

Towards a Society based on Mutual Aid, Voluntary Cooperation & the Liberation of Desire

#32/Spring '92

\$2.50

Anarchy

A journal of Desire Armed



Collage by Freddie Baer

*Special issue on
Libertarian Fiction*



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ANARCHY notes

Welcome to the Spring '92 issue of *Anarchy*, dedicated to "Libertarian Fiction." For anyone who values freedom, voluntary association and mutual aid, one of the more notable voids in our media culture has to be the general absence of their portrayal in literature and on the screen. Especially when it comes to any type of radical resistance to capital and state, mainstream literature and cinema reduce character development, motives and relationships to the level of caricature typically found in reactionary editorial cartoons.

This issue of *Anarchy* features fiction and comment from perspectives all but invisible in mainstream media. Our serialization of Raoul Vaneigem's *The Revolution of Everyday Life* continues with chapter eleven on the relevant theme of "Mediated abstraction, abstracted mediation." Richard Evanoff contributes a discussion of the problems he found in organizing an alternative literary magazine as a cooperative, while Ed Lawrence takes a further look at Herman Melville's curious character, Bartleby. The fiction then begins with Barney Rubble's short "Confessions of a Posterist," followed by a chapter excerpted from Paul Goodman's anarchic masterpiece, *The Empire City*. Nancy Bogen contributes a fictionalization of the life of "Hippolyte Havel, Anarchist." Chaim Rimrot presents "A Day in the Life of Avram Krantz," and Richard Kostelanetz gives us "Lovings Four." Graphically, this issue begins once again with a collage contribution from Freddie Baer, and continues with more collages from James Koehnline, pieces from Michael William, and comics from Donald Room, Mr. Fish and Wendy S. Duke.

Unfortunately, several of the stories and reviews we would have liked to have included in this issue just didn't make it for lack of space. And we're still playing catch-up with our letters column, so, if you find yourself wondering about the absence of comments on our last issue ("Women, Gender & Anarchy"), they'll be coming around next time.

Next Issues

Beginning with the upcoming Summer '92 issue, we will probably change to a new format, going from our current magazine tabloid size to a smaller, more common magazine trim size of 8"x10½" or 7½"x10".

We'll make up for the decrease in page size by roughly doubling our page count to 80 or 88 pages. This change in our trim size should allow for more effective newsstand distribution (which now makes up over two thirds of our paid distribution), as well as allowing *Anarchy* to be more easily handled and read. So next time around look for us on the newsstand in a more compact, but otherwise similar package.

The Summer '92 issue will focus on the theme of "Abandoning Civilization." We are still encouraging submissions on this theme (deadline is May 1st), though, as always, we cannot guarantee that everything submitted will make it into print. There is also a strong possibility that the Fall issue may focus on the theme of "Crime & Punishment" and/or something like "Cops, Courts & Prisons." We're also looking for submissions on these subjects.

At this point other suggestions for future issues still include "Anarchy & Violence," "Anti-organization," "Libertarian Education" (or "[Mis]education"), "Anti-technology," "Psychiatry/Mental Illness," "Transportation," "False Opposition" and "Individualism." Readers, please let us know what you'd like to see us cover most! Submissions are always welcome for upcoming issues.

Fund raising appeal

To this point in the evolution of this magazine we've rarely made it a special point to press for contributions. Instead, we've operated on the premise that this publication should be able to fund itself without the need for frequent appeals or other high-pressure tactics. We don't intend to change this, but we *did* decide to begin a fund raising appeal with the last issue in order to more quickly obtain a needed piece of equipment, a computer laser printer. For those who have a special interest in seeing this publication thrive (rather than just survive), we ask that you contribute now to this fund in order that we can obtain a laser printer & necessary fonts. Heretofore we've depended entirely upon the use of a printer owned by one of our staff. However, this has led to a bottleneck in production which has impeded our efforts. Our goal is \$2,000 in contributions by June 1, 1992. At this point we've still got over three quarters of the way to go. Would you like to help us?

Goodbye Lev, hello Jason

With the publication of this issue's short biography of the historical Russian anarchist

Lev Chernyi (on the facing page), Jason McQuinn will no longer be using this as his pen name. Lev Turchaninov, who wrote under the name of "Lev Chernyi" (also transliterated as Chorny, Tchorny, Tcherny, or Cherny), was a highly respected Moscow writer and poet at the turn of the century. He is said to have been both an individualist in the style of Max Stirner, as well as a social revolutionary in association with the Moscow Federation of Anarchist Groups and the Underground Anarchists group. Unfortunately, his notoriety as a writer and activist probably contributed to his early death at the hands of the Bolshevik secret police, the Cheka, a year and a half after the Underground Anarchists (along with left Social Revolutionaries) bombed the headquarters of the Moscow Committee of the Communist Party in Leontiev Street during a plenary session in 1919. Originally the pen name was chosen to honor the memory of this largely forgotten, but very important, figure in the Russian movement. However, with the recent re-emergence of the Russian—along with Ukrainian and other ex-Soviet regional—anarchist movements this task may now be better accomplished by those in closer proximity.

Thanks for your support!

Our current sustaining contributors include: B.B. of Numazu-shi, Japan; L.C., T.O., A.H., A.D., S.H. & E.F. of Columbia, MO.; D.A. of Carbondale, IL.; A.H. of New Braunfels, TX.; A.G. of Paris, France; L.P. of Detroit, MI.; G.M. of Yellow Springs, OH.; L.A. of Chicago, IL.; P.K. of San Francisco, CA.; E.K. of Edmonton, Alberta; T.D. of Manhattan Beach, CA.; S.L. of Lewisville, TX.; D.J. of Los Angeles, CA.; J.J. of Union City, CA.; C.R. of Glenolden, PA.; R.S. of University City, MO.; K.M. of Oakland, CA.; B.K. of Canoga Park, CA.; S.G. of Darwin, Australia; M.E. of NYC, NY.; R.C. of Boulder, CO.; J.M. of Montréal, Québec; and R.R. of Grove City, OH. More thanks to all of you for your extra support! Without it we'd be hard pressed to continue publication in our current form. Sustaining contributors to *Anarchy* now donate \$60 to \$120 per year—which includes a First Class or Airmail subscription. We can *always* use more support! As, for that matter, can other anarchist projects. Any suggestions?

-Jason McQuinn

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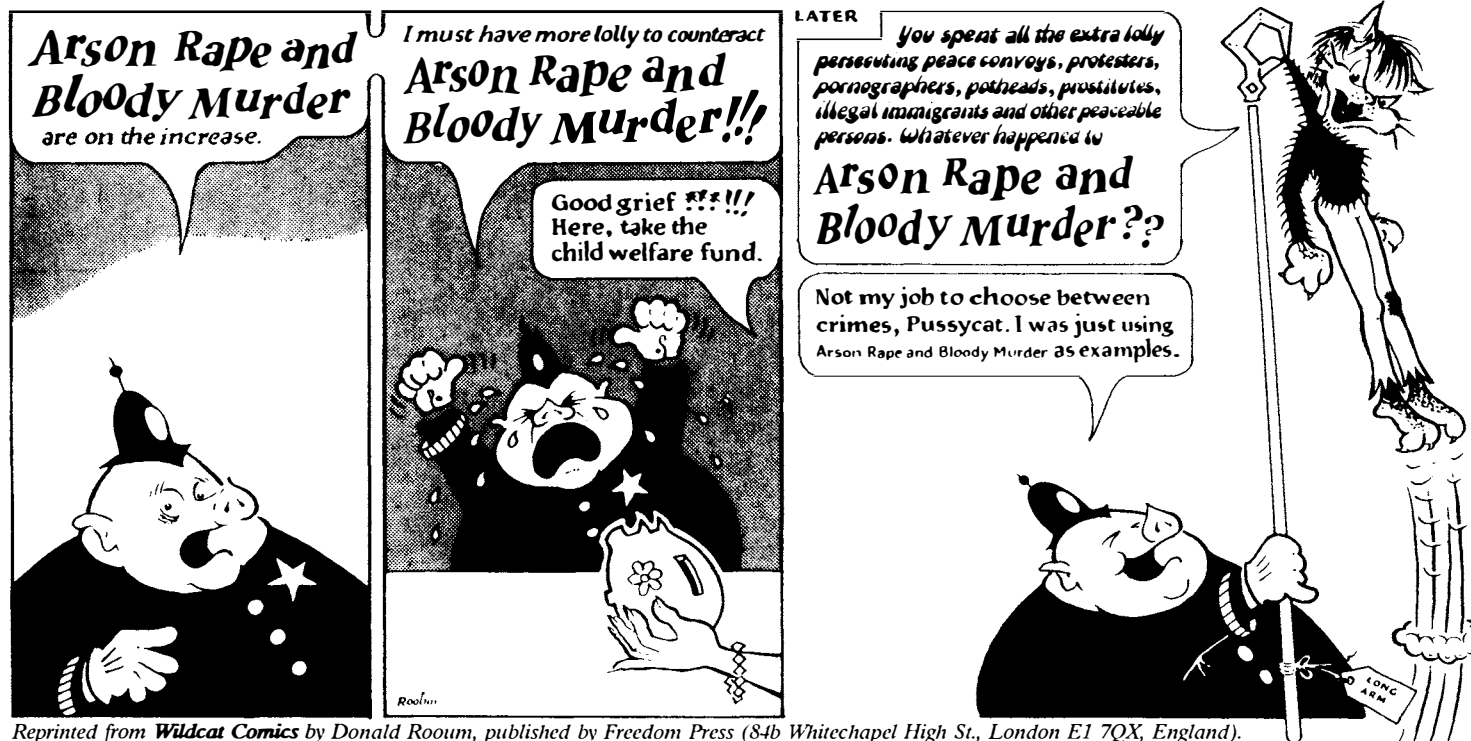
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Wildcat Comix by Donald Room



Reprinted from *Wildcat Comics* by Donald Room, published by Freedom Press (84b Whitechapel High St., London E1 7QX, England).

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Lev Chernyi:

Forgotten anarchist

One significant and often forgotten aspect of revolutionary Russia in the years 1917 to 1921 is the apparently inexplicable way in which some well-known anarchists were able to move from violent theoretical opposition to Marxism to practical collaboration with the Bolshevik government. Apart from the 'anarcho-Bolsheviks' and 'Soviet anarchists' who actively supported the Bolsheviks, there were those who muted their criticism for fear of rocking the revolutionary boat.

When Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman arrived in Russia from America in early 1919 they were prepared to accept the imprisonment of anarchist comrades. (Admittedly they had grave misgivings and they had been told by the Bolsheviks that the people concerned were 'bandits'.) On two occasions they 'missed' opportunities to meet Nestor Makhno whose peasant army in the Ukraine was offering armed resistance to the authority of the Red Army and the White Army, despite the fact that Makhno had made clear his eagerness to explain and justify his actions to them. Emma Goldman admitted in *My Disillusionment in Russia* that in the beginning she had defended the Bolsheviks as "embodying in practice the spirit of the revolution, in spite of their theoretical Marxism." It took the massacre of the rebellious Kronstadt workers by Communist forces led by Trotsky in March, 1921, to open the eyes of Goldman and Berkman completely to the hopeless tyranny of the Communist state.

However, there were thousands of little-known anarchists who were more perceptive and more faithful to their ideals. For this opposition they paid with their lives. Among these was the anarchist poet Lev Chernyi, who had suffered imprisonment under the Czarist regime for his revolutionary activities. In 1907, he published a book entitled *Associational Anarchism*, in which he advocated the "free association of independent individuals." Paul Avrich, in his study, *The Russian Anarchists*, states that Chernyi was greatly influenced by Max Stirner; although, other writers have minimized Chernyi's debt to Stirner.

On his return from Siberia in 1917 he enjoyed great popularity among Moscow workers as a lecturer. He was also Secretary of the Moscow Federation of Anarchist Groups, which was formed in March of 1917.

In the spring of 1918, in reaction to the growing repression of all opposition and free expression, the anarchist groups within the Moscow Federation formed armed detachments, the Black Guards, and Lev Chernyi



played an active part in these. On the night of April 11, 1918 the Cheka, the secret police, raided the building of the Moscow Federation, and the Black Guards offered armed resistance. About forty anarchists were killed or wounded and about five hundred were imprisoned.

In 1919 Chernyi joined a group called the Underground Anarchists, who published two numbers of a broadsheet which denounced the Communist dictatorship as the worst tyranny in human history. On September 25, 1919, a number of Left Social Revolutionaries and Underground Anarchists bombed the headquarters of the Moscow Committee of the Communist Party in protest at the growing repression. Twelve Communists were killed and fifty-five others were wounded.

August, 1921, the Moscow *Izvestia* published an official report announcing that ten "anarchist bandits" had been shot without hearing or trial. Among the dead was Lev Chernyi. Although he was not involved in the bombing of the Moscow Communist headquarters, he was, because of his association with the Underground Anarchists, a likely candidate for a frame-up. The Communists refused to turn over his body to his family for burial, and there were persistent rumors that he had in fact died of torture. -Terry Phillips

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"The whirligig of time has its revenges."

--B.A.G. Fuller

"A workers' mafia"

An interview with an ex-member of the Red Brigades

*Translator's note: The following interview appeared in the final issue (number 4, summer 1990) of the French journal **Le Brise-Glace**. Alberto Franceshini, the former Red Brigades member interviewed, is the author of "Mara, Renato e io, storia dei fondatori della BR," ("Mara, Renato and I, the Story of the Founders of the Red Brigades"). A copy of the entire French version of the present interview is available from **Anarchy** (excerpts included here represent about one third of the original text) for \$3.00 photocopying & postage. Also of interest is a book about the state/media anti-terrorist campaign in France during the 1980s written by Serge Quadrupani, one of the participants in **Le Brise-Glace** (*L'Anti-Terrorisme en France, ou la terreur intégrée*, 81-89; **Éditions La Découverte**).*

Le Brise-Glace: When you got involved in the armed struggle, did you believe that a revolution was possible in Italy?

Alberto Franceshini: I was absolutely convinced. I thought that our activities were really going to unleash a process of social revolution. We had a Che Guevara-type *foco* theory approach. Milan was our sierra; our jungle. That's how we used to put it too. We were very religious in this sense. We believed in the virtue of the example. We used to say that "In Italy, revolutionary conditions and a revolutionary class have long existed. But the leaders are traitors. The Communist Party is a traitor party, a *parti de pompiers*." [*Parti de pompiers*: literally the firemen's party; refers to the Communist Party's habit of dousing the flames whenever the social situation heated up.]

LBG: You were the real leaders?

AF: Yes. But we had to prove it to the masses through our personal sacrifices. We were the real leaders because as opposed to the leaders of the Communist Party, who were setting themselves up with posh lifestyles by entering the government, we were prepared to sacrifice our lives.

We had adopted the "weakest link" theory, which held that because of Italy's position, a revolution in this country would trigger off a revolution in the rest of Europe. We were also in contact with German and French comrades. In France we were in contact with *Gauche Proletarienne*, *La Nouvelle Résistance Populaire* and *Vive la Révolution*. We maintained close relations with them until Nogrette's kidnapping in 1972. His kidnapping was coordinated with Marchari's, an executive in a state-owned Italian company. Without discussing the name of their target, we kept each other up-to-date about both projects. Therefore we were in contact with Germans and the French concerning possible interventions in the factories. Then we did an assessment of the Nogrette operation and accused our French comrades of populism. In effect, if I remember correctly, they had organized a people's assembly which was supposed to decide whether or not to liberate him. And of course the assembly decided to let him go. We considered this a 'populist' error. We felt that the revolutionary process would take a lot longer [until mass assemblies had a say in matters—note from *Le Brise-Glace*]. We were a lot more Leninist. We were counting on the role of the vanguard. We felt that our French comrades had the illusion that with one action you become a mass movement. We believed that it would take 300 years for the Italian and European revolutionary process to reach completion...which still may well be the case!

LBG: What is striking in your book is the lack of a clear-cut separation between Italian society and the Red Brigades, between the Communist Party and the Red Brigades in particular, and between the movement and the Red Brigades. From the exterior, the Red Brigades seemed like an ultra-secret organization, one that was completely cut off from the rest of society. Which is not the way you describe it.

AF: I wrote this book to destroy—or at least to challenge—this media-fabricated image of the Red Brigades. I'm referring here to the initial stage, from '74 to '75, or even until '78. People from the autonomous milieu—Negri, Scalzone, etc.—knew all of us. They used to meet us in the streets; we used to go to the same places. Red Brigades members were underground, but we lived among the people, as I explain in the book. If they wanted to it would have been easy to arrest us.

In the book there is an account of our break with people who considered the revolution and

the justice system. Everyone arrested stated, "I am a prisoner of war," gave their surname, their given name and that was it. From 1980 on, the exact opposite began to happen. It was disastrous. Hundreds and hundreds of comrades were arrested. In one year there were 1,500 arrests. Out of 1,500, between 1,200 and 1,300 became traitors, collaborated with the justice system and the *carabinieri* [an armed Italian police force] and got others arrested. This was the most striking aspect. Why was this crisis taking place, we then asked ourselves.

