you haven't already, please subscribe today!



Many of our back issues are still available!

(Back issues are \$1.50 each in the U.S. & Canada, \$2.00 each by surface mail to other continents and \$4.00 each by airmail to other continents. Circle the issues you want to order.)

Anarchy #1 (4pp., xeroxed) [January 1980] Contents include "Pigs will be pigs," and a short story, "Ausma," by Badguy.

Anarchy #2 (4pp., xeroxed) [March 1980] Contents include "Drifting toward World War III" by Sea @.

Anarchy #6 (12pp., tabloid) [August 1985] Contents include "U.S. lies about Nicaragua," a story by William Cottrell, "Mother Love," a section on "Native American News" (with news on Big Mountain, Leonard Peltier and Dennis Banks), and a reprint from the *Fifth Estate*, "Star Wars=1st strike; U.S. plans Death Star."

Anarchy #7 (12pp., tabloid) [September 1985] Contents include "South Africa: the resistance continues," "Pornography & female sexuality" by Diane Dekay, "Eros denied: a culture against untouchables" by Julian Noa, and "In defense of Young Lust" by Jay Kinney.

Anarchy #8 (12pp., tabloid) [Oct./Nov. 1985] Contents include "Julian Beck: a memory" by Badguy, "The daily battle" by Freddie Baer, "The Abolition of Work" by Bob Black, and "Where have the radicals gone" by Lev Chernyi.

Anarchy #9 (12pp., tabloid) [Dec. '85/Jan '86] Contents include "Foreign Policy," a tale from *Neutron Gun* by Gerry Reith; "Cooperation is anarchy," a discussion between Jason McQuinn, Al Messner, Jai Noa, and Allen Butcher; and "The Plague (Central America)" by Julian Noa.

Anarchy #10 (12pp., tabloid) [Feb./March 1986] Contents include the first installment of "The Papalagi" by Tuiavii of Tiavea, the 1985/86 revision of the Columbia anarchist league's *As we see it*, and "Storybox" by Jai.

Anarchy #11 (12pp., tabloid) [April 1986] Contents include "A history of the Anarchist Black Cross," "The Papalagi" (part 2); "The politics of reality" by Lev Chernyi; "The Federal Programme of the West German Greens—Part I," "The Badguy Report—The Club Dekrept bust: two years after," "Ecology as ideology; *Ecological Politics and Bioregionalism*," a review by Lev Chernyi; and "Winning hearts and minds," a story by Gerry Reith.

Anarchy #12 (12pp., tabloid, plus the 12-page Summer '86 *The Gentle Anarchist* included as an insert) [Summer 1986] Contents include a report on the "Haymarket '86 anarchist gathering" by Lev Chernyi, "Radical movements confront apartheid in South Africa," "The Papalagi" (part 3), "Let us prey! Smash the state!" by Bob Black, "Notes on playing for keeps" by Alf Sprack, and "The Badguy Report—Two fuckups; Badguy's and Betsy's."

Anarchy #13 [Weekly World Anarchy issue] (20pp., tabloid) [Fall/Winter 1986] Contents include "What in the hell is government?" by Cliff Harper, "The Badguy Report—Shantytown lives," "The Papalagi" (part 4), "The bioregional vision—far-sighted or myopic?" by Lev Chernyi, "Theses on libertarian municipalism" by Murray Bookchin, "A summer place" by Kerry Thornley, "Reagan's drug war" by Kurt Nimmo, and lots of letters.

Anarchy #14 (28pp., tabloid) [Summer 1987] Contents include "Anarchy in Greece, Part 1" by Lev Chernyi, "The Papalagi" (part 5), "The Badguy Report—Is punk dead at KOPN?," "Vagaries of negation" by John Zerzan, a review of "Noam Chomsky's *Turning the Tide*" by Lev Chernyi, "Intervention in Vietnam and Central America: Parallels and differences" by Noam Chomsky, "Harmonica Vengeance" by Lev Chernyi, and more letters.

Anarchy #15 (32pp., tabloid) [Winter 1988] Contents include "Give chance a piece," "Propping up the cities: a review of Murray Bookchin's *The Rise of Urbanization and the Decline of Citizenship*" by John Zerzan, "Feyerabend's *Against Method*" reviewed by Larry Giddings, "The Papalagi" (part 6), "The realization and suppression of religion" by Ken Knabb, "Anarchy & religion: a dialogue" (including "Anarchism or religion" by Fred Woodworth, "Religion and anarchism" by Jay Kinney, "The sacred & the profane" by Lev Chernyi, "Freedom and religion" by Jay Kinney, and "Between concept and reality" by Lev Chernyi), and more letters.

Anarchy #16 (32pp., tabloid) [Summer 1988] Contents include "Native American guerrillas in Colombia," "Rabl Rousers protest in Minneapolis," "Working Girls: A review" by Lev Chernyi, "Lizzie Borden on *Working Girls*" (excerpt from an interview by K/O), "The Papalagi" (part 7), "A note on biocentrism" by Lev Chernyi, "Realizing desire" by New Rage, "A boring night out, circa 1975" by Lev Chernyi, "My life in the porn biz" by Holly, "Pornography and pleasure" by Paula

Webster, "Anarchy & religion—the dialogue continues" (through letters), "Gnosis and esoteric spirituality; a review of Jay Kinney's *Gnosis Magazine*" by Lev Chernyi, and many more letters, columns, news and discussion.

Anarchy #17 (32pp., 10½"x14½"/stitched) [Fall/Winter 1988/89] Contents include "Stumps Suck! on the Okanogan" by Mikal Jakubal, "Notes from the California Earth First! Rendezvous" by Lev Chernyi, "Anarchists riot in Athens," "Disturb@nce" (a letter from Greece), "Chaos and anarchy" by Kansas Slim, "Why *Working Girls* doesn't work" by Bill Blank, "The Papalagi" (part 8), "The point of no return for everybody" (a review of John Zerzan's *Elements of Refusal* and John Zerzan & Alice Carnes' *Questioning Technology*) by Lev Chernyi, "Who killed Ned Ludd?" by John Zerzan, "The freedom of biocentrism: a poem" by Lone Wolf Circles, "If nature abhors ideologies...biocentrism is no exception" by Lev Chernyi, "Anarchy & religion—the dialogue continues" (including "The quest for the spiritual" by Feral Faun, "Ten theses toward the end of the flesh-spirit dichotomy" by Feral Faun, and more letters), the first installment of "The nihilist's dictionary" (on "Niceism") by John Zerzan, and many more let-

ters, as well as more news and reviews.

Anarchy #18 (32pp., 10½"x14½"/stitched) [March/April 1989] Contents include a "Report on the Oct. 17th Pentagon action" by Paul Simons; reviews of Jeremy Rifkin's *Time Wars* by Maria Mitchell, Ward Churchill and Jim Vander Wall's *Agents of Repression* by Toni Otter, and Kent Winslow's *Dream World* by Lev Chernyi; "Current controversies concerning the annual continental anarchist gatherings" by Lev Chernyi; "The Papalagi" (part 9); an excerpt from "Bigger cages, longer chains" by Spectacular Times; "An introduction to critical theory" by Lev Chernyi; two reactions to the Toronto anarchist gathering's "Day of Action"—"This time we retaliate!" reprinted from *Ecomedia* and "An open letter on the 'Day of Action' by Boog; a continuing discussion of "Biocentrism vs. the critique of ideology" between Feral Faun, Lone Wolf Circles, and Lev Chernyi; a continuing discussion on anarchy and religion; columns including "On unions" by Interrogations, "The nihilist's dictionary" (on "Technology") by John Zerzan, "A's for attitude," and "The return of the Badguy report;" along with many more letters, news from Greece, more alternative press reviews, and prison news from Project 1313.

Anarchy #19 (32pp., 10½"x14½"/stitched) [May-July 1989] Contents include a "Report on the April N.O.W. March in D.C." by Melen Lunn; "The Economic Movement and the Polish opposition" by John Barrett; "Taking the low road to *High Weirdness*," a review by Bob Black; "The Korean anarchists," a review by Toni Otter; "Another Heresy" survey results; "The Papalagi" (Part 10); "Pedophilia: Views from the other side"—including "I was fifteen, she was forty-three" by Chris Bearchell and "Girl Love" (anonymous); "Liberating sexuality," reviews of Richard Walters' *Sexual Friendship* and Will McBride & Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt's *Show Me!* by Lev Chernyi; "Sexuality and the mystique of innocence" by Laure A.; "Save the children" by Richard Walters; "Biocentrism: ideology against nature" by Mikal Jakubal; "Beyond Earth First!" by Feral Faun; columns including "The Badguy Report," "Nation, state...or human community" by Interrogations, "Feral Revolution" by Feral Faun, "A's for Attitude," and "The Nihilist's Dictionary" by John Zerzan on "Culture"; as well as many more letters, periodical reviews, more poetry and graphic art.

Anarchy
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Explore the labyrinth of desire!

Collected by Eric Scheurmann
Illustrations by Joost Swarte
Translated by Martin Beumer

Editor's introduction: The Papalagi (with the 'g' pronounced as an 'h', or so I was told by the original English publishers, Real Free Press in Amsterdam) is a collection of speeches purportedly written by the South Pacific chief Tuiavii of Tiavea, and intended for his people. They first appeared in a German edition sometime in the early twenties, in a translation by his friend Eric Scheurmann (an anthropologist). A translation was published in Dutch in 1929, from which the English translation was then made in 1971. As becomes quickly apparent when one reads it, *The Papalagi* is a sort of critical reverse anthropology in which white European civilization is thoroughly dissected and evaluated with the puzzled contempt that it so well deserves from a "primitive" perspective.



My beloved brothers, there has been a time that we were all living in darkness and none of us knew the shining light of the scriptures. When we were still doling around like lost children that can't find their huts back, because our hearts didn't know the Great love, and our ears were still deaf to the words of God.

The Papalagi have brought us the light. They came to us to liberate us from darkness. They led us to God and taught us to love Him. That's why we honored them as the bringers of light, as the spokesmen of the Great Spirit, the one the Papalagi call God. We recognized the Papalagi as our brothers and didn't throw them out of the country, but shared all our fruit and bread with them, like the children of one father.

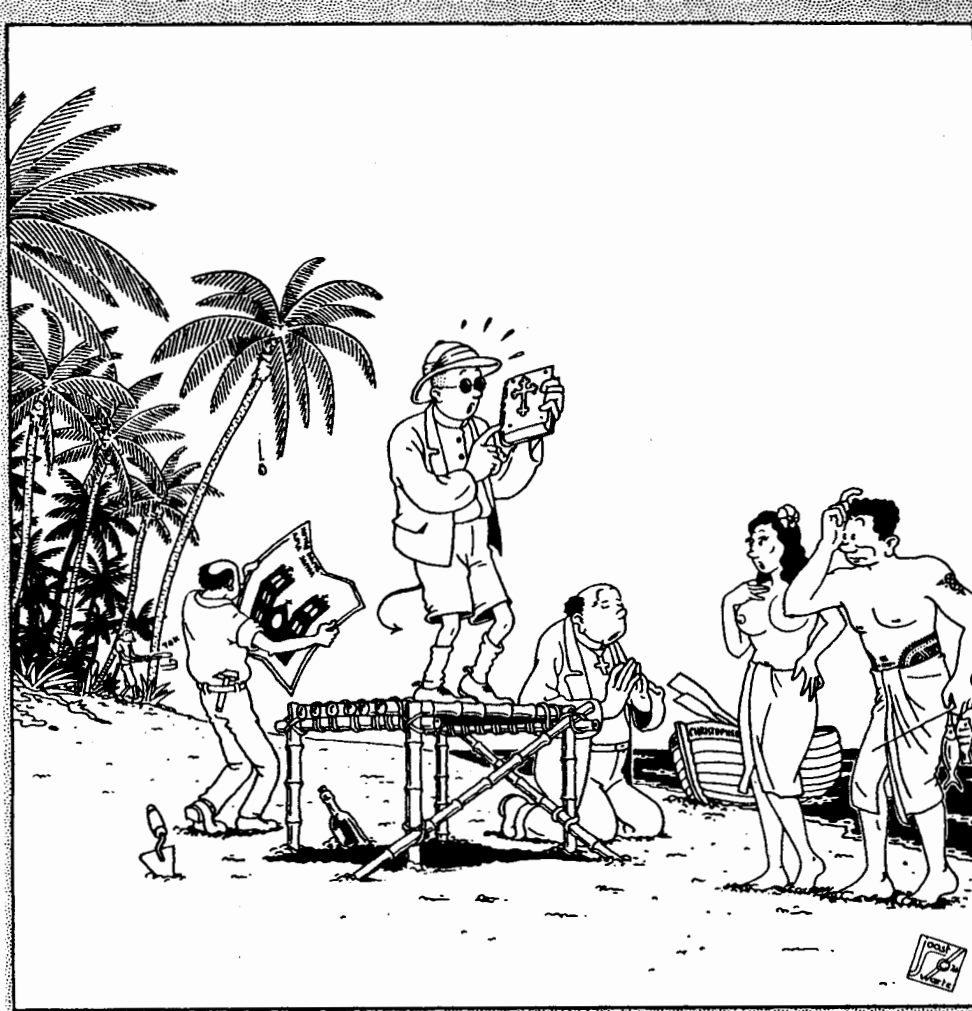
The white men have spared no means to bring us their scriptures, even when we behaved like naughty children and resisted their teachings. We will always remain grateful for their troubles and pains on our behalf and will always honor them as our lightbringers.

The first thing the missionary told us, were the ways of God and he led us away from the old Gods, whom he called 'false' because in them the true God would not be present. So we stopped worshipping the stars in the night, the strength of the fire and the wind and looked for his God, the Great Father in heaven.

Then through the Papalagi, God made us give up all our firesticks and other weapons, so we would live together like good Christians. For all of you know God's will: "Thou shalt not kill but love each other", that being his highest commandment. Obediently we gave up our arms and from that time on the raiding parties that destroyed our islands have ceased, and everybody loves the other like a brother. We experienced that God's commandments were right, because now one village lived peacefully next to the other, when before they were divided and there was no end to chaos and turmoil. And even if the Great God isn't living inside everybody we can still proclaim in gratitude that our lives have improved since we worship God as the Great and Almighty ruler of the world. Grateful and with devotion we listen to his wise and deep words that increases our love even more

THE PAPALAGI

SPEECHES BY
TUIAVII OF TIAVEA
A SAMOAN CHIEF



THE PAPALAGI WANT TO DRAG US DOWN INTO THEIR DARKNESS

and also fills us more and more with his Great Spirit.

As I've said, the Papalagi have brought us the light that sets our hearts on fire and fills our senses with happiness and gratitude. They received the light earlier than we did. The Papalagi knew of the light even before the eldest amongst us were born. But the Papalagi merely holds the light in his outstretched hands to let it shine on others; but he himself, his body is still in darkness and his heart is far from God. Even though he addresses God with his mouth, the light he carries is in his hands. Nothing is more difficult and fills my heart with more grief, than to have to tell you this. But we can't nor won't be blinded by the Papalagi, otherwise they will drag us down into their darkness. They brought us God's word, but failed to understand His words and teachings. With their heads and mouths they did, but not with their bodies. The light hasn't penetrated them so as to shine forth and illuminate everything around. A light that sometimes is called 'love'.

They are unaware of the falseness in their own words and love. This way you can notice that a Papalagi cannot say "God" with all his heart. When he does, he makes a face as if he is tired or very bored. But every white man

calls himself the son of God and has his faith confirmed in writing on mats. Still God is a stranger to them, even if they all received the teachings and know about God. Even those that are supposed to speak about God inside their monumental huts, built for his honor, don't carry God inside of them and their words are blown away by the wind into the big void. The preachers don't fill their sermons with God and their speech is like the breaking of the surf on the cliffs; it goes on and on and nobody hears it.

I can say this without provoking God's wrath; we children of the islands, we were not worse than the Papalagi are now, when we prayed to the stars and the fire. We were bad and went in darkness because we didn't know the light. But the Papalagi knew the light and are still bad and wander in darkness. But the worst thing is that they call themselves the children of God and Christians and want to make us believe that they are the fire, when they are only the carriers of the light.

A Papalagi seldom thinks about God. Only when a storm threatens him or when he fears that his life-lamp will stop burning, then he remembers that there are powers stronger than he is and that rule him. In the daylight God interferes with his particular habits and

vices. He knows that God would never condone these vices and that he ought to prostrate himself in the sand when God would be really inside of him, as he is filled with lust, hate and animosity. His heart is changed into a big sharp hook, only good for robbery, instead of it being a light that conquers the darkness and drives out the cold.

The white man calls himself a Christian. A word like a beautiful melody. A Christian. Oh, if we could only call ourselves that always. Being a Christian means, loving God and your brother and only then, loving yourself. Love, doing what is right, must be part of us like our blood is part of us, it must be something like your head or your hands. The Papalagi carry the words "God", "love", and "Christianity" only on their lips. They slap it around with their tongues and let it reverberate. But their hearts and their love do not bow down to God, but to objects and the round metal and heavy paper, to lustful thoughts and to machines. They are not filled by the light, but by a gluttonous desire for time and the follies of their professions. They are ten times as eager to visit the places of pseudo-life than to take up the search for God, who is far, very far away.

Dear brothers, right now the Papalagi have more idols than we ever had, provided an idol is something you worship besides God and carry in your heart as your most precious possession. God is not the most precious possession the Papalagi carries in his heart. That's why he doesn't obey God's wishes, but those of an *aitu*. I say this to you as a result of my thoughts; that the Papalagi brought us the scriptures as a kind of bartering object, to exchange it for fruit and the best and prettiest parts of the island. I think they are very well capable of that, for I have discovered many dirty sins in the hearts of the Papalagi and I know that God loves us more than he loves them, the ones that call us savages; a word that tries to call up images of animals with fangs, lacking any soul.

But God took their eyes and tore them open to make them see. God spoke to the Papalagi, you can live any way you want. For you I will not make commandments anymore. Then the white man came and showed himself in his true form. Oh disgrace! Oh terror! With blaring voices and proud words they took away our weapons and with God they said, "love each other"! And now? Have you heard the terrible news? That Godforsaken, loveless and bitter news? Europe is busy murdering itself! The Papalagi have gone berserk. One is killing off the other. It is all going down in blood, fear and terror. At last the Papalagi have admitted that there is no God in them. The light he carried in his hand has gone out. Darkness lies on their path, nothing is heard but the frightening flapping of the bat's wings and the screeching of owls.

And let's take a pledge and call out to them: "Stay far away from us, with your habits and your vices, with your mad dash to richness that binds the hands and the head, your passion for becoming your brother's better, your many senseless undertakings, your curious thoughts and knowledge that leads to nothing, the aimless labor of your hands and all those other follies that hinder your sleep on the mat. We have no need for all that, we are happy with



our fine and noble pleasures that God gave us in abundance. That God may help us not to get blinded by his light and that he may help us not to get lost and will always shine on our path so that we can follow his road and absorb his wonderful light, meaning, loving each other and carrying much tafola in our hearts."

Postscript: With this installment, our reprinting of *The Papalagi* comes to an end. Although we have reprinted it "straight," word for word as it was originally published by the Real Free Press, it should be somewhat obvious that the authorship of this series of "speeches" is dubious at best. I've personally heard that after Eric Scheurmann died, it was discovered in his diaries that he admitted to creating the *Papalagi* himself—more as a

statement of what he wished the Samoans would have said, than as a statement of the attitudes and ideas he found among them.

We have republished this series because of some of the deeper truths that can be found within its "primitivist" perspective, rather than with any illusions as to its possible authenticity as a historical document. We hope those who have read the series won't be dismayed by this admission. As with all anthropological "documents" and "data," the record is always suspect. Even with the best of intentions, it may be that it is impossible to completely communicate the real truths of the primitive cultures that are examined. Regardless of precautions taken, the anthropologist's and the translator's own prejudices, expectations and assumptions always intervene between primitive cultures and our own.



To have done with the economy of love

by Feral Faun

"Love of all things is integral beauty; it has no hate or possessiveness.... So accept love wherever you may find it: It is difficult to recognize because it never asks."

--Austin Osman Spare

Sexual love, erotic pleasure, is the source of boundless ecstasy, the expression of the infinite divinity of our bodies. It is the very creative energy of the cosmos. When this energy flows through us unchecked, we come to be in love, to desire to share erotic pleasure with the entire cosmos. But only rarely do we experience this boundless energy. Within the bounds of commodity culture, love too is a commodity. An economy of love has developed, and that economy destroys the free flow of pleasure.

The economy of love can only exist because love has been made a scarcity. As infants, we are wild, divine lovers in love with ourselves and with all other beings. But parents steal this from us. They deny the sexual nature of their love for the child and sell expressions of love in exchange for acceptable behavior. They punish or reprimand us for blatantly sexual behavior, calling it bad. They judge us and so teach us to judge ourselves. Instead of loving ourselves, we feel obliged to prove ourselves—and fail often enough to never feel sure of ourselves. Love ceases to be a free gift to the cosmos and becomes a very scarce, high-priced commodity for which we must compete.

The competition for economized love changes us. We lose our spontaneity, our free and playful self-expression. It doesn't do to act as we truly feel. We must make ourselves desirable. If we are good-looking by cultural standards, we have a big advantage, for appearance is a major part of what makes a desirable sexual commodity. But there are other useful traits—strength, sexual prowess, "good taste," intelligence, sparkling wit. And, of course, knowledge of how to play the social-sexual games. The better actor wins at these games. Knowing how to put across the right image, knowing just what role to play in what situation—this will buy you economized love. But at the expense of losing yourself.

Few people have both physical

attractiveness and adeptness at playing the social-sexual games. So we are left without love except on very rare occasions. It is no surprise that when these occasions arise we do not let them flow naturally, but seek to hold on to them, to extend them. When love is economized, it no longer lends itself to free relating, because the flowing away of a particular lover has come to mean the end of love itself. Instead of relating freely, we seek to build relationships—making relating permanent, hardening it into a system of exchange in which lovers continue to sell love to each other until, at some point, one of them feels cheated or finds an economic relationship because of the fear of losing love—and having to go through the whole process of earning love all over again.

And relationships—being an expression of economized love—are usually supposed to be monogamous. We do not want to lose our lover to another. If we do not agree to only sell our love to each other, might not our lover find a better product, a lover they prefer to us, and leave us? And so the fears induced by the scarcity of love help to create institutions that reinforce that scarcity.

Some people don't choose the way of relationships. They want to prove themselves to be truly desirable commodities. So they become sexual conquistadors. They want to rack up a high score in the arena of sexual conquest. They don't care about sharing pleasure. They just want to create an image. And those who fuck them do it for the status as well. For these people, the ecstasy of total sharing has been lost completely to the economy of love. It is the score and only the score that counts.

In order to make the commodities more valuable, the economy of love has created sexual specialization. Of course, the cultural emphasis on masculinity or femininity over our natural androgyny is the foremost aspect of this. But the labels of sexual preference, when made permanent self-definitions, are also a part of this. By defining ourselves as gay or straight or bisexual, as child lover or fetishist or any other limited form, rather than letting our desires flow freely, we are making a specialized product of ourselves and so reinforcing the scarcity of love.

When love becomes a commodity it ceases to be real love, for Eros cannot be chained. Love must flow freely and easily without price and without expectations. When love is economized, it ceases to exist, because the lovers cease to exist. Since we must become desirable products, we repress our real selves in order to take on the roles which our culture teaches us will make us desirable. So it is mask kissing mask, image caressing image—but no real lovers to be found anywhere.

If we are to experience the infinite energy of sexual love, the wild divinity of our bodies in ecstasy, then we must free ourselves of the economy of love. We have to throw off every aspect of this lifeless shell that our culture passes off as love. For nowhere in its realms can the wild joys of boundless pleasure be experienced.

But to break free of the economy

of love, love must cease to be a scarcity for us. While the wild cosmos abounds with lovers, commodity culture has stolen this from us. So we are left with one way to free ourselves of love's scarcity. We need to learn to love ourselves, to find ourselves such a source of pleasure that we fall in love with ourselves. After all, is not my body the source of the pleasure I feel in love? Are not my flesh, my nerves, my tingling skin the vast galaxies in which this boundless energy flows? When we learn to be in love with ourselves, to find ourselves a source of endless erotic pleasure, love can never be scarce for us, for we will always have ourselves as a lover.

And when we love ourselves, the boundless joy of Eros will flow through us spilling freely forth. We will not grasp for love because of need, but we

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Photo by Tomas Josefsson, reprinted from Brand (Box 15015, S-104 65 Stockholm, Sweden).

Whatever happened to the sexual revolution?

by Richard Walters

Introductory note: "Whatever happened to the sexual revolution" is the second chapter of Richard Walters' recently published book, *Sexual Friendship; A New Dynamics in Relationships*. This interesting and worthwhile book (see the review "Liberating sexuality" in *Anarchy* #19/May-July'89) is available directly from the publisher (Libra Publishers, Inc., 3089C Clairemont Dr. Suite 383, San Diego, CA. 92117) in paperback for \$12.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling. Richard Walters has been a professional book reviewer specializing in psychology and the social sciences for the past 13 years. He is also editor and translator of Paul Verlaine's *Royal Tastes: Erotic Writings* (Harmony/Crown, 1984; W.H. Allen, London, 1985) which was nominated for a P.E.N. translation prize. In addition, he is translator of Raymond Radiguet's *Cheeks on Fire* (Riverrun Press /John Calder Ltd). The final chapter of his book *Sexual Friendship* was published in our previous issue (#19/May-July'89) under the title of "Save the children."

The "sexual revolution" began in the 1960s. When the Pill gave women a safe means of birth control, they could at last make love without premeditation for the first time in history. A man's freedom from the fear of impregnation was now a woman's freedom as well. She could throw herself into making love with roughly the same spontaneity and abandon that were once reserved to men.

The sexual revolution supposedly made us a permissive society. Masters and Johnson allayed women's anxieties and self-doubt. Their research showed that the clitoris--the female region most sensitive to erotic stimulation--is intimately involved in a woman's orgasmic pleasure. They demonstrated that the so-called "vaginal orgasm" is not necessarily superior to clitoral stimulation. And they rediscovered in the sex clinic what many women already knew: **A woman's sexual potential is at least equal to a man's, and probably greater.¹**

The women's liberation movement, which also arose in the 1960s, gave women the courage to demand sexual freedom. Women's lib taught females that they had as much right to sensual pleasure as men do.

In the "sexually liberated" society that is supposed to have emerged from all this, men and women presumably enjoy equality and freedom.

The popular myth of the sexual revolution was created by the mass media, and the media sustains it. This myth holds that there is more sexual activity now than ever before, and that women are saying "yes" more than ever before. It pretends that our society is sexually permissive and liberal. These assumptions are repeated in countless television shows, magazine articles, and books. The myth is swallowed both by those who approve of the "new permissiveness," and by critics who charge that lax mores are leading us toward a depersonalized, immoral Brave New World.

In reality, the sexual revolution is a media event--a greatly overhyped phenomenon that has had relatively little impact on our lives.

Sex is big business, the lubricant of our consumer society. An outward show of candor regarding sex is now the norm. Sexual candor sells movies, records, washing machines, plane tickets, cars, clothes. Sex blatantly used in ads is a tease luring us into continuous, wasteful consumption.

It is true that a loosening up of attitudes on a whole range of sexual issues has occurred, along with greater tolerance than was found thirty years ago. But sexual behavior has not altered nearly as much as many people assume.

Both marrieds and singles reveal more symptoms of erotic discontent than ever before. The amount of sex available in the singles world has been vastly exaggerated. Countless men who had been led to believe that women are "easy" find that sex in the frustrating singles scene is **not** plentiful or readily available.²

Despite the sexual revolution, the traditional pattern of Male Initiative/Female Resistance is still very much the rule. The double standard, which holds that "nice girls don't," is still pervasive. This keeps the vast majority of women from going to bed with a man unless he is someone they plan to marry--or at least someone who is viewed as a potential long-term partner.



Photo by Mikell Zhan

Sexual bargaining is the most common form of romantic interaction between the sexes. In this ritual, the woman "gives" the man sex. In return, she gets dinner and a movie at the least, and beyond that expects commitment and "love." In other words, she seeks the promise of a long-lasting relationship in which the man provides material and financial support.

Catch-phrases like "Is sex dead?" and "the new celibacy" seem to crop up everywhere. This is a clear signal that the sexual revolution has wound down and a counterrevolution has set in. Fear of AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases has given the counterrevolution great momentum.

The "sexually liberated woman" who has an active sex life and rich experiences with many different lovers is a media creation. In reality, she hardly exists anywhere. This is true even though a majority of women nowadays have slept with a man by age twenty, and some women may be having sex more frequently than females of the 1950s.

A few free-thinking women may

embrace sexual freedom, but they are a very small minority. Recent studies reveal that half of all women in our society have **fewer than five or six sexual partners** over the course of their entire lifetime. According to other surveys, less than one-sixth of all women have a substantial number of sex partners during their lifetime.³

Standards of sexual behavior have remained remarkably chaste over the past two decades. In his classic study of mating habits in the 1970s, Mortimer Hunt found that men were having no more "casual" sex than a generation ago, and that petting had declined sharply since the days of Kinsey. He concluded that while young people were more likely to have premarital sex, their experimentation actually **strengthened** exclusive monogamy. Teenage girls were not experimenting with lots of partners--instead they were sleeping with one man whom they hoped to marry.⁴

There is good reason to believe that the same pattern applies today. In fact, youth of the 1980s seem even more

conservative about sex than were young people of ten or twenty years ago. Their focus is on career and getting ahead. Many men and women of the "me generation" are too self-preoccupied and too narcissistic to enjoy sex as a warm, passionate act of self-abandonment and mutual discovery. When they do engage in love-making, it is often "recreational sex," a contact sport or a performance measured by standards of competency.

Monogamy, and the ideal of faithfulness to one's partner, remain the central values of our sex lives, despite the rise in the divorce rate and despite the popularity of extramarital affairs. Our sexual standards have not dramatically changed with the so-called sexual revolution. In this respect, we closely resemble all the other major industrial nations. Even in Sweden, commonly portrayed as a sexual paradise, 93 percent of the population opposes extramarital affairs.⁵

To what extent has there been a sexual revolution at all, discounting the commercialization of sex and its constant display in the mass media?

The changes between now and the 1950s are real enough. We can summarize these changes as follows:

More people are having sex before marriage, especially females.

People tend to have their first sexual encounters at earlier ages.

There has been some increase in extramarital sex, particularly among women.⁶

Greater tolerance exists for various types of sexual behavior, including homosexuality.

More couples are living together without getting married, although such couples still represent a small minority.

Young people may undergo their sexual initiation with less guilt and anxiety than did adolescents of thirty years ago.

An explosive increase in teenage pregnancy has occurred, a sign that many adolescents are not getting proper parental guidance about the use of contraceptives.

Frank discussion of sexuality in the media, and uninhibited portrayal of the physical side of love, are also the fruit of the sexual revolution. This candor is positive to the extent that it fosters healthy attitudes and gives people the information they need to make their own choices. It is negative when sex is used hypocritically—as it is most of the time—to create the illusion of sexual freedom.

On balance, it is clear that the sexual revolution is actually an ongoing process of sexual evolution. Some attitudes have eased, but erotic behavior has not changed very much.

As a movement to create a tolerant social milieu so people could satisfy their natural impulses, the sexual revolution has been a failure. The "permissive society," as we have seen, is mostly a media myth.

As mass therapy, the sexual revolution also failed. Its original goal was to promote spontaneous person-to-person contact—free from distrust, possessiveness, and game-playing. But sex by itself cannot ensure intimacy. If people are closed off, absorbed in themselves, fixated on their own egos, and unable to

give emotionally, sex is not some magic switch that will suddenly turn on their better human qualities.

Many lovers simply use each other as masturbatory devices. Sex is divorced from real feeling. Some couples use sex as a substitute for meaningful interaction. The current emphasis on sexual competency (e.g., having "maxi" orgasms, stimulating the G-spot) only dehumanizes lovemaking further.

As a movement to transform society, the sexual revolution has not brought women and men closer together. The "battle between the sexes" still rages. Sex still represents pleasure for the male, power and manipulation for the female.

Sexual permissiveness, to the limited extent that it does exist, has not created sensually fulfilled people, nor has it changed the basic structure of society. But it has opened up a whole new arena of exploitation which finds its sleaziest expression in a pornography industry that runs the gamut from Hustler magazine to hot videos. Pornography helps to relieve the tensions created by our sex-denying culture. But it turns sexual experience into a thing, a thing to be had and a thing to be sold. As a partial release for repressed needs, pornography reinforces the distorted sexuality of the man or woman who does not feel accepted.⁷

The Double Standard

Widespread clinging to the double standard is one symptom of the failure of the sexual revolution.

The double standard is an unwritten social code which says: Sexual freedom is fine for the man but not for the woman. If a man has many lovers, he's "sowing his wild oats." But if a woman has many lovers, she's a "tramp," a "nymphomaniac," or a "slut."

Under this bizarre and twisted code, a man's sexual appetite is perceived as the core of his masculine identity. But a woman with a normal appetite for sex is a bad, unfeminine woman.

According to the double standard, a man proves his masculinity by not going to bed with men.

From prepuberty onward, the most pervasive message young women receive is don't, if you want to be loved, or respected, and virtuous. An adolescent girl's sexual exploits will be condemned by adults as irresponsible, reckless behavior. She may even be told she is acting loose or immoral. But an adolescent boy's exploits are not prohibited by his parents—they are merely overlooked. After all, we all know that boys will be boys.

The double standard reached a peak in the Victorian Age when women who showed an active interest in sex were actually believed to be depraved or insane. Even though sex researchers now recognize that women's sexual capacity is at least equal to men's, the double standard still exerts a pervasive influence on our assumptions about women and on actual behavior.⁸

Its impact on both sexes is strong. Females, of course, suffer most. A woman splits herself into two halves. One half is the good woman/wife/mother. She shields herself from her sex drives through mental blocks and rigid

physical "armor" exhibited in her tense muscles and stiff walk. The other, unconscious half is the "sexy woman" who identifies with fictional heroines, foxy movie stars, female singers, and other pop culture idols. These fantasy figures act out for her what no respectable lady would do.

The image of woman splits into the virgin and the whore—on the one hand, the virtuous and responsible girl who keeps her impulses in check; on the other hand, the loose woman for whom sex is depersonalized, cut off from her personality (like a prostitute).

With women so conditioned to deny their sexuality, it is hardly surprising that so many females remain frigid or unresponsive, even when sex forms part of a loving, exclusive relationship, as it does in some marriages.

Men also suffer from the double standard. A man is divided in two. Behind the respectable, decent fellow who upholds his lady's virtue lurks the lustful, animalistic male who gratifies his fantasies through Playboy, prostitutes, or an affair. Not all men seek release via these channels, but millions do. And countless men are beset by sexual problems such as impotence, premature ejaculation, and lack of desire.

Women molded by the double standard act "nice," sweet, and above all, hard-to-get. Since most women deny their sexual self, sex—for the man—becomes a major achievement, a goal to be attained. The sex act is turned into a performance, an exercise in power. The underlying scenario is that the woman "gives" while the man "takes."

The double standard shapes females and males differently from early childhood onward.

Little girls are taught to sit with their legs together, but little boys are allowed to sit with their legs apart.

There is something instantly shameful about the girl's manipulation of her clitoral-vaginal area as a source of pleasure. Yet grown-ups view the small boy's fumbling with his penis as inevitable.

A girl's head is filled with misinformation concerning everything that is supposedly bad about sex. By the time she reaches puberty, a young woman knows that her female parts are unpleasant and unclean...that she shouldn't make contact with them...and that masturbation is an unnatural, "dirty" thing to do. Even if an adolescent girl plays with herself rarely, she feels guilty and tends to develop a poor self-image.