At first our interpretation was purely physiological—that every expanding body incorporates foreign bodies. Since most of the collaborators were young students, we stuck to the classic

him. To save members of his family he endangered members of mine, knowing what he said was false. Several times other former friends also had charges laid against me. My first reaction was, "If I get my hands on them, I'll kill them." Then I told myself I should try to understand.

First, I realized that after 1978, when Moro's kidnapping took place, Red Brigades terrorism became a youth fad. Negri has a 'necessity' theory about them—that people get involved looking for pleasure and once there is no longer any pleasure they lose their principles and switch sides.

Those of us who belonged to the first generation had a sacrifice theory, one that was the exact opposite of the necessity theory. For me, getting involved in the armed struggle was the last thing in the world I wanted to do. Exercising violence was a sacrifice. In the book I talk about my first hold-up, and the psychological drama I went through at that point. I was very legalistic and was stuck in certain perceptual frameworks. Talking to young comrades I became aware that for them, the armed struggle was like going to the cinema; it was a necessity. They had a real need to exercise violence. It was a completely different approach. What is tragic is that for them killing someone was like being in a film. A lot of them used to talk about the Sam Peckinpah film *The Wild Bunch*, which had profoundly influenced them. Joining the Red Brigades represented an opportunity to act as if they were in the film. So it was a real need to exercise violence; to kill.

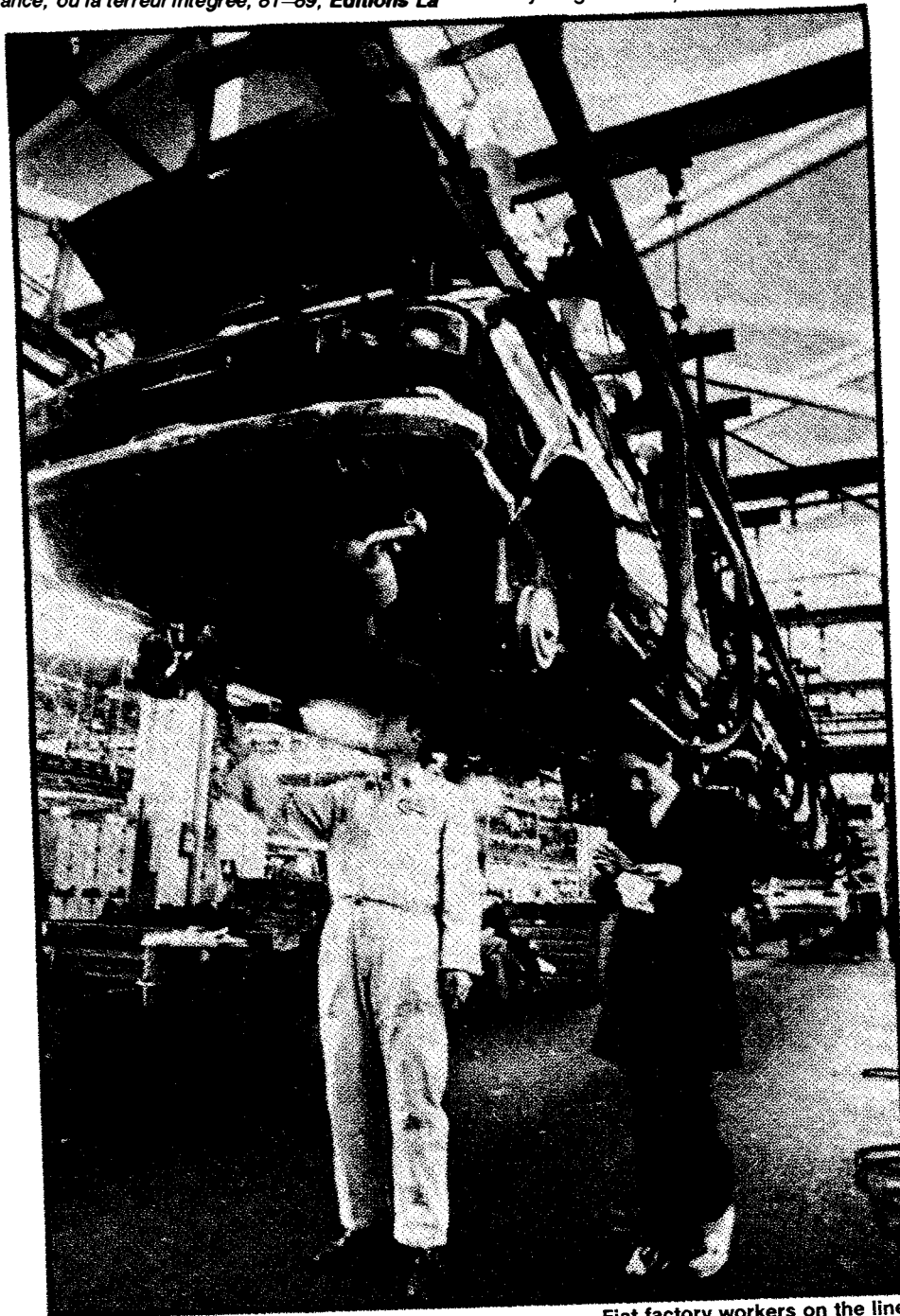
I met people who killed without really being aware of what they were doing. And once they landed in prison they broke with their past and recanted, just as calmly as you please. It was almost natural for them. It's as if everything were taken for granted, approached with a certain cynicism, or arrogance even. Showing off their power was what they liked. Once the state made it clear that it was stronger by arresting them, they went over to the state's side. Identifying with the *carabinieri* was often no trouble at all....

LBG: What is really fascinating about this story is that to a large extent the armed struggle, and the Red Brigades in particular, were defeated by the collaborators, and the collaborator phenomenon is due to a large extent to the role of the media. In effect at a certain point an image of a Red Brigades member was created, youths identified with the image, and that's what killed the Red Brigades.

AF: Yes, that's right. Four years ago we organized a seminar with a group of journalists in Rebibbia [a high-tech prison in Rome] about the relationship between terrorism and the mass media. We discussed our two-phase theory of the history of our organization: there was an initial phase—until Moro's kidnapping—during which, for the media, we were never communist revolutionaries but bandits and fascists instead. We were presented as the exact opposite of what we were. After 1978, on the other hand, the media presented us as communists; a political identity was acknowledged, but from that point on they were the ones who moulded it.

Before 1978 people didn't believe them when they said we were fascists because what we were doing was too different from what the fascists were doing. So their image of us was ineffective. In 1978 a big debate took place about a McLuhan interview which appeared in the *Corriere della Sera*, I believe. During Moro's kidnapping he had said that to fight the Red Brigades you had to "unplug the microphone," in other words create a total silence by no longer talking about them in the newspapers. Since the terrorist's life source was propaganda it was necessary to stop talking about them on TV and in the papers, and the terrorists would then go away. His thesis was baptized "drowning the babies in their mother's milk."

McLuhan, who was no dummy, had probably said this to be provocative, to get a debate going. Well, what the media very intelligently decided was to discuss us, but in a certain way. It was decided that the image of the terrorist would be used and that a particular image would be created. Not talking about it would have left open a space that we might have occupied. By deciding to talk about us, on the other hand, the media occupied the entire space. A choice of cultural imperialism in the true sense of the term was made. Whereas they used to say that we were fascists, the media were now competing to say, "No, they're communists." Soon *Unità*, the organ of the Communist Party, was the only



Fiat factory workers on the line.

the armed struggle ultra-clandestine activities, and who ultimately disappeared from the movement. Our break with them is the point at which our organization was born. For us, the fundamental question was that the armed struggle should take place within the movement. It was the "highest point" of the movement, but remained inside it. In spite of the personal risks we took and though we were well aware that we could end up in jail at any moment, we used to say, "If I do mass political work in the movement there will be 100 people to take my place; if I lock myself up in an apartment like a terrorist, I will be cut off." The other day a Greek journalist interviewed me about a Greek group which has been around for 15 years without anyone getting caught. It's a very closed group with only a few members, who continue to do armed actions. Because they don't open up, they can't be captured. They're the real terrorists. We always chose not to be terrorists. Working with the masses was fundamental. You had to live with the people.

LBG: There is something mysterious about the collaborator phenomenon. How do you account for it?

AF: Up until 1980, 300 comrades were imprisoned. Out of 300, not one collaborated with

Marxist-Leninist line about petit-bourgeois infiltration. In effect, since more people were going to school, everyone who turned twenty during the '80s was a student.

Then we became aware that our reasoning was erroneous and that a basic crisis had taken place. It was our project which was in a state of crisis. And then the splits in the organization began....

LBG: The collaborator phenomenon was very striking in two senses: it was a mass movement and it unleashed a verbal outpouring. When collaborators start to talk, they don't shut up...

AF: Right, right. It's as if they were freeing their consciences. It's like psychoanalysis! Some of the collaborators were people I knew, and I attempted to communicate with them in order to try to understand. Talking with them was impossible but an exchange of letters took place with people who used to be close friends. One of them was Fenci. He was a University of Genoa prof who wrote a history of terrorism. I knew him right from the beginning. I wanted to know what had happened, and how this person, who had been my friend, could have had me put away for years. Why he lied was to save people who were important to

journal that was still calling us fascists. And everyone else was saying, "No, no, they're communists; they're your children."

There is a certain amount of political speculation in all this, of course, but it's true that we were Communist Party children. So the media began to acknowledge that we had a political identity but superimposed the image which suited them. What happened? The chapter on Moro, which the editors entitled "Unseating the Emperor," I had named "The Historic Leaders" because for me after Moro's kidnapping we allowed ourselves to become media actors. We accepted playing a role—the role of "historic leaders."

It was a role that was easy to play because it was quite close to reality. When they told us, "You're communists; you're revolutionaries," we were able to play the role of communist revolutionaries. They furnished the script, and we began to play the role in the media and the courts. We became symbols, flags that were being waved. This, unfortunately, was part of the logic of the system. What the system expected us to do is exactly what we did. Which was the case in prison as well as when we were on the outside. Everyone started playing roles. Our actions were geared towards what the journals would say. We were really addressing the journals. It was truly mediated terrorism.

LBG: That was the case right from the beginning. After Sossi's kidnapping you had said: "We have succeeded in piercing the media wall."

AF: That was always the problem: "destroying the media wall." And once you're successful you're captured by the information system. You become actors reciting their roles. Then young people who see the image want to resemble it. It's like what happens with a rock group, except that here it's tragic because it's a question of life and death.

We ended the seminar by saying, "The worst terrorism—the assassinations and the collaborators—is what happened after Moro's assassination." And we told the scandalized journalists, "These people are the terrorists you wanted. They're not our children, they're yours. They're your problem!"

LBG: Couldn't you have foreseen that you would become symbols as a result of your vanguard actions?

AF: I was aware of the situationists, who participated in the '68 movement. One of them was Cesarano, who later committed suicide. We had long talks with him during the period when we were doing our first actions. We had relations of discussion with him. After his suicide our earliest documents were found where he lived. In 1974 he had written *Apocalypse or Revolution*, which I later read in prison. In the book he was already criticizing us, saying that we were the ultimate media spectacle. Considering the way things ended up, he was absolutely right. I always remembered his comments.

So we became media actors to the core. We were used to the hilt. Whether police informers used us or not I don't know but we were sure used by the papers. From 1978 on we became one of the variables of the system—of the information system, and therefore of the political system.

LBG: On the one hand you were symbols, and on the other, monsters?

AF: Yes, never human beings. Idols, devils, saints... That's why, in the book, I try to bring out the human dimension, that we were normal young people, because for the public we had become either devils or saints. What we didn't understand and couldn't foresee is that in consumer societies information is the basic commodity. And terrorism, in this sense, is one of the biggest producers of information; of commodities. Therefore we were factors in a commodification process. If we didn't exist the system would have invented us, to the extent that now that we're no longer around they have to invent us again... You're aware of the story about the Rebibbia prison warden who asked a cop friend of his to pretend to shoot him so he could hide a number of shady deals he was involved in? He had the murder attempt signed the "Red Brigades."....

When we were active, for years the Italian papers were full of sensationalist headlines. It would be interesting to do a study of Italian political life from the mid-'70s until the end of the '80s showing that everything—all the major political choices—revolved around terrorism....

Governments came crashing down and alliances took place in relation to terrorism. In the last few years an information crisis has taken place. Journalists don't know what to talk about any more. But until then journalists who wanted to make it, those who had access to the inner circles of power, the ones who were well informed, were the court reporters—the ones who talked about terrorism. They were the cream of the journalistic cream. Nowadays they all write about politics.

So for 15 years the political scene revolved around us. But not in the sense that we determined the outcome in the political arena, because they were the ones who controlled us....

LBG: A while back, you were talking about what French comrades call the end of the old workers' movement. This, undoubtedly, is the basic transformation you were going through. When the Red Brigades are critiqued in France, people often say, "The Red Brigades' Stalinist methods destroyed the workers' movement." We and a few others used to respond that if the Red Brigades existed it was because the social movement allowed them to exist; because it was incapable of imposing its own violence. I'd be interested in hearing your viewpoint about your relationship with the working class... For example, in your book you talk about a march of workers who intended to confront a boss in a factory but ended up stopping short. And you say that afterwards you briefly kidnapped him. How did the workers react to your action?

AF: Well, the Red Brigades didn't cause the end of the workers' movement; the end of the workers' movement coincided with the Red Brigades going belly up. We were never a mass movement. But we occupied an important, if small, place in the workers' conscience. In Italy the '80s is when the historic experience of the end of the workers' movement took place. In the book I say it dates back to when Agnelli began the first major Fiat restructuring and laid off 20,000 workers. There was no real reaction from the workers. The boss won from start to finish. For us, that's what made it clear that it was all over. I remember the interviews which took place in front of the Fiat factory gates. The workers were saying, "Ah, if the Red Brigades were still around, that's not the way it would have ended up." Whereas the famous demo in support of Agnelli by 40,000 executives had just taken place!

What is really unfortunate is that the workers' relationship to us was one of delegating tasks. A lot of Fiat workers knew very well who the Red Brigades members in the factories were, and were very careful not to denounce them. This has been confirmed by Juliano Ferrara, the Communist Party cadre in charge of the Milan factories at the time. Instead of denouncing comrades, the workers used to tell them: "Hey, such and such a boss fucked us over in such and such a way." And they knew very well that the information would find its way back to the right people and the boss would get it. The workers' attitude was always one of delegating violence to us. They used to take us for patron saints. They were opportunists, you might say. They did and risked nothing. They were content to make accusations, and that was enough.

It's true that for ten years the factories were ungovernable. Agnelli was right about that. At Fiat, the bosses were terrorized. The workers did what they wanted. Hardly any work got done. Comrades used to tell me that between '72 and '78 they used to do everything except work. And among other reasons, because we were shooting the bosses. We were a sort of workers' mafia....

This interview was translated by Michael William from Le Brise-Glace #4.

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Imprisoned Red Brigades leader, Renato Curcio.

A Nevada nightmare: Judicial lunacy and the law

In 1990, while the nation was distracted by the constitutional controversy surrounding flag burning and our death-and-destruction adventure in Operation Desert Storm, the Supreme Court ruled that antipsychotics (sometimes called "psychotropics") could be forcibly administered to unwilling prisoners in inmates. ("Harper v. Washington" 110 S.Ct. 1028 [1990].)

Incredibly, "Harper" has gone virtually undiscussed in both the electronic and print media.

"Harper" has now spread far beyond prison walls and threatens the very civil fabric of society. In "Riggins v. State," the Nevada Supreme Court ruled it is lawful to forcibly drug defendants before and during trial (107 NV Ad.Op. 29 1991).

Justice Charles E. Springer, the lone dissenter in the court's four to one ruling, passionately opposed the state's attempt at mind-control: "...The right to be present at one's trial necessarily means the right to be present as one really is...I hope this kind of drug abuse, this kind of intrusion into the sancta of human personalities will be seen for what it is...."

Although 1984 has come and gone, the Orwellian "Thought Police" are now within the realm of scientific possibilities....

Springer deplored the state's attempt to produce "synthetic sanity" and "chemically-conjured personas" in defendants.

Psychotropics—also referred to as "neuroleptics"—are a class of drugs that include Prolixin, Tarcatan, Haldol, Loxitane, Navane and Mellaril, drugs that serve to alter the brain's chemical balance and induce "seizures of the brain." Riggins was forced to ingest 800 milligrams of Mellaril each day during his trial.

The Sixth Amendment assures citizens of the right to confront witnesses, a right to trial and the right of assistance of counsel. It is difficult to understand how a drugged defendant can aid or assist in his or her defense in concert with counsel.

"Riggins" also presents serious First Amendment questions. The Supreme Court has declared: "The First Amendment protects the communication of ideas. That protected right of communication presup-

poses a capacity to produce ideas." ("Mills v. Rogers" 102 S.Ct. 2442 (1982).)

A person subjected to chemical lobotomy can hardly produce ideas. The synthetically sane personality is characterized by "...boredom, lethargy, docility and purposelessness." (*Wisconsin Law Review* 1980, 497, 512; *Madness and Medicine: The Forcible Administration of Psychotropic Drugs*.)

It is ironic that the Supreme Court itself once believed government is powerless to control men's minds: "Freedom to think is absolute of its own nature; the most tyrannical government is powerless to control the inward workings of the mind." ("Jones v. Opelika" 316 U.S. 584 (1942).)

Bodily integrity is supposedly sacred in a free society, and, prior to "Harper," the Supreme Court has endorsed it on only two prior occasions. In 1905, during a smallpox epidemic in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the local Board of Health enacted an ordinance requiring all adults to be vaccinated.

This was challenged and the Court decided that the good and welfare of the social whole outweighed individual liberty interests. ("Jacobson v. Mass." 25 S.Ct. 358 (1905).) In a drunk-driving case, the Court ruled it is lawful for the state or police to withdraw a small sample of blood for analysis without consent of the suspect. ("Schmerber v. State of California" 86 S.Ct. 1827 (1966).)

However, in "Schmerber," the Court warned:

"That we today hold that the Constitution does not forbid minor intrusions into an individual's body, in no way indicates it permits more substantial intrusions."

Unfortunately, these "more substantial intrusions" are now a reality.

The question that begs to be answered is obvious: In an increasingly non-egalitarian society, where does it stop? Shall we forcibly drug unruly high school students? Those who file late tax returns? How about political protesters and those joining in marches to Washington D.C.? What group, in fact, is next?

Contributed by Nick DiSpaldo (POB 208, Indian Springs, NV. 89070) © 1992

ALTERNATIVE MEDIA REVIEW

Alternative
press review

Compiled by Jason McQuinn

As always, we are happy to exchange publications with other 'alternative' periodical publishers. I try to list all the publications (of more than 2 pages) we receive in a timely way, but please be aware that there are times when this is impossible due to time and space limitations. Also keep in mind that the *Anarchy* issue we send for exchanges will be the one your publication is reviewed in, so please be patient. -Jason

BLUE RYDER #21/Dec.-Jan.'91 & #22/Feb.-Mar.'91 (POB 587, Olean, NY. 14760) is a 36 to 40-page zine which consists of "excerpts from underground, small press, and micropress publications." Issue #21 includes "A quick guide to eco-ideology" by Chicago DSA (from their paper *Ecosocialist Review*), the *Fifth Estate's* classic "FBI war on the Black Panthers," an excellent condensed excerpt from "Global apartheid" (reprinted from *Clash*), a reprint from *Anarchy* of Feral Faun's "The anarchist subculture," and lots more. Issue #22 features the *Fifth Estate's* excellent "Post-war Postmortem" (on the US-Iraq war), Frederick Clarkson's "The making of a Christian police state," and Carl Watner's interesting "Chaos in the air: Voluntarism or statism in the early radio industry?" (reprinted from *The Voluntarist*). Subscriptions are \$10/year (6 issues).

MESECHABE #9-10/Winter '91 (7725 Cohn St., New Orleans, LA. 70118) is a nicely-done 54-page magazine, now subtitled "The Journal of Surrealism." This double issue features an interesting reminiscence by Murray Bookchin titled "When everything was possible" (in which he attempts "to get the record straight" regarding events on the Lower East Side in the '60s & early '70s), Max Cafard's entertaining "Cults of consumption" (on televangelists), and Robert Nichols' amusingly didactic story "Under the Sign of the Commodity Image," along with loads of poetry, photos and sketches. Cover price is \$5; subscriptions are \$12/year (4 issues).

PRISON NEWS SERVICE/THE MARIONETTE #33(57)/Nov.-Dec.'91 (POB 5052, Stn. A, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5W 1W4) is an always interesting, combined 12-page tabloid covering North American prison issues. Issue #33 includes criticism of "Control Units" and the new federal prison being built in Florence, Colorado, along with an update titled "Attica struggle continues" by Tom Galvin (on the current lawsuit filed by inmates who survived the massacre, beatings and torture of 1971), "Educating against AIDS at Pleasanton" by Linda Evans and an analysis entitled "Anarchists and students under attack in Greece." Send a contribution for a sample copy; or the suggested subscription rate is \$10/year (6 issues).

EARTH FIRST! Vol.12,#2/Yule '91 & #3/Brigid '92 (POB 5176, Missoula, MT. 59806) is a 40-page tabloid of the Earth First! movement/organization. Issue #2 of this newly resurgent publication (in fine form following the resignation of the Arizona honchos like Dave Foreman who tried to manage the group) is full of the latest controversy over a fairly innocent article of the previous issue which some folks took as recommending the shooting of hunters. Otherwise this issue includes Rod Coronado's account of "Freedom for fur farm prisoners," Ron Huber's "Oil giants stalk Chesapeake Bay," Alison Slater's "So soon? Mining reform after only 120 years," along with lots of other interesting pieces. Issue #3 continues with lots more coverage from the Sierra Madre to the Bering Sea. Still highly recommended. Subscriptions are \$20/year (8 issues).

ALSO RECEIVED:

Utne Reader #49/Jan.-Feb. & #50/Mar.-April '92 (Box 1974, Marion, OH. 43305) is the 154-page *Readers' Digest* of the liberal-left, still misleadingly subtitled "The best of the alternative press" though it ignores most of the actual alternative press in practice. (On the brighter side, Eric Utne reports that he's thinking of changing the subtitle to "Chronicle of the Emerging Culture.") Issue #49 includes a section of superficial pieces titled "Commercial break: Freeing ourselves from the consumer culture" (don't worry, none of the pieces are [gasp!] anticapitalist), a good story by Russ Baker from *The Village Voice* (erroneously) titled "CIA out of control" (it's just obviously in the control of those intent on keeping the great majority of the population powerless), and Chip Berlet's "Activists face increased harassment" from *The Humanist*, along with a couple of psycho-babble articles touting "Psychology of Mind." Issue #50's theme is "Are You Creative?" And there are also sections on unions (including a piece titled "Beyond unions" by the CEO of Berkeley's Whole Foods Market), and on the meat industry (including Jeremy Rifkin's "Beyond beef"). Subscriptions are \$18/year (6 issues).

Alternative Press Index Vol.23,#3/July-Sept.'91 (POB 33109, Baltimore, MD. 21218) is a 114-page quarterly, library-style index to a wide range of alternative and radical periodicals, including anarchic publications like the *Fifth Estate*, *Kick It Over*, *Our Generation*, and *Social Anarchism*, along with *Anarchy*. (However, the editors have refused to index *The Match!*, despite the fact that this publication has been publishing longer than most of the other anarchist publications listed and well deserves to be listed.) Subscriptions are \$30/year (4 issues) for individuals & movement groups.

off our backs Vol.22,#1/Jan. & #2/Feb.'92 (2423 18th St. NW, Washington, DC. 20009) is a 24-page tabloid with probably the best feminist news coverage of any North American publication. Issue #1 includes "100 million missing?" by C.L., the unattributed "Why women don't quit jobs when they are sexually harassed," and Angela Johnson's "For feminists, talk is cheap: But in therapy it'll cost you \$38 an hour (and that's on a sliding scale)." Issue #2 includes articles on Now's recent Silver Anniversary Celebration/Global Feminist Conference, focussing on the Palestinian/Israeli 'dialogue' which took place there (including much hissing & booing of Palestinian descriptions of the brutal & racist nature

of the Israeli occupations), and NOW's decision to work toward "The formation of a new political party." Subscriptions are \$19/year (11 issues).

Artpaper Vol.11,#4/Dec.'91, #5/Jan. & #6/Feb.'92 (2402 University Ave. W. #206, St. Paul, MN. 55114), subtitled "Art/Community/Cultural Activism," is a 28-page tabloid covering the arts scene and more. Issue #4 includes Judith Katz on her "Adventures in lesbian publishing," and Robert Gerloff's argument that we should "emotionally engage suburbia" in his article titled "The parade of homes." Issue #5 includes Remo Campopiano's "Beyond fabrication: Computer modeling for sculptors." Issue #6 features the first part of a report by Nello McDaniel & George Thorn titled "The quiet crisis in the arts" (predominantly covering a "funding crisis" for institutional art groups). Subscriptions are \$20/year (10 issues).



Nozone #3/undated (1 W. 64th St. Apt.5B, NYC, NY. 10023) is an oversized, 36-page, new comic zine sure to attract attention on newsstands with its unusual cover illustration by Joost Swarte. This issue is billed as a "Special Destruction Dispatch," including David Goldin's "Wrack and ruin," Knickerbocker & Santiago Cohen's "Friendly fire," and Mazzucchelli's "Cold truth." If you're into comic destruction you might want to check this out. Send \$5 for a copy.

Traction #2/1991 (POB 71033, Milwaukee, WI. 53211) is an ambitious 56-page, photocopied interview-zine, featuring interviews with a group of fringe tattoo artists, with Chris Boats of *Slug & Lettuce* zine, with Peter Reeves (of the American Inside Theatre) on censorship & the NEA, with bands "FecK, Doc Corbin Dart, Babes in Toyland, & Smashing Pumpkins, as well as with artist Christopher Poehlmann. This issue also includes an effective short-story titled "Dandelion Seeds" by M.L.H., and an absurdist humor piece titled "Why homos are better" by Helen Wisconsin. Send \$2 for a sample copy.

Out Your Backdoor #4/undated (4686 Meridian Rd., Williamston, MI. 48895) is a pleasant-to-read 32-page magazine, subtitled "A new magazine of low-budget fantasy adventure fun for folks." This issue includes articles like Jack Welch's "The Green Tortoise: Not your father's Greyhound" (for those who haven't heard of it, it's an alternative bus service, but I wouldn't recommend it since I've been badly ripped off by them in the past), Bart Casad's naive "Save the U.S. by phone," Jeff Potter's "The twilight zone on an old wood boat," and Tony Soyka's fiction (or autobiographical story?) "Bad Times Together: Best Buddies in the Suburbs." Sample copies are \$2; subscriptions are \$8/year (? issues).

The Other Israel #50/Jan.-Feb.'92 (I.C.I.P.P., POB 956, Tel-Aviv 61008, Israel) is the 12-page newsletter of the Israeli Council for Israeli-Palestinian Peace. Each issue is filled with accounts of recent events in the Middle East, Israel and its occupied territories from the perspective of the Israeli peace movement. Issue #50 features Adam Keller's analysis of the Madrid Conference and events surrounding it titled "Talks and provocations," along with news of many Peace Now and Peace Now Youth actions, and accounts of "mental problems of Israeli soldiers, especially those whose task is to suppress the Intifada." Always recommended. Subscriptions are \$30/year (6 issues).

Liberty Vol.5,#3/Jan. & #4/Mar.'92 (POB 1167, Port Townsend, WA. 98368) is an 80-page, right-wing 'libertarian' magazine check full of short essays all advocating "free market" economics and government 'deregulation' to at least some degree (mostly deregulation of business, not of pro-market regulations). Issue #3 includes a couple interesting pieces on national parks, editor R.W. Bradford's "Happy anniversary, national park system" and Karl Hess' "Rocky times in Rocky Mountain National Park," along with Michael Rothschild's "Beyond Austrian economics: The economy as ecosystem," and a couple pieces critical of Leonard Peikoff's new Objectivist-cult book titled *Objectivism: The Philosophy of Ayn Rand*. Issue #4 includes an interview with Pat Buchanan by James Robbins, and a sympathetic look at this disgusting

figure's biography by Chester Arthur, along with an anti-environmentalist rant by Edward Krug, and John Baden's misnamed "America's experiment in sylvan socialism" (an indictment of the US Forest Service). Subscriptions are \$19.50/year (6 issues).

Regeneration (formerly *Workers' Democracy*) #2/Fall '91 (WD Press, POB 24115, St. Louis, MO. 63130) is the new 32-page "Magazine of Left Green Social Thought." Issue #2 is a special issue focussing on "Incinerators and Hazardous Waste: Industry Can Take Their Toxics & Shove Them," including pieces like "Class, toxics, and grassroots organizing," and "Will Philip Morris smoke Detroit?" Subscriptions are \$10/year (4 issues).

Maximum RocknRoll #103/Dec.'91 & #106/Mar.'92 (POB 288, Berkeley, CA. 94701) is the 128-page punkzine of record. Issue #103 includes scene reports from China & Taiwan (among others), and a notable edition of "What's the Scoop" titled "What was your most successful vandalism job?" Issue #106 includes a reprint of the feminist anarchist pamphlet "Regaining control: Taking health care into our own hands" (which also appeared in *Anarchy* #31), and a reprint (from *Fifth Estate*) of Rob Riot's excellent recounting of the "Attica" prison rebellion, along with scene reports, band interviews (The Cynics, Molodot, Verbal Assault...) and zillions of book, record & zine reviews. Always look to MRR for comprehensive & up-to-date coverage of the punk scene. Sample copies are \$2.50; subscriptions are \$15/6 issues.

Dendron News #25-26/Dec.'91 (POB 11284, Eugene, OR. 97440-3484) is an important source of anti-psychiatric news published by the Clearinghouse on Human Rights & Psychiatry. This issue includes articles like "Racist psychiatry is fascism in '90s," "Electroshock: National human rights campaign fights back," and a review of Peter Breggin's new book *Toxic Psychiatry*. A worthwhile source of news on issues of forced drugging, psychiatric abuse, and institutionalized psychiatric violence. Subscriptions are \$10/year (? issues).

Mississippi Mud #36/undated (Blind Box Q, 1336 SE Marion St., Portland, OR. 97202) is a slick, oversized & visually-impressive, 48-page literary/visual arts mag, featuring an amusing story by Russell Working titled "The World in the First Year of the Wire," and "An excerpt from the Future As We Know It: A Novel" by Susan Weinberg, along with many other short stories and plenty of poetry. Cover price is \$5; subscriptions are \$19/4 issues.

Ben Is Dead #15/Oct.-Nov. & #16-17/Dec.'91-Jan.'92 (POB 3166, Hollywood, CA. 90028) is the 56 to 80-page L.A. punk theme-zine. Issue #15 is on "Revenge," complete with helpful "Revenge tips," Mikki Halpin's "The power of revenge," and a story by Monica Moran titled "Jamming with Nancy." Double issue #16-17 is the "Super Double Gross Holiday Issue," featuring "Dead animal pick-up," "Gross movies," "Performance artists," and an interview with David Therrien on Phoenix's "Crash Arts." And, of course, each issue also has plenty of band and zine reviews, interviews, etc. Sample copies are \$2, while subscriptions are \$10/6 issues.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS:

You Are Not Small #1/Dec.'91 (1302 Folts, Austin, TX. 78704) is a new zine dedicated to "world peace, justice and human rights," including an unconvincing article titled "A case for nonviolence" by Jerome Whittington, and a competent piece on "Civil liberties under a national emergency." Send a \$1 contribution for a sample copy.

Twisted Image #30/June, #33/Sept., #34/Oct., #35/Nov., #36/Dec.'91 (1630 University Ave. Apt.26, Berkeley, CA. 94703) is a 10-page comics zine, featuring some of the more consistently amusing of the strips I see published anywhere—all by Ace Backwords. With lots of humorous jabs at counter-cultural public figures, Backwords isn't going to have too many friends in that milieu at this rate. In issue #30 Backwords also takes on the American Jewish lobby, sure to get him lots of flack as well. Send \$1 for a sample copy.

Western Review Institute Newsletter #18/Dec.'91 (POB 806, Chino, CA. 91708) is an 8-page "educational" newsletter published by Robert Sagehorn containing idiosyncratic, often interesting reading. Subscriptions are \$20/year. Sagehorn also still has available copies of his own reprinting (of the Libertarian Book Club edition) of Max Stirner's important anarchist classic, *The Ego and His Own*, for \$8.95 postpaid.

Direct Confrontation [unnumbered]/Sept. & Oct.-Nov.'91 (Constitutional Revival, POB 3182, Enfield, CT. 06082) is an 8-page right-wing, "minimal government" newsletter focussing on the Bill of Rights. The latest issue includes an account of the ongoing attempt of the IRS to seize the publisher's house, along with his attempts to use the Bill of Rights and "direct confrontation" to prevent the seizure. I wish him luck, but it doesn't look too promising. Should he survive the IRS, subscriptions are still \$12/year (6 issues).

Pagans for Peace #52/Jan.15, 9991 A.D.A. (POB 86134, North Vancouver, B.C. V7L 4J5, Canada) is a 10-page newsletter for socially-activist pagans. Issue #52 includes "On selling the craft" by Maphis (a denunciation of New Ageist commercialization of the craft). Subscriptions are \$15/year (13 issues).