A woman in her formative years hides much of her budding sexuality. She is not encouraged to value her sexual feelings or to anticipate opportunities for expressing them. On the contrary, she learns to repress her sex urges and remove them from their natural context of stimulation in her daily environment.

Girls are taught to look and act sexy so as to attract boys and get dates. From the time she is very little, a girl's parents overemphasize the importance of being physically attractive and desirable. Yet, with all the emphasis on looks, the "good girl" must hold the line. She must not let men "have their way," otherwise she runs the risk of damaging her nice-girl image, her "reputation."

Molded by the double standard, a young woman is trained to adopt a

"gatekeeper" approach toward all sexually interested males. Just at the time when she begins to feel strong, urgent physical impulses, she is taught to play the role of a cool creature, to deny her sexual needs.

The intensity of young women's suppressed sexuality is nowhere more visible than at a rock'n'roll concert. There, thousands of screaming girls aged twelve and up respond instinctively to the stimulus of male exhibitionism and pulsating music. In the music industry, it is common knowledge that girls at rock concerts wet the seat covers with their dripping vaginal fluids as their hero thrusts his crotch at the audience. The crowd's frenzy betrays healthy female lust lurking just beneath the surface.

To be effective as a "gatekeeper," a young woman must deny her natural responses to her own body, to boys' bodies, and to most forms of erotic stimulation. This conditioning does not evaporate when a woman decides to take a lover or get married. She continues to be guilt-ridden about her own sexuality and may even be unable to enjoy lovemaking.

In today's "liberated" society, the female is still the one who is expected to say no. A woman is held to be responsible for deciding whether or not intercourse will occur.⁹ Studies prove that males are expected to want to have sex, while females are expected to control their own urges as well as the man's desire.

The double standard places another burden on women. Starting when she is a young girl, a female learns that sex is permissible only if it is linked to love, commitment, and intimacy. This is a far cry from the behavior of men, who are allowed to "sow their wild oats," to "play the field." A man, we assume, will enjoy sex under almost any circumstances, with any female who is ready, willing, and reasonably attractive.

The notion that a woman has to be in love to be able to enjoy sex with a man is of course nonsense. Still, this myth persists, ranking high among the various "Thou shalt not's" of the double standard. Girls are indoctrinated to believe that sex is meaningful only with the "right man," and only in the right relationship, which usually means marriage. Little girls are still brought up to expect that they will one day meet Prince Charming, a man who will love them forever and give them a home and a family.

Boys are less oppressed by the double standard than are girls. Even so, hordes of adolescent males are forced to turn to prostitutes for their first sexual experience. Long after these initiation rites, they continue to patronize whores to learn how to behave with women and satisfy them. If a young man is lucky, he may occasionally go to bed with a "fast" girl who isn't one of the "good" girls. But whether he inseminates "bad" girls or prostitutes, his exploratory encounters are usually unfulfilling due to lack of emotional connectedness to his partner. The fear of coming down with sexually transmitted diseases also puts a damper on his pleasure.

Continued on next page

Whatever happened to the sexual revolution?

Continued from page 17

Sexual Bargaining

A girl led by the double standard learns that sex is something men want and that she shouldn't give them, something she doesn't really need herself. As she grows older, she discovers that sex is a prize she can barter in return for "love" and commitment.

Thus the double standard automatically gives birth to sexual bargaining, the self-defeating duet of males and females. Sex becomes a thing to be bartered, and it always has strings attached.

In this war between the sexes, a continuing battle rages over the female body, especially over the breasts and genitals. The way this works is simple. Women try to enhance their market value by holding back their precious, scarce resources--their vulvas and breasts. And men try to convince women to go to bed with them.

Every woman secretly (or not so secretly) knows that her vagina is the most valuable resource she has, a treasure she must preserve and protect until the "right man" comes along. Sex becomes a commodity that she withholds for exchange purposes. Every woman instinctively understands that resistance is the signal that she is virtuous, therefore worthy of conquest. The potential for having sex gives a woman power over men. It gives her the ability to secure a man's devotion and manipulate him to get what she wants.

From puberty onward, a woman knows that her vagina is worth at least a million dollars. She knows it is a pot of gold. This is not an exaggeration or a cynical observation, just a statement of fact. Suppose the average woman is married for a total of 40 years and her husband earns \$25,000 a year. Then $40 \times \$25,000 = \1 million. These are very rough figures, of course, and such factors as divorce and remarriage may tilt the balance one way or the other.

But all in all, these figures are conservative. For example, a woman could get lucky and hit the \$4-million jackpot by marrying a man who earns \$100,000 a year.

Sexual bargaining begins on the first date. The man is expected to pay for the entertainment--dinner, a movie, or whatever. In return he expects to have sexual intercourse, if not on the first date then very soon afterwards. Part of the psychology of the man's picking up the check is that he thus signals to the woman: "I am strong enough and have enough money to take care of you. I expect you to reciprocate."

As the relationship develops, the barter continues, an on-going trade-off of money for sex. Even in long-term relationships like marriage, the underlying agreement is: "I take care of you financially; you take care of my sexual needs." Marriage, in fact, is the ultimate form of sexual bargaining. A man marries to get free sex as often as he wants it, or so he thinks. A woman marries

for security; in return, she "submits" as her wifely duty and in payment for her mate's financial protection.

The ritual of sexual bargaining destroys sensual pleasure all around. Many men, confronted with the hassles of erotic barter, grow fixated on "scoring" and treat women as sex objects to be conquered. On their side, women are often sexually uptight; they feel legitimate anxiety about whether a man really cares or just wants an "easy score."

So a woman metes out her body, piece by piece. While the man pretends to be in control, she is the one holding the prize. Even if he should win the coveted goal, he is left with a hollow sense of victory. He feels like a beggar to whom favors were granted out of charity.

It's ironic how many men feel that they are the ones calling the shots. In reality, a man becomes a dupe or plaything. To win over a woman, he acts out society's ideal role-model of the successful, independently strong male.

Modern men expect to go to bed with the Female-Being-Wined-and-Dined on the first date, or certainly by the second or third. If they haven't made love by then, a man is likely to drop the woman and never call her again.

Yet it would be a gross mistake to conclude from this that we are in the throes of a sexual revolution. On the contrary, sex on the first or second date, if it does occur, is a ritualistic exchange in the formal give-and-take of sexual bargaining. The man is getting paid off for the time and money he has invested in the relationship up to that point. The woman, if she gives in, often feels forced into having intimate relations before she was ready emotionally.

Many women's deep-rooted sexual inhibitions that were instilled in early childhood, cripple their capacity for spontaneous enjoyment. Such women are unable to accept sex on its own terms for whatever warmth, joy, closeness, and comfort it brings. Instead, a woman first has to imagine that she is in love--or at least "involved" with a man in a deep, special way--before she can surrender.

Most women do not loosen up their sexual inhibitions until they think a "serious relationship" with an emotional payback is a strong possibility. Even after she does "give in," she continues to use sex bait in hooking the male into what she hopes will become an even stronger commitment.

Some women complain that men try to rush them into sex. "Why can't guys let a friendship develop first?" they ask. There is a reason, often overlooked: **Once sex becomes a possibility, then the longer the friendship goes on, the longer the period of potential rejection for the male.**

Being rejected, as everyone knows, is a painful experience, a blow to one's self-esteem. But the double standard requires men to do all the initiating and risk-taking at every step of the barter

game. So men take steps to shorten the period in which a rejection may occur; they take the plunge early and ask for sex. In so doing, they try to minimize the pain associated with rejection.¹⁰

Some women do realize that sexual bargaining greatly limits their opportunities for pleasure, but they maintain that this barter is unavoidable, given the economic inequality between the sexes. Typical of this view is Shere Hite, who admits that women use sex to manipulate men, then adds, "But how can [women] do otherwise in a society in which they have been more or less forced to see marriage as their only means of financial security?"¹¹ Hite goes on to point out that females are denied equal access to employment and are paid less than men for equivalent work.

Economic discrimination against women is grossly unfair and certainly should be eliminated. Yet Hite's argument sidesteps the issue. Sexual bargaining is part of an outdated and puritanical moral code. The consequences of this code include:

- the stunting of women's vast erotic potential
- hostility and distance between women and men
- general sexual starvation

This is surely too high a price to pay. Men and women need to go beyond the double standard with its repressive scenario of sexual bargaining.

An open letter about the Toronto gathering demonstration and demos in general

Continued from page 12

enjoy them thoroughly, but over the past 8 years, serious politicians--those out to prove their credentials--have come to have increasing control of demos, repressing free play and making sure the image-making process dominates. So I have quit taking part in demos and have read or heard nothing to encourage me to start taking part.

Those demonstrations that do turn into festivals can have a very liberating effect on the individuals involved, but as long as domination continues to exist, we will continue to be repressed. Because demonstrations remain in the terrain of the society of the spectacle, that is, of domination, they cannot destroy this society--which means that they are not revolutionary, not fully capable of liberating us. We have to go beyond them.

In light of this, I am not surprised that in one article the writer asked if there should have been a riot in Toronto. But what really is a riot? If it is nothing more than a violent confrontation between people and authority, then it seems a riot did happen in Toronto. But I see a riot as something more specific. There are a couple reasons why I think a riot could not have sprung out of the Toronto gathering. Most of the people there were not from Toronto and so had no experience of the way in which domination manifested itself on a daily basis in that area. And apparently the people of the local neighborhoods were not choosing to fight their domination through a riot. Riots of the sort that happened in Brixton and other London neighborhoods in the early

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3. Carter, Steve, *What Every Man Should Know About the "New Woman": A Survival Guide* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1984), pp.40-45.
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eighties are relatively spontaneous uprisings against the constraints of domination people experience daily, an attempt to reclaim their lives for themselves. This is why such riots have the feeling of a festival even while pitched battles against the armed defenders of the dominant order are going on. I see in such riots the seeds of the destruction of authority and would love to be part of such an activity, but I don't see the potential for that sort of riot in the Toronto gathering. And a planned, staged "riot" would have been an absurd spectacle.

Having said all that, what actions would I suggest for future gatherings? With a few exceptions, I think it's difficult for a large group of people to act really radically except in the sort of riot situation mentioned above. An exception to this could be the havoc that could be wreaked in banks, stores and similar institutions by a large group of apparently unconnected people. If you use your imagination I'm sure you'll figure out how that could work for fucking up the functioning of these institutions much better than a demonstration. Other than that, clandestine activities that help to expose the spectacle for what it is, undermine the commodity, fuck up the functioning of authority or create a situation in which unmediated pleasure and freedom can be, even momentarily, experienced seem to be the most fun and effective anarchic sorts of activities. A demo can be a useful tactic for drawing attention so that the clandestine activities can go on unmolested.

These are thoughts I have had since reading about the demo that happened at the Toronto gathering. I hope this opens an examination of how we can fight authority in ways that really undermine it.

Much health and riotous pleasure,
Feral Faun

Monogamy or non-monogamy?

A discussion

Introduction

One March evening Melen and I were getting a late night snack. While we were waiting for the tea water to boil a discussion on non-monogamous relationships began in Lev's kitchen. It occurred to me that many of the issues we related to each other were well known and, perhaps, often-encountered problems of many that regard themselves as part of the "non-traditional" or "alternative" community. Lev and Melen agreed to participate, with me, in the following taped discussion. Presented are our interpretations of the most common difficulties that challenge non-monogamous relationships.

Although this topic may be considered too personal for some, we would encourage everyone to let go of their inhibitions long enough to respond to our comments. In order to successfully obtain growth and progress in thought and practice, honest dialogue must take place. Shouldn't we strive for growth towards freer expression in lovers' relationships? Or do you think this is a dead-end vision that is plagued by human impossibility?

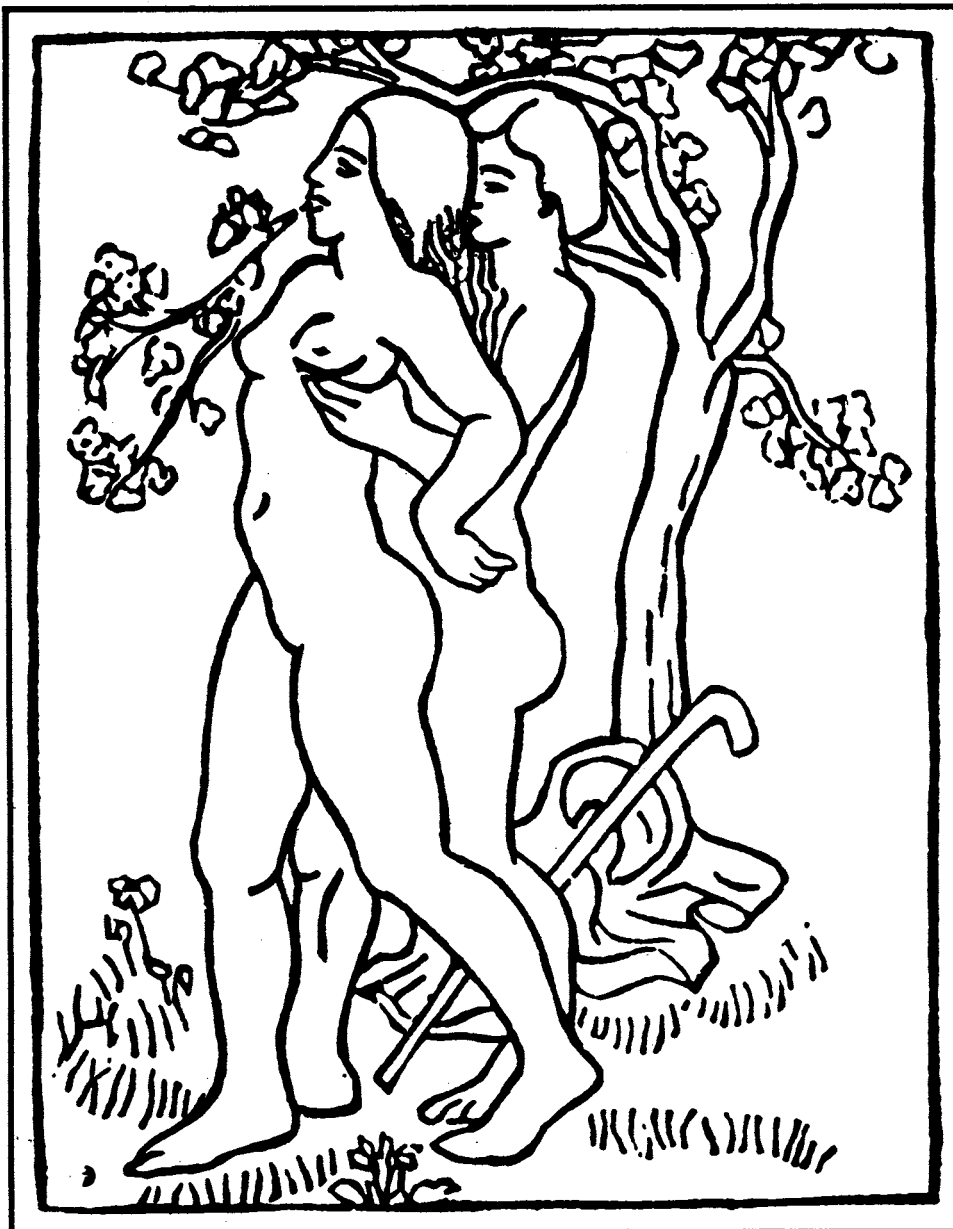
Love,
Mikell

Mikell: I think the problems of how to have a successful non-monogamous relationship are interesting and similar for most everyone who has tried it. The first thing that comes to mind is the emotional aspect that one has to deal with when more than two people are involved. In particular, jealousy and insecurity and the degree to which these emotions are felt will either be tolerable or will greatly hinder the relationship. I do not feel anyone can totally be free of feeling jealous or insecure in a non-monogamous situation.

Melen: I would like to talk about jealousy because I think it's a major problem in non-monogamous relationships and there is more than one way to understand or regard it. It can make you feel out of control. It can really take you over. Or you can pretend you don't feel as jealous as you really do. There were times I could justify my jealousy by saying to myself, "It's human that I would be jealous of the other person because I really care for my lover and I can't be with him or her right now." I found I had to overcome my jealousy or overcome criticizing myself for being jealous. If I didn't I was really in a box, feeling bad about myself and totally out of control.

Mikell: Do you think jealousy comes from feeling insecure?

Melen: Yes and no. I think it is also caused by the frustration of wanting to be with your lover at a particular time but being denied that.



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"People are not going to be monogamous even if they want a monogamous relationship."--Lev

Lev: I don't think jealousy is a problem just of non-monogamous relationships. I think it's a problem of monogamous relationships also. It will come up either way because most people are not going to be monogamous even if they want a monogamous relationship. It just doesn't happen. Even if people don't have genital sex, they still flirt and spend time with other people they are interested in. You can't expect jealousy not to happen. So I think jealousy is a question within itself. There are plenty of non-monogamous relationships where people would be less jealous because this means they can openly have other interests and other people to be involved with.

Melen: I think there is a qualitative

difference between the kind of jealousy you can feel when your lover flirts with someone else and the kind of jealousy you feel when you know your lover has another lover.

Lev: Yes! I'm not saying that it's the same. It's just part of the scale. I haven't read the statistics for awhile (and I don't necessarily believe in them *per se*), however, in most cases in supposedly monogamous relationships someone cheats. The other person can find out and become jealous.

Melen: I wonder how many people cheat? I don't think we'll know. I think it is best if we speak for ourselves, and refer only to people we know.

Mikell: So why do people cheat? Is this because they get tired of each other? Why is there such a need for additional sexual involvements? I don't think this is true for everybody.

Lev: People don't have sexual impulses and desires for one person only. At

least this would not be a normal thing.

Mikell: You don't think so!

Melen: What do you define as normal?

Lev: People have sexual attachments to all kinds of people, animals, kids, or anything else.

"There is a difference between having sexual desire for someone and feeling sexual attraction for someone."--Mikell

Mikell: There is a difference between having a sexual desire for someone and feeling sexual attraction for someone.

Melen: Oh! Would you please define that? I can't wait to hear this. [Mikell laughed] No, really, I'm serious.

Mikell: For me, I have "sexual desire" for one person right now. I do find other men very nice to look at. They are "sexually attractive" but this doesn't mean I want to go to bed with them.

Melen: Because....

Mikell: Because my sexual needs are being met. I am satisfied at the moment. Another reason why is because I have been in two non-monogamous relationships and I found them both difficult to balance emotionally.

"I've found non-monogamous arrangements to be very consuming. They require a depth of honesty and maturity that most people don't have."--Melen

Melen: I found non-monogamous arrangements to be very consuming. They required depth of honesty and maturity that most people definitely don't have.

Mikell: First of all, it depends on who is involved. My reaction to another person entering my present situation would depend on whether I know her or not. If I haven't met her then my imagination has the opportunity to create situations that don't exist. If I do know her then I most likely would be aware of her intentions and/or motivations. I would then know if I felt comfortable with the new situation. Having everything up front is best. It still doesn't

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I'll Remember You

by Laurie Ulster

I can't believe he did this. I just didn't think he'd push this far, I really didn't. I work here, you know? What the hell can I do in this situation? I don't believe it, I don't believe I'm standing here and watching this happen.

I'm a waitress. I'm a lot of other things too, but one of them is a waitress. A person has to make a living, right? So I wait tables, in a cozy little pub on Madison Street, I've been here a year now. This was my first waitressing job and after seeing this today I think it's going to be my last, because I don't want anything like this to happen again for as long as I live. It's a subservient profession--the customer always has the upper hand. And he's the customer.

I mean look, it's bad enough that a month ago, just after we'd slept together for the second time that week, he lay there in bed, leaned back against the pillow and said calmly, without looking at me, "I want to make you hate me."

"I want to make you hate me." Is this a normal response to having sex with someone? Or is it just having sex with me? I don't know, you see, because he has the upper hand in this department, too--he's the only person I've ever slept with. And it's not like some teenage romance, or anything, I never thought it was, but where I come from, you don't sleep with people unless you feel some kind of affection for them. Not undying love necessarily, but not just attraction, either. Affection. So that was the assumption I made, and I'm beginning to think it wasn't all that justified. I didn't know that people lie to get other people to sleep with them. I didn't know that he thought I was closer to his own age (which is only 25, anyway). I didn't know that I was supposed to be as callous as he is about this whole thing. And it seems he'd rather have my hatred than my friendship. "I want to make you hate me"? What the hell kind of a thing is that to say to someone? To me? This whole thing was his idea, you know. I'm no seductress, much as I wish I could be.

He's one of the customers here, a regular. This place is a pub, like I said, real British-style, and there are about thirty people who come in here every night like clockwork. There's another group, semi-regulars, they come three or four nights a week. Friday night's the big one, the place is packed. And there are two kinds of regulars: bar customers and table customers. I serve the table customers, of course, being a waitress. But it's a small place, and the waitress station takes up a quarter of the bar space, so I pretty much get to know who's who, and who knows who, and who's slept with who, and who wants to sleep with

who. I know more about these people than I ever wanted to. So Gary--that's his name, Gary--he's a bar customer. He's an alcoholic, too, like a lot of these people. But he always seemed kind of different to me, even when I first started working here I noticed it. He's younger than most of the regulars here, for one. And he reads. Not too many of these people read, except for Jim the English Professor, and Sean, the Pompous Actor, who I surprised one night by understanding him when he was quoting in Latin. I read, too. Sean is always telling us what a fine actor he is, and how important the theatre is and how important he is to it. All I've ever seen him in was a Woolworth's commercial on TV. He played a butler. So much for class. Anyway, Gary reads and that caught my eye. And when I was first working here, shy and terrified and still not too sure of what I was doing, he was nice to me. Breaking into a place like this can be hell, you know, all these people used to having the same things done the same way all the time, night after night. They expect miracles.

And they hate new people. It took them four months to stop being so stubborn and treat me like one of the gang, and now I'm in. And Gary was nice to me from the beginning, and better than that, he'd laugh at my jokes. I'd say something to Chuck the bartender--her name's really Cecilia, but we've unaffectionately nicknamed her Chuck--and she wouldn't get it, as

usual. And I'd hear this chuckle from the other side of the bar and there was Gary, laughing into his beer glass. So I noticed him. The other thing I noticed about him was that he was dating the manager, Rona. Rona and Gary broke up a while ago, before she quit as manager, and before she punched out my friend Carrie in the women's bathroom. But back then they were still seeing each other. So I never thought about him in any way other than the guy who understands my jokes. And then Rona and Gary broke up, and she started going out with his best friend. So I liked him a little more, because I sympathized with him. My life tends to run that way too. And by Halloween the only other thing I'd noticed about him was that he was better-looking than I'd originally thought. Period. That was it.

The pub had a big party for Halloween, and I went. I wasn't really dressed as anything, I just decided to be dark and mysterious for the evening, so I wore a long black dress and black patterned stockings and black boots. And a black hat with a black and gold scarf that covered half of my face and long white gloves with black netting over them. I looked okay, and I felt okay because I was hidden under all that material, and I went to the party and I knew mostly everyone there. And suddenly I was looking for him, wondering where he was and he came up behind me and said, "I've been looking for you." Just like that.

"You found me," I told him, and we sat down together with some friends and ordered some drinks and talked for a while. And he complimented me, and flattered me. And maybe I'm a pushover and I guess he was just being calculating and assumed I knew how to play the game. But to me it was the first time anyone ever treated me like that and I was overwhelmed. And suddenly I noticed that he was looking at my legs--another new experience for me. And then I started feeling female, I mean, *really female*.

I went home with him that night, and I didn't really know why until he said, "Let's go to bed." And I didn't say anything; didn't tell him I'd never had sex before. Just let the evening roll on, and it did. And we did.

The point is, we were seeing each other, or so I thought. It's not an official thing; we don't call each other or anything. But we see each other here pretty often, and we've slept together a whole bunch of times. And I thought things were going to go on like this until a few nights ago when he started flirting with this girl who comes here all the time, Karen. And they left together. And I had to work the next morning, and she passed me on the way in, said hello. She was wearing the same clothes as the day before and he lives just around the corner from the pub. So I figured, fine, forget about it, she's like you to him, someone to play with, that's okay. It didn't exactly thrill me to death, but I could



Photo by Mikell Zhan

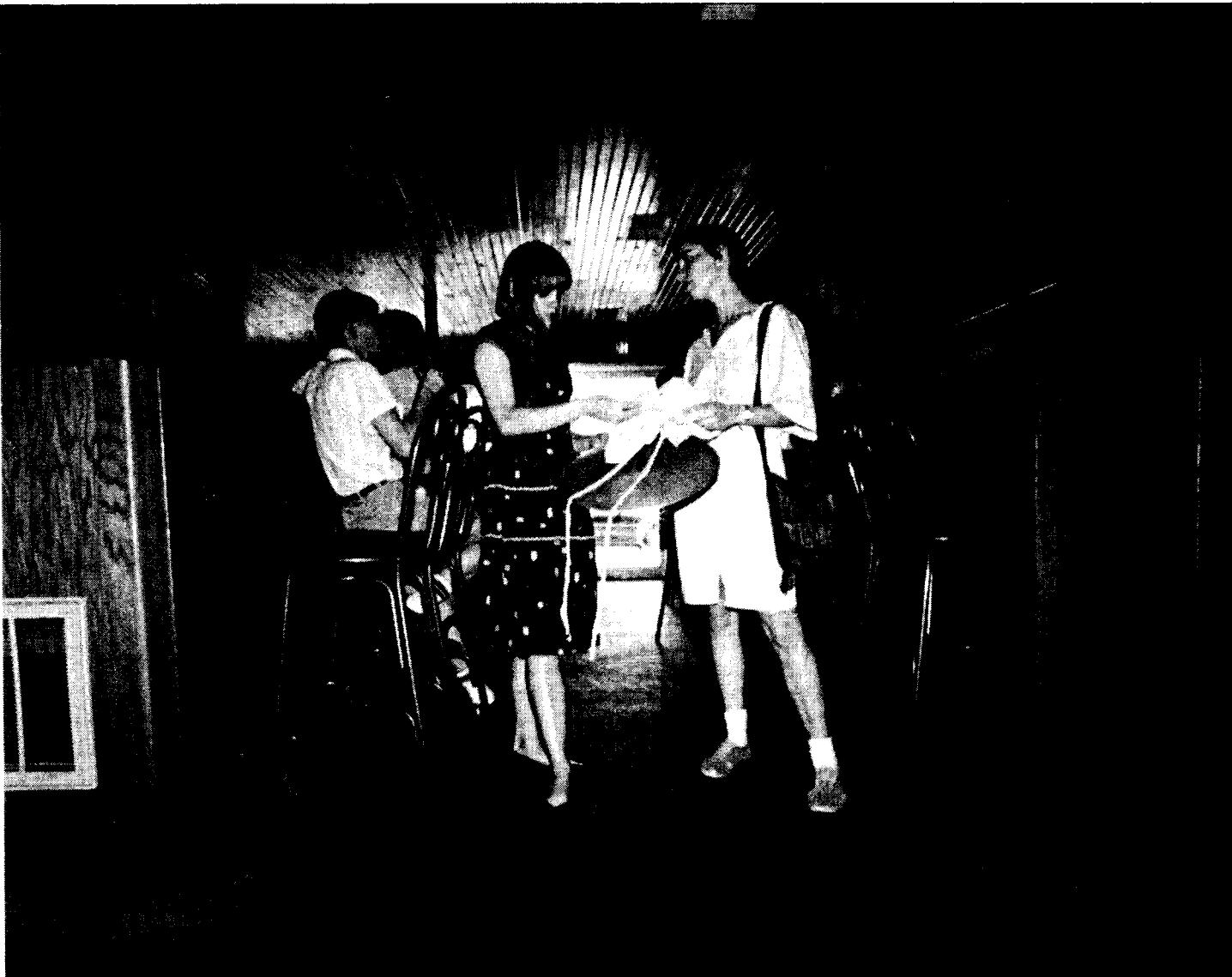


Photo by Mikell Zhan

handle it. Except I saw them in the street the next day, holding hands, and they didn't see me. And then today--today it's Sunday, and I'm always the only waitress during the day on Sunday, and everyone knows that--and here he is with her. And instead of standing at the bar, they just sat down at a table and now I'm supposed to skip on over there and serve them. Serve them. Christ.

I can't do it, I just can't. It's too humiliating. She probably doesn't know about me. She's a nice enough girl, pretty too, of course, which I'm not really. And I don't blame her for the fact that he's being such an asshole. Look, I'm only nineteen years old, I don't know what people do in these situations. Do I go for the drama and pour a beer on his head? Or do I go for the dignity and serve them with vacant eyes and a plastic smile on my face? What do I do? Maybe I don't have to do anything. The minute they sat down I zipped around back, went to the bathroom and pounded the walls for a while, then washed my face and slipped back out. Okay, I did cry for a minute, but it makes me mad that he could make me cry, because he's not worth it. And maybe I don't even have the right to cry, because we were hardly *involved* with each other, we were just fucking, right? I mean, that's all it was, right? That's all, that's it. Obviously it doesn't warrant any thought on his part, coming in here all lovestruck with this pretty blonde girl and waiting for me to bring them their stupid drinks and their stupid food and their stupid cutlery which I'd like to ram down their stupid throats. But I'm still standing behind the bar door; I can pretend I don't see them and hope he

gets his shit together enough to move his ass over to the bar.

There he goes. Waited long enough, I guess. I bet if I wandered over there now I'd hear them complaining about the service or something. Times like this I wish I was older, wish I was stronger, wish I could stop feeling anything at all. Andy, the weekend bartender, he's giving me weird looks. He knows something's up, and he's smart enough not to ask.

I guess he meant it when he said he wanted to make me hate him. He also used to say that he didn't think I'd remember him later. He used to say that before he knew he was the first person I slept with. I'll remember him, all right. I'll remember this forever.

What an afternoon. They've been here for hours now, still sitting down, but he knows he's not getting any service and he hasn't said a word about it. Which means he must have known what he was doing. Or he would have come over here and joked with me and asked me why I wasn't coming to their table. And here comes Carrie, to take over my shift so I can get the hell out of here. I hand her my apron and my tray and she gives me that intense look that she always gives me when I think no one knows what's going on. The look that says, "Are you all right, I see what's happening, and we'll talk about this the second we have time." She's cool, Carrie. Gary just walked up to her and said, "I guess you're not going to serve us either, huh?" And she beamed at him and batted her eyes and said, "Nope!", in the most cheerful voice she has, which is pretty cheerful. She wants to pour a beer on him too, I can tell.

So that's the end of my day. I can

get out of here now, get myself home and into my room, close the door and unplug the phone and have the rage attack I've been waiting to have all day. It makes me so mad, that I even care about this. Just tells me how

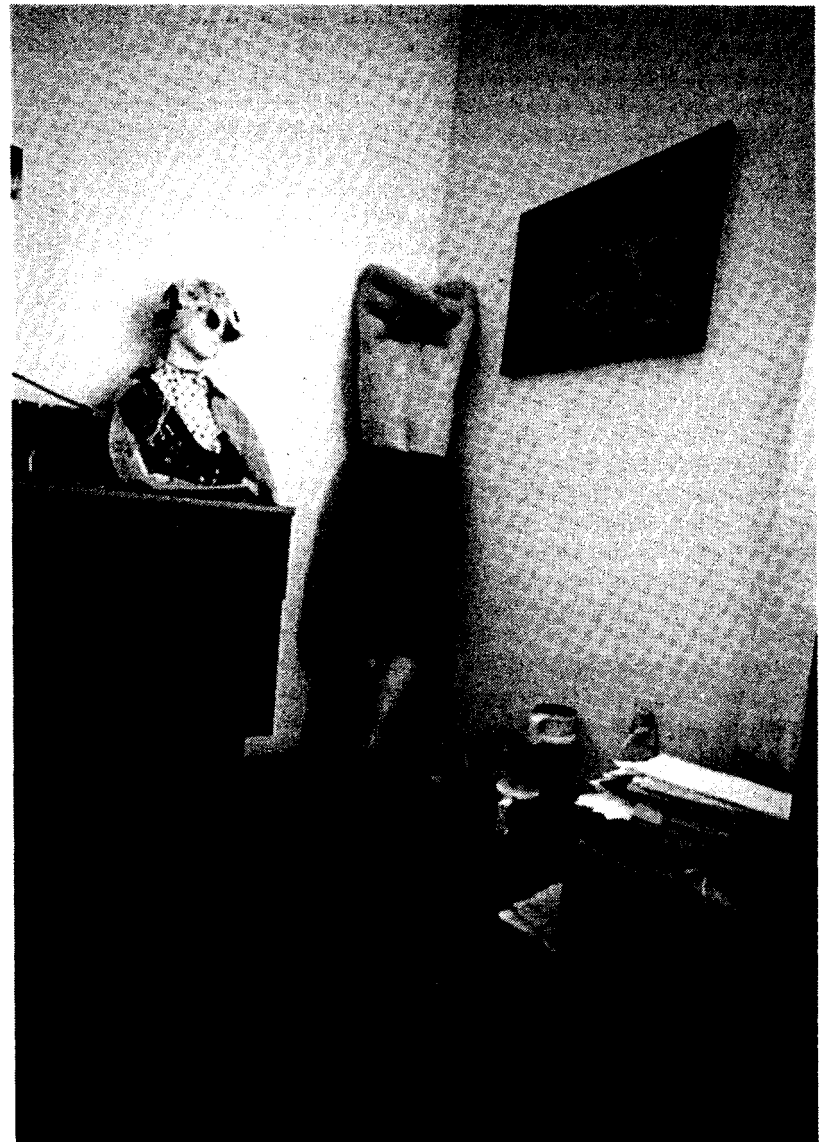


Photo by Mikell Zhan

To have done with the economy of love

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will freely share our vast erotic energy with every being who opens to it. Our lovers will be men and women, children, trees and flowers, non-human animals, mountains, rivers, oceans, stars and galaxies. Our lovers will be everywhere, for we ourselves are love.

As mighty gods of love, we then can roam the earth as outlaw heroes, for having escaped the economy of love, we have the strength to oppose all economy. And we will not tolerate this culture where our lovers are abused, enslaved and threatened, murdered and imprisoned. With all the mighty energy of love, we will break every chain and storm the walls until they fall and every one we love is free. And so will end the long, nightmarish rule of economy, the death-dance of civilization.

young I am, that I'm not an adult yet. Just a kid who's trying hard to play grown-up, and can't quite pull it off. But if he's an adult, I don't want any part of it. I don't want to treat people like that, not ever. I'm not a moralistic type, but it seems to me that this is wrong, just wrong, that's all there is to it. Because I haven't felt this bad in so long, I feel ugly and stupid and young and alone. And all I want to know is that it makes some kind of difference to him, affects him at all, which I doubt. He doesn't know me, he thinks I'm as empty as he is.

I wish I were.

This story originally appeared in *Grub* #70 (Dragonfly, Lake St. Peter, Ontario K0L 2K0, Canada).

Monogamy or non-monogamy?

Continued from page 19

guarantee I wouldn't feel jealous, rejected, or insecure. I would hope I wouldn't feel this way and could keep the other relationship(s) from emotionally and intellectually interfering with my relationship with my lover.

Melen: I'm caught between feeling that to be non-monogamous is a good idea if you can work it out and feeling that (at best) it's too much work or, at worst, a mess. My experiences with it haven't been terrific. One was very painful and the other was what I would call "just okay." I haven't known many people who've worked it out well, though I want to believe it is possible.

Lev: There aren't any great problems with non-monogamy if the people are mature and are able to maintain satisfying relationships.

Mikell: What do you mean by mature?