New Options #74%/Jan.'92 (POB 19324, Washington, DC. 20036) is the last issue of this 4-page newsletter, which in the past synthesized middle-class New Age, "green" and "postliberal" perspectives. Editor/publisher Mark Satin couldn't raise enough pledges for funds to pay himself and an administrator well enough, so he's quitting the newsletter and going to law school instead.

Notes From Oblivion #26/Nov.'91 (Jay Harber, 626 Paddock Lane, Libertyville, IL. 60048) is a 12-page, very personal zine in which the publisher tries to explain his complex experiences of finding himself "under an escalating attack by the world" (environmental illness and more), and is looking for empathetic communication from genuinely interested readers who might be of help to him. Send a 52¢ SASE for a sample copy.

The Crash Update unnumbered/Dec.'91 (519 Castro St. #7, San Francisco, CA. 94114) is a novel 16-page zine for "travelers who want to see the world and meet people along the way." This issue includes an explanation of "The crash computer" by John Labovitz, a piece on "Crashing in Tokyo" from Severin Head, and Galea on "Sea turtles in Mexico." Subscriptions are \$6/6 issues, or \$14/6 issues if you also want to receive the semi-annual *Crash Directory* with the addresses of members of the network.

Incite Information Vol.2,#6/Jan.-Feb.'92 (1507 E. Franklin St. #530, Chapel Hill, NC. 27514) is a 12-page bulletin of "News Analysis and Commentary." Issue #6 includes Joseph Brewda's "New World Order bans Third World science and industry" (regarding Iraq). Subscriptions are \$10/year (6 issues).

The Brass Check #1/Jan. 13,'92 (Box 16398, Knoxville, TN. 37996) is a new 28-page tabloid aiming at biweekly publication. This inaugural issue includes William Calaman's "We bombed in Baghdad," and Trevor Blake's "JFK: The man, the myth, and the movies." Sample copies are \$2.

Small Press Review #227/Dec.'91, #228/Jan. & #229/Feb.'92 (POB 100, Paradise, CA. 95967) is a 16-page review of small press poetry and fiction. Issue #229 includes an interesting "Guest Editorial" proposal for "Creating a co-op small press in America" by Robert Navon of Selene Books. Subscriptions are \$20/year (12 issues).

Ely Fire Fly #12/Nov.-Dec.'91 & #13/Feb.'92 (413 N. 10th Ave. East, Ely, MN. 55731) is a fun and interesting, 8-page locally-oriented newsletter. Issue #12 has a cover piece on "Racism: American as apple pie." Issue #13 includes a piece on "Fetal Alcohol Syndrome" and "An interview with a leading anarchist" (who happens to be 26 months old) both by Jane Kirby. Subscriptions are \$3.00/6 months (6 issues).

The American Rationalist Vol.36,#5/Jan.-Feb.'92 (POB 994, St. Louis, MO. 63188) is a 16-page newsletter subtitled "The alternative to religious superstition," proffering rationalism in place of religion. This issue is more interesting (and amusing) than most, containing a long piece by Gordon Stein titled "Myths of the religious," and Finngier Hiorth's "Walter Kaufmann—Heretic." Subscriptions are \$6/year (6 issues).

Meshuggah #1/Aug. & #2/Dec.'91 (Fehl Press, 2226 Hennepin Ave., Box 20, Minneapolis, MN. 55405) is an entertaining 8 to 10-page "Journal of Odd Opinion, Insufferable Folly, Vacuous Nonsense, and Lies." Issue #1 includes a shillload of short-short stories—some good & some just bizarre, Bob Black's "No future for the workplace" (first appeared in *Anarchy* #26), and David Crowbar's "Publishing your own zine" (reprinted from *Popular Reality* #17). Issue #2 includes "The Salesman Who Would Be King" by Doerodax, David Huberman's "Eleven Long Lost Years," and "The Nineteenth Century Never Ended" by Jacob Rabinowitz & Hakim Bey. Subscriptions are \$5/5 issues (checks to Fehl!).

The Weekly Alternative News Monitor #26/Jan.23,'92 (Box 587, Olean, NY. 14760) is an ambitious 8-page photocopied alternative news tabloid made up of reprints from a wide variety of sources. This issue includes "Bush has no answers" (from *Socialist Worker*), "Death of an anarchist" (from *Anarchy*), along with an insert from *The Populist Observer* with Paul Richter's "Duke loses, but wins." Cover price 30¢; subscriptions are \$2/month (4 issues).

The FIJActivist #9/Autumn '91 (POB 59, Helmsville, MT. 59843) is the 32-page tabloid "Newsletter of the Fully Informed Jury Association," whose major purpose is getting the word out to jurors and potential jurors that they have the power to judge not only the "facts" of trials, but also the law itself, if only they take that power for themselves—useful information for any anarchists who serve on juries in order to protect defendants from repressive laws. Send \$1 or \$2 for a sample copy.

The Urinal #5/undated (POB 12384, Richmond, VA. 23241) is an unusual & interesting 60-page digest-sized lit-zine featuring a heartless story titled "Ditadeus" by Silver, and pathetic tales by M. Farrell titled "Hot wheels boy meets up with god," "King size candybars" and "That's a motherfucker I always hated." Send \$2 for a sample copy.

The Village Idiot #5/Jan.-April '92 (POB 66, Harrison, ID. 83833-0066) is a nicely-produced 48-page literary journal. This issue features readable short fiction like a "life is hard" story by Jo-Ann Godfrey titled "Away from Home," Jim Reagan's "Win for Losing," and Robert Gibbs' "Her Moods." Sample copies \$3; subscriptions are \$7.50/3 issues.

Gnosis #22/Winter '92 (POB 14217, San Francisco, CA. 94114) is a professionally-produced 90-page journal of "The Western Inner Traditions." This issue focusses on a theme of "Dreams," with articles like Richard Smoley's "Are dreams for real?" and Fred Wolf's mechano-spiritual 'explanation' of "The dreaming universe." Subscriptions are still \$15.00/year (4 issues).

New Liberation News Service Vol.2,#4/Dec.'91 & #5/Jan.'92 (POB 41, MIT Branch, Cambridge, MA. 02139) is now a 32-page compilation of articles (largely taken from the North American radical leftist student press) intended for reprinting by member periodicals. Issue #4 includes pieces on Jesse Helms, the Canadian "Indian Act: Beyond the 15-second sound bite," and a few short pieces on the continued massacres in East Timor. Issue #5 includes Dolores Miller's review of *1 in 3: Women with Cancer Confront an Epidemic*, a piece titled "Front man for fascism: 'Bo' Griz and the racist Populist Party" by People Against Racist Terror (PART), and "A proposal for alternative media" from *Z Magazine* (for a fairly centralized leftist "radio network," "newspaper network," and magazine "array"; what can you expect from a magazine like *Z* which won't even exchange with other alternative periodicals such as *Anarchy*?). Packets are \$5/issue.

Katūah Journal #33/Winter '91-92 (POB 638, Leicester, NC. Katūah Province 28748) is an interesting, 36-page bioregional tabloid for the Katūah region of Appalachia. Issue #33 focusses on the many aspects of "Fire." Subscriptions are \$10/year (4 issues).

Arm The Spirit #10/Oct.-Dec.'91 (c/o Wild Seed Press, POB 57584, Jackson Stn., Hamilton, Ontario L8P 4X3, Canada) is now a 16-page newsletter "focussing on militant and revolutionary struggles." This issue includes "An interview with Puerto Rican Independentista Margerita Mergal," as well as interviews with prisoners Richard Williams & Tom Manning, and pieces on the struggle in Kurdistan. Subscriptions are \$10/10 issues.

Kaspahraester #1/undated (1436 SW Park Ave. #101, Portland, OR. 97201) is an unusual new zine featuring full-color illustrations, and pieces like "How-to" (recipes for

Continued on next page

The Zuni Man-Woman

Reviewed by J.G. Eccarius

The Zuni Man-Woman by Will Roscoe (University of New Mexico Press, 1720 Lomas Blvd. NE, Albuquerque, NM. 87131-1591, 1991) 302pp. \$24.95 hardcover.

We'wha was introduced to Washington, D.C. society as an Indian princess in 1886. Chaperoned by Matilda Stevenson, one of the few professional women scientists of her day, We'wha met most of the capital's intelligentsia and socialites, including President Grover Cleveland himself. Never mind that the Zuni had no kings, princes or princesses. Beneath the woman's clothing was an anatomical male.

Indians like We'wha are referred to (by anthropologists) as berdaches, and in the Zuni tongue they were called Ihamana. The word does not translate well to our words homosexual or transvestite. Will Roscoe makes it clear that to understand the Ihamana you must understand the Zuni culture: its natural philosophy, social structure, sexual divisions, and relation to the outer world. I found all these things worth learning about; Roscoe is an engaging communicator.

From the point of view of world history the Zuni were (and still are) an advanced culture that built towns of adobe and planted corn as a staple food supply; because they lived in an arid region, now known as New Mexico, they also practiced irrigation. However, the society was matriarchal, at least in the sense that when a couple 'married', the male went to live with his wife's family, and the houses and household property were owned by the female line. They had a complex ceremonial religion, and seemed to be aware that their gods were symbolic, representing human characteristics rather than actual deities. They were an essentially peaceful society, with institutions to ensure that even their warrior society, a necessity for defense against less peaceful neighbors, was restrained from dangerous habits of aggressiveness.

We'wha became a berdache, apparently, because he preferred female work to male work. In Zuni society women did the domestic work, made pottery, grew vegetable gardens, and were responsible for harvesting, storing, and distributing corn. Men constructed the houses, grew the corn, made jewelry, knitted, and made tools. Both men and women engaged in weaving. Though generally monogamous, divorce for Zuni women was easy: they simply set the husband's possessions outside the house. Zuni women also practiced natural contraception and abortion. Courtship was often initiated by girls, and sexual intercourse always preceded marriage. Overall, as late as the 1800s, the status of women in society may actually have been higher than that of men.

Becoming a berdache did not necessarily imply engaging in homosexual intercourse. Some berdaches took male husbands; in We'wha's case, apparently he was heterosexual or bisexual, as he had a female wife and eventually four children. But these are our European methods of categorization: to really understand berdaches you have to dig even deeper into Zuni culture. Zunis differentiated themselves from the rest of creation—even a newborn child was outside Zuni, or 'uncooked'. The Zuni were keenly aware that children had to be taught the culture in order to become Zuni or 'cooked'. Men, since they were hunters and sometimes forced to be warriors, frequently encountered the outside, uncooked world

(for instance, the animals they hunted were uncooked), and had developed means of purifying themselves, to insure that bad qualities from the outside world did not taint Zuni peace and harmony.

Berdaches were effectively a third gender, one that specialized in the outside world and the ritual purifications; as women, they had access to the heart of the society, the ability to create life. Apparently even before the arrival of the Spanish barbarians the culture of the Zuni's had evolved rapidly; one role of the berdache was to mediate between the imposed natural reality and the harmonious society the Zunis had developed. Therefore it was natural that berdaches like We'wha played major roles dealing with the invading white civilization. We'wha was one of the few Zunis of her time to learn English, and did much to explain Zuni culture to anthropologists. We'wha in effect became the temporary Zuni ambassador to Washington, lobbying for protection from predatory settlers; We'wha also served to shield the Zuni from government and missionary attempts at interference in their internal affairs.

We might think that Zuni society would be close to an anarchist ideal, what with acceptance (even importance) of berdaches, high status of women, living in relative harmony with the environment, and peacefulness. However, Roscoe mentions many things in passing that indicate that individuality was severely repressed in Zuni society. This came out most



clearly in Zuni's belief in witches, and their methods (torture) for dealing with them. In fact anyone who acted outside the norms of their society was suspected of being a witch.

Of course, this is yet another well researched stake in the heart of the Marxist doctrine that homosexuality is a consequence of commodity economy and patriarchy and therefore oppresses women. It also should act

as a cautionary note to neo-luddites: simply going back to a pre-technological society will not solve all human or world problems.

Finally while *The Zuni Man-Woman* deserves to be widely read, I hope that this does not result in a major influx of tourists or wanta-be Indians to Zuni. These people have been harassed enough; why not leave them in that highly desirable state, peace.

Alternative press review

Continued from page 6

Tandoori Chicken, Lager Beer, etc.), "Dream journal," and "Ranter's soapbox." Send \$1 for a sample copy.

Life During Wartime #5/Fall '91 (59 East Van Buren #1400, Chicago, IL. 60605-1218) is an interesting, 36-page zine produced by the American Friends Service Committee. This issue includes a reprint of "Crush the mavericks"—The proliferation pretext and the war on Iraq from *Against The Current* and "Notes on power: Proliferation, sanctions and empire," both unattributed. Subscriptions are \$10/year (3 issues).

Uncommon Desires Newsletter #2/Oct.'91 (Postbus 408, 1000AK, Amsterdam, Netherlands) is a 16-page interim newsletter serving until *Uncommon Desires* magazine is able to publish again. This issue of the newsletter contains updates on some of the latest outrageous attacks on photographers of children, etc. Highly recommended for anyone interested in issues of pedophilia, children's sexuality, or sexual repression & 'deviance' in general. Subscriptions are now \$20/year.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS ALSO RECEIVED:

Subconscious Soup Vol.1, #4/Winter '91 & Vol.2, #1/Spring '92 (POB 421272, Kissimmee, FL. 34742) 24pp. pro-marijuana "Magazine of Free Thought and Counter Cultures." Send \$1 + two 29¢ stamps for a sample copy.

The Outlander #2/Dec.'91 & #3/Feb.'92 (POB 585, Mountlake Terrace, WA. 98043-0585) 6-8pp. prisoners' zine. Send a donation for a sample copy.

The Gateway Greens' Compost-Dispatch Vol.2, #12/Dec.'91, Vol.3, #1/Jan. & #2/Feb.'92 (Gateway Green Alliance, POB 8094, St. Louis, MO. 63156) 8pp. local/regional environmental newsletter. Subscriptions are included with membership in GGA at \$25/year (12 issues).

The Nuclear Resister #81/Dec.'91 (POB 43383, Tucson, AZ. 85733) 8pp. anti-nuclear, civil resistance tabloid. Subscriptions are \$18/year (10 issues).

LUNO unnumbered/Jan. & Feb.'92 (31960 SE Chin St., Boring, OR. 97009) 10pp. newsletter of the Learning Unlimited Network of Oregon. Send an SASE for a sample copy.

Green Guts unnumbered/Jan.'92 (POB 2730, Long Beach, CA. 90801) 4pp. poetry zine. Send an SASE.

Nukewatch Pathfinder unnumbered/Winter '91-92 (The Progressive Foundation, POB 2658, Madison, WI. 53701-2658) 4pp. 'nonviolent' anti-nuke tabloid. Send an SASE.

Human Rights Guardian #5/Winter '91 (POB 11144, Reno, NV. 89510-1144) 4pp. human rights/feminist newsletter. Subscriptions are \$6/year (4 issues).

Ecofeminist Visions Emerging (EVE) Newsletter #12/Jan. & #13/Feb.'92 (402 West 46th St. #3W, NYC, NY. 100036) 2pp. separatist feminist "study/support group" newsletter. SASE for a sample copy.

Noisy Concept #12/Nov.-Dec. & #13/Jan.-Feb.'92 (621 Bassett Rd., Bay Village, OH. 44140) 12pp. "Zine for Philosophical and Various Discussion"—#13 is the final issue. Sample copies are 50¢ postpaid.

MSRRT Newsletter Vol.5, #1/Feb.'92 (Chris Dodge/Jan DeSirey, 4645 Columbus Ave. S., Mpls, MN. 55407) 16pp. 'socially-responsible' librarians' newsletter. Send a 52¢ SASE for a sample.

North Star News #8/Oct.-Nov. & #9/Dec.'91-Jan.'92 (Box 622, Arcata, CA. 95521) 16-20pp. tabloid alternative/ecology

news monthly covering the north coast area of California. Subscriptions are \$12/year (12 issues).

Change-Links unnumbered/Feb.'92 (8124 W. 3rd St. #208, L.A., CA. 90042) 4-page tabloid monthly "Action Calendar for Peace & Justice at Home & Abroad." Subscriptions are \$7.50/year (12 issues).

Frontier Report #9/Jan. & #10/Mar.'92 (POB 32814, Kansas City, MO. 64111) 8pp. monthly, "Independent, Unconventional, Non-commercial" alternative community tabloid. Single copies are 50¢; subscriptions are \$6/year.

ApAeros #37/Sept.'91 (John & Kathie Burt, 960 SW Jefferson Ave., Corvallis, OR. 97333) 32pp. "unedited reader-written forum about sex, erotica and relationships of all kinds: het, lesbian, gay, bi." Subscriptions are \$2/issue, but you must also send an age statement (that you are over 18).

Seattle Community Catalyst Vol.2, #8/Dec.'91 & #9/Jan.'92 (5031 University Way NE, Rm.2, Seattle, WA. 98105) 16pp. eco-peace-community tabloid. Subscriptions are \$15/year (12 issues).