Lev: I think people don't take responsibility for their actions to a large degree. People don't communicate what they want in an honest way. People hide things from themselves so they don't understand what they really want. They are most often too willing to adjust their lives to some ideal way of living they think is the right way but, in fact, this isn't how they really feel. It is what is socially imposed. People are so confused and have never had a chance to grow up in a normal environment. Normal in the sense of not being restricted and having to go through all the authoritarian institutions of socialization. They don't have the opportunity to freely relate to people and freely be sexual. So you can't expect them to be mature even if they want to choose it.

Mikell: If certain people were honest about how they felt and chose monogamy over non-monogamy would you consider them immature? I wouldn't.

Lev: No! Not because they chose monogamy over non-monogamy. People are immature in different ways, because of all the facts I mentioned. I don't see anything working where 90% of the time people are really happy. Maybe 90% of the time an average type of relationship would be just tolerable.

Melen: I agree...It's kind of depressing.

Lev: I would say, for myself, I would never tolerate a monogamous relationship. I would not commit myself to one and I would not tolerate having to force myself into that. If a person is consciously going to be non-monogamous, one way to work things out is to make it clear to everyone involved which is his/her primary relationship. I don't think any relationships are exactly equal. It should be made clear who is the greater and who is the lesser commitment.

Melen: Or, if none of your relationships

are primary, then everyone is clear about that. I definitely think this would make things saner. However, it is also possible that the secondary relationship would later become primary and the primary would become secondary. You can't honestly commit yourself to being static.

Mikell: No! There are no guarantees.

Lev: You have to be clear. Otherwise, if you are trying to balance things totally, it doesn't work. You don't end up with problems of jealousy and insecurity because everyone knows their position in the relationship. Everyone also knows what their opportunities are for being involved with other people. Everyone knows what they will get out of it and what they will put into the relationship. So there isn't as much at stake to lose.

Mikell: Direct and precise communication is so important in any kind of relationship but so often it doesn't happen. I would speculate what occurs more often is that someone is left guessing as to her/his position and when that person's patience and understanding wears enough he/she gets out.

Lev: One of the worst problems I have experienced in a non-monogamous relationship is when my lover tried to manipulate my feelings. She was so unable to deal with things directly that she manipulated me by what she was doing with someone else. Then she denied it. This is a common experience I have had and something I don't ap-

preciate. This causes more problems than straightforward jealousy and people trying to work that out.

Melen: Sometimes people get involved in non-monogamous relationships not because they want freedom of expression but because they want to deliberately hurt someone else or because they are in a transition from one relationship to the next. It isn't non-monogamy they want for any extended period of time. We don't always know what our initial reasons are when we get involved, yet we should know our selves in order to avoid manipulating others.

Mikell: Another thing to consider is whether you should live with your lover(s) or not.

Melen: People who try to maintain a non-monogamous relationship while living with their lover, to me, are expecting too much from everyone.

Lev: I think it makes sense to have as much freedom as you can and make your circumstances as fortuitous as possible. This means at least having separate bedrooms. Preferably, for most people I think it is easier to have separate residences until everyone is comfortable with all the problems involved. If the lovers want to live together but still have their separate space they could live next door to each other. This would be a nice way of doing it. This doesn't mean each person would have to have a whole house to himself or herself. There could be various types of collective living with friends or family. It is really important if you want to be non-monogamous to have some space available to be with one person while you are not with the other person.

Melen: Another way of having a non-monogamous relationship is to be in group sexual relationships, like three-



somes, or groups. Then everything is up front. Each person sees the others' relationships in bed. I found this situation to be emotionally complicated and exhausting when it extended over several months but once or twice it was exciting and sensual.

Lev: There might be problems of scheduling. It's hard enough to do things with three or four people socially, much less sexually. On a regular basis I don't think it would be worthwhile trying to maintain such a relationship, as opposed to letting things fall where they naturally may.

Melen: Scheduling wasn't the problem in my threesome experience because none of us were working at the time. The problem was: "How do I feel about how he feels about how she feels when she sees me with him?" It was just a lot to deal with.

Lev: I have known of a threesome that was stable for 10 years.

Melen: Really! And they were all happy?

Lev: Theoretically, yes. I don't know if their relationship was happier than anyone else's monogamous or non-monogamous relationships. Just the fact that something could last that long testifies there is some satisfaction out there somewhere.

Melen: The longevity of a relationship cannot be equated with satisfaction. I would like to know what each of these three truly felt.

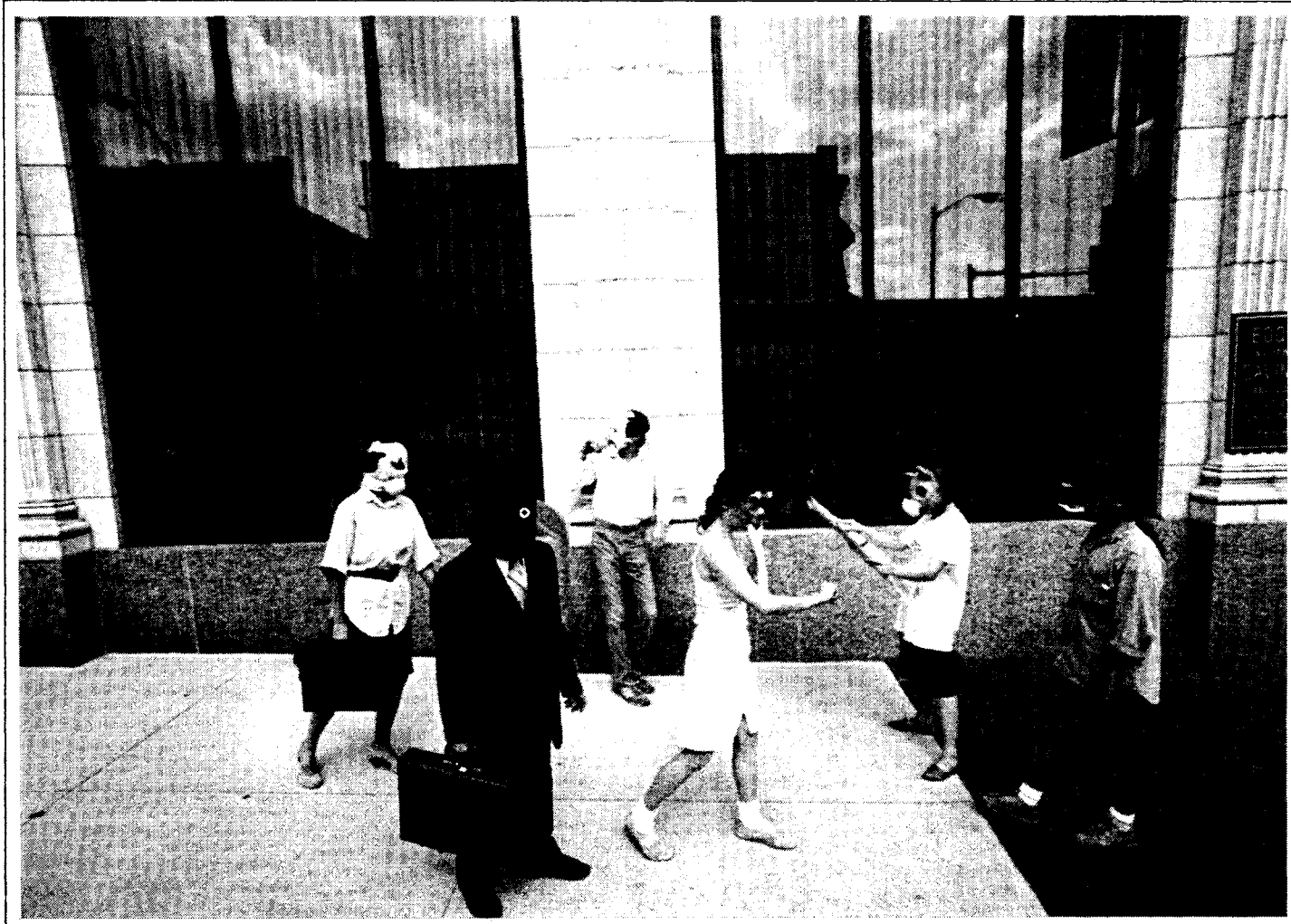


Photo by Mikell Zhan

Columbia Anarchist League

AS WE SEE IT!

Common perspectives on ourselves, our world and social change

This statement is a provisional draft of Columbia Anarchist League positions adopted largely in the spring of 1985, and revised in late spring of 1989. It is not meant to be a finished or unalterable statement, but it is a good reflection of our minimal common perspectives at this time. Critical comments are welcome and will be taken under consideration for future versions of this statement.

1 Throughout the world the vast majority of people have no control over the most basic social, economic and political decisions which profoundly and directly affect their lives. We are forced to live, work, consume and die according to the dictates of hierarchical organizations—from schools, churches, corporations and unions, to their culmination in the nation-state. We are indoctrinated in government-run and religious schools. We are forced to sell our lives and labor in capitalist economies, while those who own and control the means of production not only profit from our toil, but determine the shape and disposition of ever larger areas

of both the social and natural worlds. And we are regimented, taxed and cowed by integrated systems of local, regional and national governments. They not only make laws regulating our work, culture and social intercourse, but maintain vast propaganda apparatuses, police forces, prison systems, armies, surveillance networks, and—to ensure our compliance—even torture centers and death squads when necessary.

2 The hierarchical and alienating organization of social life imposed upon us by these dominant institutions creates continual crises in every person's life, and in every realm of human activity. These crises often appear most intensely in the realm of production—in which most of us must each day sell large portions of our lives for a wage that can never possibly repay us for what is in turn taken from us. We are forced to labor under a system which allows us neither control of the content of our work, nor its conditions, its organization, or its purpose and meaning. And we do all this in exchange for the "privilege" of buying a

few mass-produced commodities and standardized "services" that will always remain empty and unsatisfying substitutes for the rich and joyful lives we all in actuality desire. In fact, nearly every facet of life in modern society has by now been colonized by hierarchy and alienation—family life, sexuality, education, culture, knowledge, communication, health care, transportation, etc. Everywhere the dominant social institutions impose on people an organization of their daily lives that is external to them. Everything is organized for ulterior purposes, without the free and conscious participation of those most directly concerned, and usually against people's actual values, aspirations and interests. As a result of this, it isn't very surprising that people experience many aspects of their lives and bodies as being unreal—alien to them—or as being subject to irresistible forces of mystifying origins.

3 The poverty, the meaninglessness and the alienation of everyday life in the modern world are not accidental by-products of an otherwise sound social system. They are the inevitable and pri-

mary products of a system which at its core is not only disastrously counterproductive, but in its present nuclear phase is increasingly suicidal. This system consists of a relatively coherent structure of self-reinforcing social relations of compulsion, hierarchical authority and commodity-exchange whose common basis can possibly be most easily understood using the concept of "alienation." The word "alienation" denotes the process by which people's acts can become estranged—and no longer appear or be felt as their own. The institution of human slavery, for example, involves an obvious process of alienation of the slave's life-activity. When originally free people were first captured by slaveholding societies, it was necessary to forcibly enslave them since they naturally realized that the work, deference and passivity required of them was absolutely alien to their own desires and will. The unity of their desires, will and activity was broken, but they could easily feel and understand this alienation because of (and also resulting in) the necessity of its constant imposition by force. However, once their slavery had been forced for a certain time, they would consciously develop habits of self-repression to avoid being punished for forgetting the role they were required to play. They would adapt to the expectations of the slaveholders by learning how to be slaves and thinking of themselves as slaves, albeit reluctant ones. And finally, many of them would over time (and especially with the passing of generations) come to really see themselves as slaves, to believe that slavery was a "natural" institution, and that it was their natural place to be slaves. Their habits of self-repression would become so internalized and unconscious that they would forget they were originally only consciously developed habits. They became slave in fact, and if the opportunity would come for them to escape they would no longer realize that somewhere deep inside they wanted to escape and live their own lives. Their alienation was so complete that they could no longer feel their desires as their own, or exercise their will outside of a sharply circumscribed area of their lives. The process of alienation involved in the institution of slavery is analogous to the process of "socialization" through which we all learn our own "natural" places within contemporary institutions like the nuclear family, compulsory (mis)education, wage-slavery, representative "democracy," etc. Most of us are now so alienated that we no longer feel our repressed desires as our own. Nor are we able to exercise our wills outside of a narrow area which has been officially designated as our "reality" by all the authorities and all the dominant institutions which define our lives.



NO Ideology NO State

4 The current crisis of massive ecological destruction can be seen as one of the unintended results of the relatively unchecked progress of modern social alienation. Not only have we been made slaves ourselves, but much of the natural world is now treated as a slave to our dominant institutions. This partial "enslavement" of nature has been made possible by the progressive development of an alienated modern science in conjunction with the exponential growth of an extremely alienated economy and technology. Much earlier and more "primitive" societies and civilizations have laid waste to vast stretches of the natural world--through deforestation, over-grazing, and agricultural pillage. These practices, especially in conjunction with the intensive exploitation involved in the building of empire-states, have occasionally even resulted in the creation of vast deserts. However, the current systematic and progressive degradation and destruction of our natural environment is unprecedented. Although the seeds of our ecological crisis have been implicit all along in the very premises and structure of human civilization, it has been only with the relatively recent rise of industrial capitalism that this crisis could reach such an intensive and worldwide scope. The capitalist system of industrial exploitation, when combined with the power of a narrowly scientific and technical rationality, has succeeded in turning every aspect of our selves and our world into potential "resources." By objectifying, classifying and analyzing everything in terms of its value for domination and exchange (and by subordinating all other forms of knowledge, perception and experience to this narrow vision), modern science has reduced the very idea of nature to whatever can be mined or extracted--without regard for its non-economic value. Scientism, or positivism (in other words, science conceived as an ideology), has so succeeded in enchanting and mystifying our experiences of our natural and social worlds that most people now unself-consciously speak in its alienating terms as if scientific descriptions **really are** identical with the reality we live! The capitalist/technological project (and implicitly the project of all civilization) is often termed the "domination of nature." This domination began with the subjugation of our own natures, reducing human beings to the status of mere machines, in order to create the social machinery which is now attempting to devour the rest of nature. This whole historical process is what lies behind the increasingly pervasive idea that we are alienated from nature. Though all too often in practice the conception of our alienation from nature is itself mystified by reducing it to the status of a religious or metaphysical, or even a biological phenomenon.

5 According to the classical description of alienation in the realm of work under capitalism, when people's labor-activity is sold to capitalists in exchange for a wage, this labor-activity is alienated. It is controlled by the capitalist (whether the capitalist is a person or an institution such as a corporation or the state) and not by the individual or community. So the individual worker finds her/himself acting according to the dictates of a logic that is externally imposed. S/he becomes a mere cog in the machinery of a productive apparatus which has a purpose above and beyond those of all the workers involved in it. Each individual worker is isolated from the rest as much as possible by the corporate or bureaucratic management of large businesses, while the lines of hierarchical authority maintain discipline within a rigid division of labor in an organizational system designed to make profits, accumulate capital, and reproduce the power of the managers. The collective activity of all the atomized working people thus continually reproduces an entire organizational system which appears to take on an inertia and direction of its own as even the actions of the managers become more and more rigidly determined by the logic of organizational reproduction and expansion to which they too must submit.

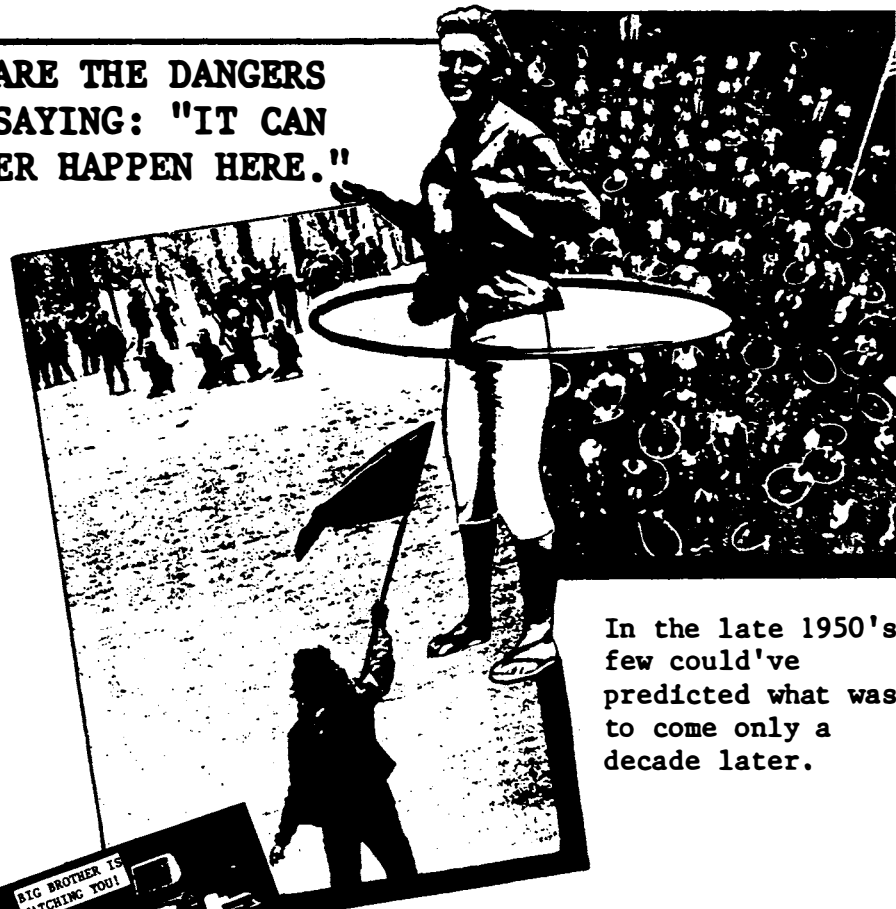
6 Ironically, it is people's own alienated gestures, thoughts and labor-activity that make up the actual substance of the institutions which in turn oppress them. And the same process of alienation takes place not only in the realm of production and the "domination of nature," but also in every other sphere of social activity. This results in an entire social world that always appears to be out of anyone's control, moving inexorably along its own mystifying path according to its own hierarchical and alien logic. Thus the economy is said to regulate itself with the influence of an "invisible hand" through which we become victims of depressions, inflation, unemployment, etc. And in the political sphere the organs of local, regional and national government exhibit similar phenomena. The political parties become more and more the same, while none are ever capable of controlling for long the crises which prompt their election, or their coups d'état. All governments are forced to submit to the same alien logic of the same international system. East and west, results are basically the same though the means be different. And in all the other spheres of life that have become dominated by hierarchical forms of organization the individual is subjected to the same processes since by definition all hierar-

chical organization involves compulsion, and compulsion always requires that the individual alienate his/her own activity, in order to fit him/herself into the roles required. Ultimately, the more our lives are devoted to performing all the alienating roles of hierarchical commodity society, the less we are able to live--the less our lives are in any sense really our own.

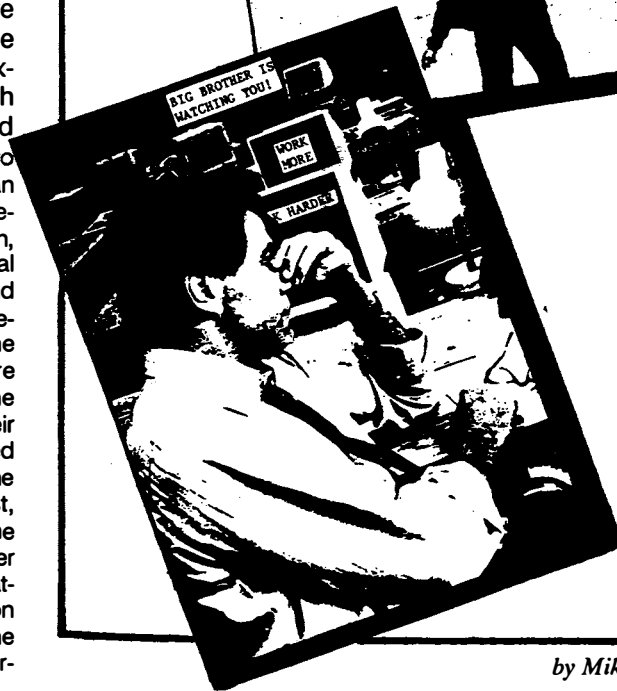
7 Social alienation is not only grounded in our institutions. It is embedded within the very fabric of our social and (what is left of) communal life. It pervades everyday activity and its discourse. Our social traditions, customs, mores, conventions and

sensibilities have been steeped so consistently and for so long in the stew of reification and hierarchical relations that it can often seem that all of society stands against us as an alien entity. The heavy weight of all the social mythologies which crush us has increasingly forced any possibilities for authentic individuation, personal autonomy and genuine community farther and farther to the margins of social existence. The dialectical relationship between the individuals who make up society and the society which gave birth to the individual, has increasingly broken down. The multiplication of social divisions and separations has increasingly compartmentalized every aspect of existence and shut

BEWARE THE DANGERS
OF SAYING: "IT CAN
NEVER HAPPEN HERE."



In the late 1950's
few could've
predicted what was
to come only a
decade later.



1989:
In these troubled
and changing
times, the only
certainty is
uncertainty itself.
Or, to put it another
another way:
Nothing is real,
everything is possible.
Indeed, who can say
what may now lie ahead..

by Mikal Jakubal (POB 2962, Bellingham, WA. 98)

NO Nationalism NO

NO God NO Militarism

them off from one another. The personal has been set against the public sphere, the old against the young, and vice versa. Sexuality has been relegated to the bedroom and the marketplace, with all other venues forbidden. The demands of all the compulsory social roles—worker & student, consumer, husband & wife, tourist & resident, adult & child, single, gay, cripple and homeless—have left less and less room for the expression of genuine personal difference. Similarly, the fanatical separation of emotion from reason, and of the sensual from the practical has progressively diminished the social possibilities for the expression of either side of these artificial dichotomies. The alienation inherent in the one-sided rationality of domination and production has led many to embrace various forms of the irrational in its stead. While others have sought to develop a more inclusive and integral conception of reason. In a very important sense, the development of human rationality is inextricable from the more general development of human evolution (reaching back into the realm of the pre-human, and by implication to all of the rest of nature). Yet the varied meanings which are given to the ideas of reason and unreason usually merely reflect the flip-sides of the coin of alienation—positivist boredom or irrationalist incoherence.

8 People are never merely the passive victims of an externally imposed repression and manipulation. Through our "socialization" (our social conditioning) into this society, we have each learned to participate to differing degrees in our own self-repression and self-manipulation. Our conformity is enforced, not only by the bosses' orders and the policeman's gun, but by the internalized boss and policeman of our own behavior that each of us carries within us, and which we call character. Character is the form taken by alienation in the individual. It is like a layer of deadened psychic scar tissue or an armoring which each of us has been forced to develop in order to cope with a hierarchical and alienating society. By developing this unconscious layer of armoring (this habitual layer of compulsive self-repression) we protect ourselves from some of the harsher effects of hierarchy and alienation, but only at the great cost of both isolating and inhibiting ourselves, as well as deforming our activities and thoughts. Character can be variously manifested as: compulsive inhibitions, chronic muscular tensions and anxieties, chronic feelings of guilt, perceptual blocks or a chronic narrowing of the perceptual field, exaggerated respect for authority figures, adherence to dogmas and an inability to think for oneself, compulsive fears or paranoia, chronic feelings of insecurity, compulsive role-playing and

inability to drop pretenses in order to "be oneself," religious beliefs and beliefs in other types of absolutes, racist, sexist or ageist attitudes, ad nauseam. Character is the integrated organization of all the internalized habitual incapacities which serve to adapt individuals to the demands of an irrational society. It is the means by which hierarchical and alienating social structures have invaded and colonized our very bodies and experience. We have all been crippled by it. Many people have been so mutilated that they now identify more with repressive and exploitative institutions than with their own spontaneous impulses, desires and feelings. Character is a mechanism created by the interaction of the forces of social conditioning and our responses to them. It enables us above all to treat others and ourselves (and be treated by others) as commodities on the market to be bought and sold, and as objects within hierarchies to be ordered and manipulated. Hierarchical capitalist society demands that human beings be treated everywhere as if they are really only objects. The development of character is our way of becoming those objects and forgetting that we were once something more.

(For a more detailed description of the concept of character from our perspective, see "Beyond Character and Morality" [available from the C.A.L.—send an SASE, or in an abridged version in the book *Reinventing Anarchy*; What are the anarchists thinking these days?, edited by Ehrlich, Ehrlich, DeLeon & Morris and published by Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1979]. Or see the classic text by Wilhelm Reich, *Character Analysis*, published by Noonday Press.)

9 Ideology is the manifestation of character in the realm of logic, language and symbols. It is the means by which alienation and hierarchies (and thus character) are all rationalized and justified through the deformation of human thought and communication. All ideology in essence involves the substitution of alien concepts or images for human subjectivity. Ideologies are systems of false consciousness in which people no longer see themselves as subjects in their relation to their world. Instead they see themselves in some manner as though they are subordinated to some type or other of abstract entities which become the "real" subjects or actors in their world. Whenever any system of ideas and duties is structured with an abstraction at its center—assigning people roles or duties for its own sake—such a system is always an ideology. All the various forms of ideology are structured around different abstractions, yet they all always serve the interests of hierarchical and alienating social structures, since they are hierarchy and alienation in the realm of thought and communication. Even if an ideology opposes hierarchy or alienation in its con-

tent, its form still remains consistent with what is opposed, and this form will always tend to undermine the apparent content of the ideology. Whether the abstraction is God, the State, Technology, the Family, Humanity, Peace, Ecology, Nature, Work, Love, or even Freedom; if it is conceived and presented as if it is a subject with a being of its own which makes demands of us, then it is the center of an ideology, and it is thus a lie. Capitalism, Individualism, Communism, Socialism, and Pacifism are each ideological in some respect as they are usually conceived. Religion and Morality are always ideological by their very definitions. Even resistance, revolution and anarchy often take on ideological dimensions when we are not careful to maintain a critical awareness of how we are thinking and what the actual purposes of our thoughts are. Ideology is nearly ubiquitous. From advertisements and "commercials," to academic treatises and scientific studies, almost every aspect of contemporary thinking and communication is ideological, and its real meaning for human subjects is lost under layers of mystification and confusion.

For this reason we tend to avoid use of the word "anarchism" (with its implications of an overly closed, system-based theory and practice) in favor of the words "anarchy" and "anarchist theory," which suggest a more dialectical and pragmatic attitude towards a theory and practice always subject to development and change.

(For a more detailed description of ideological or positive theory, as well as its contrast with critical self-theory, see "An introduction to critical theory" in *Anarchy* #18—available from the C.A.L. for \$1.50.)

10 At the epitome of ideological mystification lies the spectacle. The spectacle is the organization of appearances made possible through all the modern media of communication. The ease with which images can be detached from their sources and reorganized for representation in these media in accord with the ideologies of our dominant institutions forms the technical basis for the manipulation of not just isolated images and ideologies, but of the appearance of reality itself. As the scope and power of the spectacular organization of society increases, more and more of what was once directly lived, has been reduced to its re-presentation as images to be consumed. For the organization of spectacular activity is also the organization of the actual social passivity of its spectators, which is its necessary counterpart. Instead of living their lives directly, people are increasingly seduced into becoming mere spectators who consume the images of their own alienated lives that are unilaterally presented to them by the dominant institutions of modern society. The spectacle is not just a collection of im-

ages, but more importantly it is a social relation among people mediated by images. The major problem with contemporary media is not just that they always present hierarchical perspectives as if no others are possible (although this ideological narrowness of content obviously exists). It is a far deeper problem of the very form or structure of the mass media. In the end content is less important than the hierarchical and alienating structure of the media which present it. Whatever the overt messages, the ubiquitous, but covert message produced is that each of us is only a powerless spectator in a world over which we can have no control. Our only choice is to select between the options allowed us by the invisible powers which determine everything else.



11 If our institutions, culture and social relations were really direct expressions of our own collective desires and needs they would rarely be questioned. There would be little opposition to them since they would be fulfilling their purposes. But whenever a system of alienating social relationships is imposed upon people as ours is, it inevitably engenders widespread resistance. Such engendered resistance is the natural result of forcing people to accept an alien way of life as if it were really their own. Whenever people are forced to repress and act against their own impulses, perceptions, judgement and values, they tend to rebel—sometimes directly, openly and consciously, but often covertly, or even unconsciously. Even when such an alien system exists for generations, and people are so "socialized" and indoctrinated that it comes to seem more real than their own selves, even then there is inevitably widespread resistance, though it may express itself only sporadically and largely remain confined to subterranean undercurrents of rebellion or negativity. The institutionalization of repression and alienation is always followed by a "return of the repressed." In the psychoanalytic conception of human nature repressed drives, desires and wishes are seen as never being annihilated outright, but instead always return to people's experience expressed in other forms (such as in their dreams or unconscious slips). Similarly, institutional repression never entirely annihilates people's ultimately ineradicable desire to live and control their own lives. Rather, people's resistance to the imposition of the artificial constraints of fundamentally irrational and authoritarian social systems will always continue to be expressed in thousands of ways in each day of each person's life. This engendered resistance within the heart of our everyday lives is a natural and spontaneous response to the imposition of authoritarian social relationships. It is a generalized, yet usually unconscious movement of negation which contains

Religion

NO Leaders

within itself the seeds of all potentially conscious movements for libertarian social change. And in fact, most other radical, political, social and religious movements also have their roots here. From a vague and ambiguous urge to "do something" or "change things," to minimal acts like high-school vandalism, on-the-job theft, and ridicule of authority figures, to major acts like the decision to participate in a riot or wildcat strike; spontaneous expressions of negativity may be the unexplored and uncharted pivotal points which hold the most promise for genuine social radicalization in the near future. At the least, we must realize that the exclusion of all but conscious and coherent activities from one's perception of political "reality" can only be self-defeating where radical perspectives are concerned.

12

It might seem intuitively obvious that any act of resistance to a repressive and alienating social system is a step (no matter how small) in the direction of creating a new society. However, such an assumption is far from the truth. In practice, it becomes obvious that many acts which superficially appear opposed to hierarchy and capital are in actuality quite compatible with them. These acts of partial opposition always begin with a basic acceptance of the necessity for hierarchical power and social alienation, and only resist specific "abuses" or "injustices" within the overall system. Because partial opposition has such a narrow focus on reforming only certain aspects of the social structure, it has the paradoxical effect of strengthening the social system it appears to fight by legitimizing the overall system at the same time as it helps it depressurize and adapt to demands for social change. This depressurization of social forces demanding change is sometimes called "recuperation." By recuperating impulses toward genuine social change, and channeling these impulses toward the real or imagined reform of the existing social system, the system not only eliminates a threat to its continued existence, but it also strengthens its hold on people by giving the impression that fundamental reforms may be possible by a piecemeal process, and that any more radical opposition might threaten reforms already made. Partial opposition is always contrary to any genuinely radical opposition because it always accepts the ground rules of hierarchical commodity society as its own. Liberal reformists, "radical" moralists and social democrats would all prefer that we fought for "realistic" reforms on our knees than for radical change on our feet.

False opposition is a special case of partial opposition. It is an attempt to appear total or radical, while remaining only partial in actual practice. This type of opposition especially typical of Marxist-Leninist groups. They claim to be revolutionary, but their actual practice reproduces all the hierarchical and bureaucratic tendencies of the society they criticize. Despite their

radical pretensions, they ultimately maintain only a coup d'état mentality and seek to install themselves in power as a new and "enlightened" ruling class. A further special case of partial opposition can be called **spectacular opposition**. Spectacular opposition involves the manufacture of an image of revolt which has few or no roots in any real social existence. In this type of imaginary opposition, celluloid images of revolt are created by "media radicals," or by the media itself, whose content is minimal or absent.

Radical opposition on the other hand attempts to subvert hierarchy and alienation at their roots. It is always a conscious opposition to the totality of the existing social system since it is based on an understanding of how that system operates in an integrated fashion as a whole. This holistic perspective reveals that when only one aspect of the system is challenged, the system as a whole will compensate and recuperate the challenge until it has been sufficiently defused and reintegrated, at which time the system is then able to begin reversing any reforms which no longer serve its purposes. The only type of movement which can ever hope for real change is one which challenges the social system as a whole at all times, even when it is concentrating on particular aspects of that system.

13

The absolute elimination of all social alienation is probably an impossibility, and those who demand the attainment of such abstract absolutes are most likely dogmatic fanatics to be avoided. They are the would-be Robespierres of future reigns of terror. However, between the Scylla of fanaticism and the Charybdis of an unprincipled and opportunistic reformism, lies what we believe to be a realizable and viable conception of a qualitatively more free, equitable and enjoyable social system. Such a system would not be "pure" or "perfect," but it could involve a genuinely radical re-structuring of society that would change the balance of social relations--ending the historical dominance of hierarchical and authoritarian social relationships, and replacing their dominance with a self-reinforcing system of non-hierarchical social relationships which can be called a type of anarchy.

14

Anarchy literally means "no ruler." In its best sense it signifies a social system in which political hierarchies and authoritarianism are not tolerated. Instead of hierarchical rule by monolithic institutions over the general public, anarchy in this sense demands the most complete, widespread and effec-



tively direct control possible by all those who are involved. This does not just mean that anarchists have some sort of vague or abstract belief in "democracy," or "consensus" or "individualism." This means that anarchists demand explicitly direct and concrete popular participation within and control of every significant social institution by those who are affected by them--not just control over institutional organization and management, but also and just as importantly, over their direction, ends and very existence. This can only be achieved through widespread and conscious commitment to libertarian social and institutional values and practices (self-management, spontaneity, autonomy, cooperation, human-scale organization, direct responsibility/accountability/action, and maximum flexibility) within a reorganized institutional framework centered around very specific, workable and effective means of libertarian communication and decision-making.

15

Any genuine resistance and opposition to hierarchical society--any movement which seeks to make a real and significant qualitative change in the way society is organized--must be a self-consciously and critically radical social movement. And any such movement must involve as its central feature a prefiguring of the type of society which it seeks to create, both in its own organization and in the quality of the everyday social relationships which it fosters. The concept of prefigurement is another way of saying that the means of social transformation largely determine the end which is produced. Thus a traditionally Marxist-Leninist movement will almost invariably translate the dictatorial style of its typical means (hierarchical political party organization, ideological and dogmatic theory, "democratic centralism," a vanguardist mentality, and generally conservative social values) into the actual monolithic bureaucratic dictatorships we have come to expect as its end (Russia, China, Cuba, Vietnam, etc.). While on the contrary, libertarian revolutionary movements attempt to create alternative organizations and counter-institutions (directly and democratically controlled) as

means toward the end of creating a genuinely self-managed society. In practice these organizations can be (and have been) as diverse as anarchist affinity groups and federations; rank-and-file workers groups, anarcho-syndicalist unions, and factory-committees or councils; libertarian community groups and municipal movements; collectives and cooperatives of all types; a multitude of cultural institutions from workers centers, study circles, free schools, radical libraries and documentation centers to cafés and punk clubs; as well as guerrilla groups and factory or community self-defense groups and militias when necessary.

16

We understand that the conditions of our lives and our experiences in the dominant social institutions constantly drive us to question, resist, and find the methods of organization which challenge the established social order and established patterns of thought. On the other hand, we recognize that as radicals we are fragmented, largely dispossessed of the means of communication, and we are all at different levels of awareness, consciousness and practice. The Columbia Anarchist League is one small self-organized group within a worldwide movement of people who are committed to changing their lives and transforming their world. We do not see ourselves as yet another leadership looking for followers, but as a group of like-minded people working toward a more libertarian society. We seek to help demystify all the ideological pretensions which paralyze people and leave them powerless to act outside of established institutions and alienating modes of social intercourse. We seek to challenge every instance of hierarchy, exploitation, alienation and mystification, to stimulate, encourage and help people who are involved in libertarian struggles, and to generalize our experiences, to make a total critique of our condition and its causes, and to help develop the wide-spread revolutionary consciousness and activity necessary for the total transformation of life.