The Long Beach Guts-ette unnumbered/Dec.'91 & Feb.'92 (Guillotine Press, POB 2730, Long Beach, CA. 90801) 4pp. poetry zine. Send an SASE for a sample.

The Southern Libertarian Messenger Vol.20, #6/Oct. & #7/Nov.'91 (Rt.10 Box 52A, Florence, SC. 29501) 8pp. photocopied, right-wing 'libertarian' news-clipping collection. Subscriptions are \$6/year (12 issues).

New Indicator Vol.17, #2/Oct.16, '91 thru #5/Jan.15, '92 (Student Co-op Center, U.C. San Diego, B-203, La Jolla, CA. 92093) 8-16pp. 'progressive' leftist student tabloid fighting an ongoing defensive battle to save the long-standing student co-ops from destruction by the university administration. Send an SASE for a sample copy.

Beatnik Soup #2/Jan.'92 (2329 Sims Ave., Stevens Point, WI. 54481) 48pp. "Art and Literary Magazine for a New Generation," primarily a poetry-zine. Single copies are 50¢.



WDR #2/Spring'92 (Larry Taylor, POB 762, Madison, WI. 53701-0762) 16pp. bizarre humor "journal for the Amateur Political Paranoid" (WDR = World Domination Review). Send \$2 for a sample copy.

Comic Release #16/Jan.'92 (POB 20661, Seattle, WA. 98102) 8pp. comic tabloid fortnightly of "amateur and underground cartoonists and humorists." Subscriptions are \$6/6 months (12 issues).

The Messenger #4/undated (no address/San Francisco, CA. postmark) 11pp. newsletter of political commentary defending "Democracy, and a market-oriented economy."

Shredding Material Magazine #7/undated (2515 Bidle Road, Middletown, MD. 21769) 40pp. small format punkzine featuring interviews & reviews. Samples are \$2 postpaid.

Turning The Tide Vol.5, #1/Jan.-Feb.'92 (POB 1990, Burbank, CA. 91507) 8pp. subtitled "L.A. Anti-Racism Newsletter." Subscriptions are \$6/year (6 issues).

Institute for Social Ecology Newsletter Vol.10, #1/Autumn '91 (POB 89, Plainfield, VT. 05667) 16pp bulletin of Institute for Social Ecology and general green organizational news. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Industrial Worker #1542/Dec.'91, #1543/Jan. & #1544/Feb.'92 (1095 Market St. #204, San Francisco, CA. 94103) 8pp. newspaper of the vestigial remains of the Industrial Workers of the World. Subscriptions are \$10/year (12 issues).

Lone Star Socialist #11/Fall '91 (SPT, POB 2640, Austin, TX. 78768) 16pp. newsletter of the Socialist Party of Texas. Send a donation for a sample copy.

Storm Warning! #21/Jan.'92 (VVAW-AI, 4710 University Way NE., Suite 1612, Seattle, WA. 98105) 32pp. anti-imperialist veterans newsletter. Subscriptions are \$10/year(?) (10 issues).

Campus Review Vol.7, #10/Dec.'91 & Vol.8, #1/Feb.'92 (336 S. Clinton, Suite 16, Iowa City, IA. 52240) 20-24pp. homophobic, authoritarian, right student tabloid. Subscriptions are \$5/year (?) issues).

Republican Liberty Vol.2, #4/Fall '91 (RLC, 1717 Alapachee Parkway, Suite 434, Tallahassee, FL. 32301) 8pp. newsletter for a supposed 'libertarian' caucus in the Republican Party. Subscriptions are \$20/year (4 issues).

The Geis Letter #2/Feb.'92 (POB 11408, Portland, OR. 97211) 8pp. personal zine of "Thought crime, Dogmicide, and Intellectual Heresy" from the former publisher of *Science Fiction Review*. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Propaganda War #2-#4 & #9-#10/undated (Clark Dissmeyer, Box 1531, Kearney, NE. 68848) 4pp. anti-war/political minicomic. Send an SASE for a sample.

Loving More #29/Winter '92 (PEP, POB 6306, Captain Cook, HI. 96704-6306) 16pp. polyfidelity newsletter subtitled "A group marriage journal & network." Subscriptions are \$25/year (4 issues).

The Loogie #7/Sept.-Oct. & #8/Nov.-Dec.'91 (519 Riddle #13, Cincinnati, OH. 45220) 18-22pp. zine of S.P.I.T. (Society for the Preservation of Intelligent Thought). Sample copies are \$1 plus a postage stamp.

Inspiracy CAD #5/Nov.'91 (POB 523, Columbia Station, OH. 44028-0523) 12pp. "zine of stylish invective & introspection." No price listed.

Dachau #5/undated (POB 5663, Norman, OK. 73070) 16pp. "Gothic issue" of this Okie punkzine. \$1 postpaid.

Reclaiming Newsletter #45/Winter '91 (POB 14404, San Francisco, CA. 94114) 32pp. pagan newsletter "working to unify spirit and politics." Subscriptions are \$6-\$25/year (4 issues).

Tribal Donut #1/Oct.-Nov.'91 (41 Sutter St., Box 1348, San Francisco, CA. 94104) 24pp. psychedelic satori neuro-politics & collage/graphics. Send \$2 for a sample.

Feh! #10/Aug.'91 (2226 Hennepin Ave., Box 20, Minneapolis, MN. 55405) 24-page "Journal of Odious Poetry." Subscriptions are \$5/3 issues.

Mercury Rising #27/Dec.'91 (564 Mission #152, S.F., CA. 94105) 28pp. bike messenger zine & more. Subscriptions are \$12.50/year.

FOREIGN-LANGUAGE PERIODICALS:

Ordító Egér ("Screaming Mouse") #1/undated (Broder Ferenc, Güöker Erika, 1241 Budapest PF 188, Hungary) is a 40-page, Hungarian-language punkzine. Send \$1 for a sample copy.



Earth Religion?

Reviews by Ben G. Price

A Declaration of War: Killing People To Save Animals And The Environment by Screaming Wolf (Patrick Henry Press, 10175 Joerschke Dr. #215, Grass Valley, CA. 95945, 1991) 119pp. \$8.95. Paper.

The Earth Religion: Reawakening The Human Animal by Dr. Sydney Singer (A.B.A.C.E. Publications, 10175 Joerschke Dr. #215, Grass Valley, CA. 95945, 1991) 80pp. \$4.95. Paper.

'Liberator' as self-bestowed political nomenclature, can encompass a fairly broad semantic pseudo-reality. In the lexicon of propagandists it can mean anything from paid mercenary to aggrieved and armed peasant. But when disseminated among "the masses" to identify defenders of a given cause as being justified in whatever tactics they adopt, the term 'liberator' has got to be recognized as a tool for invoking anesthesia among dissenters, not conscious debate.

And so I will beg to differ with the publisher's billing of *A Declaration of War: Killing People To Save Animals And The Environment* as "the most controversial book you will ever read." And I'll lodge an early and only partial protest as to the appropriation of the term 'liberator' in reference to anyone whose sole arsenal of responses to animal victimization and environmental degradation is exhausted by the flow of human blood.

Controversy can only be engendered where there is significant disagreement. The anonymous author of this book may be one of a very few willing to argue the case for the snipe-killing of humans who endanger animals. But he is obviously unwilling to take personal responsibility for his point of view. Ultimatums are not the beginning of discussion, but its cessation. In fairness to Screaming Wolf, debate and controversy may be the farthest things from his mind. But then why write a book?

A zealot might write a book to put the world of animal butchers on alert for their lives, but why offer such a warning? Is he serious about the threat he forwards, or only about instilling fear in the victimizers? Screaming Wolf tells us he doesn't expect to persuade meat eaters, hunters, dog racers, vivisectionists and the rest of the animal abusers to change their ways. The last thing this results-oriented zealot says he wants is controversy. He's done talking. Small victories are the real prize. "Every time you abuse another creature," he writes, "look over your shoulder. Through liberators, the animals are now fighting back." Screaming Wolf dreams of the day when law enforcement types will be puzzling over the dead man and the empty cages. Meanwhile, he writes books.

Is the publication of this book the extent of the assault, or will murder follow publication? Waiting to find out, we may have plenty of time to read the book. Or not.

The presumably nice people at A.B.A.C.E. Publications (that stands for "All Beings Are Created Equal"), publishers of *The Earth Religion*, say they were frightened and appalled when they received a diskette in the mail that encoded the text of *A Declaration of War*. But, they tell us, they thought it was such an important document that they published it under a separate imprint, Patrick Henry Press.

The contrast between what Dr. Sydney Singer (author of *The Earth Religion*) and Tanja Keogh-Singer (co-founder with Sydney of A.B.A.C.E.) say they consider legitimate tactics in the liberation of animals from human exploitation and the tactics espoused by "Screaming Wolf" is worth noting. But we are left wondering about the contrast between the public and private aspirations of the Singers. If they published the declaration of war rant against animal abusers "in the hope of warning people of things to come," as they say, then is our incredulity unjustified when they add, knowingly, that "it may be surprising to some that the animal liberation movement is only now becoming truly terrorist"?

How close an affinity there is between Screaming Wolf and Sydney Singer's philosophies is not only circumstantially interesting; it will be a vital piece of information for unconflicted animal abusers to ascertain as they consider a response to the published threat to their well-being.

Let's get down to the central issues these books raise: Is it true that humans have so completely overestimated their importance and

preeminence in the world as to have vastly overcalculated their moral latitude in deciding what life forms, other than human ones, will be made survival priorities? To all but the rabid industrialist there seems little doubt that this is so. But it is the response to these conditions that is in question.

Threats flavor the meat of the debate now, not reason. According to Screaming Wolf's argument, the justification for acts of ambush, sabotage, mayhem and at last human genocide is righteous indignation. It is not a very original argument. In fact it closely parallels the rationale used by bombers of third world nations and abortion clinics. He writes: "According to liberators, there is no room for moderation and compromise when it comes to moral principles concerning life and death." And elsewhere: "Liberators feel that humans are the lowest form of life, and that the world would be a much better, more peaceful place without them. If you agree with this position, then you will love this book."

How do the nice folks at A.B.A.C.E. compare with the blood-thirsty 'liberators' they have gone to press to warn us about? Dr. Singer says in *The Earth Religion*: "The history of humans has been one of bloodshed and violence. It will end only with the extinction of the alienated, destructive human species. We have no hope for human societies. As part of the whole, humans affect the whole. After those humans become extinct, the whole will continue. But it will be a different whole than the one [in] which they were included. We believe it will be a better whole for the lack of human alienation and its consequent destructiveness."

Reasoned argumentation, education of the ignorant, and other non-violent means of changing the way people treat animals are not the kind of alternatives the Abacites (as the followers of A.B.A.C.E. Visions' religion call themselves) propose. In fact, there is little philosophical contrast to the pessimism of Screaming Wolf's 'liberators', even if terror tactics aren't mentioned. Let's compare the two positions:

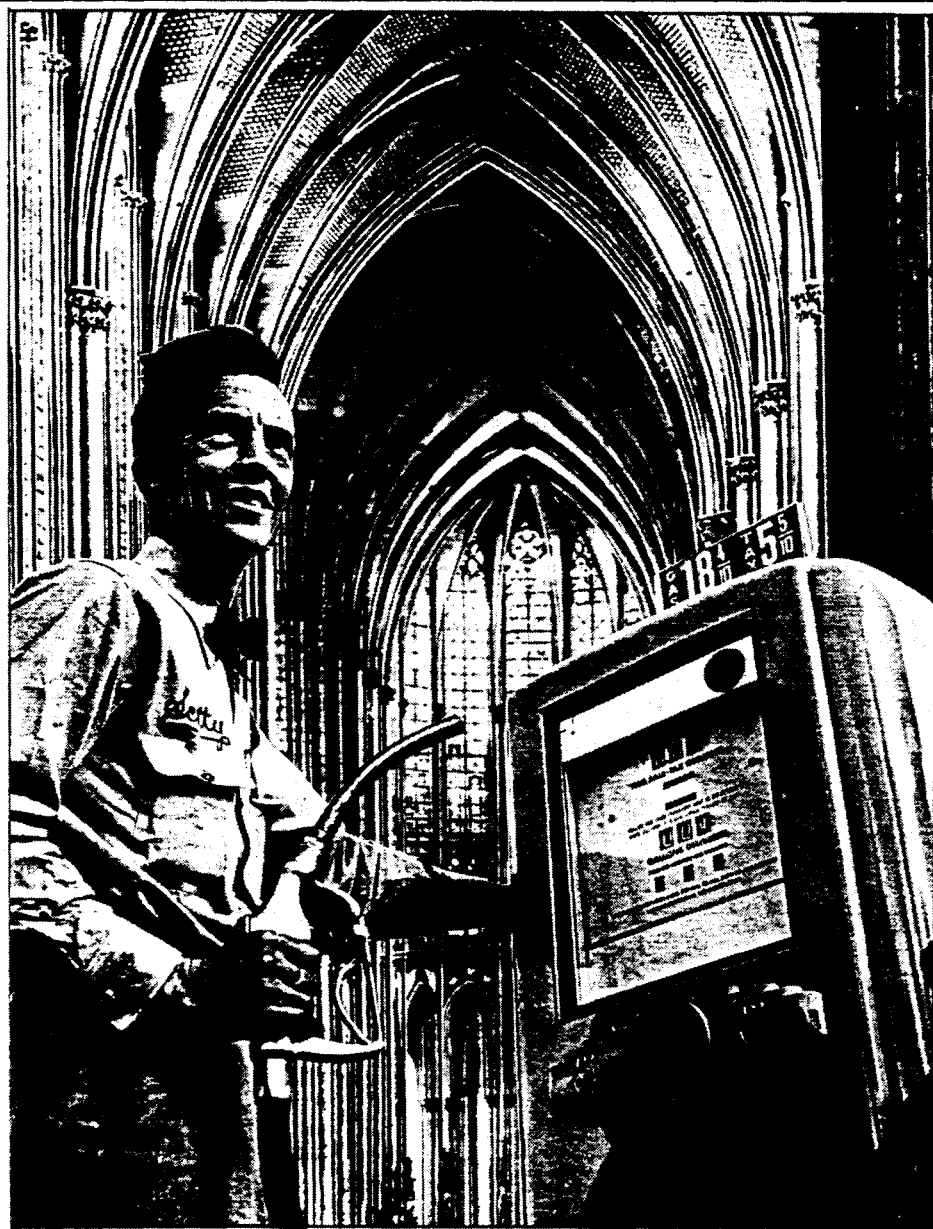
"It takes more than words to change people's lives and reintegrate alienated humans into a balanced, natural world. The people who become liberators examine personal feelings and thoughts, and discard ideas that don't fit the world in which they want to live. They realize that ideas are no more than justifications of feeling. [original emphasis] As they keep in touch with our feelings [emphasis added], they abandon animal abuse, and transform their way of life into a more compassionate one...People participating in the system are a darker shade of red than a liberator. The liberators state that they can slightly compensate for their participation by assisting the liberation movement as much as possible." -Screaming Wolf

"The reason people ask about purpose and meaning is because they feel they must explain their lives in terms of their idea generated worlds. Purpose and meaning are terms which apply to ideas and their implementation...Humans should build their ideas as trees build their branches. In order to get in touch with the Earth and Truth, people cannot use their intellect. They must use their feelings. Feelings are more basic than thought...We are all stained deep red from the blood of innocent creatures. However, we can achieve a paler shade of red through the devoted practice of A.B.A.C.E. Visions teachings." -Dr. Sydney Singer

As I read these books, I made similar comparisons, set passages side by side, and something peculiar struck me. There were not two points of view here, but only one taken to different extremes. Dr. Singer's explanation of his invented religion's peculiar stance regarding abortion reveals the underlying genocidal wish. He first says that "in the natural state" humans would never practice abortion, but "it is a different matter in considering a not yet born [alienated and destructive] infant. Human reproduction is like evil perpetuating evil, sickness breeding sickness...We, therefore, approve of the abortion of babies who are to be reared by alienated human beings."

Screaming Wolf: "Liberators firmly believe the best thing that could happen to the Earth and all of its non-human inhabitants is that human societies come to an end, along with all people. This is a cause for which liberators would gladly martyr themselves."

Although it's against the rules of both these



Collage by James Koehnline (POB 85777, Seattle, WA. 98145-1777).

luminaries, an idea divorced from feelings, one that had its roots outside the biosphere came into my head. Although a synthetic idea, made up of artificial ingredients, it was inspired by the two piles of mulch on my desk, two ink splattered carcasses of felled trees that had been processed in the same printing mill run by the same schizoid author of two books, one a religious rant calling everyone stained deep red by his version of original sin "back to the garden", the other a call to arms in the garden's defense.

The idea that came to me was this: Screaming Wolf and Dr. Sydney Singer are one and the same person, and the story about the anonymously mailed diskette containing the "controversial manuscript" of *A Declaration of War: Killing People To Save Animals And The Environment* can be plowed under with the rest of the manure.

The stylistic and philosophical parallels give away the self-incriminating evidence tracked from one book to the next. Bitter misanthropy and a lust for genocide try not to contradict the doubly stated love of all living things. But even if the distress over animal and environmental decimation is genuine, there is something fundamentally ingenuine here. A public indictment of fraud is deserved, first because of the harm such sensationalism brings to the real struggle for animal rights and environmental preservation, second, because of the jingoistic incitement to unreasoning violence such an irresponsible and anonymous tract creates, third, because there is blatant cowardice in the deed, fourth, because there is a ready and clear admission of assured failure in using these tactics, stated by the anonymous but not unknown author.

This publishing curiosity, where separate imprints were incorporated in order to artificially segregate two books with identical perspectives, was clearly manufactured in a calculating mind. True, one book advocates steps the other does not, but methinks the publisher doth protest too much in the telling of the tale of the disk slipped into his mail box.

Screaming Wolf's text ends with an inside joke, a page "About the Author" that reads in part: "In the event that someone tries to capitalize on my pseudonymous state and claims that he or she is Screaming Wolf, perhaps an attempt to discredit my work, or to gain

personal notoriety, please check with the publishers of this book. They do not know who I am at present, but I will reveal myself to them first, before any public statements are made. It is through them that I shall speak."

And, I suspect, it is through Screaming Wolf that they have spoken, despite the disclaimer added to the preface "in an attempt to protect ourselves from criminal prosecution."

The superficially 'spiritual' religion promoted through the publication of both books seems to target the conversion of the same self-chosen 'liberators' being recruited by Screaming Wolf. Something less than righteous indignation is at work. Once-tamed dogmas are being released. They're pissing on people's legs and shitting on overgrown lawns, celebrating a return to Eden. But the doubtful contribution of converts to animal liberation may be short-lived if they take up arms motivated by the misanthropic tenet summarized and set off in bold print at the end of *A Declaration of War*: "People Suck!"

There is no doubt that something revolutionary must be done to save life on the planet. It is even possible the solution might involve armed struggle at some level. But the haphazard terrorism advocated by *A Declaration of War* will accomplish little. "Liberators hold that nothing will result in the freedom of all animals, short of the extinction of the human species," says Screaming Wolf. Humans, he and Dr. Singer dogmatically agree, are the only evil animals on earth. Only we need policing. According to Screaming Wolf, that means an unending campaign of terror must be initiated.

The tactics of other 'eco-terrorists', as they have been branded in the media, are somewhat more studied and focused than those of Screaming Wolf. Tree spiking, an 'officially' abandoned tool used by Earth First! to make chain saw destruction of the forests dangerous to loggers, presented a threat that directly resulted in 'retribution' to transgressors. The Animal Liberation Front has adopted a 'non-violent' policy of freeing mistreated animals and destroying lab equipment. Whether we agree or disagree with them, these are tactics that have as their goal the preservation of life. Retribution as a tactic introduces a brand of pseudo-morality usually employed by theorists. If Screaming Wolf is claiming to be

Continued on page 19

The Alternative Publisher's Handbook

The Alternative Publisher's Handbook: A How To Manage An Alternative Periodical by Joseph Scott Lane (Tunnel Publishing, POB 4083, Terre Haute, IN. 47804-4083, 1991) 36pp. \$3.50 pamphlet.

The *Alternative Publisher's Handbook* is essentially a compilation of disparate pieces from Joseph Lane's "Fishing Hole" column in *Factsheet Five* and his irregular journal, *Mirkwood: The Alternative Press Publisher's Magazine*. Although it doesn't live up to its title—since it's neither comprehensive nor organized enough to be a true 'handbook', *The Alternative Publisher's Handbook* can be an interesting read for those isolated small press editors and publishers eager for rudimentary "professionally-oriented" contact with (i.e. "practical advice" from) their peers. The grammatical errors can be a bit annoying (e.g. the subtitle of the pamphlet) and the quality of the advice is inconsistent, but Joe is providing the beginnings of a very useful service by giving counsel from his own experience and by helping small press practitioners communicate with each other about important aspects of their craft in this pamphlet and in *Mirkwood*. -J.M.

Small press history

On Small Press As Class Struggle by Merritt Clifton (Samisdat, 456 Monroe Turnpike, Monroe, CT. 06468, 1976) 20pp. \$1.50 postpaid pamphlet.

Merritt Clifton has a peculiar idea of literary class struggle, in which the "working class rebel" battles it out against the "publishing establishment" with the end goal of "destroying the upper class intelligentsia" as he and the rest of us rebels "pursue the working class dream: to be our own owner, our own boss, our own employer." While the traditional revolutionary notion of class struggle involves the collective project of overthrowing the ruling class in order to create a classless society, for Clifton "the true impulse behind working class literary rebellion is...the American Dream;...the Fourth of July;...basic, individual free enterprise."

Despite this essentially capitalist interpretation of the struggle of the small press (which, unfortunately, has contained a certain share of truth at times), Clifton's *On Small Press as Class Struggle* does provide a good, short introduction to the history of what has been called 'alternative', 'small' or 'self-' publishing. And although the small press in all its historical variety doesn't fit any simple schema of political interpretation, at least Clifton makes an attempt at discerning some sort of political impulse in a phenomenon that is too often naively assumed to be essentially nonpolitical.

Taking Clifton's political thesis with a grain of salt, the two essays in the pamphlet (the title essay "On Small Press as Class Struggle" and a companion essay "Where Samisdat comes from") can help illuminate some of the broad changes in the small press milieu from the libertarian sentiments expressed during colonial times, to the early decades of this century when it predominantly represented private, hobbyist publishers, through the rise of the fanzine, the "mid-sixties 'mimeo revolution'" and the self-publishing, offset presses of the present. Clifton understands well the co-optative nature of government and foundation literary grants, the "sterile quarterly imitations of *The Yale Review* and *The Harvard Advocate*" officially sponsored on working class campuses, and above all the attempts of the Marxist intelligentsia (for example, *The Partisan Review*) to usurp the voices of the actual existing workers in the name of an ideologically conceived proletariat. What is missing is any consistent appreciation of (or even mention of) the history of the genuinely radical press, as opposed to the co-optative Marxist/authoritarian socialist press. As a result, not only are the free socialist and anarchist presses of the 19th and early 20th centuries missing from his account, but even the massive underground press of the '60s and '70s goes unmentioned.

As testimony to his commitment to the small press, Merritt Clifton is also author of *The Samisdat Method: A Do-It-Yourself Guide to Printing and Help! for Small Press People*, along with having published 242 issues of his *Samisdat* magazine over the past 20 years. For lack of more comprehensive and politically astute efforts at chronicling small press history, *On Small Press as Class Struggle* remains an

Alternative press books

Short reviews by J. McQuinn, T. Otter, E. Munch & Mark E.

essential source, still available now in its sixth printing. Everyone seriously involved with the alternative press, whether as publisher, writer or reader, can benefit from an encounter with this pamphlet. -J.M.

Squatting, 1649

Abiezer Coppe: Selected Writings edited and introduced by Andrew Hopton (Aporia Press, 308 Camberwell New Road, London SE5 0RW, England, 1987) 111pp. £3.50/\$12.50 paper.

Gerrard Winstanley: Selected Writings edited by Andrew Hopton (Aporia Press, 308 Camberwell New Road, London SE5 0RW, England, 1989) 117pp. £6.00/\$16.00 paper.

(Both books are distributed by Counterproductions, P.O. Box 556, London SE5 0RL, England, and by Left Bank Distribution, 4142 Brooklyn NE #201, Seattle, WA 98105, USA.)

In 1649 Charles I was executed and various legalitarian tendencies, among them Ranters, Levellers, and Diggers, attempted to advance social revolution in England. Oliver Cromwell and the military, representing the propertied class, prevailed, but around the time of the English Civil War (1642-49) there were unprecedented numbers of independent publications. Andrew Hopton and Aporia Press have now printed a series of 17th century, radical writings, including those of Coppe and Winstanley.

Abiezer Coppe (1619-1672) was a Ranter (a pejorative label provided by his opponents) and he perhaps saw in the demise of Charles I the defeat of the Anti-Christ and hope for new social possibilities. He published, in particular, *A Fiery, Flying Roll*, in which he delivered the very Word and Judgement of God to the privileged classes, an exhortation to radically Christian charity, and a prediction of a new and better world. Parliament responded to the pamphlet by ordering all copies confiscated and burned. Coppe spent a year in prison on blasphemy charges, and, besides the *Roll* and other writings, included also in this volume is Coppe's response to these charges. Parliament, in addition, soon passed a Blasphemy Act, partly in response to Coppe's work.

Gerrard Winstanley (1609-76) was a member of the Digger colony founded April 1, 1649, on St. George's Hill, Surrey. The Diggers attempted to collectively cultivate common land but violent response from local authorities defeated the project. Winstanley was anti-statist, egalitarian, and critical of private property and the practice of one person 'hiring' another to work. Hopton's selection contains eight of Winstanley's writings.

Both books are fascinating, and thanks to Hopton and Aporia for their labors. The books, however, are seldom easy reading since they are mired in endless, convoluted Christian metaphor and, of course, seventeenth-century English. It is discouraging that occupying unused land, as did the Diggers, to grow grain and feed people is met in 1991 with the same level of official hysteria, violence, and legal harassment as it was in 1649. Progress as promised, no doubt. The Coppe volume has the better introduction (the other book having merely a preface), but I found Winstanley's writing far more accessible, though Coppe's more unintentionally humorous. -T.O.

Loompanics Greatest Hits

Loompanics Greatest Hits: Articles and Features from the Best Book Catalog in the World edited by Michael Hoy (Loompanics Unlimited, POB 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368, 1990) 300pp. 8 1/2"x11" \$16.95 paper.

Loompanics Unlimited 1990 Main Catalog (Loompanics Unlimited, POB 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368, 1990) 230pp. 8 1/2"x11" \$3.00 paper.

Loompanics Unlimited is a mailorder book service started by Michael Hoy in 1975. From the start it was Hoy's idea to run a book service that would specialize in his notion of "controversial and unusual" books. One mark of his success in this has been the development of Loompanics' unique selection.

An integral part of Hoy's vision for this book service has been his conception of an annual catalog containing essays which have themselves made the catalog and its supplements almost as well worth reading as many well-known magazines. Thus *Loompanics Greatest Hits* is a compilation of the best of these essays from over a decade of catalogs.

With over 75 pieces included in this catalog anthology, the contents aren't easily summarizable. The most general theme consists of various perspectives taken on the ideas of right-wing libertarianism or "free market" capitalism, including several critiques and self-critiques. Favored writers include the ubiquitous Bob Black, Erwin S. Strauss (editor of *The Connection*), the prolific Ben G. Price (who's provided many reviews published in *Anarchy*), SF critic & author Richard E. Geiss, and others too numerous to mention.

Some of the more interesting pieces include Gregory Krupey's frightening picture of the growing U.S. alliance of Christian fundamentalists and Zionists, titled "Apocalypse soon?," Bob Black's critical "Libertarian as conservative," Robert Shea's anti-organizational "Empire of the rising scum," Ben Price's "Talking to ourselves," Lawrence Christopher's "Beyond radicalism," and Richard Geis' "The real child molesters." But there are also more questionable pieces by authors who, for example, extol the virtues of "Darwinist libertarianism" like Robert Hertz, or the "Interview with a holocaust revisionist." But, on balance, this collection is well worth the price, with a lot of challenging, if not always thoroughly radical, material. The variety keeps it entertaining from cover to cover, while the gems in its midst make it more revealing than many a more serious radical text.

And if you like the sound of the book, the *Loompanics Main Catalog* will be an essential reading companion, with over 200 pages of books related to the same themes, and often by the same authors, included in the *Greatest Hits*. -J.M.

Women In Prison

Trapped in Spain by Carlota O'Neill, translated by Leandro Garza (Solidarity Books, POB 546, Station Z, Toronto, M5N 2Z6, Canada, 1978) 165 pp. No price listed, paper.

Carlota O'Neill was living in Morocco in 1936 when Franco's fascists staged a military coup. Her husband was executed and she was separated from her daughters. This book is a personal account of her imprisonment. It gives the reader some sense of the horror unleashed by Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini in the late 1930s in Spain, with emphasis on O'Neill's Moroccan experience. It is a memorable book, the story of one woman's life and determined survival. -T.O.

New Dreams

The Dream of a New Planing: Politics as an Act of Imagination or A Vision for a Post State Socialist, Post State Capitalist, Order by Chuck Taylor (Slough Press, POB 1385, Austin, TX. 78767, 1990) 29pp. \$3.00 booklet.

Taylor gives a general outline of anarchist principles basing it on the idea that humans are a mixture of altruism and self-interest. Anarchism reflects human nature, according to Taylor, because it 'bedrocks' itself in freedom to do as you please. Anarchy starts then with the elimination of domination by reorganizing society into decentralized federations directly controlled by the workers in these associations. The author discusses crime and tyrants in an anarchist society at length suggesting possible solutions and methods of dealing with these challenges. The diffusion of power will serve as the new set of checks and balances against rogue individuals. "General strikes" (we refuse paychecks and also our superiors) are a non-violent tactic to approach anarchist society. Taylor views history as an evolution towards societal structures that are increasingly egalitarian. As such, people have

already become disenchanted with communism and certainly capitalism and state socialism are leading us to destruction. Who knows when a general strike may spontaneously occur? Eastern Europe surprised the world. This essay shows the great optimism and faith in humanity that I see embodied in anarchy, as well as the "act of imagination" required for envisioning a new society. I think this an excellent pamphlet giving an overview of many important anarchist principles and providing speculation about what an anarchist society would include. -M.E.

Klytaimnestra

Klytaimnestra Who Stayed At Home by Nancy Bogen (Lintel, Box 8609, Roanoke, VA. 24014, 1988) 240 pp. \$17.95 hardcover.

Klytaimnestra *Who Stayed At Home* explores the psyche of the characters who originally played roles in Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*. Nancy Bogen replaces the chorus with the thoughts of the individual players. Therefore, the ancient classical characters of *Agamemnon* became quite different personalities, imbued with an emotional intensity not granted to them centuries ago.

An interesting twist by Bogen can be found in the heroine Klytaimnestra. As we know, Klytaimnestra in Aeschylus' play wishes to kill Agamemnon to avenge her daughter's death. But Bogen gives Klytaimnestra another motive for murder, one that drives her sanguinary act more forcefully than the loss of her own daughter—the desire to save her own skin and to maintain political power.

Agamemnon's reflection on his daughter's sacrifice and the events leading up to the act reveals his questioning of authority as he vilifies politics and explores his homosexuality.

All in all, the book is worth reading especially for those who are interested in Greek mythology and psychology. -E.M.

In Total Resistance

In Total Resistance: Statements and Poetry from Leonard Peltier, Standing Deer, Bobby Gene Garcia, and others (abridged and revised) (Seattle Leonard Peltier Support Group, POB 2104, Seattle, WA. 98101, 1991) 38pp. \$4.00 postpaid, paper.

This booklet is one quick way to begin informing oneself about Leonard Peltier and other U.S. political prisoners. What the U.S. government and FBI have done to Native Americans and Peltier, they will do and are doing to anyone else who resists their drive for power and control, so it is wise to understand and support Peltier's case. All proceeds from the sale of this publication, which can be ordered from the Seattle address listed above, will go toward the defense and freedom of Leonard Peltier.

Peter Matthissen's *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse* is one topic of discussion in *Total Resistance*, and an excellent source of information on Peltier and the circumstances of his frame-up and incarceration. *Crazy Horse* was kept out of print for 8 years by FBI lawsuits funded in part by the Heritage Foundation. Viking Press, Peter Matthissen, and supporters (at a cost of roughly 35 million dollars) successfully fought back all the way to the Supreme Court and won their right to publish *Crazy Horse*, which is now available with a new Epilogue. I highly recommend Matthissen's book.

The International Office of the Leonard Peltier Defense Committee has a newsletter and can be reached at P.O. Box 583, Lawrence, KS 66044, (913)-842-5774. -T.O.

The Kurdish Uprising

The Kurdish Uprising and Kurdistan's Nationalist Shop Front and Its Negotiations With The Baathist/Fascist Regime (plus an account of the worker's councils) (B.M. BLOB, London WCIN 3XX, England, 1991) 29 pp. no price listed, booklet.

If you found the article "10 Days That Shook Iraq" of interest in *Anarchy* #30, you may also appreciate this booklet from B.M. BLOB. *The Kurdish Uprising* offers perspectives on the Gulf War quite different from the mainstream media, and provides a bit of Iraqi and Kurdish history to boot. It critiques Kurdish nationalism, examines the Kurdish 'shoras' or worker's councils, and reprints shora leaflets. Two long letters from first-hand participants in the Kurdish uprising are also included. Definitely worth a read if you've interest in this area. -T.O.

Alvin Toffler's *Powershift* and the New World Order

Review by Earl Lee

Powershift: Knowledge, Wealth and Violence at the Edge of the 21st Century by Alvin Toffler (Bantam, New York, NY, 1990) \$85pp. \$22.95 hardcover.