NO FOLLOWERS

Erotic by Nature

A review by Toni Otter

Erotic by Nature; A Celebration of Life, of Love and of Our Wonderful Bodies edited by David Steinberg (Shakti Press: North San Juan, CA., 1988), 212pp., \$35.00 hardbound.

Erotic by Nature is a sex-affirmative response to pornography. David Steinberg's collection consists of 122 duotone photographs, 17 drawings, 15 short stories, and 38 poems, contributed by 36 women and 25 men aged 30 to 73. The book is, for this reviewer, an extremely pleasurable experience. Its varied images, verbal, graphic, and photographic, are sensually and erotically both subtle and provocative. *Erotic by Nature* encouraged me to feel even better about my body and my complex erotic desires.

Steinberg writes in the introduction that even the "best" of pornography barely touched "the core of what I know sex to be about..." (p.ii, *Erotic by Nature*) He eventually gathered artistic "work that reached deep inside me in new ways—ways that felt positive, original, strongly erotic, and richly imaginative." (p.iii) The process for Steinberg of compiling *Erotic by Nature* was rewarding yet difficult: "To go public with one's sexual values...to explicate a perspective on sexual eros that reaches below the surface and flies in the face of our culture's dominant sexual mythology, is to stand painfully naked in an unknown and hostile world." (p.iv)

The photos and writings in *Erotic by Nature* will appeal to different people relative to their own sense of what is beautiful and intriguing. The photography is the book's most obvious attraction. If I hadn't taken the assignment of reviewing the book, I would have been content to thumb through the pages, getting a good sexual buzz, wondering who might also enjoy the photos with me and what we might do together after the book was closed. I managed, however, to tear myself away from the pictures long enough to actually read it. Some of my favorite prose, which will almost certainly differ from yours, includes: "The Pink Scarf" by Dreaminhawk, which follows the progress of (what else?) a pink scarf from bedroom, to workplace, to table along various channels of perception and memory, and, "Why Do You Love Me?" by Lauren Crux, which provides as honest an answer as any to what is for some a very important question.

The last eight pages of the book provide biographical and personal data on its numerous contributors. A quotation from this section by Donna Ippolito seems an appropriate way to conclude this brief review and communicate some essence of *Erotic by Nature*: "Seeking to discover and affirm what was really mine, I went back to the body. Moving deeply into the physical, I searched for my spirit. I was attempting to inhabit myself fully, to open into myself and let the inner woman take flesh. I began to explore my deepest feelings about desire, passion, touching, being touched. When I was lyrical, I accepted it. When I was vulgar, I accepted it. When I was tender, I accepted it. When I was angry, I accepted that too. There was no contradiction between instinct and love when I simply let both flow." (p.207)

Copies of *Erotic by Nature* are available by mail from Shakti Press/Red Alder Books, POB 2249, Berkeley, CA. 94702 for \$35.00 plus \$3.50 postage and handling. A free, illustrated brochure about the book is available from the same address by sending an SASE.

The Pink Scarf

by Dreaminhawk

I guess I knew it wasn't wise to eroticize this scarf, that it would only lead me further down the primrose path that I was already in up to my neck, especially since I got my hair cut so short again last week. But oooh, it feels so deliciously cool and just a little bit cruel—like you know I like it) to slide that silk *sooo* slowly along my skin and around my chin like you did to me last week.

If my ex-mother-in-law knew what we do with that hot pink silk scarf she gave my daughter—which I immediately claimed as my own—she would *not* approve. It's been almost three months now, and the list of lewd things we have found to do involving it grows longer by the hour. (Even *I* find it rather shocking to experience what the previously contained imaginations of two forty-year-old ladies can set free under optimum conditions.)

I like it best when our wrists are bound together with that bright silk, when our bodies are touching so completely there simply is *no space*, no space at all, between us. Our tongues are wrapped 'round one another and our wrists (your left and my right) are enclosed, enfolded—along with our ten entwined fingers—in soft, tight, hot, pink silk.

Last night, during class break, you whispered to me in the hall, "I *have* to stay with you tonight. I *want* your body."

"Well," I replied, laughing, "since you put it *that* way, so poetically and all, what can I say but 'of course.'"

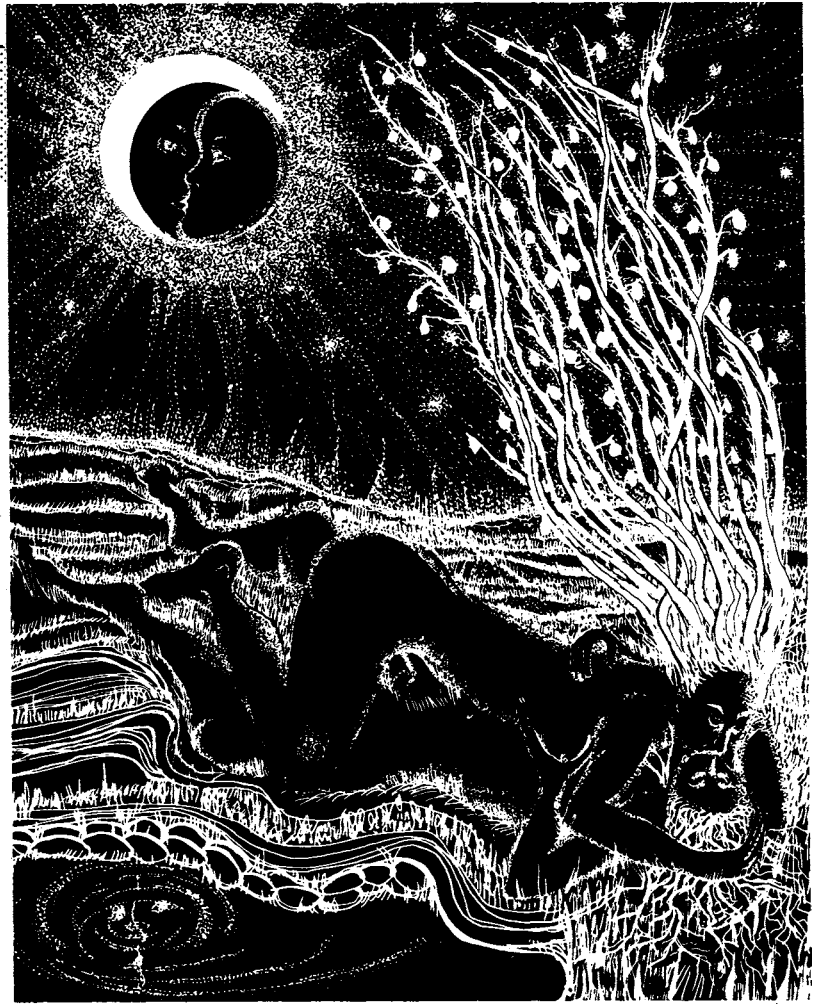
"Seriously, though," I added as I sneaked a tweak of your tit there in a dark corner of the hall, "seriously though, you know you're *always* welcome."

Hours later, snugly in bed at last, I lay along you, slowly deliciously going through the motions we have learned so well this past year. You were whispering in my ear, "This morning I suddenly remembered that moment on Sunday when you pulled that scarf out from under your pillow, and I could think of nothing more all day. Oh baby, oh my—how I *needed* you."

Needless to say, I was only *toooo* pleased to fulfill *all* your needs.

But then came today, when I had to go away early, leaving you so warm in my bed. Was that *really* fair of you to draw my pink scarf so teasingly down off my just-wrapped neck, across your white breast, over your broad belly, and all the while to look at me *sooo*, well, *you* know?

I mean, maybe I did like it *some* as I raced off to school, to think of you there with your hand atop the scarf atop your erect nipple. But, oh baby, oh



Adele Aldridge

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my, now I have to go a whole 'nother night and day and almost night again with this aching in my cunt and that picture in my mind!

Today I wore our pink scarf, purely for warmth I thought. I wound it carelessly 'round my neck as I ran out the door—late, as usual, for work. For warmth, I thought, I kept it on throughout my busy day. Funny things began to happen.

I found myself stroking it absentmindedly as I talked to my students, as I walked across campus, as I studied in the library. Heedlessly I would stroke it, and then—every time—a vision of your wrist bound to mine in pink silk would flash before me. I would see your mouth open wide as you gasped with pleasure. Then a vision of your bottom would come—your bottom heaving up toward my eager mouth pressing down, pressing down, making bright red prints in your soft white flesh. The pink scarf stretched across your back, connecting one bound hand to another, as your *so* beautiful broad bottom rolled and jumped under my mouth coming down, coming down.

All day long, from classroom to parking lot, I had this vision whenever I stroked our scarf. It kept me very warm, indeed!

Yesterday you lay on the bed in the eternal blue twilight of my room, and I wanted you as fiercely as ever before. I picked up the pink scarf from the table, where it has lain neglected for many months. (We have moved on to other games.)

Just passing it through my hands on its way to yours brought the blood rushing to my cunt, and it ached for your thigh, your hand, your tongue. Just passing it over your breasts brought such an urgent desire for my hand in your cunt that I threw myself on you fiercely, and came as you came, the scarf tossed hurriedly aside so that nothing, nothing should come between us.

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The heart has reasons reason must understand

Jealousy

by Isaac Cronin

1

Modern society is accelerating its own decline by encouraging the discovery and publicity of problems that it cannot solve, and in many ways is only capable of exacerbating. This is already a banality on the terrain of technological development where scientists are capable of measuring, with increasing accuracy, how much damage their latest anti-pollution corrective did to the environment.

2

On the terrain of personal relations, the spectacle strips away archaic institutions, values, and roles in a frenzied reflex of reform, forcing individuals to confront problems before it supplies them with the means to resolve the newly emergent contradictions which are lived out as the **unavoidable** bitterness, frustration, humiliation, tedium, and horror of individual experience. In shedding the old skin of the nuclear family, in attacking male supremacy, in criticizing the excesses of the couple, in encouraging the expression of "individual" desire, an increasing number of jealousy-producing situations are created, so many so that jealousy seems like one of the most epidemic forms of modern social disease.

3

For the modernist individual jealousy is frequently a source of **embarrassment**, displaying his out-of-date, old-world character, which he would like to hide as long as possible or at least until he has had a chance to develop an appearance of nonchalance. But jealousy is not a disease in itself. It is only that the organizers of desire (the sociologists, psychologists and other ideologues of personal relations) would like it to appear that way, to appear as a self-contained problem which can be defined in the language of this society—that is as one resolvable through **reform**. That would mean continuing the logic of the social experimentation of the last decade which saw the sexual problems as prudishness and monogamy and the remedy as looseness, and which sees the solution to jealousy as a kind of institutionalized *laissez-faire* or letting-go attitude. (The Fourierist alternative to jealousy—increasing the availability of partners will supersede possessiveness—assumes the material base of jealousy to be scarcity. It continues the

spectacle's quantitative logic at the same time as it minimizes the concrete relationship between sexual misery and the social question.) Jealousy is not a disease; it is a **symptom** of a qualitative lack, the qualitative lack, the lack of individuals capable of consciously constructing their own daily lives without the domination of any external authority.

4

When the individual becomes intensely jealous, he is forced to admit that he is dependent on another for the affirmation of his individuality. In other words that his individuality belongs to another. This is what is possessed, this is what makes for possessiveness: the more one realizes that the other is responsible for one's "individuality," the more indispensable that person becomes. In jealousy one does not make the other into an object so much as she is made into the image of a subject, the necessary complement of the "subjectivity" of the jealous one. In jealousy the image is everything, practical truth is nothing. Jealousy is the realization of the spectacle of love, in which social relations are completely dominated by images. One projects onto the new "happy" couple an image of pleasure which is **total**, just as he maintained or tried to maintain in the first relationship a situation in which the obstacles to development were never concretely seized and attacked. The appearance of a third person makes the repression of the original repression, which was part of the invisible cement of the first relation, an active pastime. When he personifies the image of the happiness of his love in the third person, it only serves to make him more miserable without providing any practical alternatives to his misery. The more miserable he becomes, the more inevitable seems the enjoyment ascribed to the new pair and vice versa. This vicious cycle must be broken, but it requires seeing jealousy as a **necessary** result of the protection of existing social relations, and therefore demands that the individual attack the basis of his inadequacy at a moment when he feels most inadequate.

5

Until 9:15 the being with whom you have lived for so long was endowed with unrivaled attributes and moral qualities; she was, to hear it from you, the embodiment of an ideal, like an angel who descended from the sky charged with the mission of keeping you company and rendering your earthly existence worthwhile. At 9:20 you have realized that this unique being, this extraordinary perfection



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of perfections, has slept with someone else—yesterday, or last week, or last month or six months ago. At 9:25, it took you five minutes to think things over, this perfection of perfections has been transformed into the most hideous monster the world has ever seen. Her presence has suddenly become completely odious and you have no other choice except to leave forever the place where you shared so much joy, but even more important, so much pain.

—E. Armand, *The Sexual Revolution and Amorous Conradeship* (1934)

As in psychoanalysis, the jealous one feels that he is laid bare. His misery is public, objective, and makes him vulnerable. If he accepts this position of weakness, he will probably continue to subjectivize his misery, to see it as only his inadequacy, only his problem. Most likely he will: flaunt it; rationalize it in natural, biological or psycho-determinist terms; sublimate it in an orgy of work; or tear himself apart in a spree of self-negation. His only possible escape from the misery which has overwhelmed him is **consolation**, which is sought principally from his lover. The middle person in the triangle, in turn, often manifests a certain compassion for the suffering of the jealous one, respecting his "humanity" even though she regrets the unpleasant effects of misery's manipulations and melodramatics. This complicity remains loyal to the couple form, though it may come at the end of a particular couple, because it respects the traditional rules of love ("I understand, you don't have to have a reason for everything") which must come under attack if the constantly reoccurring cycle of "unfathomable" happiness and desperation, each of whose stages is blindly lived out and accepted as inevitable: as

in so many forms of commodified activity, each period of intense activity is followed by a dissolution of that arrangement, which is often unexpected or inexplicable. Unhappiness engenders a new search with the inevitable outcome. Through this pattern society terroristically imposes its sordid notion of social relations, using the threat of isolation whenever the comfort of the privatized relation proves insufficient to neutralize the dissatisfaction of individuals.

6

The "paranoia" of the jealous lover, in which he animates the material world which surrounds him so that every thing speaks to him of the happiness of the new couple and of his own misery, is not really such an irrational response to the miserable world of the commodity which is indeed "out to get him," to take him over and use him. The inadequacy of the "paranoia" of the jealous lover doesn't stem from the fact that it is too extreme, but that instead of illuminating the social dimension of his grief (which would mean, first of all, looking objectively at the second relation from which he is excluded) it disarms him as long as he sees a world hostile to him alone.

7

There are those individuals who can carry on without being dominated by jealousy, who feel no sense of loss or even discomfort when their lover has a relation with another. For certain affluent strata this is a simple matter of having enough money to maintain a sufficient geographic separation between situations. A few arrive at such a

position out of callousness or cynicism. The most visible advocates of the attack on jealousy are specialists of personal relations, often equipped with a basic critique of authoritarianism, who take the ultimate measure of the individual to be his ability to work out "human" interactions in a sick society. They are as determinist in seeing the role of the individual's personal history as any Freudian, but substitute an image of man as inherently good where traditional psychoanalysis sees a more ambiguous nature. The disappearance of each constraint is seen as radical-in-itself because it brings the individual that much closer to his hidden authentic self. Individual complicity in reigning values is reduced to a minimum ("I believe that I am never to blame for my jealous feelings. They arise spontaneously when my partner's actions combine with my own past painful experience; none of this is within my control right now, and no one is to blame." Sara Winter, *Issues in Radical Therapy*, Fall, 1975), since recognition of this complicity would destroy the supportive communal atmosphere which is the fantasized antidote to the pressures of bourgeois individualism. Blinded by the positive accomplishments of "letting go," they become unwitting publicists for the spectacle which incorporates their achievements as a proof of its lack of rigidity.

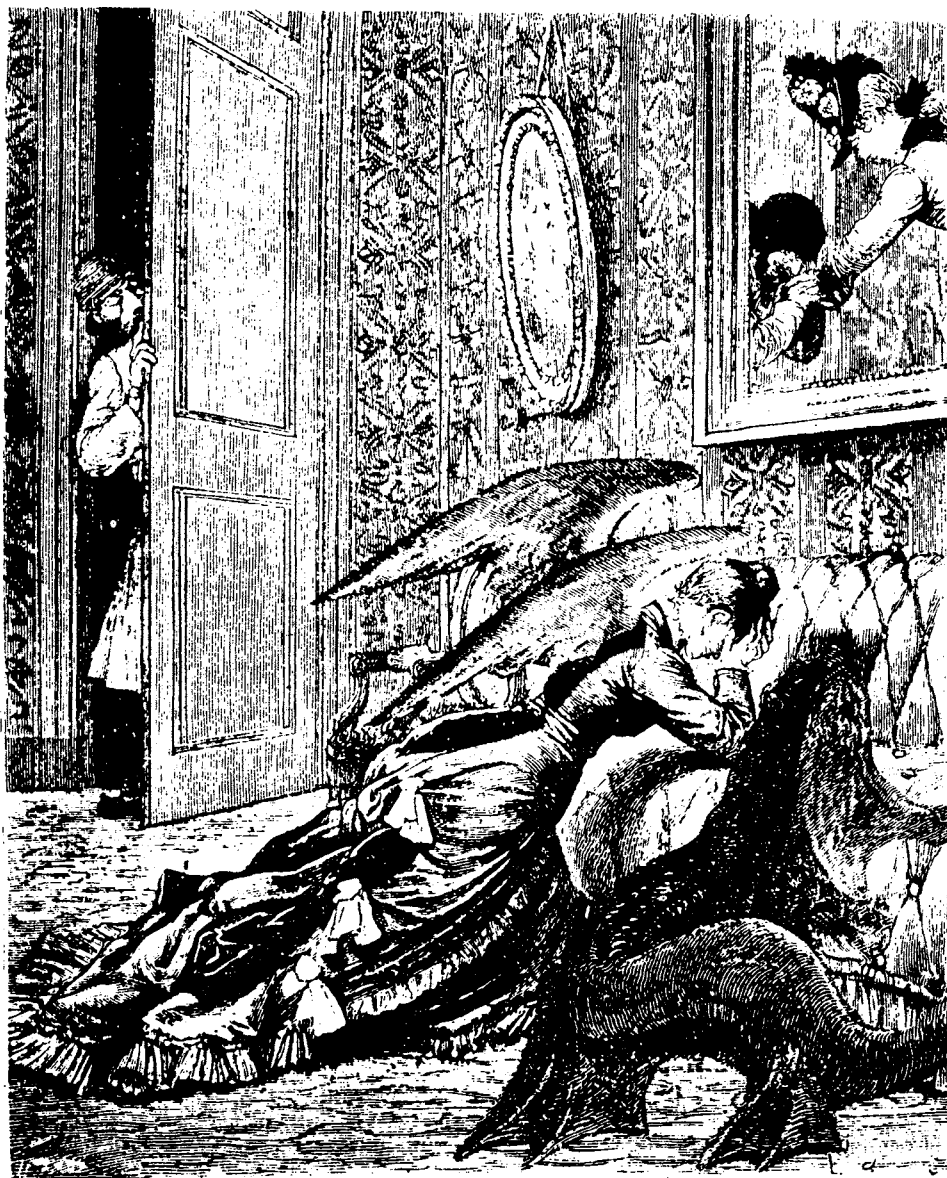
8

The revolutionary does not escape the anguish of jealousy and rejection. If anything he experiences a greater subjective loss since for him love has provided the appearance of the reconciliation between revolt and daily life. Since "real pleasure is forbidden," we rebel when we experience it. Everyone in town would like to know our secret. So would we! Making love is the practice, the consequence of our theory. But what is our theory? The familiar feeling, that being in love makes everything seem possible, becomes inverted. Nothing is possible. He wants to break with the world, to give it up, because everything reminds him of his failure to transform himself and the society. He subjectivizes the world, though it feels like it is no longer his. Those enchanted places are now ghastly. History still exists, but it seems irrelevant unless it will redeem his lost love, either by making the other person see the error of her ways or by reducing her to stupidity. History becomes the justification for failure, whereas before it was like an old friend, bringing greater intimacy and depth to the amorous relation. If the revolutionary resigns himself to this loss, the very motion of practical critique is undermined because an essential universal moment of daily life has escaped the domination of the individual and of his theory. (Theory itself becomes a joke as long as one can "understand" some alienated aspect of love and yet conduct oneself as if that comprehension did not exist.) The counter-revolution of daily life is still able to count love amongst its strongest allies.

9

Hope always leads to the mystical expectation of an external solution.

--Daniel Denevert



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The hope that one can always find another lover, which is one possible consolation for the jealous lover, perpetuates the original jealousy-producing context by respecting the dominant notions of time and of the individual. The passive acceptance of the "healing power of time," which is derived principally from society's ability to eventually produce an acceptable equivalent for the lost love, reduces one's amorous history to a series of interchangeable and therefore effectively timeless relations. The individual feels justified in suppressing the critical consciousness of his own practice because, if he has always failed in the same way, he will probably also succeed in a like manner. Love and jealousy tend to present non-supersession--which is nothing other than individual submission to the anti-historical, authoritarian logic of spectacular time--as inevitable and even therapeutic. A radical critique of daily life is not a guarantee of individual success in love, nor is it supposed to be. It only expresses, in a more concentrated and uncompromising manner than any ideology, that the positive development of the individual is inseparable from the negative movement of practical consciousness which seeks to destroy all forms of external authority.

10

When the individual is objectively, or feels that he is, being deserted by his lover, the shock and anguish that such a realization produces is frequently out of proportion to the actual loss. One of the reasons for this is that one despairs not only for oneself, but for the future of love in general. This link with gener-

ality which has always been one of love's greatest attractions--lovers are the most easily recognizable universal sub-population--is also one of its strongest defenses. The identification with the universal is both a compensation for, and an abstraction from, the individual's particular misery, which is really his only possible concrete starting point for a critique of the totality. The fact that generality is the sole agent invested with the power to bestow humanity on the individual (which is what he most sorely lacks at such a moment of isolation) encourages him to minimize the importance of the contours of his own misery so that he will conform to the de-volatilized image of the wounded lover presented by the dominant society. The reform of love is possible as long as the question of its misery is not posed concretely.

11

Even if it is true that men often become more violently irrational because their pride leads them to feel a greater sense of loss, while women's maneuvers take more subtle, conscious forms, this is simply a confirmation and perpetuation of the dominant alienated modes of male and female comportment. In finding the means to attack any social problem one must supersede both the impulsive and poorly informed aggressivity of the man, and the unarmed sensitivity of the woman.

12

It is because he cannot give an accurate account of the reason for his emotions that even the wisest man is fanatical

on the subject of music.

--Stendhal, *On Love*

I insist that irrationality is a moment of reformism, and that reformism is the practice of adjusting to this world as much as it is adjusting this world. That whether it takes the form of romantic love, madness, character, the fetish of artistic imagination or 24-hour-a-day somnambulism, it serves to maintain the individual in an state of isolated, hyper-conscious subjectivity seen as an acceptable end-in-itself. That this is a conscious choice made by the individual to avoid confronting the consequences of his own alienation and the society of alienation which he is a part of.

Isaac Cronin has published his own journal, *Implications*, as well as other pamphlets, and has co-produced a situationist video, *Call It Sleep*.

*The author has chosen to use pronouns reflecting his own gender and sexual preference. He intends, despite this conventional usage, that the reader should understand the essay in terms of her or his own point of view.

Liberation sexology

by Alex Richards

The movements of the sixties and seventies suggested an idea of a liberation which would, by throwing-off inhibitions, lead to a "natural" intimacy in human affect. From the end of repression at home to the end of repression in society?

But nowadays--rediscovery of perversity, disavowal of the power implicit in "liberated" behavior, and moral panic about the situation of the young in the family. Contemporary social concern tends to identify with the victim position: with the laboratory animal, with the culled seal, with the infant victim of child abuse. The condition of voicelessness is shared; subjecthood is at best deferred to a better future.

In medieval times, the Pope encouraged crusades as a diversion from concern with the state of Western society; today, media stars crusade on child abuse. The major difference is that this debate has no opposition--a few squalid individuals hardly substitute for Saladin.

But the victims are easily translated into feel-good capital, whether in the resource bargaining of social work departments or TV pledge campaigns. After a Thirty Years' War to eradicate all the dangers of collective social otherness, by herding a former peasant and worker alike into the ghettos of their own castles, a new question looms: Once the fantasy goods have been bought, what happens behind the curtains? The response is a *Childwatch*, a policing of affect.

For all their taunts, 1970s pundits expected an anti-hierarchical neutralization of sexualized power through intimacy. Contemporary caring professionals see sexuality in every gesture. Apparently the unconscious and fantasy were only patriarchal myth; the body's true proportions are revealed only in the positive discrimination of the totemic doll; and every touch threatens an overwhelming power. Only a child's discourse will eventually reveal and confirm this truth. And only a specialist can bring about this epiphany. To every power a counter-power, and the reversals happen quickly here. The caring professional, his or her intuition confirmed by some sign, arrogates a position of irrefutable Truth; dispute is useful only in that it may yield more material confirming this truth. Such a strong power, once established and backed up by legal authority, has to conjure up a counter-power. An occult international of child abusers may yet appear. For the time being, dubious statistics piles onto dubious statistics; like the Kentucky Fried Ratbone, it always happened to someone else.

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The Man in the Box

by Kevin Michael Keating

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I.

The "Vegi-Bowl," a juice-bar concession in a wood and plexiglass box on wheels, did its business downtown, in the shadow of glass and steel framed towers, corporate office buildings. Each morning at five the man who leased the cart and retailed the nutritious merchandise of the Northland Corporation set the booth up near the main entrance to the



Photo by Mikell Zhan

subway station. The subway entrance was capped by a kiosk, a bland aluminum ribbed pillbox with long plastic windows that had been rendered opaque by the exhaust of cars and busses. It was the centerpiece of a pedestrian plaza that could have been a cheap reproduction of a red brick Gaudi, so ugly that it was almost exotic. The plaza with the subway kiosk was on the west side of the main street. This central boulevard of the business district was dominated for six blocks on both sides of the street by multi-story office buildings, brown and red and khaki stacks that blocked the light of the sun, except at high noon, and turned any little westerly breeze into a wind down an artificial canyon, cold jets from an air-conditioner turned up way too high. Silent spook-machines, like the statue sentinels of an Egyptian Necropolis, only more bleak and anonymous, these structures seemed to have been designed by men in a competition to erect the cleanest long rectangles that had ever invaded the sky, even though these buildings didn't go any higher than fifteen stories. They were just lost little brothers compared to the ones across the Bay.

"It's better pay than you find in other restaurant jobs in town, unless you work at 'Chez Wankle' or one of those other 'attitude' type places. And it's only four hours a day, eleven-to-three. I don't have to get up too early or stay there too late. Twenty hours a week, Monday through Friday, so I can reserve my right to party on the weekends. On that kind of money I can pay for my cube and groceries and survive. I can *deal* with that. *No problemo.*"

Charlie took off his sunglasses and looked out a window of the box, gazing at something across the plaza. He was a little bit too tall, so he had to do a lot of crouching in here. Charlie was looking at a sign on the first floor of the banking and office building directly facing the subway entrance, an ornately lettered sign: ART COOP.

"Hey, Terry, look at the front of the Westin Building."

Terry always moved slowly. "Yeah, what?"

"The store on the first floor, see the sign?"

"Yeah, so what?"

"Art-Coop. Does that mean they sell art made by chickens?"

Terry smiled faintly.

A flashing color message ran in a thick band across the second story facade of the Westin Building. It spat out news headlines about serial killers, the launchings of spacecraft, the ritual electrocutions of condemned prisoners. A number of things. Football scores, the names of popular songs--"Golden Lady," "I Want Him So Bad," "Still Lovin' You Forever, Baby!," "Got My Eyes Set On You, Girl," "MORE ENTERTAINMENT PER HOUR THAN ANYPLACE ELSE IN THE WORLD!"

The outside of the box was painted in stripes, muted earth

tones, green and yellow and orange. A tattered canvas awning hung over the roof at the front of the cart. The interior was a model of small space efficiency. Fresh veggies chilled containers, cutting boards, kitchen utensils and blenders made of black plastic, as smooth and shiny as obsidian. A cash register sat in the middle of a counter lining the front wall. Two people worked behind the small windows, taking orders, preparing food and receiving money. When they were working in this tiny room the black machines made a lot of noise. Customers were usually lined up in two rows in front of the windows by the time Gregory arrived at the cart. Gregory, the man who leased the box, was a hard drinking Catholic immigrant from Wales, red-haired, short and stocky. He opened the cart in the mornings and closed it up at night and visited at odd intervals during the day. Mostly Gregory left his employees to their own devices. Charlie would watch him as he walked across the plaza towards the bank on the other side of the street. Charlie thought Gregory moved in a slightly awkward way, as if he had an invisible shopping cart attached to his butt.

Five days after he was hired, during the middle of the lunch rush, Charlie heard the door to the box opening behind him. Gregory stepped up into the booth, lugging a box of juicing oranges, saying:

"Looks like the Brazilians are going to eat us!"

Charlie shot a glance over his shoulder, asking, "What's that mean?"

Gregory said, "The Brazilians are going to gobble us up. What I mean is, we, the Northland, is being taken over by a Brazilian multi-national." He paused, catching his breath. "I don't want to keep you from working. I'll tell you about it later."

After thirteen days in the box, Charlie could predict the onset of the rush of customers to within three minutes.

Three weeks into this job with the Northland Corporation the cold weather of July and August gave way to Indian Summer, and with the warm sunny weather business picked up. For several hours two parallel lines would form, fifteen to thirty people deep, outside the two service windows of the box. Bank clerks and secretaries and dentists looked expectantly to the man in the box as they were pushed and shoved and sometimes even kicked and punched by the crowds around the subway kiosk. Just like dealing with a fear of heights, Charlie felt okay as long as he didn't look, but if he accidentally made eye contact with those rows of eyes, anxious and impatient for their orange-juice-plus and fruit salads, the eye contact would make him stressful. Even against his will he would find himself moving faster, working harder, not making any more money for all of it, either. Sweat ran in beads down the bridge of his nose and he tried to avoid dripping on the sandwiches.

II.

This other part of town was run-down, relaxing in deterioration. Machine shops, junkyards, ratty-looking churches with small congregations, auto body repair garages. After the sun went down a rib shop sent the delicious smell and smoke of burnt animal flesh hovering light in the sky for seventeen odd square blocks. Harmon and Adeline was the border of the war zone; down there you could hear the sounds of small arms fire every night. Stretches of Victorian houses, intentionally made derelict, abandoned. A good thing about this area was that the college students and office executives didn't come down this way. It was an integrated ghetto and every fourth or fifth parked car was stripped on cinder blocks or a burnt black hulk on ripped up tires. Utility poles ran down the east side of the Avenue, electric steel trees. Between the utility poles was a sparse canopy of power lines, and above everything else in this neighborhood were billboards. On the roofs of buildings and on poles twenty or thirty feet up in the air, where vandals shouldn't have been able to get at them. Even in the night and at a distance the main sequence was apparent: tobacco, alcohol, shampoo and hairspray, alcohol, tobacco, hairspray and shampoo. Telegraphing the mysteries of

production and exchange to all the silly Charlies on this planet. One billboard said its message without words: "Black man! Drink this fortified wine! And you'll get high like a naked lady riding on the back of a Bengal tiger!" Old wooden telephone poles were clogged and caked with sheets of rainworn paper, ugly, pock-marked and bedraggled. Down here political leaflets tended to be visible for five minutes before being papered over by music bills or garage sale notices. The police didn't have to tear down flyers of extremist politicians when the statements were organically suppressed by the process of a poor man's advertising. Sometimes there's a kind of magic to the marketplace.

It was half-past one, late on a weekday night. Charlie had been sitting alone and drinking in "The Six Counties," a beer and wine bar he frequented on the corner of Shattuck and Prince. He had found a new job, and he'd been celebrating. Looking down past his pint glass he saw a wad of dirty green paper near the leg of a barstool. Money! Cash on the floor of the bar, Charlie got down off his stool to get it before somebody else did. It was a small number of bills wadded together, a five and some ones. "What luck," he thought.

Up the street towards the main part of town, Shattuck Avenue was five blocks of burgundy and pistachio-colored office buildings with stretches of used car lots protected by twelve-foot high cyclone fences. Spools of razor wire lined the top of the fences, vicious Doberman and German Shepherd attack dogs prowled the used car yards and tried to savage random passersby on the other sides of the fences. Not many people out on the streets now. It was just a shadowland between the humming of streetlamps giving a marginal yellowy illumination and the occasional rush of passing trucks and cars. Way down on the water he could hear a bell ring, a buoy, some kind of channel marker. He walked past the Schurmann Retirement Care Facility, one of the seven or eight warehouses in the neighborhood for used humans, ugly old things, useless sacks of bone and flesh. Then Charlie cut across the large empty

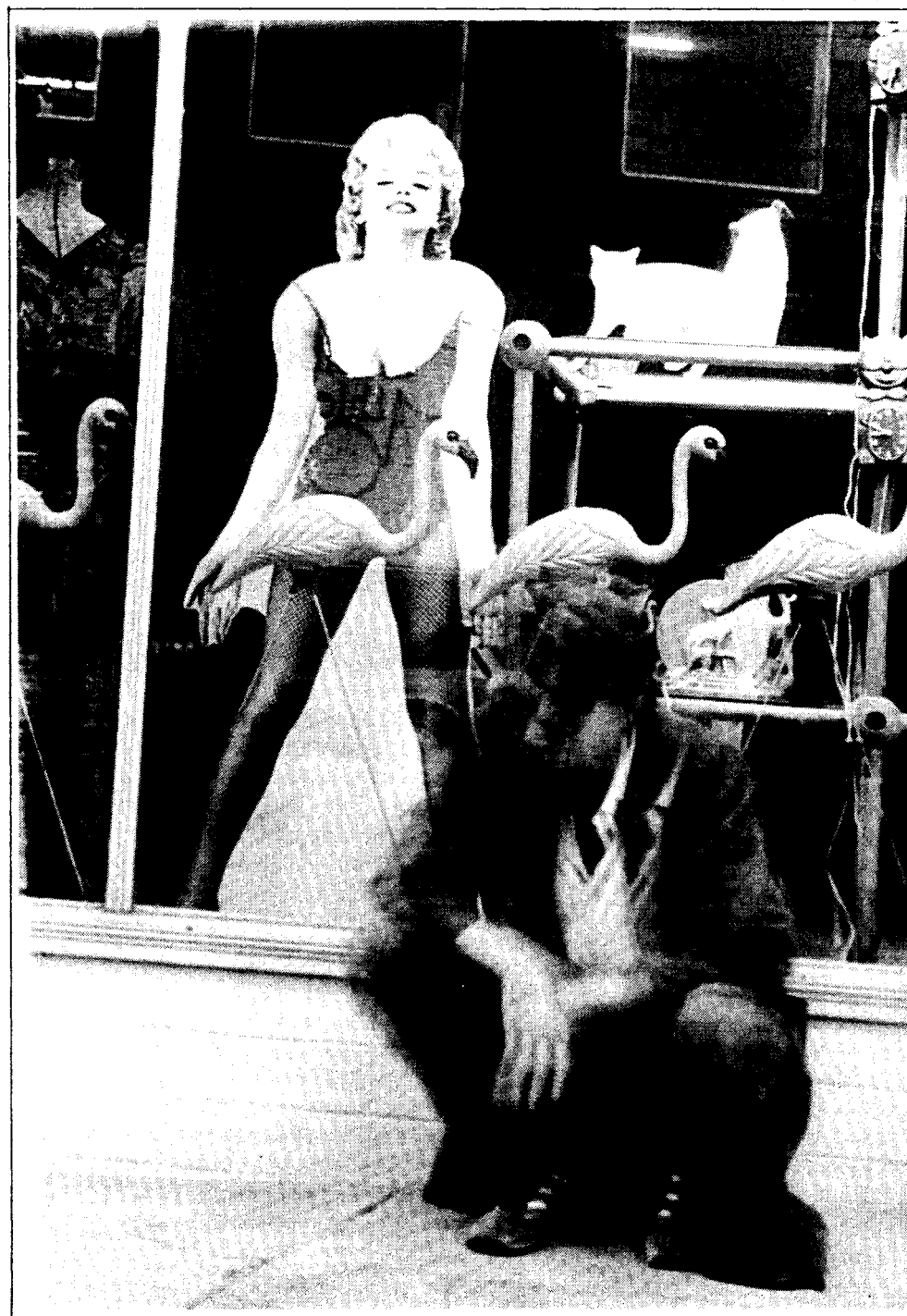


Photo by Mikell Zhan and Claire Voyant

The Man in the Box *Continued from page 31*

parking lots separating two supermarkets from one another. Beyond the parking lots and across a four lane boulevard there was an imported automobile dealership with huge mirrored windows. Whenever he was roaming around this end of town, and especially late at night when nobody could notice, Charlie would wander towards the windows at an angle, almost always being surprised by the sight of the disembodied young man moving towards him, aping him, the spring of his step, the way his clothes hung on his thin frame.

Strolling past the mirrored windows there was one car in the parking lot, an old '98 station wagon. In its passenger seat a round white face was illuminated by the lunar glow of a midget television set. Looking at the pudgy, blue-white glowing face with its virginal moustache, Charlie felt sorry for the rent-a-cop in his polyester uniform, brown like the color of fecal matter. A sad-looking type, the kind of law abiding and subservient caucasian troll who probably spent half or more of his waking hours watching television and paid topless dancers tip money to sit on his lap in seedy theaters on Market Street.

Two blocks beyond the auto dealer showroom, behind the military click of his walking boots, Charlie heard feet running towards him. Something was about to happen, maybe a joke or a trick about to be played on him. He wheeled around to face the sound and saw a dark figure coming towards him fast and at an angle, and a second figure, in front of him now, a black man with a policeman's night-stick in a hand cocked above his head, not moving so much as sailing silently through space. For a split second he thought, "Cops!" Then a grey explosion inside his skull, simultaneous with a lightning bolt of leaden heat and light and the taste of blood in his sinuses. Staggering, he turned and tried to run, but he was being clubbed on the side and the back of his head, blow after blow, again and again and he went down. Now the world was a vast wall of concrete inches beneath his nose and eyes, the blood pouring out of a lumpy gob of flesh in the center of his forehead. The blood flowed in an orderly manner down tiny canals of the cracks in the sidewalk.

"Where's your money, man? Give us your money!"

The second man was about to go through Charlie's pockets, when in raw animal fear the victim began to urinate. The second man moved back, unenthusiastic.

The man with the stick in his hand said, "Give us the money! Give us the money! Don't look at me! Don't look at me! I'll fuck you up!"

"You've already fucked me up, you piece of shit!" Charlie thought. But what he said, quivering with terror, was, "Here, this is all of it! I don't have anymore!"

He pulled his pockets inside out, wads of paper and coins that fell flat or rolled on their spines across the sidewalk. Then no sound, or sense of the presence of the muggers. No pain either, just the dirty coagulating blood across his face and matted in his scalp and embarrassing warm dampness of having pissed in his pants. He hadn't blacked out or gone unconscious. The act of rising to his feet created a wild, vertiginous feeling, as if by standing up he was being catapulted skyward sixty feet into the air. "Oh, well...guess it wasn't really my money, anyway..." Charlie couldn't tell whether he'd just thought that to himself or been saying it out loud. The combination of alcohol, the blows to his head and the ragged sidewalks left him disoriented in an awful kind of way. Now he was determined to stagger home and to the hospital, running his right hand across the gushing wound, fascinated by the spill of the red flesh juice, its warm and sticky feel. Many buildings along Shattuck Avenue were found the next morning to have been stenciled with baked-brown finger and palm prints, as if visited by the post-Crucifixion resurrected Christ, or touched by the angel of Passovers-Yet-To-Come.

Lucky Charlie got a two-day vacation after he got his head bashed open. Twenty stitches slashing across his forehead and two days to recover at home, in his cube. For days after the attack, he felt like a dentist had given him novocaine in his forehead, a dull numbness and walking up the flight of forty-two steps to his cube caused a sweeping dizziness. If he tried to get up out of bed too quickly, the world would revolve in a sickening manner around him, as if he was riding on the world's largest record player turntable, 78 r.p.m. At other times if he lay his bruised head down abruptly, he would begin to black out, his whole body overwhelmed with a feeling that he was going backwards off a high diving board in the dark. As the days went by, funny colors marched around Charlie's stitched-up forehead in a battered skin kaleidoscope, blue and purple and a cadaver yellow-green.

III.

Charlie's cube was four rooms on the top floor of a saltbox apartment building. He shared the cube with his friend, Arcindo. Arcindo had the lease for the apartment, so it was his place, basically he owned it. Arcindo was a morbid soul who spent most of his time thinking about how miserable he was. Arcindo was addicted to the feelings of longing he got from his self-pity. He got a physical high from feeling sorry for himself, the way other people get off on booze or dope or wearing real tight blue jeans. He was small. He had curly dark hair and a beard; in the wrong kind of light he looked like Jesus with a bad complexion. Although he rarely shaved, his beard and moustache seemed to stay at the same constant wire-bristle length. In his mean and self-indulgent moments, Charlie told himself that Arcindo should supplement his trust fund income by renting out his face to scrub soup pots in a French restaurant.

He walked into the room where Charlie had been sleeping. At that moment Charlie was just opening his eyes. The grim expression on Arcindo's face was a depressing sight to wake up to. It was no fun being this man's roommate.

Arcindo said, "Look, uh...I know this isn't fair...or, on some level it isn't fair, anyway, I mean, I know you won't think it's fair, but you have to leave. I want you out of the apartment."

Charlie felt a great sinking feeling inside.

"I want you out. Now."

"Well, you gonna let me take a shower first, or what?"

First getting assaulted and robbed, now homeless as well. This was getting bad. So, only one solution. No choice. He had the key to the box. He was going to have to sleep in the box. For a while. Maybe for a long while.

Two of Charlie's former friends were walking quickly across the plaza. They were dressed in black from neck to toe, and moved in a roly-poly kind of way. Charlie thought they looked like a couple of beach balls on their way to a funeral.

"Hey, look. See those two, there, Terry?"

Terry grunted, non-committal.

"They used to work with me up at the deli near Vine Street. Couple of real shitheads. Always snitching on me to the boss. You know, you're working in restaurants, you get stuck wit, working with, some of the absolutely stupidest fucking people. I mean, you know, Terry, not you of course, but some of these morons, like those two, for example. How much worse off can you get than being stuck in restaurants? Pumping gas? Selling it to old men in Willard Park? Jail? The Army? They're working, like, fifty hours a week, don't get paid shit, and they identify with the place and they go otta their way to snitch on me to the fucking manager! I mean, you gotta deal with dumbfucks like that, and what can you say! People like that are a good argument in favor of the extinction of the human species."

"That reminds me. Have you met Sarina yet?"

"No. Who's she?"

"She's the new delivery person. Better watch out, Sarina's kind of, well, I call her 'Czarina'. She's pretty pushy. Kind of authoritarian."

After the sun went down that day it was a warm night, the moon was full, big and red up in the sky. Walking south down Shattuck, Charlie found himself staring at an advertisement on the window of a discount shoe store. a salacious color portrait of a female model, tantalizing in its vacuousness and nine times as large as real life. He was delaying his date with the box. He headed towards the bar.

The Six Counties was a cavernous, dark place, with brown concrete floors. Its walls were painted black. The Six Counties always smelled strongly of sudsy ammonia and stale beer and piss, and when they didn't have live music performed by people who weren't wanted anywhere else they had a juke box with accordion music and maudlin tunes by bands with names like "The Shamrocks" and "The O'Herlihy Brothers."

Charlie had been sitting at the bar like he usually did, staring into the mirror that lined the wall behind the bar. Fifteen or twenty years before, some creative bar employee had tried to relieve the barren wallspace by pinning up dozens of political posters, posters from electoral campaigns in Ireland, some with no graphics, just phrases like, "NO TO SECTARIANISM," "FOR PEACE, WORK, AND DEMOCRACY," social realist paintings of Lenin, Ché Guevara with a very phallic cigar between his lips. Charlie usually tried to avoid looking at these sheets of paper on the wall, but in the mirror he couldn't avoid them. With their lettering reversed he couldn't quite make out what they said, and after three or four pints Charlie would play a game with himself, staring blankly at the posters and pretending to see them as an illiterate man might see the lettering of a sales slogan on a billboard. But after a while the phrases of ideological parrots were clear even when reversed in a mirror, and all the leftist advertisements and the dreary Irish Nationalist motif of the place became the visual equivalent of hearing a strident monologue read in a low voice very slowly from a loudspeaker in the corner of the ceiling.

Ronaldo had come in, a lot later than usual. He was one of the regulars. He made his rent and nine-pints-a-night-in-this-place money driving a delivery truck for the Daily Guardian. The "progressive" one. Its editors were former and future government officials and its reporters were paid out of money the paper made by running ads for Aerospace industries. Maybe get one or two more at the beer store. After Ronaldo got five or six strong ones in him he became obnoxious. He'd start offering crushing comradely hugs to Charlie, spraying phrases like "Smash Fascism" out of his mouth with little white flecks of saliva and tiny pieces

of the meals that hadn't escaped the vicinity of his gums and teeth for two weeks straight.

"Hey, dude," said Ronaldo, a lazy, cool sincerity to his voice. "What's happening?"

"Not much, ma'man. Got to go..." Charlie said it in motion as he slid off the barstool and walked past Ronaldo.

Out of the thick wooden doors it was kind of calm and still. Under the white light of the streetlamps the only sounds were those of distant passing automobiles and the hum of the streetlamps with their faulty wiring, a metallic buzzing like a nest of giant robot bees. The sidewalk was cracked in big pieces and chipped away altogether in places; walking on this crumbling, wildly uneven up-and-down terrain helped to emphasize Charlie's feeling of drunkenness; he caught his foot and stumbled on a loose piece of concrete. Orange lights flooded the little parking lot that sloped gently upward to the bullet-proof plastic and cinderblock structure of the liquor store.

Inside he waved to the friendly young black guy behind the semi-opaque wall of the counter, the guy smiled back at him and nodded. He turned to the right down the main aisle of the store, past shelves of "Hi-test" and "Mad-Dog 20/20." No shoplifting here. Behind a thin black rectangle that ran across the top of the wall across the store from the beer case was T.J.'s big fat angry cousin, with a long-barreled .41 auto-mag strapped to his waist. Charlie's ex-wife had worked here for three days and she had told him about it. Even being a regular customer who paid for everything he took, Charlie had always felt kind of tense being in here. Months earlier a basehead or hubba-head had come in here and tried to jump the bullet-proof plastic wall that guarded the cashier from the customers. The fat man in the roof just kind of winged him, took a big piece of skin off his ass, the blast knocked him down, too. He survived. But two other men who came in the store and pulled out handguns didn't. Guns drawn, they didn't even make it half way to the counter and its bullet-proof screen. The cousin who'd dusted them

was O.R.'ed in six hours, the District Attorney refused to press charges, and to show that he was serious T.J. offered a 30% sale price on the big stack of "Wallies Ale" that had been sprayed with the blood and brains of one of the stick-up men.

What to drink, "Green Death," or "The Bull"? "Fuck that shit..." He thought. His money was for good alcohol. Charlie got himself one of "Nancy's Boiler-makers," sixteen-ounces of potent amber-colored ale from a micro-brewery in Springfield, Oregon. On top of its recyclable glass container was a medicine bottle, filled with ten year old sour mash whiskey. This precious combination of strong pale ale and two and a half shots of sour mash was enough to make a moderate drinker feel "righteously fucked up." Charlie took it furtively from the beer cooler, as if he were being watched by sober people whom he wanted to be proud of him. Then he walked to the cashier behind the thick plastic wall, wanting the big fat frustrated fucker in the attic to see that he was a relatively temperate, paying customer. He breathed in deeply, knowing that most likely he wouldn't get his shit blown away by "homie" in the attic. Not the way those wild pistol-toting stubbies had gotten their asses killed dead. They must have been out-of-towners. He put his money in the vacuum chute to the cashier, exact change. Then he waited until the cashier waved him on, and he went outside.

Most doorways on the main streets became campsites after business hours. A bag-lady in a puddle of wet blankets hocked a gob of spit at him. She missed. Many people were living in old cars down here on Shattuck and off of Shattuck on the streets that were dark from the failure of the government to repair damaged street lamps. Every breath was a whiff of sewer gas. Here in Berkeley, having a Socialist city government mostly meant that the police gave out more parking tickets than they did in other cities. Except for their problems repairing street-lights, sidewalks and potholes in the roads the Socialists made good city managers. It was reassuring to the merchant classes that after forty-two years of Socialist city government, there hadn't been any crazy changes in the regular function of things. He skirted the edge of the student ghetto, passing a long stretch of apartment flats rumored to have been gutted by landlord arson.

Charlie walked up the hill to a vacant lot where Gregory parked the cart in



Photo by Mikell Zhan and Claire Voyant

The Man in the Box *Continued from page 33*

the evening after business hours. The lot was crowded with carry-out restaurants in boxes on two-wheeled trailers, a little ghetto of portable food carts. Some of the boxes that sold Cantonese or Thai food were tacky resemblances of pagodas with curving gabled roofs. One of the stands was a baroque space capsule out of a hundred-year-old "Flash Gordon" comic strip, others just looked like shoe boxes with windows on them or plastic toy log cabins. Charlie had to wander around the lot for a few minutes to find the "Vegi-Bowl" box. When he did find it he circumvented the burglar alarm and went inside, closing the door behind him. It was pitch black inside. He immediately banged his shin painfully on something in the dark and he howled and cursed. He couldn't turn on the light because someone would see him. And at night with the lights on, the white painted interiors of the box would look too much like a hospital room or an office in a police station. His first night in the box. All he had to do was find the floor and lie down and try to relax enough to sleep. He set the alarm on the clock in the cart to wake him before Gregory came. Tomorrow he would store his clothes and possessions with his friend Big Leon in the S.R.O. Hotel, near the railroad tracks on the other side of town. Sometimes he could sneak in and take showers there. He probably wouldn't be seeing Arcindo anymore. In a twisted kind of way, Charlie felt like he'd miss Arcindo. But at least he wouldn't have to deal with visits to the cube from Arcindo's other friends, people who acted strangely when they weren't taking their medication. The price on the cube had been a real break. Most of the people Charlie knew were paying up to seventy percent of their income out in rent. He wouldn't find a deal like that again. Charlie did some calculating. At his wage level, if he never spent any money at all, he could afford to move into an apartment in eight months, maybe. Charlie knew that this was the beginning of a slow ride to the bottom. Inside the box with the door locked he was safe. At least he had that much. Later that night there were odd noises outside, in the distance, like gunshots. Then a cry of sirens on police vehicles or an ambulance passing in the chaos of a violent night. On the streets he got jumpy, couldn't stand to hear anyone moving behind him. Walking down the street sweat would break out behind his knees and his throat would constrict slightly. Since he had been attacked it seemed that after dark there were always figures lurking around corners a few blocks away from him. Phantoms, silhouette lumpen moving in and out of shadows, street punk denizens of his edgy imagination.

It rained before sunrise, a brief, heavy rain, enough to clean the air so that when dawn came up grey and foggy the downtown area looked fresh, without people. After the rains came Charlie couldn't taste the grit in the air when he breathed. Up in the air a few hundred feet there was a dirty white surveillance blimp, blending well into the pale background of the sky. He looked around the plaza. There were only a few police vehicles moving down Shattuck Avenue. And a noisy street cleaning machine. But something was new or different in the

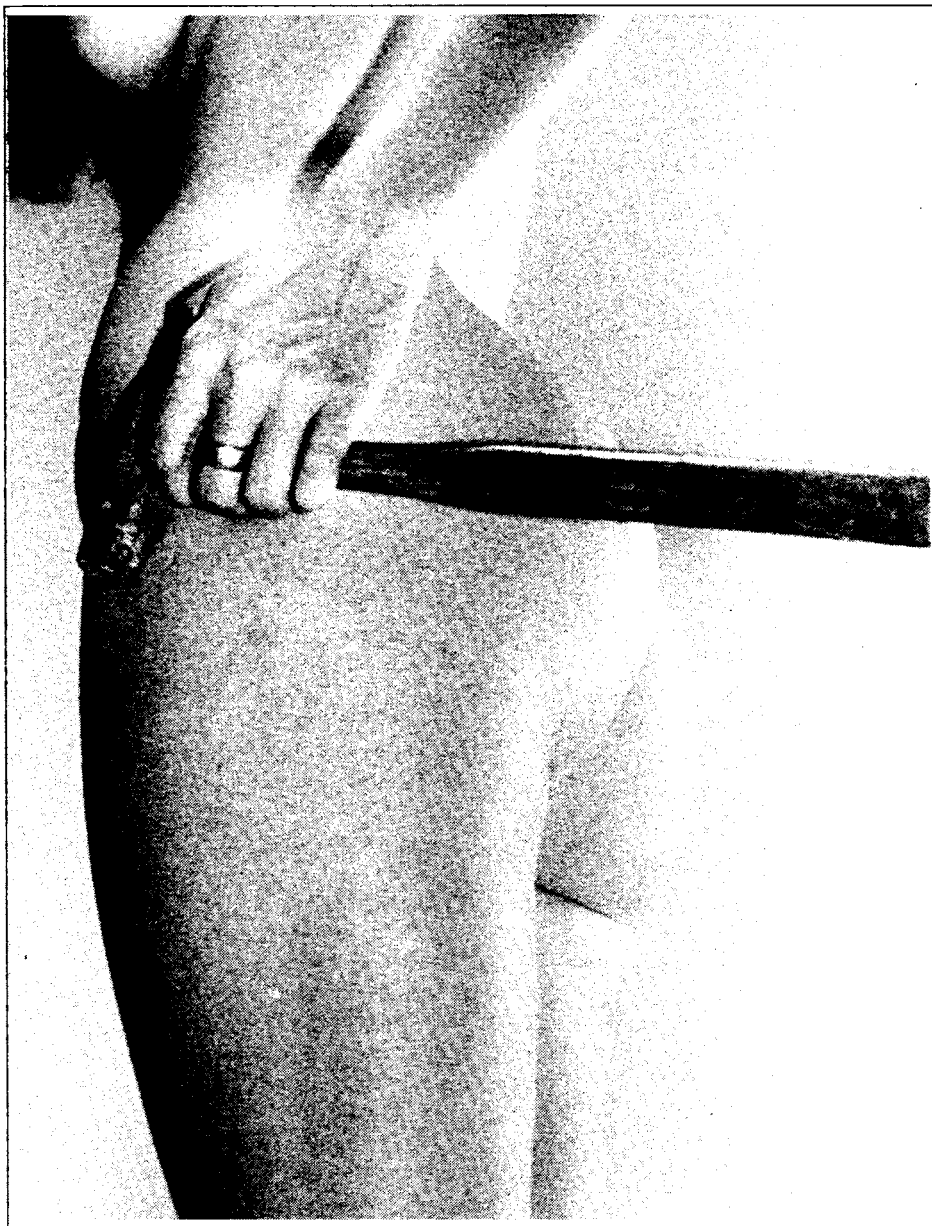


Photo by Mikell Zhan

dampness around the empty plaza. It took a few minutes to connect inside his head. Papers. Sheets of paper, printed black and red on white. Pasted up in rows, horizontally, diagonally and at odd angles, on the brick surfaces and lightposts and telephone boxes, even on the glass of the windows of the banks and travel agencies and the Art Coop. There were dozens and dozens, no, hundreds of leaflets pasted all around the plaza area. All of them said, in authoritative Helvetica-font letters, "HAIL RED ARMY ON THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS!" It was an election leaflet. Moving up to one of the leaflets that had been pasted right side up he saw that it had a sharp-looking hammer-and-sickle with a very dashing number four across the center of the hammer-and-sickle. He couldn't really read the statement on the leaflet, all clipped sentences of shrill jargon. Charlie couldn't remember their name or the distinguishing characteristics of this party and their program. They seemed to use exclamation points more often than all the other leftist outfits did, and it seemed that their ranks were mostly populated by physically awkward young college men who grew little moustaches and goatee-beards reminiscent of some Russian Army officer from a hundred and twenty years ago. But that hammer-and-sickle grabbed his attention. With its dynamic flying lines it anticipated action and collision, it was powerful and very sexy. There was a real subliminal appeal in the arc of the sickle, like the curve of a woman's nude thigh and bottom, lifted up above his face or level with his cheek. Just looking at the lines made him feel a warm, familiar fleshy longing.

The graphic lining the bottom of the leaflet was odd and compelling. Bracketing and interrupting the written text above it were images of human hands, all very uniform looking, each one clutching a monkey-wrench, a crowbar, one had a calculator of some sort and then one had some sort of plumbers tool. Charlie was not a very inventive guy, but this image of disembodied tool-bearing hands seemed to speak to him of a race of non-humans, emerging from a swamp beneath the bottom border of the leaflet, all of them crying out to have their tools placed in power above them, or used in a different manner from their present purposes. Across the bottom of the leaflet it said, "League for Defense of the Proletarian October." What could that mean? A reference to Halloween? Charlie turned away. It was time to do some shopping.

IV.

Spending several hours of the day inside a tiny booth in the center of a pedestrian thoroughfare in this city will make a voyeur out of any man or woman. Someone for whom hidden viewing of others takes on a certain precious importance.

Especially on a day like this, filled as it was with so much cheap theater. At work in the box, Charlie looked out the window. Among the mobs of grubby children and a battalion of panhandlers, Charlie saw an ancient tramp. The old man was pulling a string of supermarket shopping carts in front of the Westin building. There were five carts, tied together, full of filthy clothing and old aluminum cans and cardboard boxes. Pictures of oil paintings from magazines were fastened to some of the boxes, Charlie recognized things by Goya and DeChirico. The old tramp was slowly moving this dirty load on wheels across the plaza. Warm as the weather was, the tramp was wearing a wool overcoat with the sleeves amputated at the elbows, and he had ripped up grey wool socks functioning as fingerless gloves on his hands.

Charlie nodded towards the old man, saying, "That's me in ten years...." Terry laughed, another one of Charlie's weird jokes, but inside himself Charlie was only half-joking. The machine on the front of the Westin building was spitting out news headlines. "Broncos Lose---Premier Bhutto promises use of tactical weapons in defense against Indian aggression---Paris goes ape over simian actors performing 'Hamlet'---Mass suicide of terrorists in Marion Federal Penitentiary---Presidential candidate kills self with pistol shot to temple on live nationwide TV---"

Charlie went out the back door to empty a garbage can. Gregory was coming.

"Hi, Gregory."

"Hello, Charlie. Have we been busy?"

"Uh, yeah. Not too busy. Not too bad, really."

"Oh." Gregory sounded non-plussed. "Um. How would you like to make some more money?"

"Well, I'd always like to make more money."

"Good. Because the company has some new rules. Your shift has been lengthened. Come in at seven tomorrow."

"Well, I'm pretty happy with the part-time...." Gregory interrupted--

"Look, I'm sorry--but if you want to continue working here you're just going to have to adjust your schedule. It's not my doing. I'm not crazy about the new arrangements, but these are the terms of my new lease. Also, I want you here on alternating Saturdays and Sundays. We'll be open seven days a week from now on."

Charlie didn't look too happy. He looked up at the moving words on the Westin building: "Last Yanomami Indians purchase AM/PM Mini-Mart franchise in Amazon--Polish Riots Crushed by West German Police and Italian Airborne Troops---New Coup Plot and Trials in People's Australia---"

Gregory said, "I think you're a good worker, Charlie. This isn't going to be so bad. Really. You'll get used to it." Gregory left without saying good-bye.

Behind the racket of traffic and people, a low chopping noise filled the sky. The mechanical sound was thick and dull and it echoed off itself. Marine attack helicopters, one thousand feet up, six or seven of them, painted Wehrmacht grey.

They were jetting rapidly to the northwest in a staggered V-formation, a chevron of death in the smoggy air above the city.

Outside the window of the box Charlie saw his friend, a young white man whose face was all sharp angles. His hair was long and red and curly and it fell below his shoulders like a mane. He was wearing a tattered nylon backpack and a sleeveless grey T-shirt showed off rubbery arm muscles.

"Hi, Charlie."

Charlie bent over and put his face near the window. "Hi, David."

David seemed to be in a very cheery mood.

"How's the health food business?"

"Come around to the door. I don't like yelling at you through the window."

David went around to the back of the cart and Charlie turned to step down out of the doorway.

David said, "I feel kinda sick...Went for a walk up in the hills." David made a strange-looking face and stuck his tongue out.

Charlie looked between the buildings across the street, at the brownish clouds on the eastern horizon. He deadpanned, "Nice view, huh?"

"Couldn't see anything. One time I was up there and I could see all the way to the Bay. Could almost see Angel Island. Looks like your scar's healing. Use that 'Vitamin E' I gave you?"

Charlie replied, "Yeah, I been usin' it."

"I ran into Francis. Francis has been asking about you, Charlie."

Charlie frowned. "I don't talk to Francis anymore. Francis's been dishin' me. Been dishin' me bad."

David shrugged. "So what else is new? Francis does that to everybody."

"Hey, I'm just tired of it. Francis is a malicious gossip. All the shit I gotta deal with? I don't need that."

David asked, "What time are you free?"

Charlie said, "Oh, the usual. Do you want to meet for coffee?"

"Sure. How about 'the Med'?"

"No, I hate 'the Med'. That place smells like a portable toilet. Maybe we could go somewhere else."

"Yeah, well...There's a film festival at the 'Browning.' 'Auteur Week,' Tonight it's Lay ooh-vrah day J. Lee Thompson. Seven and a half hours long...Maybe I could come by here and meet you."

Charlie said, "Yeah, they just raised the ticket prices." He paused. "You got to pay to piss in this damn country."

David said, "Actually, I've got something for you." David pulled off his backpack, crouched near the ground, and unzipped it. Charlie laughed; there was a plastic squirt gun in David's pack.

"Hey David, Aren't you a little old to be playing with water pistols?"

David looked up and grinned. "Fuck you, scumbag. This isn't a toy. It's a 'Glock'...."

Hiding his hands deep in the pack he held the pistol in both hands and extracted the clip in the handle of the gun. He looked around, then he held the clip in his cupped palms for Charlie to see.

"A 'Glock-nineteen'. Made out of polymers, like plastics. Very accurate. Nineteen rounds, nine millimeter, See? Flying ashtrays, like dum dum bullets...."

"You shittin' me?"

"I shit you not."

"I can't even afford a twenty-two."

"Yes! I know that...." Hands hidden inside the pack, David put the clip back into the automatic. He said, "I got it real cheap."

David pulled a plastic bag out of his pack and set it on the ground. Then he zipped the pack up, put the straps over his shoulders and clutching the plastic bag he rose to his feet, moving all this time as if he expected to be tackled from behind. He handed the plastic bag to Charlie.

"Go ahead and open it."

It was an old-fashioned glass soda pop bottle, a long-necked thing with a circular red, white and blue brand name label. There was some kind of stuff inside the bottle.

David said, "I made it for you." The bottle was surprisingly heavy. Charlie hefted it by the neck with his right hand, beginning to understand.

David said, "It's filled with sand and buckshot. You can use it as a club. If some wing-nut tries to fuck with you, you can fuck them up, severe. See, you swing it...try to connect in the arms or the upper chest. Crack 'em in the head, if you're not careful, this puppy could break a man's neck. Serious."

Charlie smiled, swinging the bottle in the air, getting a feel for its potential.

"David, hey, thanks. Thanks a lot."

Charlie hugged his friend David, hugged him tight. David was a very thoughtful and generous friend. He was always giving Charlie presents.

Late in the afternoon, when Gregory had gone back to the warehouse and Terry had quit for the day, when all the customers had temporarily disappeared Charlie stepped outside the box, watching the weird scenery of the downtown area at the end of the Indian Summer. There was a light smell of burning diesel fuel in the air. On days with the air like this many people wore paper or plastic gas masks with clever designs on them, making the wearers look like wild animals or famous cartoon characters. As it said in the commercials, "a perfect marriage of style and function." A two-door import raced south on Shattuck, as it passed the subway pillbox a good-looking white guy with wire rimmed glasses leaned out of the passenger side window. He cupped his hands to his mouth, and shouted at someone, it sounded like he shouted, "Caitlin, snitch! Fuck You!." As the evening came on the facades of downtown buildings were illuminated by the flash of

glowing advertisements projected from the sidewalks. Teenagers and small kids walked in a semi-hypnotic state, cruising along while reading the glowing moving pictures beneath their feet and dodging passing people and cars. Even when the streets weren't packed eight and ten people deep, there were still a lot of walking, running people. Music from stores and passing cars and pedestrians, everywhere you could hear the clash of megacommodified rock and roll. Police vehicles jacked up on large donut-shaped wheels moved by on Shattuck every few minutes, or appeared and disappeared around the corners of the downtown blocks. As they seemed to bounce along down the street the police vehicles, painted midnight blue or luminescent green, projected a thundering electric bass sound out of large speakers mounted on their rear side paneling. This throbbing low loud sound had a sedative effect on people in large numbers. It cut the friction-anxiety buzz of human beings crushed together in the noise and confinement of brick and concrete spaces. Another beneficial side product of the popular music industry.

It was fast approaching five o'clock. School was out. Teenaged kids were prowling the street. A lot of teenagers wore expensive hats and jackets and imported Italian hiking boots, the hiking boots were the latest fashion in clothing, along with the rectangular boxes that stuck out from underneath of stylish people's clothing at right angles from the knees, elbows and hips. The kids that really had money to spend wore hologrammatic neon rings, glowing steadily or blinking many different colors and flashing patterns, around their necks and arms, and legs and torsos. Sometimes the holograms made them look like they were being immolated. Walking into the ring systems around the arms and shoulders of strange kids as you passed them was a disconcerting feeling. These rings were more than just expensive toys or fashion, they were an urban njuju in the estranged terrain between the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, a magic device where wealth brought status, and more than status, it brought power and charm and protection against the bad things in dark places of a city of two hundred thousand people. The commercial carnival of this college town with its murder rate twelve and a half times as high as that of London, England, not counting the always justifiable homicides by the police. Crowded with homeless people, people fleeing the client regimes of the United States and refugees from the Southern Wars, armless or legless or blind. Or brain-damaged by chemical warfare agents similar to BZ gas. And if you thought this was bad, you should have seen the other East Bay cities. Like San Leandro, or Richmond, California. Why would anybody live in Richmond? Like a tiny Detroit, with fewer people, more guns and better weather.

All of these days at the end of the Indian Summer unfolded under a steady progression of bloody red suns, suns in the sky that were redder than the flag of the Albanian Stalinists. This color in the sky was created and distorted by the destruction by fire that summer of most of the forests in the Sierra and the Cascade ranges to the east and the forests of the Coast mountain range. From the Diablos to the Ochocos and three or four blocks away a cottony grey haze fogged the streets, and the hills above the city to the east were made invisible. At times the daytime sky was grey and smelled faintly like a charcoal barbecue, at night the sheet of smoke would cover the entire urban area around the Bay, and the glow of street lamps, cars and buildings would turn the smoke ceiling of the sky into a glowing, lumpy yellow mattress in the air. This was life under a ninety mile long thermal inversion. The cloud made things look just like Christmas in Pittsburgh. Everyone, even the most battered drug addicts in Oakland's burned and bombed-out Hyatt Regency Hotel, was frightened by this cloud from hell. Everyone knew that something terrible lived and thrived in the East. Thirty-two days working in the box, eight days sleeping in the box.

Lying in the jet-blackness of the box at night he could meditate, in a superficial sort of way, accompanied by the little clicks and rushing noises of the computer and water draining from the soup heater and the dripping faucet in the sink.

A leftist demonstration had been held around the subway plaza that day. Sometimes Charlie had this gift of lucidity that sharply interrupted his normal

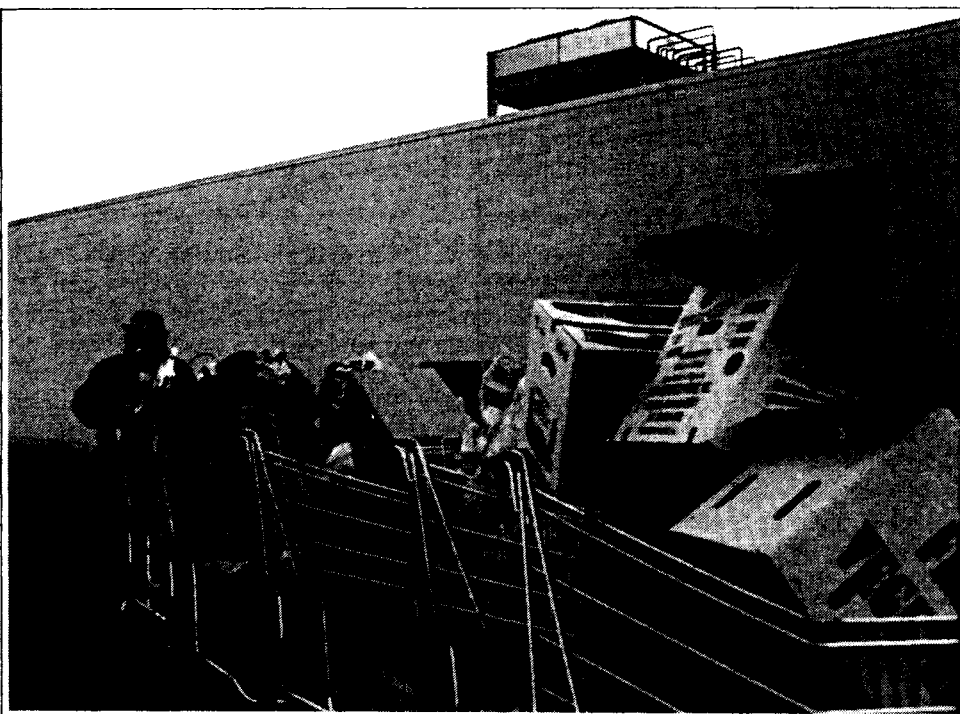


Photo by Mikell Zhan

The Man in the Box *Continued from page 35*

state of bewilderment and mystification. He could see some movement of modern city dwellers, like a political rally, with the same sense of clear analytical detachment that you might expect to find in a visitor from Alpha Centauri.

It was always a temporary occupation of a piece of terrain that nobody would fight for anyway. The arrangements were usually catered by the demonstration organizers and police officers in body armor and dark blue jumpsuits. The police usually helped. Why shouldn't they? For all the shouting and posturing those events were never anything more than gatherings of time travellers from the past, practicing a kind of sandbox politics, quarreling over who had the biggest plastic bucket and shovel. Different groups of Bronze-Age Socialists furtively handing each other tiny pieces of dead trees, and people collecting stacks of these pieces of dead trees in their pockets and their backpacks. Most of this paper ended up in trash cans or grimy wads of leaflets that clogged the gutters and littered the streets without being read by anyone. Often not even read by the people who gave them out. Charlie never cared about what they were saying. Whenever he saw a peace march or a political demonstration he felt like throwing rocks.