In his latest book, *Powershift: Knowledge, Wealth and Violence at the Edge of the 21st Century*, Alvin Toffler describes the effect on American society of the coming "third wave"—the so-called "information revolution." Many theorists, including Toffler, claim that we have reached the end of the heavy industrial smokestack era and are now moving into an age of high-tech 'service' oriented business. *Powershift* is the third book of the series including *Future Shock* (1970) and *The Third Wave* (1980), which puts forward a vision based on an almost religious reverence for technology and for the 'blessings' of technology for our existing institutions of capitalism and democracy.

Toffler describes Violence, Wealth, and Knowledge as the three main instruments of power in the modern world. Violence is embodied in "the rule of law": the vaguely suggested threat of violence used, for the most part, by the State through police, courts and armies. Wealth is embodied in corporations, in capital, and in the control of natural resources. Knowledge is largely the province of the new information technologies, although educational and cultural capital, like libraries and museums, are also included.

The irony of Toffler's approach is that he begins his book by drawing on critiques of the State that are already a century old (his bibliography cites both Bakunin and Kropotkin) including statements like, "In sum, the rise of the industrial nation-state brought the systematic monopolization of violence, the sublimation of violence into law, and the growing dependence of the population on money. These three changes made it possible for the elites of industrial societies increasingly to make use of wealth rather than overt force to impose their will on history."

Unwilling to accept the obvious conclusions one would draw from this critique of power, Toffler later shifts position in order to defend state power, "This ever-present and necessary threat of official violence in society helps keep the system operating, making ordinary business contracts enforceable, reducing crime, providing machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes." Toffler thus abandons his critique of power and instead tries to justify the currently existing economic and political systems.

This switch from an attack on state power to a defense of state power seems a bit odd, but not when you consider that Toffler is writing this book for an audience of bureaucrats and middle-management types who are suspicious of their superiors who have more power than they do and, at the same time, despise their inferiors who have less power. Toffler's *Powershift* is both a critique of and an apologetic for managerial power. Toffler believes strongly in the need for bureaucratic 'elites' who will usher in the coming "Third Wave" of industrial technology. In fact, according to his bibliography, Toffler drew on ideas from Burnham's book *The Machiavellians* (1943) in his conception of "the philosophy of power."

It could be argued that Toffler became a best-selling author largely because of his ability to write for an audience of managers, expressing the hope for a new Information Society. As Toffler well understands, it is the information managers who will control the Information Society.

Although Toffler talks about the need for "workplace democracy" and its importance in the new third wave, he clearly prefers efforts to simulate worker control within the old "second wave" industrial bureaucracies rather than advocating worker ownership and control of business. He also advocates the creation of profit centers in large corporations to simulate the behavior of a group of small businesses. Although he obviously realizes that individual workers and small businesses have proven that they have more insight into what makes a business work than do managers, boards of directors, and stockholders, Toffler is unwilling to suggest that workers be given real power rather than the appearance of power. Even though he criticizes top-down hierarchies and

supports the development of worker initiative and 'de-massified' distributive technologies, he never doubts the current system of wealth creation or the direction in which our new technologies are developing. He is still very much a reformist who is tied to the bureaucratic thinking characteristic of "second wave" technology.

The idea that a business might be organized on shared authority and responsibility, not delegated authority and responsibility, is alien to Toffler's essentially "second wave" way of thinking. As Robert Presthus points out in *The Organizational Society*, "We tend moreover to restrict our thinking about individual freedom to government, concluding that freedom is assured when public power is controlled. But somehow the logic of freedom which is so compelling in this public context is often neglected where private power is concerned. There, despite the intimate relationship between conditions of work and self-realization, the implications of the concentrated power now characteristic of our society have usually been ignored."

Toffler's sections on "The De-Colonization of Business" and "The Two-Faced Organization" recognizes that individuals and small groups accomplish most of the real work that goes on in corporations, even going so far as to suggest limiting work groups to four members, so that no one person can assert power over the

other members of the group. The ability of these small groups to work independently from the larger organization is what makes them so effective. Toffler states, "free workers tend to be more creative than those who work under tightly supervised, totalitarian conditions."

Toffler draws parallels between totalitarian, hierarchical governments and totalitarian, hierarchical corporations. In both cases, he recommends a modest amount of freedom, while attacking governments and businesses that insist on maintaining "surplus order" over and above the necessary "socially necessary order." In fact, in his final summary of points, Toffler tries over and over again to prove that power is not necessarily bad, when it is used correctly. The collapse of state socialism in Eastern Europe proves, in his view, that these governments and the government-controlled factories were too heavily into control. This is in contrast to the societies of Western Europe, which are only moderately totalitarian.

Toffler fails to realize that the new information technologies are now more often used by managers to further consolidate and reinforce existing corporate bureaucracy, rather than to improve production or encourage innovation and independent thinking. In most businesses, computers are used to count keystrokes, time coffee breaks, and generally harass and demean workers. Just as the invention of the cotton gin helped revitalize the institution of slavery in 19th century America, computers are being used by managers to revitalize the existing bureaucracies in government and business that would otherwise have collapsed a decade ago under a mountain of paperwork.

People who work with automation on a daily basis know that one of the main reasons managers support efforts to automate the

workplace is that it allows a greater concentration of information and control in the hands of managers. When Toffler talks about the diversification and flexibility of the new information technologies, he is really talking about the invention of the micro-computer. The typical Manager, especially the middle-management type, welcomed the development of the micro-computer because it not only frees him from the tyranny of the MIS officer but also it allows him to use computer software to do his own work without the people he answers to being able to look over his shoulder. Yet, as much as he values his own independence given him by his micro-computer, the middle-management type prefers a microcomputer network or mainframe system for his employees to use in doing their own work. This is because he wants his micro to be able to log on to an integrated system in order to monitor and control those people who work under him.

I suspect that in preparing to write his book, Toffler spent too much time with Presidents, CEOs, and MIS directors, and not enough time with the people who actually work with automation. Like Burnham, Toffler tends to let hero-worship blind him to the failings of our present corporate culture.

The only challenge Toffler sees to this vision is the opposition of left-wing 'eco-terrorists' and other reactionary types who will oppose technological progress and who are instead devoted to creating a new Dark Age devoted to an anti-technological, anti-capitalistic and anti-democratic vision.

Toffler's simplistic delineation of 'good' technology and 'evil' anti-technology is one of the characteristics of this kind of popular apocalyptic writing.

Amnesty International Report 1991

Reviewed by J.G. Eccarius

Amnesty International Report 1991 (Amnesty International USA, 322 Eighth Avenue, New York, NY, 10001, 1991) 290pp. \$12.00 paper.

Reading the *Amnesty International Report* for 1991 can only make you feel like you live in a sick world, though there is much optimism in the *Report* that governments are increasingly restraining themselves from using violence and power to achieve political conformity. The compilation, which consists of country by country reports on political prisoners, government violence, torture, and the use of the death penalty, is itself a tremendous achievement. The amount of effort Amnesty International put into making the world a better one is much to be lauded.

Unfortunately, since I also receive information from two U.S. organizations that document and work for the release of political prisoners, Freedom Now and Anarchist Black Cross, as well as from committees working to free specific prisoners, reading the USA section of the report made me aware that it is tainted.

If you live outside the USA and rely on the Amnesty International report you would believe that there are no political prisoners in the U.S., excepting perhaps one David Rice of Nebraska, a Black Panther who may have been unfairly convicted of killing an Omaha policeman in 1971. The big problem in the US, one is led to believe, is the death penalty; in addition, there was one police station in Chicago that was accused of torturing prisoners.

Freedom Now has documented that there are over 200 political prisoners in the US, not counting the 'temporary' prisoners who are always being moved in and out of prison, such as the over 2,000 imprisoned briefly in San Francisco for protesting the US-Iraq war. The recent admission by the federal government that the FBI fabricated evidence to convict American Indian activist Leonard Peltier, combined with the government's refusal to release Peltier, was unmentioned. Similar cases abound; it would take a book to document them all. Torture of prisoners, both at Lexington Federal Penitentiary and in various state and local facilities, is commonplace; so are the kangaroo courts used to achieve further convictions of those already incarcerated, like the IWW labor organizer John Perotti, for alleged offenses in prison. The 1990 FBI attempt to eliminate IWW labor organizer Judi Bari was also unmentioned. Beyond these better known national cases are the myriad of cases of harassment of political activists by local au-

thorities (a list would take a volume the size of the report I am discussing), and the failure of the government to protect environmental and political activists from corporate and vigilante violence.

Amnesty International (AI) also failed to report on the revelations of terrorist conduct by the current administration of the U.S. and ongoing support by the US for regimes that AI has documented murder and torture their political opposition. The billions of dollars given yearly to Israel despite its regular violations of human rights goes unmentioned. The growing evidence that George Bush, as well as Richard Nixon and possibly Lyndon Johnson, were involved in the assassination of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy was unmentioned; nor was the now well documented case that the government used drug profits to finance CIA terrorism in the third world. The fact that the police (and DEA and FBI) are used to murder or imprison independent drug dealers (who are not a part of the government connected drug supply system) in the US may not seem political to AI, but it sure looks political on the street level. It sure looked political when an army invaded Humboldt County, California last fall. AI also failed to document ongoing police harassment of minority groups and US occupation and interference in the internal affairs of independent Native American Indian nations.

Amnesty International's information and reputation were used as part of the US propaganda campaign against Iraq leading up to the public acceptance of the US military's invasion of Kuwait and Iraq. The news media widely publicized Amnesty International's reports that the Iraqis were torturing and otherwise abusing civil rights in Kuwait; but AI continued to give the USA a clean slate, allowing the world to believe that the USA had the moral authority to act as it did.

Why is the US so well protected from oversight by AI? Perhaps it is a conscious effort of people in high places, but probably it stems from the very nature of the organization. The inside cover of the report is highly revealing in this regard. The first thing to be noted is that AI does not seek the release of all political prisoners, but only those whom they label "prisoners of conscience," who are defined as people who "have not used or advocated violence." Thus people who believe in, advocate, or are practiced, or practice self-defense are beneath the regard of AI. Only pacifists and bourgeois politicians need apply: if you want to run a government and don't use violence to

attain that end (depending instead on a vote), and are imprisoned, you are a prisoner of conscience, even though governments are, by their very nature, violent. But if the police or corporations are harassing your community and you defend yourselves, you are just ordinary geeks who "assaulted a police officer" (if you aren't dead) and really, why should AI get its oh-so-clean-nonviolent hands dirty demanding your release? However, if you are lucky enough to be condemned to death for defending your community, AI will protest your death penalty.

In the (pre-perestroika) Soviet Union political prisoners were charged with crimes against the state. In the US they charge you with any number of ordinary crimes, deny there is anything political to the case, and send you to prison for life. No, there are no political prisoners in the US; and AI not only swallows this bold lie, but advertises it on a worldwide scale.

Another bizarre AI policy is, "No section, group or member is expected to provide information on their own country, and no section, group or member has any responsibility for action taken or statements issued by the international organization concerning their own country." Ask any AI volunteer in the US why this is, and they will parrot the official line: "Otherwise it would be dangerous to belong to AI since governments would harass local AI activists for investigating or advertising human rights violations." There is a name for this policy: hypocrisy. It amounts to creating the situation in which everyone in the world knows there is something wrong except the only people who can change things, the people inside the country where wrongdoing occurs. Also, it supposes that AI members do not have the moral courage of the "prisoners of conscience" they pretend to aid. If I were an AI member I would find such a policy offensive.

I guess those AI people from Great Britain or Kuwait or wherever it is who are supposed to be finding out what is going on in the US just have more important things to do.

By now, hopefully, I have some people all riled up. Unfortunately, most of them, instead of saying "Political prisoners in the USA! Why wasn't I told? Let's do something about it," are saying "Why is he attacking a good organization like Amnesty International?"

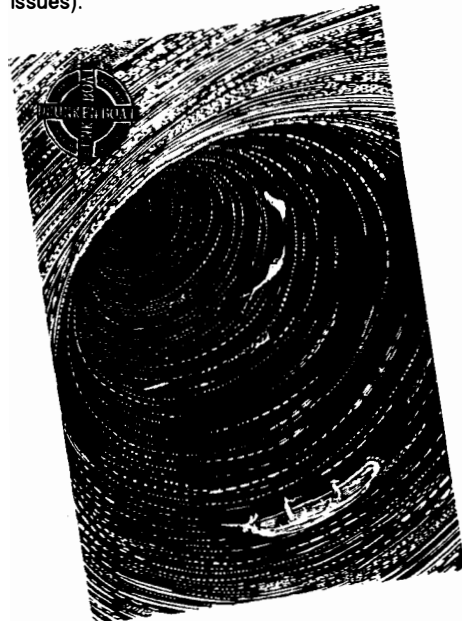
I must be critical of AI because, like it or not, it has become a media darling, the world standard of moral rectitude on this issue. I would like for there to be a way for Freedom Now! and Anarchist Black Cross to get their message to more people; I'd like to see all political prisoners in the US freed, and most of the other people in our gulag as well. But AI is the standard; if AI doesn't list you as a political prisoner, according to the media and most Americans, even alleged liberals, even many activists, you aren't. And that is a crime.

ALTERNATIVE MEDIA REVIEW

Anarchist press review

Compiled by Jason McQuinn

FIFTH ESTATE #338/Winter '92 (4632 Second Ave., Detroit, MI. 48201) is a 28-page anti-civilization, anti-technology, anarcho-primitivist tabloid. This issue features a pair of cover articles titled "Plenitude and penury in Detroit: The war on the poor" by E.B. Maple & G. Bradford, and the unattributed "Response to the poor: Cops." Also included in this issue is more news of the Berkeley People's Park struggle, a war resisters update, an interview with eco-feminist Maria Mies titled "Patriarchy and progress: A critique of technological domination," a discussion of "James Bay II—Megadisaster for the planet" by Tom Holzinger, and a pair of pieces on prisons—a commemoration of the 1971 uprising at Attica Correctional Facility by Rob Riot and an essay by Peter Kropotkin titled "Prisons and their moral influence on prisoners." Always recommended. Subscriptions are \$6.00/year (4 issues).



DRUNKEN BOAT #1/undated (POB 718, NYC, NY. 10009) is an impressive new 64-page, oversized (11½x17) "Anarchist Magazine of Literature and the Visual Arts." This premiere issue begins with editor Max Blechman's "Your Titanic is my Noah's ark: The Drunken Boat manifesto," and continues with Paul Z. Simons' "An enquiry into the Paris Commune," a reprint of Peter Lamborn Wilson's art exhibition review titled "Strange attractors: Signs of chaos" (from *Artpaper*?), "An interview with Allen Ginsberg; Anarchism and revolution in Amerikkka," Colin Ward's "The anarchist as citizen" (on Paul Goodman), Jean-Jacques Lebel's "Notes on political street theatre, Paris: 1968-1969," "The Last Mike Hammer Thriller" by Bob Black, and Paul Avrich & Francis Naumann on "Adolf Wolff." Self-consciously in the tradition of Holley Cantine Jr.'s *Retort* & George Woodcock's *Now*, this is one of the more interesting North American anarchist periodical projects to come along in quite a while. See for yourself. Single copies are \$6; subscriptions are \$30/-year (? issues).

WIND CHILL FACTOR #3/Nov. & #4/End '91 (POB 81961, Chicago, IL. 60681) is a 30-or-so-page "freeform journal of ideas, action, news, creativity and more." Issue #3 includes a lame letter defending the Maoist RCP along with a good editorial response, and Tesla Coil & Gerard Emmet's "Gus Hall & the commies from Mars, the red planet." Issue #4 is the best yet with a short but interesting account of last fall's "Our Time Has Come" conference called by Britain's Class War, along with Auntie Matter's "In the belly of the beast: Confrontationalist politics in the U.S.," "Ism for today" (on ageism aimed at "middle-aged and elderly people"), and Dwight Lingg's diatribe "Against meetings." Subscriptions are \$15 cash/year (? issues).

KICK IT OVER #27/Fall-Winter '91-'92 (POB 5811, Station A, Toronto, Canada M5W 1P2) is the second (improved) issue of this newly revived quarterly zine. This issue features an interesting account by Alexandra Devon & Ron Hayley titled "KIO—The evolution of a journal," Nina Silver's personal account of "Coming out as a heterosexual," pieces on "How the Sami resisted nonviolently" and "In defence of native land—The Lil'Wat," along with Gary Moffatt's thoughts on "The end of history." Subscriptions are \$9.00/4 issues.

PROFANE EXISTENCE #11-12/Autumn '91 (POB 8722, Mpls., MN. 55408) is a 40-page double issue of this impressive anarcho-punk

fanzine, including Jon George on "Making the anarchist idea acceptable: Voline, *The Unknown Revolution*, and anarchist organizing today," an interview with Martin Sprouse of Pressure Drop Press & *Maximum Rockroll*, pages of record & zine reviews, anarchist news items including a section titled "Take back the land: Taking back our lives; Homeless, squatters, and anarchists resist gentrification..." and band interviews with Anarcrust, Citizen Fish & Deprived, as well as an interview with poet Jackie Weltman & *Maximum Rockroll* big cheese Tim Yohannon. Subscriptions are now \$9/6 issues.