One of the socialist parties was almost exclusively made up of sociology teachers, graduate students, low-level trade union officials and welfare cops. They were a timid lot. They spent their collective energies trying to serve as unpaid auxiliaries of the cops, policing other groups at these tedious demonstrations. They also served as a publisher's clearinghouse for the speeches of an ancient leftist despot ruling over a large Caribbean island. Their enthusiasm for states like this one grew in inverse proportion to the likelihood of their ever having to live under such a regime. Not many other people could stand up for a regime whose legacy was mostly one of firing squads, labor camps and air-brushed photographs. But year after year this socialist party stood by its man. At least they were consistent.

Another more ambitious and aggressive group had broken away from this older outfit. The more ambitious party had the Panamanian franchise, affiliated with the new military regime of the self-proclaimed Marxist-Leninist Army Major Roberto Vargas. They benefited greatly from the fact that Major Vargas was the handsomest ruler in all of the Americas. With his liquid dark eyes, high cheekbones, handlebar moustache, and thick brown hair in a crewcut the crooked democrats and oligarchs from the other republics couldn't give him any visual competition. The leftist groups attached to the Panamanian strong man could almost pay salaries to their cadre from the revenue raised by selling black and white portraits of the sexiest absolute ruler in the Western Hemisphere.

"Comrade Bob" had usurped power in the uprising that destroyed the old narcoligarchy. Before his seizure of power, Major Vargas had been a part-time star of Grade "B" Mexican spy movies. So life found itself copying television, the adventures of the young commander of elite troops watched in reruns on a billion TV sets world-wide. Leftist students at universities in Germany and Canada and French economists like watching these old shows on the tube. It gave them a vicarious charge, a cowboy movie identification with the exaggerated violence of their nowadays real-life hero. It was the closest that anyone had come to witnessing the seizure of state power by a rock star.

Charlie lay on that hard plastic tile floor, many dozens of nights in a row, legs pressed between a big plastic cooler on the floor and a trash can at his ankles. He couldn't open any windows, couldn't even open a vent, without setting off the burglar alarm. He wanted to avoid dealing with the police at all costs. If he got fired, or was caught breaking into the cart in order to sleep there, the police could frog-march him into a psychiatric facility or a homeless shelter. As long as he was still working he wouldn't be as helpless as street people were. Sometimes he was jolted out of sleep by the all-around, surrounding sound of great diesel horns, the sirens of fire engines, the Klaxon sound so all-enveloping that it seemed the big diesel machines were about to crash into and crush his little sleeping space, this fragile little box. Noises faded away, but the lack of ventilation gave him headaches. At times inside the suffocating space at night, he couldn't help but feel that the ceiling was bending in towards him, that the walls to his sides were narrowing and that he was growing, turning into a giant. The upper part of his body felt like it was separated from his feet by a distance as long as a football field.

Eyes, eyes, eyes and more eyes, invasive, seemingly all-knowing, mean and condemning. Now it hit him all the time, outside of the box as much as when he was at work. All the people viewing him with stern expressions and vindictiveness, as if the entire city was populated by priests and kindergarten teachers. Many of them seemed to be looking at his groin. Did all the passersby on these downtown streets secretly notice something about Charlie? His bad events, his fantasies in masturbation? Was he walking down this crowded main street without having buttoned his fly? Was his cock hanging out of his pants? "Why do they all look at me? Anyway why do they all look at me like *that*?", he thought in panic. When he slept at night he tended to be pursued in the "land beyond the bed" by nightmares, or at least by imaginary sequences that were disconcerting if not downright horrible. Dreams where he had missed a ride on a hydrofoil, leaving him behind in a land of famine and cannibalism. Or where Charlie was riding a jetliner filled with smoke and flames and screaming passengers, frozen perpetually in the moment of its collision with the sea. Or dreams where he was naked and seated on a toilet on an elevated stage in front of the entire population of his high school; they were all watching him, whispering to each other, making rude

comments or laughing. He had slipped into the habit of drinking heavily every night. It was easier to sleep on the hard floor with seven or eight beers or shots of bourbon in his stomach. And on nights that he couldn't sleep, confronting the aggressive hopelessness of his life in this shit society, Charlie would remember the enemy submarines off the coast, and he would cheer for them. "Go Ivan! Go Ivan, Do it now!"

The hot weather and the smoke clouds in the sky lasted into October. Gregory showed up at the cart one morning carrying shirts on clothes hangers under transparent laundry covers. The persnickety Brazilians were making all the employees of their boxes wear a kind of uniform. A day or two after they were issued Terry quit, abruptly; he said he had to go to Europe with his girlfriend. The uniform was a synthetic long-sleeved pullover, "one-size-fits-all." The shirt was midnight blue, except across the chest and at the cuffs and collar. Across the front of the shirt was a stenciled image of a big bow tie, a frilly white shirt and the lapels of a tuxedo jacket, with a white carnation on one lapel. From a few feet away the illusion worked. It was like the black and white skeleton suit some people wear to Mardi Gras. The cuffs were white with fake cufflinks to continue the illusion of fancy dress. In the long lines of regular rush customers, people snorted condescendingly or stared even longer and harder at the people preparing their sandwiches. Some teenaged kids waited in line to harass people wearing the shirt. The juice of overripe tomatoes and egg salad and stuff from avocados got sprayed and smeared on the cuffs and the white front of the funny uniform shirt. Later on they sent a television crew to film the cart after-hours for commercials; Charlie was selected to be the model cart employee. For six days he had to stay late, and with crowds of people watching under bright lamps simulating daylight the director of the camera crew shouted at Charlie, bullied him into smiling while he filmed him serving food.

Fifty-one days in the box: many hours of his working life were filled with a sensation that an invisible wooden wheel studded with aluminum nails was slowly rolling up his ass and back, over the top of his head and rolling down his face, making his flesh all needles and pins. After a little while it went away, certainly nothing to be ashamed of. Day in, day out, the same repetitive tasks, expenditures of many motions of the body and irreplaceable hours stolen out of Charlie's life.

"How long does it have to be this way? What's the point of leaving work if you just have to come back to it tomorrow? Shit! Haven't I made enough sandwiches? Why can't I go home now? Why can't I just go home forever?"

It struck him--"Just leave. Put the knife down, don't make any more sandwiches--ever. Just put the knife down. Or throw it down, or throw it at a customer. Just get rid of it and run. Out the door, down the street screaming, run all

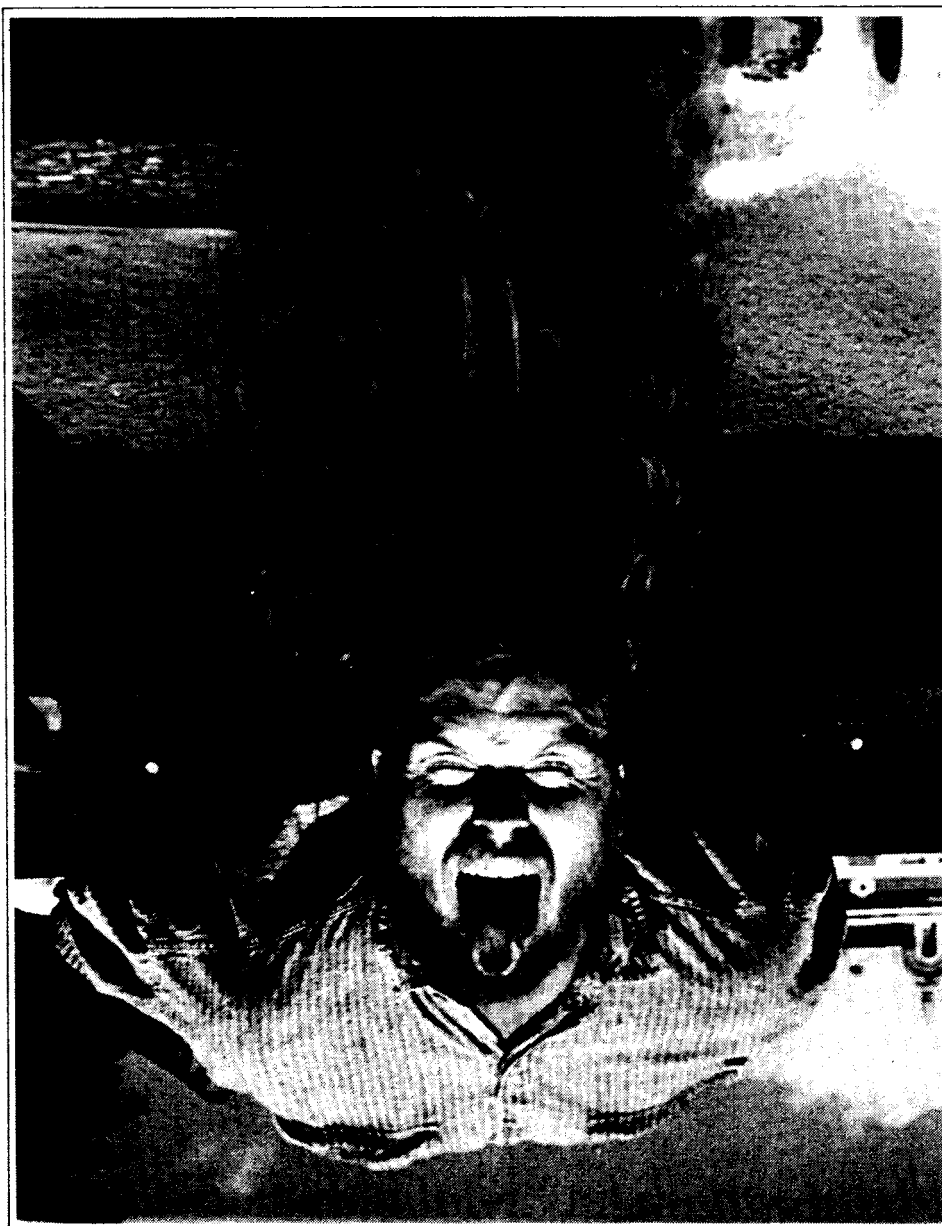


Photo by Mikell Zhan and Claire Voyant

the way to the railroad tracks and hop a flatbed piggy-back on a freight train for the mountains...."

That wasn't going to happen. Charlie suppressed that urge. He couldn't really do that.

The cold weather had to come. It had to come soon. It was always hot and suffocating inside the box at night. Steam clouds formed inside the box from his breathing. Charlie stunk from not bathing for five days, he smelled like a Viking. The smell of his body funk seemed to be seeping into the walls of the cart. Customers were beginning to notice and complain, a woman had asked if the turkey salad had gone bad. Each night if he could sleep at all he slept irritated, his back hurt, he gushed buckets of sweat.

V.

A man was lying on the floor of a tiny room in pitch black darkness, realizing that he spent between fifteen and seventeen hours a day, five to six days a week between these four walls, floor and ceiling, in this room that was so small that it only gave him centimeters to spare while standing. This had been going on for, how many days and nights? He had lost count after seventy-five. It seemed that there had never been any reality for him before this, and if there had been it had taken on an increasingly abstract and distant quality. He could not conceive of any life for him beyond what he found himself in now. Could the box have been growing smaller during his occupation of its small space? After many sleepless hours in the dark on this night, the man became convinced that the room in darkness was the physical incarnation of the space inside his brain, and the walls and ceiling were no longer a place of employment, they were a metastasizing organic prosthesis jutting out of his head from side to side, and the movement that he couldn't see confirmed his suspicions.

Patient as the Sphinx, the man in the box watched the blackness shift into a midnight blue. Two hours later an arctic blue light was coming into this space, rilling across the features of the tiny room, animating simple objects and machines, making them temporarily alive, slowly moving in a kind of limbo existence in this box inside of Charlie's head. The light was slowly shifting downward in an attempt of the dawn to escape the skyscraper's violation of the contaminated skies. In a few hours the light would reach the supine man. And he would have to get up and start working again.

How many friends had left town, left the state, left the country or departed from the world of the living altogether? Bodies broken on the front end of a Mercedes, or impacted into the crushed dashboard of an imported sub-compact. Dispatched by poison, bullets, industrial accidents, by cocaine, cops and cars. Eddie had been a pretty intense alcoholic. About a year before it happened she'd started getting heavily into cocaine. Exchanging one jones for another? She died of gunshot wounds, one of five that pulped her head. Another got a kind of wasting disease, shrunk into a living skeleton before the disease mercifully vegetabilized him. Pedro was on Death Row in Florida. George was cut into eight pieces by the wheels of a subway train, not counting liquid stuff and spilled internal organs. They could have painted a public bathroom with what was left of him. "Ah, to be young in America...That is euthanasia."

Well, he hadn't really liked George that much, anyway.

He recalled a time when he rode a motorcycle down the Owens Valley, under perfect bright blue skies, in the fall, like now, five years ago last week. His head compressed inside the crash helmet, the earth rolled fast beneath his fists and

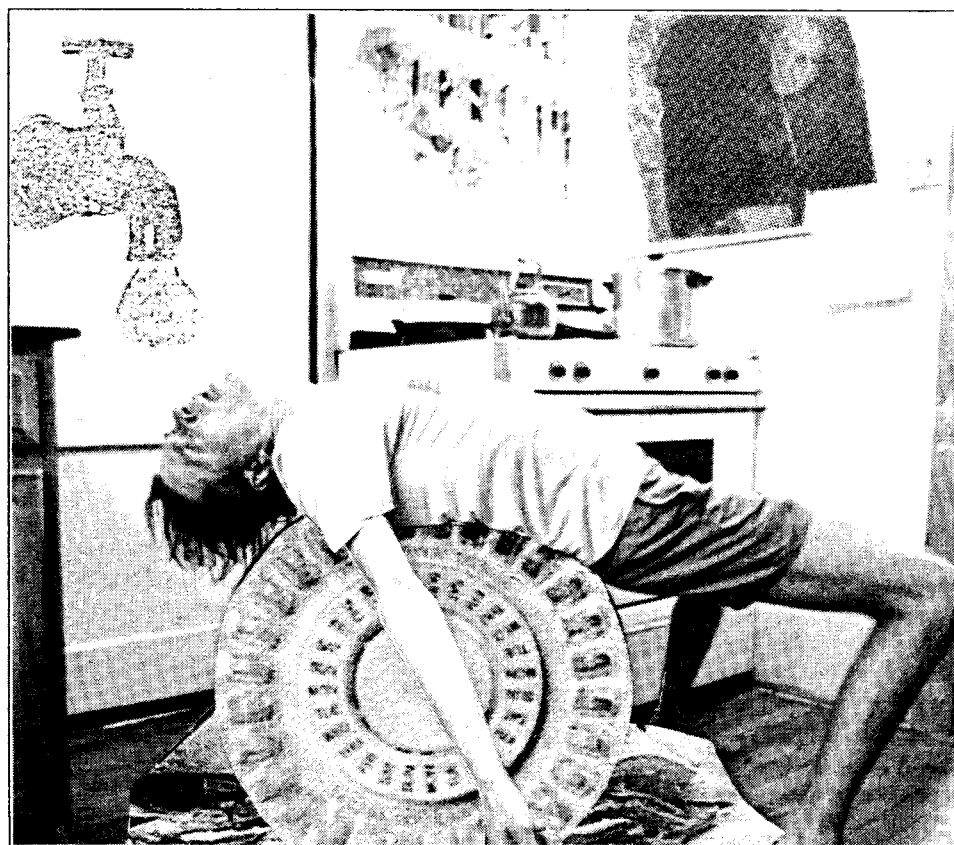


Photo collage by Mikell Zhan and Claire Voyant

knees, hot wind screamed around him. Straight down the two-lane blacktop road, ahead of him and coming up fast, was a cluster of trees, an abrupt interruption of the high desert country around the trees. The earth rolled beneath him quickly, and he was thinking, "That must be Lone Pine." Left and right of him for many miles was dry scrub grass, on the right there were ridges of red rocks, the Alabama Hills. The Alabama Hills were mounds of many warped smooth stones, red stones as big as subway cars, tangled and weirdly shaped, there was something vaguely clownish in those jumbles of eroded rock. Looking away from the road quickly, some miles to his left were nine thousand feet of black volcanic buttes, the Inyo Range, to the right on the other side of the Alabama Hills, eleven thousand feet high above him was an uninterrupted wall of tan colored granite, the sheer Eastern escarpment of the Sierra Nevada, stretching north and south away from him for hundreds and hundreds of miles. That barren granite up there and the backcountry beyond it was the land of the ice and snow, land without money, free and primitive, everything that Charlie could never be and never have. A few white clouds were clustering in the bright blue sky behind the jagged stone teeth of Mount Russell and Thor Peak, and Mount Whitney. They were like a row of rock daggers. Which one was Whitney? Was he seeing it, or was it up there somewhere out of sight?

The sign for Lone Pine sailed past, and Charlie realized he was doing almost eighty, spaced out, thinking about the decline of his first marriage. Every night that they had slept together he would wake around three or four or five in the morning, the sheets soaked and his body covered with a warm and clammy perspiration. The first weeks, months even, she hadn't minded or made a stir. They both thought it was some temporary metabolic imbalance. He tried taking gelatin capsules of Golden Seal and drinking herbal tea. He started taking hot showers before bed, bathing several times a day, and going swimming. But still it would creep out at night, the murky sweat and its smell, bitter and strong and tangy like old oil filters soaked in pools of wino piss. They took to changing the sheets in the middle of the night. Carol found that her sleeping patterns were totally disrupted. She would fall off in a deep and fitful rest and then abruptly be awakened by his moaning and the smell and feel of the murky damp. Then she couldn't go back to sleep, and her waking hours were exhausting. It made her crabby. She began to feel that he had given her a kind of contagious insomnia that invaded her body by osmosis. No one could have blamed her for losing her attraction to her husband; it wasn't anything he could have helped but she couldn't help her feelings, either. In remembering this, Charlie realized that he had more of a relationship with the owners of liquor stores than he had with any of the women he'd ever had sex with.

Charlie curled and uncurled his toes inside his boots, cramping his feet into the pointed tips, an old habit for breaking out of daydreams and the white line fever of long distance motorcycle trips, out of the wild agitation and disturbance of his hurts. He reminded himself that he was carrying two passengers, moved his back slightly and was again aware of the young man's hands in his pockets, then dimly aware of the presence of the woman behind the man. He had hardly noticed them back there since after lunch in Bishop. Good motorcycle passengers, the kid was a little nervous, but they were as unobtrusive and easy to carry on his bike as a box of canned goods from the Federal Market.

Burnt brown scrub all around him, moving towards the rough high desert of the Mojave...he could hear wood scraping against wood, then directly above his face was Gregory's decapitated head, floating in the middle of a hazy white background. Before he was aware that he was breathing Charlie was growling and half-choking and coughing. This was too terrible to deal with. His first impression was that Gregory had been killed, very violently, and he was responsible. Now a terrible memory of what he had done was coming at him from his fear of being caught.

"Charlie...What are you doing here!?" Charlie cleared his throat, thinking "Why haven't I hidden the body?!", rubbing green stuff from the corners of his eyes. Now sitting up, he realized that Gregory was standing next to him, groin level with and inches from Charlie's face. Charlie felt a curious sexual vulnerability.

"Stop!", Charlie said, "Wait!" The fucking alarm clock hadn't gone off. Charlie was still drunk from the night before, with a hangover that was an invisible steel pipe thrust through his skull. Everything reeked of gin. Coming up into something he didn't quite understand, Charlie was under the impression that he had been responsible for Gregory's death, that he had wrecked his old motorcycle and killed Gregory doing it, torn the man's body limb from limb. Now pulling himself to his feet with his hands on the counter, Charlie began to emerge from his fog.

"Charlie," Gregory said, "What are you doing in here at this hour?"

"Well, I wasn't burglarizing the place...."

"Oh, I'm quite sure you aren't. That's not the issue. What gives you the right to think you should be inside of here?"

"Ah...Sleeping, actually. I was sleeping. I got evicted from my cube. Look, I couldn't help it. I don't have anyplace to go...."

He was practically on his knees with apologies.

But as bad as it seemed at the time he didn't get fired. And Charlie didn't quit, either. Nine months later he was still in the box. Except for the possibility of a reprieve provided by street crime, war or cancer, Charlie Lomax would probably stay in the box. Day in, day out, for several decades, until it was time for him to move into another, much smaller box.

Columns



The Nihilist's Dictionary

by John Zerzan

Fe-ral (fir'-el, fer'-) *adj.* Wild, or existing in a state of nature, as freely occurring animals or plants; having reverted to the wild state from domestication.

We exist in a landscape of absence wherein real life is steadily being drained out by debased work, the hollow cycle of consumerism and the mediated emptiness of high-tech dependency. Today it is not only the stereotypical yuppie workaholic who tries to cheat despair via activity, preferring not to contemplate a fate no less sterile than that of the planet and (domesticated) subjectivity in general. We are confronted, nonetheless, by the ruins of nature and the ruin of our own nature, the sheer enormity of the meaninglessness and the inauthentic amounting to a weight of lies. It's still drudgery and toxicity for the vast majority, while a poverty more absolute than financial renders more vacant the universal Dead Zone of civilization. "Empowered" by computerization? Infantilized, more like. An Information Age characterized by increased communication? No, that would presuppose experience worth communicating. A time of unprecedented respect for the individual? Translation: wage-slavery needs the strategy of worker self-management at the point of production to stave off the continuing productivity crisis, and market research must target each "life-style" in the interest of a maximized consumer culture.

In the upside-down society the solution to massive alienation-induced drug use is a media barrage, with results as embarrassing as the hundreds of millions futilely spent against declining voter turnout. Meanwhile, TV, voice and soul of the modern world, dreams vainly of arresting the growth of illiteracy and what is left of emotional health by means of propaganda spots of thirty seconds or less. In the industrialized culture of irreversible depression, isolation, and cynicism, the spirit will die first, the death of the planet an afterthought. That is, unless we erase this rotting order, all of its categories and dynamics.

Meanwhile, the parade of partial (and for that reason false) oppositions proceeds on its usual routes. There are the Greens and their like who try to extend the life of the racket of electoralism, based on the lie that there is validity in any person representing another; these types would perpetuate just one more

home for protest, in lieu of the real thing. The peace "movement" exhibits, in its every (uniformly pathetic) gesture, that it is the best friend of authority, property and passivity. One illustration will suffice: in May, on the 20th anniversary of Berkeley's People's Park battle, a thousand people rose up admirably, looting 28 businesses and injuring 15 cops; declared peace-creep spokesperson Julia Talley, "These riots have no place in the peace movement." Which brings to mind the fatally misguided students in Tiananmen Square, after the June 3 massacre had begun, trying to prevent workers from fighting the government troops. And the general truth that the university is the number one source of that slow strangulation known as reform, the refusal of a qualitative break with degradation. Earth First! recognizes that domestication is the fundamental issue (e.g. that agriculture itself is malignant) but many of its partisans cannot see that our species could become wild. Radical environmentalists appreciate that the turning of national forests into tree farms is merely a part of the overall project that also seeks their own suppression. But they will have to seek the wild everywhere rather than merely in wilderness as a separate preserve.

Freud saw that there is no civilization without the forcible renunciation of instincts, without monumental coercion. But, because the masses are basically "lazy and unintelligent," civilization is justified, he reasoned. This model or prescription was based on the idea that pre-civilized life was brutal and deprived--a notion that has been, amazingly, reversed in the past 20 years. Prior to agriculture, in other words, humanity existed in a state of grace, ease and communion with nature that we can barely comprehend today.

The vista of authenticity emerges as no less than a wholesale dissolution of civilization's edifice of repression, which Freud, by the way, described as "something which was imposed on a resisting majority by a minority which understood how to obtain possession of the means to power and coercion." We can either passively continue on the road to utter domestication and destruction or turn in the direction of joyful upheaval, passionate and feral embrace of wildness and life that aims at dancing on the ruins of clocks, computers and that failure of imagination and will called work. Can we justify our lives by anything less than such a politics of rage and dreams?

A's for Attitude

Emotional allegiance and demystification

"*Cogito ergo sum.*" "I think therefore I am," wrote Descartes. People believed they had entered the age of reason, an age where the nature of people's existence was more important than that of God's, where things previously taken on faith could all be questioned. This didn't appear overnight; radical thinkers have always existed and the very examination of humanity is very logically developing into a more clear general analysis. The development of transportation and communication systems, and the means by which we receive our information and are able to arrive at and disseminate new ideas has helped us to keep taking new looks at the world around us.

The discovery of the problems facing societies is largely a process of demystification; first the reality of the situation has to be uncovered. Often the best we can do is to come up with various possibilities for change. With more concrete issues, such as natural problems, unexplicable things, etc., it is reality to admit that we don't know the causes of, effects of, or solutions to everything around us. Abstractions such as god or gremlins have prevented people from realizing their own power to examine problems and create solutions. This power has been realized within limited fields; it's the interest of the anarchist to prove through example that anarchy, or people being capable to solve problems without social or legal regulation, is based in reality.

Resistance to the plan is heavy. Emotional allegiance systems plug into abstract concepts, then claim an emotional reality. This has to do with not only our education, but our emotional relation to reality as well. We are not only taught that one can't govern oneself, but we're very willing to substantiate this ourselves. Things are made overly difficult to understand to maintain vertical social and political structures and people are thus willing to give responsibility to those who volunteer it. Our emotional relation to reality is that we are responsible for our

Continued on page 11

Effects without a cause

by Mikal Jakubal

It recently occurred to me--or, I should say hit me like a ton of bricks!--that the common ideologies of activism (read: react-ivism) & scamming had imposed a strict limit on my horizons, had become blinders to the fact that, in practice, my life was still not of my own determination. In looking for the next way to beat the system (scamming), I placed it squarely in the center of my view; in opposing the excesses of capital & the state, I established these institutions as my ground, as the frame-of-reference for the effectiveness of my actions & theories. What hit so painfully was the awareness that my needs, desires & dreams & their realizations were nowhere to be found in this scenario. Once again, I'd been duped. A real emptiness hit for a time--I felt as if I'd been sold a hologram of life, been the victim of a very bad joke. If felt as if the rug had been pulled from under my feet--only to find no floor beneath it.

The upshot of this situation has been a period of exploration & questioning, a re-evaluation of my motives in order to sift out the false from the genuine, and an attempt to define--or at least understand the nature of--the things I truly wish for in life. For me this is the process of shifting my frame of reference away from what I oppose (pose opposite) & on to that which I desire. As ecological collapse & political repression dovetail headlong toward a sure apocalypse, the urgency of establishing a vision

beyond the megamachine & daring to demand, create & live in that world makes other avenues seem obsolete. How is a new world to emerge if we continue to live in the old world of the megamachine, frame our vision in its image, judge the effectiveness of our actions in its terms, ask that it grant longed-for changes and then plea for its benevolence when we run afoul of its police powers? By "living in a new world" I do **not** mean to imply "visualizing" something in order to pretend that it does exist & that the "real world" suddenly disappeared. Rather, I mean that we redefine--in a visionary, personally felt (*i.e.* subjective) manner--the terms of our engagement with this "real world" & cease to value it as our reference to what we deem "desirable," "real" or even "possible."

This process takes on a particular importance as people begin to emerge from the last two decades of somnambulance & once again call the world to question. For, as I've come to see it, it's not so much that revolutionaries become that which we fight, but that we **already** are that creature--only once the tables turn we can fully actualize what was previously latent. In other words, the enemy is in us in the sense that we've interiorized the megamachine, that we've identified personally with it, made its desires ours, made it our very frame of reference on reality. We--all of us to one degree or another--have machinery, cops, prisons, bosses, factories, spies & parking lots in our heads. We already are what we oppose. The

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danger lies in our failure to recognize & resist this condition & thereby remain what we so fiercely fight. In this sense, outrage & militance over the "issues"—without attention to their internal, subjective aspects & divorced from vision & desire—may prove, in practice, to be the last, best form of social control & maintenance of the *status quo*. Our actions are projections of the world we carry around inside us; the only question remains: what type of world will it be?

Where do we go from here? What does this "look like" in practice? I sure don't know—it's what I'm now searching out. Certainly the old passivist get-arrested-for-the-TV routines have little to do with actually living on our own terms. Even most other traditional forms of subversion—thrift, sabotage, propaganda....—often end up merely as accommodations to the system. Useful living examples of a world beyond the walls of the global commodity factory are so rare & far between—yet they are out there. In so many ways & against the immensity of external & self-repression that civilization fosters, desires for community & freedom, joy, spontaneity, nature & wildness emerge as touchstones, as a "home base" from which we can both dream of & create the world we want while destroying what bars our way. In the past few months I've encountered people & situations that have each in their own way revealed some of the possibilities. Following are a few of the more interesting ones.

San Francisco mud people

Imagine removing most of your clothes in Golden Gate Park & joining 30 or so other similarly unclad primordialites in a group mudbath where everyone gets to smear everyone else from head to toe with thick, slimy, multi-colored clay. Once coated—and it's difficult to describe just how wonderful it feels to be slimed by 5 or 6 other people at once—we circled up briefly for some group play & then set off on this, the 3rd annual migration of the mud people.

We crawled, rolled, ran, leaped, yelled, played, cavorted, climbed, & danced our way across the park. And all without words—communication was all direct & unmediated by language: grunts, yells, growls, barks, looks, gestures, touch. There were no rules, no planned "events," just free form, spontaneous interaction with each other, the park environment &, occasionally, the startled tourists. Whenever we remained in one area to dance or play a large crowd quickly gathered. Many tried to talk to us only to receive puzzled grunts & looks in reply. For us, the mud & non-use of language seemed to protect us from & dissolve the chains of social constraint that so often keep us from acting on our impulses. What fun to yell wildly, laugh, leap & growl at hundreds of camera-toting tourons without embarrassment! Our mud was like a tribal bond, protective & linking. The whole experience—from the first smear to the wild dance at the end—was indescribably sensuous & immensely cathartic.

It was also quite compelling, this vision of living wildly beyond confines, and the tribe gained a number of full & partial converts along the way. We could see it in people's faces, the conflicts between conditioning & the desire to join us. We'd approach potential converts with handfuls of mud, timidly, like a park squirrel about to snatch a picnic crumb. If they didn't flinch we quickly put a streak on their face. And then another. And, if they let us, another. Some stopped there & just tagged along, others got slimed & became full-fledged mud people—without a word ever spoken!

Beyond the bonding & freeing effects on us, the value of this as a form of public direct action is immense. Just the visual aspect is enough to touch on that unconstrained & wild—but now repressed—part of people's emotions and, if it's close enough to the surface, call it forth. It is out of that sort of experience with another aspect of their own reality that people find the vision to change radically. No calls for sacrifice to an abstraction or cause will ever compel people to move big enough & quick enough to shake

the world back into balance: The revolution of everyday life will be an effect without a cause.

U.C. Berkeley TV smash

In order to keep this whole thing to a reasonable length, I'll only give the best details of the action. Imagine a crowd of 300 chanting "Mind Death! Mind Death!" as a group of cops stands elbow to elbow in a circle protecting a pile of television sets from the crowd intent on smashing them (both). Imagine a crowd, chanting "Smash TV, Smash the State!" as a TV is hurled from the second floor balcony of the administration building. Picture the scuffles between cops & students over possession of the TVs (they were ours, after all!) & then a chant of "Too Much Make-Up! Too Much Make-Up!" as one policewoman got rough with a protestor. Ah, visualize exploding picture tubes, shattered circuitry & high-tech piles of glitter & chunks. A sight to behold! At one point the action took on the air of a mini-riot as people spontaneously blocked the cops' path as they tried to remove the remaining unbroken TVs. They must've felt so foolish! To protect us from those "insane acts" as they called the event, the cops sent one person to the hospital with a concussion & bruised many others.

The outstanding characteristic of this action was that, like the mud people, it reached people on the level of their day to day emotional reality but then touched something deeper. How many off-the-street participants would one get by holding anti-tech signs in front of I.B.M.? Ha. But create a situation where there is no plea made to the megamachine but, rather, an appeal directly to peoples' desires and a little demo can get way out of hand. And who knows where it might go from there! More effects, less causes. Smash the state, smash TV—after all, all you have to lose is remote control.

Deming Logging Show, Deming, WA.

This little town on the Nooksak River east of Bellingham and in the heart of logger country might seem like an odd place to look for some radical alternative. Yet, a strong tradition of community & what anarchists would call "mutual aid" exists here. In various interactions with loggers and at this year's "Logging Show" (a sort of county fair/3-ring circus of logging skills & machinery held to benefit injured loggers) I got a real sense of why these people react with such hostility towards "environmentalists" (who they perceive as a threat to their jobs) & with such incredulity at those who suggest that "tourism" can replace logging as an economic basis for the region. Maybe it can—but that's not the point. For the people

of these rural areas & small timber towns, logging is not just a way to make money. It is the basis for a community consciousness that binds people to one another & their history. It is a way of life, a sense of place & continuity, a personal & communal sort of identity. It is all this that is a stake as the timber economy crumbles from years of looting & plunder far beyond whatever this—the world's greatest—forest can handle. Loggers & Earth First!ers often view each other as such incomprehensible fanatics. While some of it is apt, most stems from a lack of understanding of one another on a really human level beneath the respective ideologies. For the most part, EF!ers (& Sierra Clubbers, Auduboners, *et al*) fail to understand the depth of what community means here &, from the loggers' point of view, are outsiders without community who are only out to destroy theirs. This accounts for much of the intense hostility & lack of real communication between "sides."

At the Logging Show the level of self-respect & pride the people involved have for themselves was highly evident everywhere, but most so in the lack of environmentalist-bashing. This was *their* show, a celebration of *their* culture & community. Or, to put it another way, their activity was grounded in a frame of reference entirely their own, reflecting their own values, history & people. No matter how horrific we may view their occupations in the context of global ecology, we should still be able to recognize & understand their motives on this basic level.

The impulse to community is certainly one of the most basic elements in recreating/redefining life beyond the megamachine. In fact, it is a precondition for it. Historically, the destruction of community relations has coincided with the appearance/forced imposition of the economic & political relations of capital & state. These arrangements of human activity are inimical to human community & nature; they are not the wealth, benefit & advancement of humanity (as those on many, superficially antagonistic, sides would claim), but the wealth, benefit & advancement of machinery & political power—the very things that destroy nature & community. Where community exists today, it does so in spite of, capitalist & statist arrangements. (For a more elaborate discussion of this process see Freddy Perlman's *Against His-story, Against Leviathan & The Continuing Appeal of Nationalism*.)

In Deming & other logging areas it is this mistaken identification with the oppressor—that is, confusing the longing for community with the economic/industrial complex that feeds off it—that will eventually lead to the destruction of the values they so vehemently uphold. For those of us who seek many of these same values there is so much we have in com-

Continued on next page

THE RETURN OF THE MUD PEOPLE

A Pre-Literate Mud Tribe Attack
on the Financial District

clay & mud provided

INFO: Keith 550-9764

MEET 11 AM

— Foot of Market St.

(at Embarcadero)

APRIL 9 — THURSDAY

Wear raggy clothes (hardly any!)—kneepads or other knee protection is good—be prepared for mud everywhere (hair too!) and crawling...



Columns

Effects without a cause *continued*

mon with these loggers & so much that is worth recognizing & preserving. The question remains, though, whether both sides can transcend their multiple layers of bullshit & the whole realm of ideology itself in order to discover that which is "common" to all.

Earth First! Round River Rendezvous, Jemez Mountains, N.M.

In the last *Anarchy* [#19/May-July '89] Feral Faun wrote an article titled "Beyond Earth First!" where he pointed out the mystifications around calling EF! a "movement." And while I agreed with his evaluation & conclusions, something still felt inadequate. "EF!" is not really a movement, but it is more than just a slogan & yet still less than an organization (though it contains aspects of all these). The real, lived part, what links us all together, is the feeling that we are all part of a community.

It is the shared experiences & risks, friendships, common vision & desires that strengthen & unite us—not Deep Ecology ideology, not slogans, labels or t-shirts. This more than anything else is what differentiates us from the Sierra Club & Wilderness Society. They are issue-oriented organizations. Their reference on reality & action is still the megamachine. We are creating community—tribes, if you will—in spite of differences over ideas & tactics & granddad, centered in the dreams & values we deem important.

This year, for example, a "tribal dance" was concocted on the spot and enacted on the night of the Solstice. It involved a couple dozen dancers playing out a sequence from creation through tribal community to civilization & technology & then to its ultimate destruction & back to community—at which point the drum beat picked up & everyone in the crowd was pulled in for an hour of wild dancing. Next year's dance should be even wilder....

Much of the change & conflict in EF! in recent times is explainable within this context. The growth & expansion of the community has been immense in the last few years and the ideas, tactics & individuals now extend far beyond what has traditionally been called "Earth First!" Further, most of the growth has not been EF! ideology oriented, but a response to the needs & desires of the community for its own sake.

Much of this change has not set well in certain quarters where a nostalgia for the good ol' days of EF! has turned outright reactionary. At the R.R.R. (Round River Rendezvous) & recently in the EF! *Journal* there have been calls for a "no-fault divorce" (viz., a purge) of those who differ with this old guard methodology & ideology. Those who call for this have missed the point entirely and apparently put ideology over friendships, allegiance to a label over community, tactical differences before the shared experiences of hundreds of people. Only someone who views us through the dominant society's own filters would see only an organization that must "divorce" because some (a majority of the hardcore activists, by the way!) have different ideas. Change is often difficult. Resisting it only makes it more so.

(Now, I s'pose everyone wants to know about the flag burning & some of the other outrageous controversies that took place. Well, they all occurred within the above context I've tried to briefly describe & are way too detailed to iterate here. One last note, though: At the post-R.R.R. logging blockade a half dozen EF!ers chained themselves across a road. This provided the perfect distraction for the cops who were so busy watching the chainees that they had no idea that just beyond their sight on the same road 40 people were busy at work/play building huge barricades of logs & rocks. At times 20 people would cooperate to move one massive log into the road. After everyone was through the road was blocked-up solid for 3/4 mile—a bulldozer and chainsaws will be required to clear it. The crowd dispersed into the woods & got away or went back around to the chain action. The chainees voluntarily freed themselves—

after blocking the road all day—in exchange for no tickets or arrests. Shortly afterwards, as the last of our cars were about to leave the sight, a cop Blazer came roaring down the road after driving up to check it out. Whew! Were they pissed! But there was nothing they could do. Anarchy in action! Yahoo!)

Big Mountain, AZ.

The dust is relentless, choking. We re-wet the bandannas over our faces every several miles to at least make breathing possible. We have no such device big enough for the van, however, and the fine red silt filters through every gap & vent, laying thickly on packs, food, our hair. The Southwest is experiencing a severe drought & this combined with years of overgrazing by the sheep has left the reservation earth parched & dry.

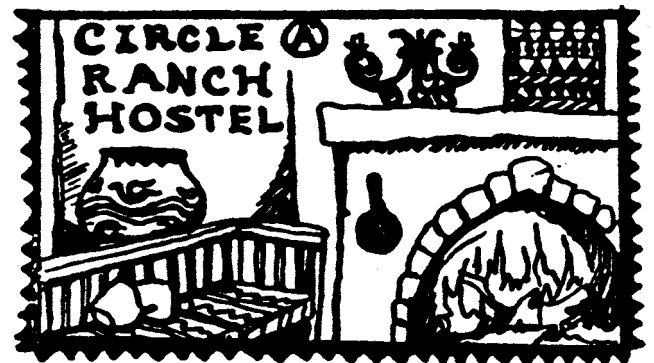
We'd originally come here for the Sundance & a chance to see Big Mountain first hand, but are now on our way out towards Flagstaff. I can't tell you much about the significance of the Sundance. We weren't there long enough to really learn its purpose or history. The reasons for our departure after just one afternoon are partly logistical (two in our party needed to see doctors in Flagstaff) but mostly due to feelings of discomfort on the part of everyone in our group of eight. For me, the ceremony (which lasts 4 days & involves drumming, singing, dancing & speeches among other things) was difficult to relate to for several reasons, the most immediate being simply my lack of understanding of what the ritual was all about. On top of this I became painfully aware of the extent to which I've been conditioned to view everything as a consumer spectacle put on for my amusement. It was difficult to fully grasp how very real this was for the dancers & their people. The obsession with "entertainment" in modern society destroys the passion of experience & must be one of the first barriers crossed if we are ever to realize a radically different way of life. Perhaps the most difficult impediment to my understanding was a metaphysical one. I simply could not identify with the sacrifice, the pleas to "great spirits" & the almost Christian notions of guilt & forgiveness. Also distancing were some of the inconsistencies on their part. For example, menstruating women were not allowed near the dance—bad metaphysical juju—which excluded one of our group. Yet no one seemed to mind when styrocups discarded by the drummers blew around in the "sacred" circle or that the land surrounding the camp was littered with cans, bottles & old car parts (we picked up a bunch of it before we left).

Overall our relationship to the people there & their culture was that of the voyeur. Hopefully with more interaction (I plan to return when life is on a more day-to-day level) this would change & we could learn to understand one another's space a bit better.

I think it's important to own up to & confront any discomfort & alienation we may feel around others who fight for common goals. Though difficult & perhaps painful, it can help us become aware of and break down the mystifications, conditionings & internal police that keep us separate from our desires, nature & other people who, in this case, are on the same side. The people at Big Mountain are preserving/re-creating a community, culture & identity against the megamachine. They're maintaining/re-defining their relation to the earth & each other. And this process has brought them into direct conflict with the anti-nature, anti-community forces of state & capital that conspire ("breathe together," remember) to plunder both land & people. Here again, on the deepest level, below differences in language, custom & spiritual belief we can find that which is truly real, truly common.

There is so much to be discovered, created, lived. Nothing is really certain anymore—except perhaps uncertainty itself. Without belaboring the point, I have to wonder how much real advancement is taking place with this latest upswing in radicalism & how much is only preparation for another crash. Wearing circle-A's on t-shirts & lobbing mollies at cops just ain't

gonna cut it without a dose of heavy personal reality checking for the road. There are many allies, on many fronts. They are not always recognizable & the differences may be nearly insurmountable. Yet, all these must be sought out, every possibility investigated, every dream carried to its fullest expression. We are not alone here & there's so much to do, so much to learn, so much to know. We've only just scratched the surface....



The Badguy Report

The primal in the creation of the everyday

1. I root for the Orioles

The charm and magic of wonderfully irrational habits defy the sourness of critical theory and the indignity of psychological knowingness. Go ahead smarties, look down your noses, explain away and dismiss...I root for the Baltimore Orioles!

I stay up for the late night news and/or tune in to the sports report in the early morning to hear the scores of the O's games and those of other division contenders. I hurry to the sports page to see who's pitching tonight and to glean whatever details I can from the box scores and all too skimpy capsules from the wire service.

Not so last year when they were hopelessly flopping around in the cellar. I gave up; did none of these things and told myself it was for the best. Such a waste of time trying to follow a distant team playing a dumb game that makes no difference at all, right?..No wrong. You see, rooting for the Orioles usually makes me feel good. On rare occasions, I strain through the static to pick up a contest with Kansas City or Chicago on the radio or (can it be!) a live game on network TV and I squirm, hope and go nuts! So I'm at it again this year, watching and wishing that the Orioles will be as comfortably in first place when you read this as they were when I wrote it.

It's not the data and stats. I don't revel in all the little details like some fans do. The regular line-up? The personal background of the player? A chronology of the major events in the teams history? I pick up a little here and there but soon forget it. All that's left is a general sense of the Oriole tradition which gives the present context and meaning.

I was young! We managed to pick up the games from Baltimore on WBAL. I'd yell at the radio, talk things over with dad, argue with the Yankee fans at school. Being an Oriole fan sure did beat being a Catholic or a Cub Scout. It still does! And if they let me down tonight, there's always the next game. And if they don't win the pennant, there's always next year.

There's an undeniable thrill in being part of something larger and something with a meaning and direction outside of the solitary self. There is something sublime about emotion neither fettered nor opposed by reason—that you just go for and enjoy. It is often referred to as irrational or mindless; I prefer to call it arational because that word breaks away from the false dichotomy between reason and emotion.

There is something primal in these feelings of vulnerability, hope, disappointment, anticipation and

Columns

engagement with an adversary. The primal surfaces in dance, music and song, in creativity and imagination *per se*. The primal has been curbed, channeled and denied; we call it the process of civilization. Rooting for a team may be seen as one instance of civilized channeling. But the **experience** at its best is a return to the wild if only briefly and with little consequence. The identified participants use discipline and preparation to experience the euphoria of self-mastery with defined limits. The spectators go wild as well; the thrill is not only vicarious triumph, but screaming, commenting, guessing, second-guessing, and being part of the roaring crowd.

Sports would not exist if it did not unleash the wild, but at the same time sports fears the wild. When behavior transgresses the container it provides, sportscasters and other sports ideologues call it "unsportsmanlike." Those who show how they feel when things don't go their way are called "bad sports." In sports as everywhere else, the ethos of domination scores: the primal is roused only to be contained.

2. Alice's Restful Ranch: An interlude

There was a time when nothing was more important to me than getting together with other anarchists. But this year it wasn't the **Earth First! Round River Rendezvous** which brought me to New Mexico, but rather a chance to spend some time with my friend, **Pooh P Butte**. I arrived on a Friday evening and we had plans to stay at the **Circle A Ranch** (Box 382, Cuba, New Mexico 87013). This would give us a chance to rest and enjoy one another's company away from the hustle and bustle of the radical wilderness encampment.

Alice has lived on this land in an adobe hacienda since 1954. A strong woman, rancher, artist and naturalist, she tends to both farm and wild animals which she feels are entrusted to her care. "They wanted to kill the (wildlife) that killed the baby chickens but I told them: 'They're hungry.' Though I could ill-afford it I had them put some corn out in the fields to feed them." Alice also told of resisting pressure from developers who have offered to make her a wealthy woman. She realizes they are offering to destroy the ecosystem and the beauty which surrounds her which would only impoverish her twilight years.

The morning came Pooh and I visited the Big Tree (a Piñon), prepared some food in the hostel kitchen, and took leave of the easy camaraderie of our fellow travelers.... The Circle A Ranch is 90 minutes northwest of Albuquerque and you can make reservations by calling Alice at (505) 289-3350.

3. Dropping in on the rendezvous

Earth First! and Greenpeace are the two best known groups playing subversive sports around ecological concerns. The playing field this year was a meadow called **Butterfly Springs** nestled in the Jemez Mountains. The drive down Cañon Road rewarded us with a wide array of fascinating landscapes including stretches of red cliffs, lush growths of green bushes and trees, and moving formations of weathered brown rocks.

It was Sunday afternoon, the eighth of nine days. People packed with their possessions arrived from the campgrounds to the parking area, as we arrived, in anticipation of the next day's action. After setting up our campsite Pooh and I broke out our tabouli and a pile of **Anarchy: a journal of Desire Armed's**. I accosted passersby to find out who they were and what had been going on. Soon we had gathered a dozen or so people around us and heard bits and pieces of the events of the past week.

Mikal Jakubal had burned an American flag on Wednesday—which coincidentally was about the same day that the Supreme Court declared laws against flag-burning unconstitutional. According to the people we talked to, for years Earth First! has flown the

American flag at their rendezvous literature table. This year some anarchists asked those at the literature table to take the flag down. After they refused, Mike got an American flag, burned it and issued a statement: "Earth First, Nationalism Last!" This aggravated the more conventional participants as well as some of the better known old-timers in the organization, including **Dave Foreman** who reportedly has called for a "no-fault divorce" between anarchists and Earth First! The absurdity of this idea was pointed out by **David of Toronto's Ecomedia** who estimated that over 50% of those at **Butterfly Springs** workshops and meetings were anarchists.

A chorus of wolf howls signalled to us that the meeting to discuss tomorrow's action had opened. It was a rousing and funny bonding ritual; the team getting psyched for the game. Although we couldn't really see one another clearly in the dark, a hundred people stood in a circle and did a pretty good job of listening to one another and maintaining their focus on the business at hand. When someone volunteered to take responsibility for something people would frequently cry out: "Who are you!"

Someone at the meeting expressed concern about the degree to which the government had infiltrated the group; might not an agent provocateur cause trouble at the action? It was suggested that a half dozen or so peace-keepers be selected. In opposition to this idea, a man said that his experience was that when "peace-Nazis" policed demonstrations, they were far more of a problem than the "trouble-makers" they were there to take care of. If serious problems occurred, people could take collective action to take care of them. He gave the example of a man who was facing a beating and/or arrest by a policeman. A group of women circle around the man and extricated him from the situation. He pointed out that Earth First! actions in the past have done just fine without the help of peace-keepers. Okay, no peace-keepers, it was agreed. Those involved in the action made plans to leave in the wee hours of the morning with those involved in the legal demonstration in support to follow an hour later. I still did not know exactly what they planned to do, since those I asked earlier either didn't know or wouldn't say and those involved had worked out the details earlier in the rendezvous and did not elaborate their plans at the meeting. We left the meeting shortly before it ended. From our tent, we heard the collective howl of wolves in the night.

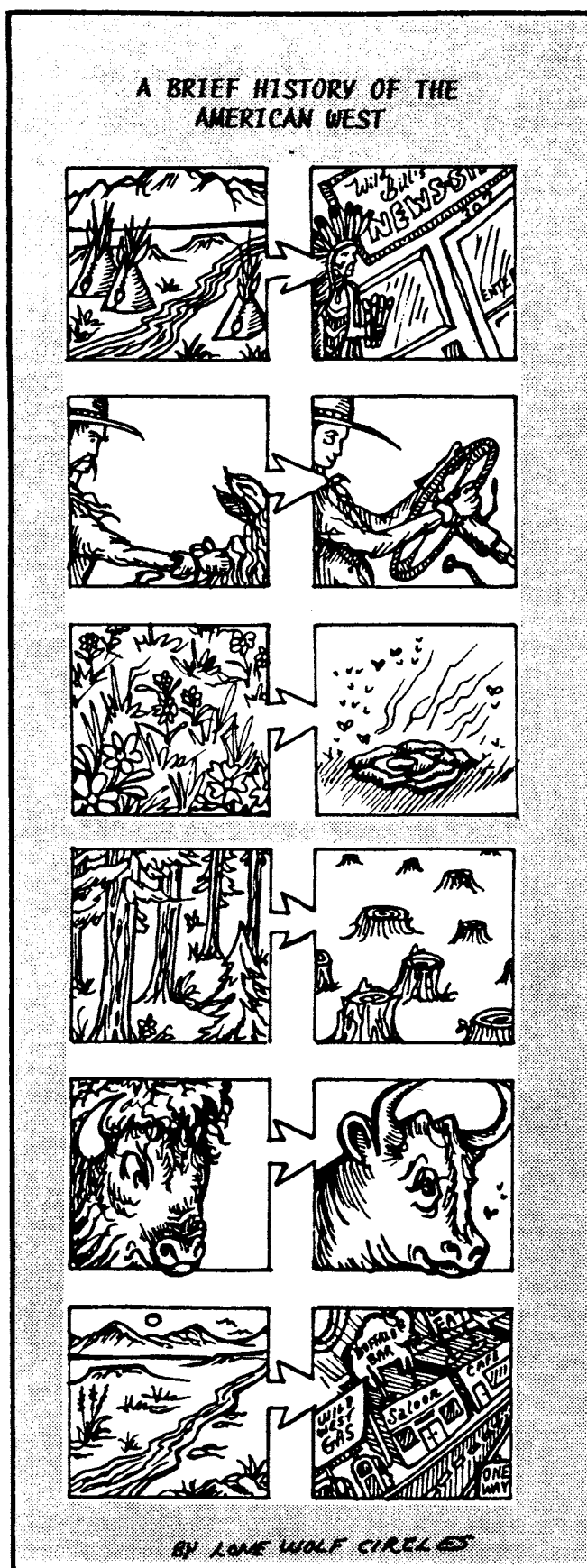
I woke up early and went to see who I could find. Four men were standing around in a circle. They talked about the anarchists. They fretted over public perception of things such as the flag-burning and the effect of militants on media coverage. One man, who helps put out **Thinking Like a Mountain**, said that **Lone Wolf Circles** attacked him for not being militant enough but said that he knew for a fact that **Circles** never did any monkey-wrenching himself. A man from the Bay area said he would give **Mikal Jakubal** credit for acting on what he believed. "But that's what I'm afraid of, he's gonna get in some deep shit." The discussion continued along the lines that anarchist ideas were going to lead to violence and to people using explosives.

The man then turned his attention to **Fifth Estate** saying (quote is approximate): "They've spent all Spring polishing their arguments. They came here just to show they could out-argue the rest of us. We should have said 'fine, we can't argue with you' and ignored them. They're just a bunch of intellectuals who like to bullshit, but don't do shit."

The man went on to say that he and his friends had talked about sabotaging the. Without Borders anarchist gathering in July by cutting off their power, shouting down speakers, etc.

According to the Albuquerque newspapers, the action was directed against the **Bates Lumber Co.** which is cutting trees on 1,446 acres of **Burley Canyon** portions which are virgin forest. In particular, they oppose cable-logging in which trees are cut on steep slopes and hauled up with cables. Five persons, aged 19-24, all from the western U.S., were arrested for blocking a road leading to the logging operation. Six others locked themselves to a cattle guard to block another road to the site. They unlocked themselves after 12 hours when Forest Service officers arrived with cutting torches and bolt cutters and threatened to cut them free and charge them for damaging the cattle guard. About 70 people demonstrated at the entrance to the site with some of them setting up barricades of rocks and logs on the road. Each of the five persons arrested paid a \$25 fine and was released. At least one logging truck and four-man crew of loggers turned around after seeing the demonstration. No logging occurred that day. The activists regrouped up the road, sang and danced to celebrate their victory.

Meanwhile Pooh and I enjoyed the natural beauty of the Jemez on our way back to the city. We had enjoyed this encounter with primal radicalism. But worried about the future, about those in Earth First! who would rouse the primal only to contain it. As we traveled down the mountain a yellow bird flew across the road. "I've never seen a yellow bird before," said Pooh. "That's an oriole!" I cried. Hooray, hooray! Whatever happens I'll root for those orioles!



from Live Wild or Die (POB 411233, San Francisco, CA. 94141).

Letters

We would like to encourage readers to write us in order to continue this 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 only, unless it is specifically stated that her/his full name may be used, or that s/he wishes to remain anonymous, or the name already appears in the paper—as in the case of an author of an article in *Anarchy*.

We will edit letters that are redundant, overly long, unreadable or excessively boring. Please limit length to two single-spaced, typewritten pages. Address your letters to *Anarchy*, c/o C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446. We look forward to hearing from you!

Causeless person

Peoples,

I was recently reading the latest copy of *Overthrow* when I came across your address and it caught and held my attention which isn't easily done.

I am a convict (their word, not mine) who has spent the last ten years in a 6'X10' for refusing to be what others want (no demand) me to be. I am a person who is lost due to the fact that at the present time I am causeless. I've tried getting other cons in this place interested in what the hell is going on around them, but I quickly found out that South Dakota doesn't like people who can or are willing to think. The last few years I've just been in limbo and I cannot deal with it any longer. I'm within a year of getting out and I have to find a cause. My whole life (well almost) has been devoted to bringing about one sort of change or another and I'll be damned if I'm just going to lie back and let life go on around me.

I can't claim to know what you're all about and I see no need to lie about it. But I do put alot of trust in the *Overthrow* and if they think you're O.K. then I want to know more.

I can't send any cash your way to exchange for a subscription, but I'm a loyal son of a bitch so I take care of those who take care of me.

So what more can I say. I'm interested and uninformed but looking to change that and that's where I hope you'll come in.

Till next time,
D.F., Springfield, SD.

The goal is liberation

Dear people,

I'd like a subscription to the coming six issues—as well as back copies of issues 8-17 inclusive. Enclosed please find a check; it should be a few dollars over the required amount, so please keep the change.

Your magazine's been turning up all over the place, and it's impressive! Your treatment of issues of concern to anarchists is both fair and of unusually broad scope. I especially like the ongoing debate over "biocentrism," your treatment of which puts you on the leading edge. I share many of Lev's qualms about biocentrism as an ideology; this, in turn, touches on the question of how prescriptive we as anarchists ought to be—but on the other hand, if we're not prescriptive, of what we actually have to say to the rest of the universe, or at least the rest of humanity.

It's been chilling for me to note, though, how many biocentrists, obsessed by their fear of the "technology of domination," admit they'd choose authoritarianism over ecological collapse. True, they're quick to say that choice couldn't happen. But in rejecting the heritage of the Enlightenment lock-stock-and-barrel, they overlook Authority's flexibility when it's threatened. They're in for a real treat as we're lined up for our bowls of brown rice, taking our orders from the next subsidized-and-promoted shaman! (But then, they may be in line for the shaman slots.) At any rate, the questions and crises are real.

I don't share the Bakuninist strain in anarchism, however; I've told friends I'm more interested in a renaissance than a revolution. I don't personally get off on blood flowing for its own sake, on adventurism and confrontation. To me, the goal is liberation—the diminishing of human suffering, with a rise in consciousness—and hierarchies of domination stand in the way of this. But sometimes it's best to transcend them.

I've long been active in the gay movement (which, apropos of the above, has caused me as much disagreement with Stephen Gaskin as with Pat Buchanan!), and I've done a good deal of investigative gay journalism. I also do computerized typography and graphics, and I wish there were a way I could help out with the production of *Anarchy* (though I must say, with typical New York chauvinism, you do very well). I've maintained an on-again, off-again friendship with Dana Beal and the Yippies, characterized by, among other things, healthy disagreements.

Back to Lev's points, for a moment: we have to be clearer about what we mean by "desire." I suspect that desire naturally refines itself into a passion for balance...more on this later, perhaps....

For now,
M.H., Jersey City, NJ.

Off the main point

Dear Lev,

Your criticism of biocentrists is off the main point which should be of concern, their wish to manage nature wisely by gaining control of management, the belief in the good world if only the good guys were in power (themselves). Quit wasting your ammunition on the issue of their leaving themselves and all of humanity out of the picture. They don't leave themselves out of the picture any more than you do. What they and anarchists had better figure out

fast is how to let natural processes come into play towards some sustainable balance, or you'll get unnatural, human-managed processes taking over even more than they already have. As Masanobu Fukuoka would say, it's a question of getting people to stop what they're doing. That's what "an-archy" (without a chief, i.e. manager) is all about.

M.L., Boonville, MO.

Poetic terrorism

Dear *Anarchy*,

I'd like to respond to S.S. from Illinois, whose letter was printed in issue #18 (p.31). He/she was interested in methods of subversion. May I recommend that S.S. (or anyone else interested) get a copy of Hakim Bey's brilliant book, *CHAOS: The Broadsheets of Ontological Anarchism*, which is available for \$5 postpaid from Autonomedia, POB 568, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211-0568. (By the way, *Anarchy*, *CHAOS* is not copyrighted; perhaps you'd be interested in reprinting some of it. Check it out!) It's hard for me to describe the book, so I'll steal this descrip-

tion of it for you from *High Weirdness by Mail*: "The bible of a new movement called 'Poetic Terrorism.' Explores in perversely compelling language the paths to chaos and ruin in our society... Gives you instructions on speeding up the process. Many specific suggestions on how to bring about the collapse of Western civilization, artistically!"

Also, Hakim and I are working on a new zine exclusively by young people, aged 17 & under, called *Wild Children*. Can you please print that we welcome submissions. Maybe some of your readers know young people that might be interested. We're especially interested in hardcore writing and art, stuff that shows kids as free & adventurous. Possible topics might include anarchy (of course!), sci-fi, sexuality & love, spiritual paths (or lack thereof)—and anything else kids would like to submit. Poetry, reviews, stories, photos, games, jokes, drawings, songs, whatever. Submissions should be directed to: Hakim Bey, *Wild Children*, POB 568, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211-0568. Enclosing a loose stamp would be appreciated (for one reply).

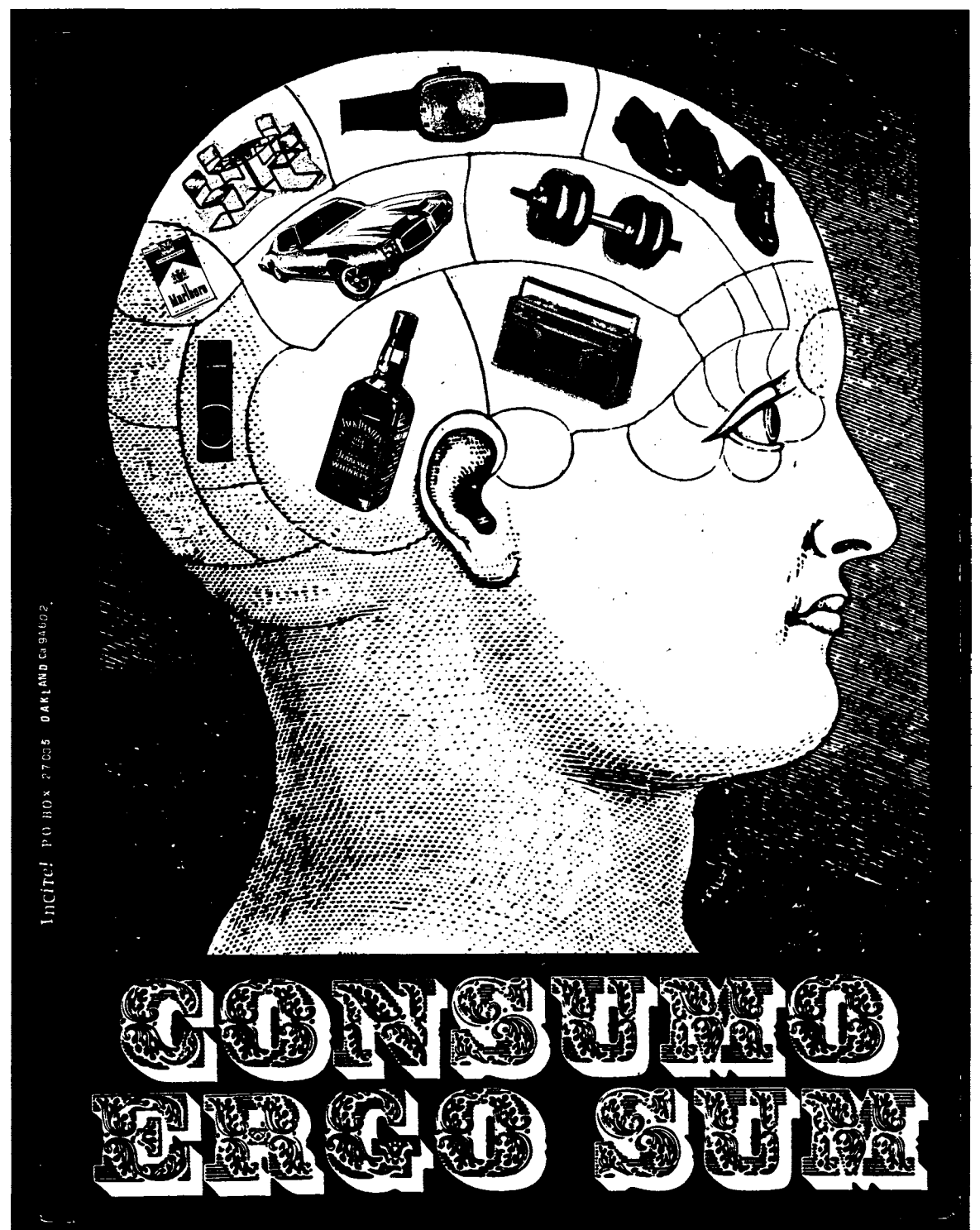
As *CHAOS* would say, wild

children are those who lock eyes across a dinner table while the "grown-ups" gibber from behind their masks!

Anyhow, here's \$1—please send me 2 copies of *As We See It!* Thanx.

Finally, I was saddened to read Fred Woodworth's letter (#18, p.30), in which he expressed his disapproval with "new-age" ideas as: 1) There is no authority superior to a person's inner self. 2) By acknowledging, and whenever possible, following our impulses/-desires, our creativity will increase. Problems come about when we deny these vital inner directives. 3) Our beliefs create whatever we've got, period. The framework of our birth represents the framework of our intent in life, period. And the complicated exterior manipulations of history & circumstance are the output of individual and mass beliefs, and affect that exterior framework only. And if we don't like things, we have to change the inner precepts, or nothing else will change. We must evolve a new consciousness. 4) If it isn't fun, stop doing it!

These ideas and others like them make sense to me, from both an anarchist & new-age/metaphys-



by Incite! (POB 27005, Oakland, CA. 94602).



Letters

ical perspective. If one calls themselves "new-age," it means that they are following themselves. If this isn't the case, they can be assumed fakes!

I'd be interested in hearing from others who find value in both anarchy & metaphysics simultaneously.

Sincerely,
Glen Venezia
2315 Bayhead Dr.
Parlin, NJ. 08859-2423

Lev responds

CHAOS has already been reviewed by Kansas Slim in *Anarchy* #17 (p.10), though I've never seen a copy myself.

Wild Children sounds like an interesting idea. I hope it works out. Any young readers interested?

You won't find much sympathy from me for "new age" ideas, though. From what I've seen new ageism seems to consist mostly of "metaphysical" hucksterism and consumerism—an inane mixture of simple-minded clichés, psycho-babble and doublethink. It usually has nothing to do with any sort of open-minded, critical, or radical perspective. Instead it diverts people's concerns from the interpersonal, institutional and historical dimensions of our situation onto mythical and illusory levels of narcissistic spirituality.

Observations

To Anarchy,

I recently wrote to the *Fifth Estate* and they were kind enough to send me a couple of copies of your paper, along with theirs. I was surprised to find out you existed considering moral, political climate in this suck ass state. While reading "An Intro...to Critical Theory" by Lev Chernyi, I was struck by the passage, "The critical theorist goes through a reversal of perspective on his life and the world." While I'm not sure I consider myself a critical theorist, this has been an ongoing process in my life for 26 years. Now that I'm 40 I'm getting really pissed off. For last couple of years I have been trying to publish my newspaper, *Observations*, without any backing. It appears it may come about soon.

I'm writing to ask about reprinting of articles out of *Anarchy*; what is your policy? I don't have much money. I would like to exchange papers with you and maybe look at some older issues. I have copies of *Anarchy*, March/April '89 and Summer '88. Will send my paper when it comes out. Nice to know you all are out there.

D.D., Springfield, MO.

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other contributions copyrighted by their creators/authors or previous publishers, you need to contact the creator or publisher to obtain permission to reprint.]

True capitalism

Dear Lev,

In your "Critical theory" piece, which I enjoyed, you state that "We must criticize all thought ruthlessly." It is in this vein that I would like to mention the general anarchist view of "capitalism." One can oppose hierarchical authoritarian imperialism which exists in the U.S. and U.S.S.R., and authoritarian nationalism which exists in every country from Cuba to Panama to Ghana and Libya, without opposing "capitalism" in its truest sense.

When the first primitive person constructed a bow that would propel a stone point more efficiently than a spear, he or she became a capitalist. By sacrificing time spent on other activities he or she created a capital good, the bow, which then made life a little easier for him or her, and indirectly society at large. This was a microeconomic activity.

People inclined toward gardening might have specialized in cultivating fruits and vegetables, while others specialized in hunting, and others in working flint into

knives and arrowheads. Perhaps arrowheads were a medium of exchange (money), so that a person with turnips wanting a rabbit would not have to find a hunter with rabbits looking for turnips. Neither the money, nor the capitalist microeconomic activities involved are of themselves evil.

What anarchists should be railing against is, in my opinion, not capitalism per se, but macroeconomics. Macroeconomics is by definition an extraordinarily hierarchical, authoritarian system that is the antithesis of anarchism. Whether one is talking about Keynesian economics beloved by liberals, Chicago monetarism beloved by conservatives, or Austrian economics beloved of libertarians, one is discussing systems which presuppose nation-states controlled by elites which will tax their "citizens," manipulate their money, and mandate how they trade and who they trade with. It is macroeconomics which allows the creation of armies, the most hierarchical systems ever devised, with hierarchies not only within ranks, but a rigid class system separating "officers" and "men."

Capitalism (as admittedly narrowly defined) does not imply that if you do not work for me, or give me your money, that you will be terrorized. But the elitist philosophy of macroeconomics specifically endorses the idea that if you

do not pay your taxes to those who know best, or if you trade for something or with someone (a Cuban, for example) that is proscribed, that you will have your property taken (be fined) or imprisoned, or both.

In the long run I think it might behoove us not to decry "capitalist" macroeconomics alone, but macroeconomics in general, and all that it implies. I hope that this view will not somehow be interpreted as just another defense of elitist, interventionist, Western imperialism, which is certainly not intended to be.

Sincerely,
T.P., Farmingdale, NJ.

Lev responds

First of all, I'm afraid I have a great deal of difficulty in understanding why you wish to rehabilitate an idea of capitalism for anarchists. Since you admit that you use the word "narrowly" (to say the least!), you must be quite aware that most people in most places would not give the word the same meaning as you do. Nor can you be entirely unaware of the great network of connotations, implications, and assumptions that are associated with its common everyday and technical usages. Yet, in the face of this massive fact of social usage, you

go far out of your way to defend an idiosyncratic usage—which itself is extremely problematic besides. I just don't see the slightest value or point in such a strategy. Almost inevitably, your idiosyncratic usage would introduce even more confusions into any discussion of economics than already exist. And for what end? Your defense of a "microeconomic" capitalism will in actual fact, only tend to reinforce all the other (much more) usual assumptions which already attend the word "capitalism."

But aside from this problem, the examples you employ to explain your usage of the word "capitalism" reveal a painfully obvious unfamiliarity with "primitive" social organization. Certainly "primitive" social interactions can be interpreted through the use of conceptual schemes developed much later historically. Otherwise we'd hardly be able to talk about them at all! But there is something rather ridiculous about imposing the categories of capitalist economics on social relationships which were neither conceived of as being economic by those involved, nor accurately reducible to any sort of economic categories in fact. A quick survey of modern anthropology would suffice to understand this.

Putting aside the question of whether anything can possibly be (as you say) "evil" outside of the parameters of moralism, religion and ideology, I cannot agree that "Neither money, nor the capitalist microeconomic activities involved are of themselves evil." The word "money" is as loaded as the word "capitalism," and the idea of "microeconomic activities" presupposes a whole capitalist economics from which it can't merely be dissociated. It simply isn't possible to ignore the whole context in which the concepts and theory of microeconomics and money are embedded in order to defend them in the vacuum you apparently desire. And in their proper context I don't think it is possible to find either of these ideas somehow neutral or beneficial in their social effects.

This doesn't mean that I think all commodity exchange, money, and market economics are necessarily incompatible with the possibilities for the creation or evolution of an anarchist society. However, I think there are many more factors that must be accounted for before one can convincingly argue that commodity-exchange, money and a market economy could be compatible with any sort of anarchy, even if they are severely limited and vastly transformed. The bogus "libertarianism" of the "Libertarian" Party or the self-contradictory right-wing "anarchists" has almost nothing to offer any genuinely anarchic visions or theories. Analyses which begin from economic categories always relegate our lived human concerns to an inconsequential periphery. It is self-defeating to conceive of all life in economic terms if our real goal is to live more fully and freely. At bottom desire, need, creation, expression, and

Continued on next page



by Steve Jones (Waterloo, Canada).

Letters



Lev responds

Continued from page 43

inventiveness (among many others) are not economic categories. Unless the "economic" is clearly and genuinely subordinated to the more generally "human" (and even this formulation is highly suspect!), we will remain at the mercy of alienating institutions and ideological thinking.

Mindlessness?

I have followed your religion and anarchy discussion with interest. Might I suggest as a next topic conceptualization as a system vs. the exploitation of mindlessness?

T.S., Dragonflifer
& Grub contributor,
Lake St. Peter, Ontario, Canada

[May I quote from D.C. Lau's translation of the Tao Te Ching: "The spirit of the valley never dies."--Lev]

Ukrainian activist

Dear friends,

We've got your address from Factsheet Five. We've got special interest in different libertarian and freedom groups. And I think your edition can help us to open eyes of the people on the truly things under the sun.

I'm activist of People's Front of Ukraine and Political Club of Lvov city. And there is a great interest in the Sovietologists' works, eg.: Cohen, Conquest, Tucker, etc. It's possible already to sent such books here.

And if it is possible it'd be very useful to us to get your publications. I think there are ways we could repay your efforts.

Your sincerely,
A.S., Lvov, Ukraine

I'm dreaming anarchy

Dear Lev,

You can't imagine how glad am I reading your letter and your magazine. I could never thought I received a letter from the editor-in-chief of the main journal of anarchists in U.S.A. I am very interested in anarchy for I never heard the truth about anarchy; and somehow I'm dreaming anarchy to be and in my republic. If I should hear about anarchy earlier I'd make such an organization like yours. Perhaps you know that I'm a leader of youth organization which struggles for democracy and national prosperity. Yes our first aim for today is to change inner policy in our country, for many party system like in the U.S.A. I like your country in all ways. Maybe, and here after my suggestion, we shall make organization like yours. It will be great step forward and I think your additions help me and my friends.

To my mind the books you've mentioned are nice and helpful for me. I should want to have them both (if it is not difficult for you).

Maybe some years later I go to U.S.A. and have a talk with you

about all. I think I'll find friends who help me in it.

Some words about your journal. It's the very thing I was looking for. Thanks for your articles which opened my eyes on some questions. Though I still can't understand your attitude to religion. I consider myself a Christian. I'm sure I'll see from future issues of Anarchy.

I think I shall have not any interference from authorities. We have a bit of democracy already, I think. Thank you!

Sincerely yours,
A.S., Lvov, Ukraine
Ps. My groupmates (I'm a student) like Anarchy and read with interest this new for them "current." Is not it a success! This idea leave the roots in their minds. Also they're surprised with your name and surname (it looks like Ukrainian or Russian!).

Pps. From Ukraine with love. Your journal is like mustard seed from far hands here. The first step is done, the seed is in the land. We look forward and the great tree will grow at least I should want it.

Once more,
Thank you and your anarchy.

Right to believe

Dear Sirs,

I quite enjoyed the issue (#18) of Anarchy that I happened across at the Primal Plunge bookshop. In particular, the religious issue at hand caught my interest. The current interest in (re-invented) paganism by the same people who are part of the anarchist movement would seem to suggest that some compromise with the traditional anarchic position of

rational materialism (a Victorian inheritance?) is called for. It seems to me that the problem with religious (subjective? psychological? spiritual?) belief that anarchists have had is the temporal power wielded by organized churches (as with Bakunin vs. Rome) more than the irrationality of individual beliefs. If some individual or groups choose to believe (& practice) a religion of their own creation such as one of the many strands of neopaganism, it would seem that anarchists should support their right to do so--as long as they do not try to implicitly or explicitly demand that everyone accede to their ideas. However, I would like to follow this thru the past issues. Would you please sign me up for a subscription & send issues available as noted (#1,2,6-17) which come to \$20, I believe.

Thanks,
J.B., Plymouth, MA.

Return Paul Wright!

Paul Wright and I have recently suffered a substantial setback in the publication of our proposed Red Dragon newsletter.... But perhaps it is not one of sufficient magnitude to totally derail the project. The administration calls it an "international communist terrorist conspiracy" (in other words, he wrote letters to progressives in other countries). But the real reason for his involuntary transfer was because of the proposed newsletter, and because of his active support for the effort to stop the mandatory double-celling of prisoners at this facility.

Let me explain some of the background politics that contributed to Paul's move: Prisoners here at W.S.R. filed a lawsuit against

double-bunking in 1978, and as a result of that suit the state entered into a consent decree agreeing to single-man celling at this facility. Using the courts, we have finally managed to back them up to the wall on this one, forcing them to honor their word. They've been to the U.S. District Court and the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals trying to get stays, but with no success.

In the meantime we prisoners were bending over backwards to give them as much space as they need to get the job done. They miss deadlines for getting the population down, we give them more time instead of moving for a contempt of court order against them. They want to convert block 3 (the segregation unit) into population housing, adding 80 more cells to the court-ordered 348 limit, we obligingly agree to go along with them. They promise us they will maintain the showers and perform other obligations during the mandatory double-celling period, and yet failed to keep their word. The showers on both Able and Baker sides (the only two of the main blocks open during this phase of the remodeling process) continue to be a mess, with only three shower heads working on Baker side all of last week, and only hot water coming out of both the hot and cold knobs of all three showers. But we do not complain about such brazen lies being told to us; that's what we expect from the state.

So while we are trying to be patient and reasonable, they are constantly thinking up new provocations to use against us--closing one mess hall to crowd us into the other one, shutting down morning visiting on weekends, etc. A few days ago they came to us with the

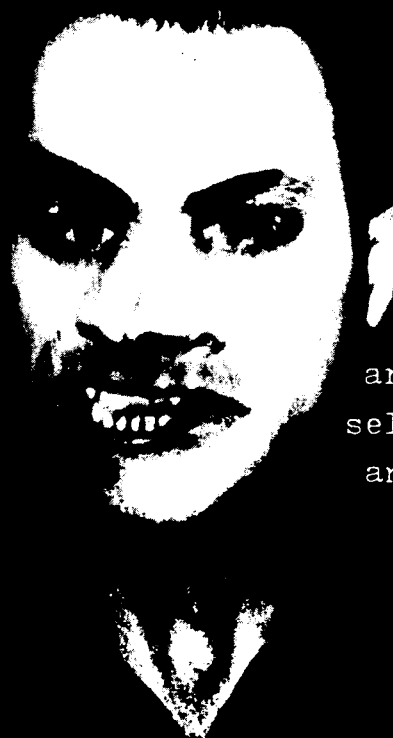
ultimatum that we will accept mandatory double-celling and a population level of 556 during the three-year remodeling process or they will shut the prison down (close it until after the remodeling is completed).

The representatives of the population, including Paul and I, subsequently had a meeting with the lawyer working in our behalf, Bob Stalker, at which we told him that there will be no double-celling at all, no compromise at all, and if they want to shut the place down then we'll have the last man go turn the lights out as he leaves.

Prisoners suffered in 1978, when the population was 1,250 here. And many others since then have sacrificed and suffered in the fight against double-celling. The struggle here is an intense one, with the agents of the administration, their lackeys and flunkies, worried about having to be sent to a "real" prison, they make trouble and agitate for capitulation. Also the crew bosses, fearful of losing their jobs should the place close down, agitate their prisoner-workers to sell out our decade-old battle against double-celling. So there is controversy and struggle going on here within the population, but the rats, rapos and running dogs of the pigs are a tiny minority and cannot stand in the way of the growing movement to end this intolerable form of oppression.

One night there was a meeting of lifers (prisoners with life terms), at which the capitulationists were trying to gain a foothold for their line of panic and crisis. Paul rose and gave a speech to the assembled group, about thirty men, on the justness of our cause and the need for firm resolve in the face of threats by the administration and their lackeys. He re-

The Guy who hit me was
short, fat, and foreign.
No, I'm not prejudiced.
I don't care his being a
short man, and he probably
chose to be fat, and he
can't help being foreign.



but the Guy who hit me,
was a belligerent,
arrogant, antagonistic,
self-righteous, asshole,
and I won't forgive
him for being a Cop.



ceived a standing ovation from the prisoners. And afterwards not a single person voted in favor of capitulation.

The next day Paul was locked up in the hole, supposedly for his ongoing work with getting the Red Dragon going, but when lawyers prevented prison officials from locking me (the proposed editor) up too, they changed the reason to some nonsense about an international communist terrorist conspiracy. Last week he was banished to the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla. His new address is Paul Wright, POB 520, Walla Walla, WA. 99362. We have lawyers working on getting him back here, although the process of doing so, if successful, will take some time. More information will follow soon.

Ed Mead #251397

Washington State Reformatory
POB 777
Monroe, WA. 98272

No absolutes

Dear anarchists,

Please send me your zine.

I have a situation. Politically (and religiously, philosophically, etc.) I'm an agnostic from a Robt. A. Wilson point of view (*The New Inquisition* will empower your agnosticism). There are no absolutes. Your attitudes about "reality" determine how reality will seem.

A lot of my friends, mostly my best friend, but people I know who know what anarchism is but have never really tried to investigate it often give me this as an excuse (and an adolescent one at that) as to why anarchy (or what they think it to be) won't work. They say anarchism is the absence of rules and without them people will kill each other, or otherwise take advantage of each other.

I try to tell them but often I can't get it across. My view is anarchy is a situation without order. Anarchism is a socio/political situation where nobody can make anybody do anything they don't want to. No coercion. They also say people are inherently violent and cannot live peacefully. I try to say that is the way society at present conditions people, and that can be changed.

Is my point valid? Is theirs? Specifically/generally how would you label/pigeonhole these points of view.

Also not really connected with the above. There are no absolutes. I think Jesus may have been a Buddhist. I think a variety of Eastern Buddhist, Taoist philosophies are in their original essence ways to condition yourself to have no ideas, no preconceived notions about what you experience living in the Here and Now and all that.

Can you illuminate or extend upon these ideas?

R.A., Soddy Daisy, TN.

Lev responds

Thanks for writing. Your problems in communicating with your friends regarding the plausibility of creating an anarchist society are certainly not unique! I'm sure most anarchists who talk with others about their views run

into the same type of responses. For some anarchists it's enough to convince them that most people are just perversely stupid when it comes to thinking about their world, their lives and possibilities for changing society. And this can lead some anarchists to a point of total cynicism regarding the possibilities for social change—which, even from a somewhat more "optimistic" perspective like mine, often seem rather dismal, anyway.

Before I respond to your friends' criticisms of anarchism though, I'd like to emphasize that while I find some worthwhile thinking in Robert Wilson's books and essays (although I haven't read the one you cite), his perspective can lead to somewhat dangerous illusions about one's self and one's place in the world if some of his more extravagant contentions aren't tempered with a few qualifications. Sure, your ideas about "reality" will to some extent affect how reality will "seem" to you. And this is an important consideration to keep in mind. But I don't see how anyone could maintain a belief that his or her ideas about reality genuinely determine that reality without allowing that there might

be some non-ideal component in peoples' experiences which is at least as important as peoples' ideas in forming their experience of reality. Of course, I think you probably understand this problem, but from the way you phrased yourself, this isn't clear.

Regarding your friends' rather naive arguments against anarchism, one could easily reply that in the world today, and especially in our local end of it, there are rules, laws, taboos and prohibitions up to peoples' ears. Yet I haven't noticed that it's made people here any less likely to kill each other or take advantage of each other than in other areas of the world where legal rationalism and sophisticated modern institutions of social control (like contemporary schools, TV and other media, extensive electronic surveillance, etc.) haven't made such extensive and intensive inroads. In fact, even using the reified and highly biased statistics of the contemporary statist social sciences—anthropology, sociology—one could probably make a case for, say, an inverse relationship between the amount of rules and the number of murders much more easily than its opposite! Yet even this would "prove"

little to people with such deeply-ingrained conditioning as your friends'.

What would probably be necessary in order to even provide the possibility for your friends to understand the sense of an anarchist perspective, is for them to actually understand that in their own experiences they probably rarely have impulses to kill people, and that if they do have such impulses they aren't likely to be stopped purely by rules anyway. Rather, they must experience and understand some of the other social factors which have a hell of a lot more to do with the reasons why people kill other people than the mere existence of "rules" or laws, and their degree of enforcement. Beyond this, they must achieve some glimpse of the way an anarchist society would alleviate these other social "causes" of violence. And the argument is analogous for the question of people taking "advantage of each other."

Unfortunately, the modern methods of indoctrination, diffusion of propaganda and social conditioning have been fairly effective—certainly more effective than their radical "de-conditioning" counterparts so far. We can

only continue to work at developing more effective strategies for reaching the suppressed, radical core of peoples' desires and experiences in order to assist ourselves and others in overcoming the extensive influences that the contemporary methods of social control have exercised over our lives.

As far as your preferred definitions for "anarchy" and "anarchism" are concerned, I can only say that my preference is to use the word "chaos" to signify an absence of order, while I reserve the word "anarchy" in my own vocabulary for designating a situation without rulers or authority, and "anarchism" I generally view as an ideology of anarchy (i.e. a systematization of anarchy that is at the same time its falsification in an important sense). You may certainly use the word "anarchism" to denote "a socio-political situation where nobody can make anybody do anything they don't want to," but I don't think you'd be likely to convince many people that this definition could ever have much relation to the real world we live in. It is because I think it highly unlikely that there could ever be any social system, whatever people wanted to call it, that could effectively prevent people from coercing others. Rather, I think it would be more realistic to say that an anarchist society might allow the existence of a situation in which most people would be quite happy without ever feeling the need or desire to coerce or exploit others (without ever being able to completely guarantee otherwise), and that as anarchists this is what we'd be best off aiming towards. In order to convince people that anarchy is a realistic option for social change, I think we'd be well advised to avoid overly extravagant, ideological claims for it, and instead substitute more well-balanced, reasoned, and therefore more effectively liberatory arguments for a qualitatively freer and less alienating society.

Centralized control

Dear NRK,

For anyone who recognizes economic, military or political authority for what it actually is, I recommend an excellent book entitled *4 Arguments for the Elimination of Television*, by Jerry Mander. I found a copy in a library, but it's also available, or at least used to be, from the Fifth Estate. The most coherent and stark information on the nature of modern American society and its affect on daily life is contained in the chapter called "The Centralization of Control."

Some statistics in this chapter are out of date. For example, it's stated that one hundred companies have great influence on television programming using a source from 1960. It's been a long time since then, and more up to date info. can be found on current media/corporate ties in places such as *Multinational Monitor*, and several books (Ben Bagdikian's in

Continued on next page



by Klaus

Letters

Centralized control

Continued from page 45

particular). Also see the July 1988 issue of the *Newsletter for Intellectual Freedom* published by the American Library Association, which lists as the number one story of Project Censored for 1987, "the information monopoly" in which it is explained that just 29 corporations control one-half or more of the media business in America, with an even greater concentration to come in the years ahead due to corporate mergers and the like.

So even though the aforementioned book has old info., it is still highly recommended due to the foundation it lays for criticism of the TV/work/buy hierarchy and everything it spawns. The only alternative in such a steady tightening of media control is the large number of underground publications such as yours, and the ideas and actions they support and coordinate within. So thanks for being there.

Bye,
S.S., Illinois

Sins of the Flesh

Hi there,

K. here, writing from Sacramento, California. I read about you in a mag. so long ago I forget where it was. I'm interested in receiving any info. you have to offer. Is this *Anarchy* magazine I'm writing to? I'm excited to find out what goes on in MO.

I have to work hard to support my family here where over half my salary as a bicycle mechanic goes for rent. We have a two year old chaos breeder & my mate & I are total anti-authoritarians. We don't own a TV or drive a car. We are Vegetarians (Vegan myself). We try to recycle & be conscious of where our \$ goes. I'm in an anti-politiko thrash band called

Sins of the Flesh.

Since I work full time it is important to keep up on what's happening. I crave all the info. I can get. I'm willing to trade stuff. Also, if you have a publication give me subscription rates please.

We wanna fuck it up ASAP.

Chaos in the pants of government!

Love,

K.F., Sacramento, CA.

Ps. What do you think of the west coast @ festival? Are you coming out? We want direct action & less organization. Let's work together, people, OK?

Most informative

Dear C.A.L.,

Having read *Anarchy* #18 I am anxious to subscribe. This is by far the most informative and interesting anarchist paper I've come across so far.

From your journal I learn that there is to be an anarchist gathering this summer in San Francisco. That's very close to me, but I need to find out more specifically when and where. I don't know any other anarchists in my area. Apparently you are compiling a list of anarchist groups—are there any in my area? (Sacramento region)....

Peace, Love and Anarchy,
D.A., Davis, CA.

True self

Dear anarchists,

I became acquainted with your publication through a fellow prisoner, who gave me the pleasure of reading publication number seventeen.

Upon finishing the publication, I realized that I had finally found my true self. I am a true anarchist!

On page three of this issue, there is a column titled, "The Sad

Truth; Helping the homeless." This is a very serious problem in what is supposed to be a world power country. Why is it that this problem cannot be solved? If our so-called democratic government would spend more time and money facing this problem, instead of spending millions on aiding the Contras and "legally" smuggling cocaine and heroin into our country, there would be a lot less drug addiction and homeless. And as far as NYC's mayor Ed Koch's plan for the homeless, that's a bunch of bull! Who ever heard of a plan that puts men in homes before women and children!!! Also, I find it hard to believe that American citizens are embarrassed by this problem, after all, when the majority of American's cars get to the point of embarrassment, THEY BUY A NEW ONE!!!

Holding my head up high,
C.S., Angie, LA.

Add 'P' to anarchy

As I see it,

Mankind apparently needs a political philosophy or theory by which to live, a kind of intellectual territoriality, a set of guidelines to offer direction, a reason for policy, a purpose for action, etc.

Political theory in the past has been formulated to 1) placate the majority; 2) keep the status quo (hold power) and 3) maintain continuity of the dominant system.

All political philosophy and theory (except anarchy) has a built-in bias against those who don't want to be controlled or oppressed by the state.

If you're reading this publication, I am sure you prefer to live without governmental services or restrictions. Some of us crave complete and absolute freedom and dream of a place where governments don't exist. We dream of a condition called anarchy.

If anarchy became the dominant political system, it would logically follow that the system would evolve into groups for the purpose of survival and convenience. However, I believe a true anarchist would choose freedom rather than the available volunteer organizations.

Political theories are created for governments to control man. Why not establish a theory to have man control his own destiny?

My suggestion is: Why don't we formulate a model of society that people can individually choose—either anarchy or an organization to satisfy their needs?

I would like to submit that model for discussion and debate. Panarchy!

Le Grand E. Day
Reseda, CA.

[Le Grand E. Day is the editor and publisher of a recently launched newsletter entitled *Panarchy, Dialectic* (Box 353, Reseda, CA. 91335-0353). Subscriptions are \$8/year (6 issues).]

Alternative Press Index

Dear Friends,

Thank you for continuing to send us *Anarchy*; a journal of

Desire Armed. I'm sorry it's taken so long for us to make a decision, but you will be glad to know we have decided that *Anarchy* would be a valuable addition to the *Alternative Press Index*.

Briefly, the *Alternative Press Index* is a quarterly subject index to over two hundred different alternative periodicals and is the most comprehensive index of its kind.

We feel that it is essential to make "alternative" perspectives more widely known. That's why we publish the *Index*. We provide a service to librarians, researchers, activists and, we hope, even to you. By agreeing to let *Anarchy* be indexed, you may increase your readership and aid the dissemination of your ideas....

Sincerely,
E.O., for the Alt. Press Center
Alternative Press Index
POB 33109
Baltimore, MD. 21218

What about all this?

Hi Lev!

You have friends at *Fifth Estate*. I wrote to them asking for information about anarchy/anarchism and they sent me lots of stuff including #16 and #17 of *Anarchy*. I am very interested in what you are doing. Enclosed is a check for \$10. Six dollars are for a subscription.... Please send me a copy of *As we see it!*, also. Use the other four dollars wherever you need them.

I have been interested in anarchy/anarchism since the early 1980s on a personal and intuitive level. I had no idea that there was anything of an anarchist community (outside of some of the more simplistic punk zines that I have read and enjoyed). It excites me and I am very eager to learn more and participate whenever I can.

You reviewed *SRAF* [Note: this is a reference to the *SRAF Bulletin of the Social Revolutionary Anarchist Federation*] from Salt Lake City in both issues of *Anarchy* that I have. I haven't yet heard back from them. What are they all about? What prompted your criticism? Also, I saw a letter in *Anarchy* from E.F. in Mt. Pleasant, Utah. I would like very much if you could send me E.F.'s address (or mine to her/him) and also pass my address on to any other intermountain (Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, etc.) anarchist types. I have a great need to discuss and learn all I can and would really enjoy talking and corresponding with people from my local area.

My very limited knowledge of anarchist theory comes from reading parts of *The Essential Works of Anarchism*. I have also read and enjoyed very much *The Ego and Its Own*. I have also read some Nietzsche and have been writing down some comparisons between him and Stirner. Are you familiar with any anarchist writings on the works of Nietzsche? Do you have any suggestions on where would be a good place to go from here (in my studies of anarchy/anarchism)?

Until just recently (through reading your publication and FE) I had been totally unaware of an

anti-technology direction in anarchist thought. I also perceive an anti-work attitude. What about all this? Could you give me a brief summary of these ideas? As soon as I can muster up some money I will be getting a hold of Zerzan's book and the one he edited. But for now, I remain perplexed.

I realize that you are probably very busy and may not have time to answer my many questions, in the near future or even later. I am patient, just start sending me *Anarchy* and write to me when/if you can. I have no need for you to print this letter in your letters section although feel free to print all or part of anything that I ever send you. I am going to try to make it to the gathering in San Fran. If you go, it would be nice to sit down and talk some. Thanks.

S.B., Provo, Utah

Lev responds

Thanks for subscribing. And I hope you continue to enjoy this paper.

Re: the *SRAF Bulletin*, I think you'll see for yourself why I consider it a fairly worthless project when you get a copy from them. It has degenerated for so many years now that it is usually not worth picking up at all anymore.

Unfortunately, E.F. is no longer in Utah, having moved to another state out of your immediate area. I would suggest that if you want to have people contact you, that you write a short letter specifically asking for this, giving your address, which we can print in *Anarchy*. We cannot give out people's addresses for obvious reasons, and the logistics of locating people in your area and writing all of them letters for you would be too time-consuming for me while I am already chronically behind in correspondence and all the work which goes into putting out *Anarchy*.

There have been many ephemeral writings by anarchists on Nietzsche, some good, most not so good. However, short of doing a search of the literature myself, I couldn't tell you off-hand where to look or what to look for. Your best bet is to find a copy of Carroll's *Break-Out From the Crystal Palace* which, though the author isn't an anarchist, somewhat sympathetically looks at Stirner and Nietzsche. *Max Stirner's Egoism* by John Clark is a book by an anarchist (at least he claimed to be when he wrote the book), but it is one of the worst books on Stirner ever written—inexcusably so, because as an anarchist Clark should have known better than to impute all the stupid things he does to Stirner.

Given that you've already read Stirner, I would highly recommend that you pick up copies of Raoul Vaneigem's *The Revolution of Everyday Life*, Ken Knabb's *The Situationist International Anthology*, Paul Goodman's (and Fritz Perls and Ralph Hefferline's) *Gestalt Therapy*, and *The Right to be Greedy*, besides Zerzan's *Elements of Refusal*. I consider all these books to be essential read-

TODAY IS TOMORROW



FVR

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Letters

ing for anyone interested in understanding the current possibilities for anarchy today.

Re: the critique of technology, Zerzan and Carnes' **Questioning Technology** and some judiciously selected back issues of **Fifth Estate** (ask them for their best on the critique of technology) are necessary reading. And as far the critique of "work" is concerned, I'll send you a back issue of **Anarchy** with Bob Black's "The Abolition of Work" essay in it.

A few comments

Lev,

It's been awhile since I wrote to you or sent anything. We received your paper here recently. You seem to be doing an impressive bit of activity lately. I would like to comment on a few things.

Earth First!—your observations are what we've seen here. L.A.-EF! you don't see in the news here...it's always...Dave Foreman & Ed Abbey. Always. **L.A. Times**, **Herald Examiner**, etc. How "decentralized" really are they? We see no excuse for their redneck neo-Nazi shit to be in a Green movement here. And we see no excuse for people making up excuses for it. It's no wonder we feel as we do...we've had it up to here with racist cops, skinheads, klan, etc. in S. Calif. To see it in the Greens here is a piss-off. We've talked to EF!-L.A.—Abbey's robots. I see no reason for further dialog with them, anymore than I do with other goons. Abbey & Foreman should be quickly put out of the way as soon as possible by any means necessary. And the rest of EF! better get to it...or someone else will...

Rage/Mayday—we weren't notified here ahead about this **Rage** paper—we had no opportunity to put anything in. I wrote them and asked why? No reply. The R.S.L. [Note: the *Revolutionary Socialist League*, which prints the *Torch/La Antorcha*] I know little about. I thought they were ex-Trots—now @-socialists. Not really so? How so? Tell us, we wonder. **Rage** itself seemed fine to me. No answer from R.A.B.L. [the *Revolutionary Anarchist Bowling League in Minneapolis*] either about this.

Zerzan—although his work has had an influence on us...he offers no real hope or solution...we wrote him off as an apologist for doing nothing like Mr. Black. From what we found out they both sit around alot and literally cry in their beer. Drunks. Zerzan now comes out with a "how-to" book on work subversion and survival—we would like to see that... Maybe after all he does have some active ideas. We simply are bored with all the high intellectual mumbo jumbo and wish to see more spontaneous revolts and participate too. And help start 'em.

Satanism—Toni is right on! I tell people Satanism is a creation of the church. The flip-side, yes, of Christianity. We get alot of that Satanism accusation here for being punks and speedmetallers. So we know how it is.

Feral Faun—I can really un-

derstand this view. I see religion as anti-life. Especially Christianity/Islam/Judaism. The worst. They may as well be dead.

I.M.W.U. [the *International Music Workers Union*] is modelled after the C.N.T., I.W.W., Solidarity, A.G.T., W.S.A., A.I.T. Syndicalist. We have struggled to keep going...But its structure is not the problem. It does work. Any attempts to "centralize," override of members' views, etc. have been swiftly challenged...by direct popular action by members. Syndicalist organizing is to us the most viable form of mass action against the state, corporate elite and the churches. And for us music is a weapon. That's why we organized a syndicalist union around that idea. If anything—apathy is a problem—people can be complacent here and do nothing.

Speaking of which was a serious problem in the current O.C. [Orange County?] local, until now. Dissident members there broke with it and are forming a new local. The issue was how the racist problem was being confronted there, or avoided. Fear works. They were too afraid to do anything. So those who wanted to do something, along with the rest of us who do...returned the International Office to L.A. (was in O.C.) and started a new local in O.C. Thus the attempts to turn I.M.W.U. into something it isn't...failed. Easily. We've been doing gigs here & putting out flyers in area. Black Rose Collective in New England—we've been doing the gig organizing for I.M.W.U.-L.A. as Black Rose Productions/Collective for two years now. The name is a coincidence, we never heard of them out there, before. Oh well.

Avi Naftel—where is he? His mail got sent back to us.

Storm Warning—is an R.C.P. [Revolutionary Communist Party] paper. Fact. They quote B. Avakian and the **Revolutionary Worker** paper alot. You should tell people that so they know who these people are.

R. Tobin—has been spacing out lately.

A.N.I.C. will return to print when we can afford to print it again. After my back got broke by National Frontier Wattie/Exploited in '87—I've had a rough time. Disability hassles and all that. I sued the L.B.P.D., and two big Crook Greedy promoters who encouraged this to happen. Our right to protest was trampled on, in good ole Long Beach, CA. I go to court very soon. And we will burn them. We did an article with **Rolling Stone** (Dec. 1) about battling the goons here. It came out pretty good. We've learned to manipulate the manipulative corporate press pretty well. We will continue to take advantage of this when possible.

See you in S.F., R., El Segundo, CA. Ps. WARskins are planning a big goon rally in S.F. in August also...to conflict with us. Prepare. They had a Big Beer Hall Rally in Riverside tonite. We've been to those undercover—literally hundreds of 'em. Not little gangs anymore in suburbs...in Riverside/San Bernardino they are Armies. Some of our members out there have been

attacked, recently—at their homes. Here too....

International federation

We saw your address in the magazine **Le Libertaire**. I am a French anarchist. I work with SCALP and F.A. (Federation Anarchiste).

I'm writing because I think communication and international solidarity are the strength of our movement.

But this strength is not utilized. Each group prefers to organize its own little project and no international action is created. That's why, with friends, I've formed the F.A.I. (International Anarchist Federation). The F.A.I. is now composed of members of the French, Peruvian and American F.A. We want to reorganize all anarchist organizations to create simultaneous actions which are more effective and visible to attract the attention of people who know nothing of anarchy because they've never talked with anarchists.

We want to organize the F.A.I. into groups which concern themselves with: 1) syndicalism, 2) anti-fascism, 3) racism, 4) feminism, 5) alternative music, 6) concerts, 7) literature, 8) Nicaragua, 9) prisoners, 10) housing, 11) any other suggestions?

Each member of the F.A.I. could participate in the group of her/his choice and in the actions organized by the other groups. These groups would be present in each country and, as a hypothetical example, the Columbia, MO. anti-fascist group would organize actions with all other anti-fascist groups of other countries. We must improve our methods of action and tighten the bonds between different groups if we want to empower ourselves in the political world. If we don't change our methods we'll remain a jack-of-all-trades without influencing the people or attracting attention.

It was poor organization and isolation that precipitated the fiascos of 1871, 1917, 1927, 1936 and 1968.

Long live international anarchist federation!

If certain members of your organization want to connect with us, they can write me. Many thanks!

Libertarian greetings,
J.L., St. Marcellin, France

You're fooling yourself

To Badguy,

So you're giving up on "anarchy" & "anarchists," and instead intend to pursue happiness by getting more money. [Note: See *The Badguy Report: Nurturing the calm, opening my heart* in **Anarchy** #19/May-July '89]

My main point is to raise doubts whether you were ever an anarchist. Maybe you wore circle-A buttons, maybe you evoked anarchist arguments, maybe you belonged to affinity groups. But it seems like you never grasped the connection between the state of the world and yourself. You say you sometimes feel for "this planet

and its inhabitants." To me, that says your involvement was always on behalf of others.

Now you think happiness will come from finishing your degree and getting more money for your time, so you can get more goodies. I guess you never grasped how this money is created on a global basis thru the mass alienation of human labor-power. It's not just you winning your portion. Neither do you seem to grasp that the ravaging of the planet affects your survival. More fundamentally, you apparently never had the desire to live free of the constraints which the money-patriarchy system imposes

on us, which makes genuine community and real living impossible with things as they are.

You remind me of a friend, in fact the person who turned me on to anarchist thought. He went on to a career in the music industry, pursuing material goodies and spouting crap about working with "good, caring" people, including industry executives who cared about quality music. He also put down anarchists/left-communists as intolerant/hard-to-get-along-with. P.s., He's very unhappy now.

Yes, many in this milieu are intolerant. And I can't stand mor-

Continued on next page

The Revelation according to a Modern Saint

Yes, yes, the end is near, because it is true and everyone knows it. It is the end and at once the beginning.

Long into the future people will laugh at the follies of our time. And what will be most amusing and bewildering is our fear, our fear of the end of our civilization, of the empire, of all civilization and empires...

And what shall happen to all of them? Those who say it can not happen, and we need our malls, stores, freeways, televisions.

What shall we do with the incorrigible citizen?

The bankers we shall burn with the money or bury alive with pennies on their eyes....

The factory owners will have to work 40 hours a week plus mandatory overtime breaking down the freeways with sledgehammers....

The auto execs, car salesmen, "big-wheel" 4X4 drivers and auto fetishists shall be stoned with the broken asphalt....

The ad men will be hung using film and/or video tape....

The politicians will have to eat the files of the government....

The generals and armaments industrialists will be napalmed one-by-one while listening to tapes of their excuses for taking the lives of innocents....

Realtors and developers will eat dirt and landlords shall eat their shit....

Those who cannot live without electricity can be blown up with the power plants....

Scientists will be measured and tested as will be sociologists, psychologists and time/motion specialists as they try and work through a giant maze full of electric shocks and worse horrors....

Teachers will be told they are wrong....

Leftists will be hung with the guts of rightists

The religious can meet their maker....

And the artists, poets, musicians, all those who have compromised freedom and creation, the dilettante intellectuals and critics of all stripes, those most heinous villains... For them it will be the Epoxy lips....

Morgan Feralchilde

Leftist porn

Lenin found that the proletariat was hot and willing, so he took his central organ and inserted it into the workers' struggle. The workers called out. "It's pravda, it's pravda."

Morgan Feralchilde

You're fooling yourself

Continued from page 47

alizing, be it regarding what you buy, or the nature of your love relationships or who your friends are. But how much of fundamental differences do we accept? Do we become chummy with investment bankers or military researchers because they are nice and friendly neighbors, without reproaching them for what they do? To me, it sounds like a rationalization for giving up, and assimilating into the mainstream. If you think you're simply gonna get a degree and get more money without making some fucked-up basic compromises, I can guarantee you that you're fooling yourself.

Jack Straw, Berkeley, CA.

Badguy sez

What I find most interesting about your letter, Jack, is that it is presumptuous and self-righteous like so much anarchist discourse. It makes me raise the question I did in my column once again; does "anarchy" often become a way of excusing our own intolerance? Because I questioned certain commonly accepted ideas that many anarchists have, you immediately try to undermine my credibility by suggesting that it's doubtful that I ever really was an anarchist in the first place. Well you know nothing of me or my life, Jack, and it's hard for me to take your letter seriously because you are so quick to put me down, yet so closed to my own unique experience.

I am in agreement with you and other anarchists who are critical of the existing social system which always exacts a price in return for the benefits it doles out—something those on the fast track to success usually lose sight of. I don't have many serious disagreements with anarchist critiques of capitalism, work, patriarchy or everyday misery published in contemporary books and periodicals. We need to be critical of existing social practices.

But I am trying to challenge anarchist friends and readers (and me too) to be more open-hearted, generous, hopeful and warm when we gather and talk with others—both anarchists and non-anarchists alike. If each of us do not recognize ways in which we come off as rigid and self-righteous in our dealings with others, or are so convinced that we have all the answers that we must go after anyone who's not in total agreement with us; or if our discourse is characterized by little more than acrimony and oneupmanship, and deals only in abstractions and highly intellectualized or rationalistic modes of expression, then few people will want any part of it.

I am suggesting that humility, vulnerability, quietude, intimacy, acceptance, self-skepticism, hope, dreams, a sense of wonder and unrelenting love as well as being sexy, playful, inventive and outrageous are all qualities which anarchists need to nurture in self and others if we are to have any claim to being a really and truly liberating phenomenon—

(SITTING-) STILL LIFE

A great mystification of our time is the notion that technology serves the needs of human culture—instead of the other way around. Technology, more than just a collection of machines, comprises an entire social system, organizing all human activity around its own mechanical logic and schedules. Technology infiltrates and eventually dominates and impoverishes every sphere of social and personal life. It replaces the multitude forms of communication and expression with its own standardized and degraded language, mediating and sterilizing all human interaction. Individual desire, subjectivity and freedom recede as technology advances, bringing with it increased alienation, routinization and workloads. The computer, with its near-universal proliferation, the passivity and isolation required of its operators and its capacity for two-way monitoring, represents a qualitative leap in the process of domestication and social control. Gradually, the autonomy of the machine replaces the autonomy of the individual, reducing people to mere automata: Cyberneticians and computer theorists now "jokingly" refer to humans as "servo-proteins." Thus, the inversion of subject and object has reached its final stage, its (techno-)logical conclusion: the human being as neutral, passive servant of the machine.

The necessary first step of any liberatory project is a thorough critique and rejection of all forms of domination. To then realize our aspirations requires that we act. The beginnings of a world of marvelous free-play and delight can be ours wherever a crowbar is in reach.

—something that makes people feel alive and free. Since I wrote my last column I have received very favorable comments from several women who have been involved with male anarchist friends of mine. But the guys don't like it one bit. Why do you suppose this is?



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