ALSO RECEIVED:

The Shadow #20/Oct.-Nov. '91 (POB 20298, New York, NY. 10009) is an energetic 20-page tabloid covering alternative scenes on the Lower East Side in New York. Issue #19 includes news on all the latest defeats in the Tompkins Square Park & homeless battles in New York, along with pieces on pro-choice marchers, the May Day 29 trial and the People's Park struggle in Berkeley, California. Subscriptions are \$10/year (? issues).

Ovo #12/Nov. '91 & #13/Jan.-Feb. '92 (Trevor Blake, POB 23061, Knoxville, TN. 37933-1061) is a 50 to 60-page theme-zine. Issue #12's theme is "Science," including "Thoughts on experimentation" by Feral Faun, Tentatively, a Convenience's "Lidznep: Two ironic endings," and Esperanza Godot's review/trashing of William Powell's curious *The Anarchist Cookbook*. Issue #13 is on "Travel," with Ignatz Topo's "The psychogeography of Disneyland: Excerpts and analysis of 'Formulary for a new urbanism,'" and a collage-illustrated "Ovo 1992 travel calendar." Sample copies are \$3 by postal money order to Trevor Blake only.

Bulletin of Anarchist Research #25/Autumn '91 (POB 556, London SE5 0RL, England) is the 40-page newsletter of the Anarchist Research Group. Issue #25 includes John Moore's unfruitful attempt at "An archaeology of the future: On narrative and cultural transformation," Brian Martin's descriptions of "Democracy without elections," and Brian Morris' "The agrarian socialism of Thomas Spence," along with lots of book reviews, including Ben Price's review of *The Anarchist's Guide to the BBS* by Keith Wade (reprinted from *North American Anarchist Review*). Airmail subscriptions are £7/6 issues (checks must be in Sterling, or send the equivalent in cash).

Love and Rage/Amor y Rabia Vol.2, #9/Nov. & #10/Dec. '91 (Box 3, Prince St. Station, New York, NY. 10012) is a controversial, 20-page (except the 8-page Dec. issue) "revolutionary anarchist newsmagazine." Issue #9 includes stories like Kieran Frazier's "ARA confronts racists in Minneapolis" and "Autonomists challenge Germany's neo-Nazi menace," along with an appeal for a "1992 presidential election boycott." Issue #10 features a cover story on "Nazis!! We hate those guys!!" (which is somewhat informative despite the juvenile title), along with Richard Blake's sickly anti-porn arguments in "Porn in flames." Subscriptions are now \$9.00/year (? issues).

Green Perspectives #25/Jan. '92 (POB 111, Burlington, VT. 05402) is a 10-page "Left Green" publication featuring a collection of interesting "European reports" including "Russian eco-anarchism: An interview with Sergey Fomichov," "U.K. greens battle over centralization," "Italian experiments in communal democracy and confederalism," and "Radical democracy after the German greens: An interview with Jutta Dittfurth." Subscriptions are \$10/10 issues.

Libertarian Labor Review #12/Winter '92 (Box 2824, Champaign, IL. 61825) is a 38-page magazine of "Anarchosyndicalist Ideas and Discussion." This issue includes a section on "Anarchists in the new Russian Revolution," commentary on the current state of the remnant IWW (Industrial Workers of the World), and a translation from the Spanish journal *Etcetera* titled "Dispersed Fordism & the new organization of labor: Towards a new type of struggle?" Also included is a defense of "Peter Kropotkin's anarchist communism" by Jon Bekken (which makes little attempt to revise its 19th Century approach), along with Jeff Stein's critique of the Michael Albert & Robin Hahnel's social-bureaucratic vision presented in the book *Looking Forward: Participatory Economics for the Twenty First Century*. Subscriptions are now \$12.00/2 years (4 issues).

Instead of @ Magazine #52/Winter '91-'92 (POB 433, Willimantic, CT. 06226) is a spirited 56-page reader-written journal. This issue begins with pieces on the theme of "Neither Slave Nor Master: Parenthood, Young People & Anarchy," including Debbie

DeFord's well-done "I'm a parent: Does that make me master or slave?" and P.T. Young's "Anarcho-liberalism and the unfreedom of the young," along with an ultimately unconvincing response to an ongoing debate over nationalism (in the last couple issues of *IO@M*) by Phil Ward titled "Anarchy as self-determination" (arguing for national self-determination). Subscriptions are \$7/4 issues.

Anarchist Age Monthly Review #11/Nov. '91 (Mutual Aid, POB 20, Parkville 3052, Melbourne, Australia) is a 30-page newsletter meant to keep *Anarchist Age* magazine readers up to date on international anarchist activities and news. This issue includes "Redefining anarchism for the 21st century" by the Libertarian Workers for a Self-Managed Society, a section of short pieces on "Anarchism in the Soviet Union," and a "Darwin Ploughshares update." Subscriptions are \$24/12 issues.

OTHER PERIODICALS RECEIVED:

The Thought Vol.11, #2/Nov., #12/Dec. '91 & Vol.12, #1/Jan. '92 (POB 3092, Orange, CA. 92665) is a 22-page, photocopied, monthly publication of the Philosophers Guild. Issue #2 includes speculations on the nature of the universe titled "In the beginning..." by Julian Tebye, an anti-gay rant by Kenn Wood (along with a rebuttal by editor Ron Tobin), and Ben Price on "Me and God: His manifesto through me." Issue #12 includes "Fart is the release of man's soul!" by Ben Price. Volume 12, issue #1 includes "Freddie Mercury—A memorial," and Ronald Tobin's "Song of the Vamphyri, Chapter 4," as well as several contributions by Ben Price. Subscriptions are \$10/year (12 issues).

Anarchy in Paradise Vol.2, #3/Sept. & #4/Dec. '91 (A.M.P. Ltd., 2233 Kalakaua Ave., B205A #1261, Honolulu, HI 96815) is a neatly-done 4-page tabloid. Issue #3 features "BAD Broadside #2" titled "Abolish all prisons!" Issue #4 includes pieces on "Examining mass transit" and the San Francisco "Anarchist coffee house." Subscriptions are \$5/year (4 issues).

The Libertarian Mutualist #3/Winter '91-'92 & #4/Feb. '92 (POB 40391, St. Pete, FL. 33710) is an 8-page right-wing "libertarian" newsletter. Issue #3 consists entirely of a competent short essay titled "A libertarian history of the Russian Revolution" by Lance Klafeta. Issue #4 contains "Prescriptions for Russia" (a "free market in currencies"). Send a "contribution" for a subscription (10 issues/yr.).

Sorte Kors unnumbered/undated (c/o Peter Bach, Strandvejen 93, DK-4200 Slagelse, Denmark) is a 3 to 4-page, English-language newsletter of the Danish Anarchist Black Cross. One issue includes a report on the national gathering of Danish anarchists in March '91. A second issue includes information on the "Anti-racist struggle in Sweden," "Tapeworm tendencies in the East" (Trotskyists), and "Immigrant communities under attack." Send a contribution for a sample copy.

The Hyperborean Vol.1, #7/Nov. E.M.391 & Vol.2, #2/Jan. E.M.392 (Richard Gaska, 2024 N. Manor Dr., Erie, PA. 16505) is a 30-page photocopied zine "Dedicated to Freethought and Anarchism," consisting largely of reprints from old anarchist & freethought sources. Issue #7 includes the reprint of an interesting 1888 article from *Freethought: A Liberal Journal* titled "Papal control of the press." Issue #2 includes "Panarchy: A forgotten idea of 1860." Subscriptions are \$11/year (6 issues).

Green Anarchist #29/Winter '91 (Box H, 34 Cowley Rd., Oxford OX4 1HZ, U.K.) is a 24-page magazine dedicated to creating a society of "Autonomous, self-sufficient villages, bringing regression of technology: no industry, no pollution, no hunger, no bomb." Issue #29 features a section titled "Technocracy is tyranny," and a piece by Brian Morris on "Tucker: Radical and champion of liberty." Subscriptions are £4.50/10 issues.

Crux #1/Dec. '91 (POB 11545, St. Louis, MO. 63105) is a new 2-page streetsheet. The first issue features "Pledge of allegiance" by Jello Biafra and "Governmental anarchy" by T. Becker. Send an SASE for a sample copy.

Ecomedia Bulletin #106/Oct.11, '91 thru #111/Jan.10, '92 (POB 915, Stn. F, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 2N9, Canada) is a 4 to 6-page fortnightly anarchist news bulletin. Issue #111 includes the notable "Declaration of Quito: Indigenous Alliance of the Americas on 500 years of resistance, July 1990." Subscriptions are \$15/year (26 issues).

A Infos #15/Oct. & #16/Nov. '91 (Humeurs Noires [F.A.], BP 79, 59370 Mons en Baroeul, France) is the 4-page French edition of the English-language *A-Infos* international "Bulletins d'information" meant for spreading news for publication in anarchist periodicals. Send a contribution for a copy.

A-Infos #6/Nov. '91 (AP/ABC, 8, Aristidou St., 10559 Athens, Greece) is an interesting 8-page, English-language information bulletin/chronology produced by the same people who publish the Greek-language streetsheet titled *The Anarchist*. This issue covers the continuing struggle of Greek youths against repressive intensification of the "education" system in Greece. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Black Flag #202/Nov. '91 (BM Hurricane, London WC1N 3XX, England) is now an irregular 8-page anarcho-syndicalist newspaper subtitled "For Anarchist Resistance," but currently having financial problems in great need of donations. This issue features a piece on "Russia, Russia, all theories fall down," subtitled "Red tsars in the sunset." Subscriptions are £6/6 issues.

The Infinite Onion #6/undated (POB 263, Colorado Springs, CO. 80901) is a lively, 32-page anarcho-punk zine featuring an "Interview with the ex regional director of the Western Hammer Skins," Ras. Schilling on "Rastas and consciousness," and an "Interview with Profane Existence and AYF." Sample copies are \$1 postpaid.

The Cockroach #1/undated 1113 Elmwood Rd., Oakville, Ontario L6K 2A6, Canada) is a 4-page "Journal of Anti-Authoritarian Poetry." Send a contribution for a sample copy.

No Sanctuary #11/Jan. '92 (c/o Resistance Prod., B.P. 426, 8026 Zürich, Switzerland) is a lively little 20-page anarcho-punk-zine featuring lots of music & zine reviews, along with articles on the punk scene and a description of the anarchist scene in Zürich. Send \$2 for a sample copy.

The Sheffield Black Star unnumbered/Sept.-Oct. & Nov.-Dec. '91 (POB 446, Sheffield, S1 1NY, England) is a locally-oriented, 4 to 6-page streetsheet. Send a contribution to cover postage for a sample.



Fatuous Times #1/undated (27 Whitmore St., Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent, ST1 4JS, England) is a "Special Bumper Fatuous Flyposter Frenzy Issue" of this humorous new 48-page magazine. The entire contents are intended for cutting out and flyposting/postering around your own town. If you like to play this type of game, this is the zine for you! Copies are available for £1 plus postage.

The Me@nder Quarterly Vol.4, #2/Jan. '92 (c/o Erik Riese, POB 14073, Mpls., MN. 55414-0073) is a 6-page "Newsletter of evolutionary anarchists" consisting of letters from contributors, usually a short, pleasant read. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

R.S.V.P. #2/Feb. '92 (Brick Pillow, 1800 Market #249, S.F., CA. 94102) is a new bimonthly apa (amateur press association) published "for the joy of conversation with my mail-order friends, about things that matter to me: Anarchy, black markets, ecology, freedom, government,..." Much more coherent and interesting than the other apa most frequently mentioned in its pages (*The Connection*) with some lengthy, but very thoughtful contributions. Send \$2 for a sample copy.

Mad World Survival Guide #5/Jan.-Feb. '92 (POB 791377, New Orleans, LA. 70179-1377) is a readable 32-page direct-action zine subtitled "In Defiance of Progress." This issue includes short pieces like "A guide to living off the land" by Ganja Prophet, "Spray media" by Shadowlamp, and "Rangeland, overgrazing, predators, and the A.D.C." by King Hunter. Send \$1 cash + 52¢ postage for a sample; subscriptions are \$7/6 issues.

No Nation Bulletin #10/End '91 (People to People Friendship Ass., c/o Sören Groth, Industrigatan 9, 15 300 Järna, Sweden) is a photocopied 16-page exchange of short letters and announcements from people living on different continents. Subscriptions are U.S.\$5/year (4 issues).

Little Free Press #88/Dec. '91 & #89/Jan. '92 (Box 54177, Minneapolis, MN. 55454-0177) is a 3-page description of Ernest Mann's own individual solutions to living as far outside the money economy as he can, along with his ideas for instituting a Priceless Economic System. Issue #88 is on "Individual freedom." Send an SASE for a copy of this newsletter.

Continued on page 30

Russian eco-anarchists

An interview with Sergey Fomichov

Note: The following interview not only presents a picture of the shape of eco-anarchist efforts in the former USSR, it also helps, once again, illustrate the obvious problems involved in any political party organizing.

Sergey Fomichov is one of the founders of the Green Party in what was then known as the USSR. He is today editor-in-chief of the independent green magazine *Trety Put* ("The Third Way"), co-chairperson of the Green Parties League, and operating council member of the Rainbow Keepers, an ecological direct action group. He was recently invited to the United States by the National Toxics Campaign. He was interviewed by *Green Perspectives* on Nov. 16, 1991 in Burlington, Vermont. Readers should note that the interview date is from before the USSR was replaced by the Commonwealth of Independent States.

Green Perspectives: Tell us about the eco-anarchist greens, and about the green movement generally in the former USSR. What are the different tendencies in the greens and the relationships among them?

Sergey Fomichov: Unlike most of the current oppositional trends in our country today—including the green movement—the ecology movement was not an immediate product of perestroika and glasnost. It has a longer history than the Gorbachev reforms. In the 1960s and 1970s, there was already a great deal of nature protection activity in the USSR, mainly on the part of humanities students and upper class tourist groups. More than forty nature protection brigades were formed between 1960 and 1972. Initiatives such as these had to be non-political at that time—any political groups would have been terminated by the KGB.

In the 1980s, the ecology movement gained a mass character and developed a wide variety of forms of activity and a broad spectrum of political and ideological trends. After 1985, as the 'democracy' movement and the national-cultural movements developed, ecological activists could become political and adopt radical forms of struggle. When the West European green parties entered the political arena, they won the sympathy of many people in our country because of their radicalism and their rejection of traditional politics. The Chernobyl disaster (among others less widely reported) greatly strengthened the antinuclear and ecological movements and gave them a mass character. This catastrophe was the first instance where publicity was finally given to an acute ecological problem that had been silenced for a long time.

Today the broader ecology movement consists of a variety of groups, clubs, cooperatives, and associations. There are single-issue groups, such as anti-nuclear groups, or groups to save, say, a particular river. And there are broader groups that embrace the whole spectrum of the ecological problems of a locality, region, or country. Their scope varies from local to regional to all-Union to international. Their politics also vary widely, and they have many different ideologies and forms of action.

By the end of 1990, there were more than twenty-five all-Union ecological organizations in the USSR, but most of them today are all-Union on paper only—they exist mainly in Moscow. Of the all-Union organizations, one of the best-known to the West is the Social Ecological Union. It publishes and distributes a lot of ecological information.

GP: Does the Social Ecological Union have anything to do with the social ecology of Murray Bookchin?

SF: No, there's no connection. The Sierra Club is the analogous organization in the United States, except that the Social Ecological Union takes active part in elections.

The politically oriented green movement in our country is pluralistic, with many different ideological tendencies—even monarchist tendencies—in it...But among the many and various tendencies, eco-anarchism is certainly one of the most developed. Eco-anarchist principles are accepted, for example, by the Movement to Found the Green Party, the Samara Union of the Greens, the Green Party of Nizhny-Novgorod Territory, the anarchist wing

of the Green Party, and others.

As an ideology, eco-anarchism (which is also called eco-socialism in our country) is based on the idea of a stateless, self-managed, free ecological society. Eco-anarchists see the roots of the ecological crisis in social causes that gave birth to an industrial model of society. They completely reject the logic of industrialization in any form (both the private market-economic system of the West and the state-bureaucratic planned system of the East). As an alternative, eco-anarchists offer a base-democratic society characterized by an absence of domination of human by human and of human over nature. Eco-anarchists strongly support the communitarian movement as a translation of their ideas into life. Murray Bookchin is known in Russia as the founder of eco-anarchism.

The first important document issued by the eco-anarchists in our country was the "Eco-socialist Manifesto" by Vadim Danye, which was published in *Third Way* (#8). In formulating the communitarian model of social structure, this manifesto reads: "The principal social unit of eco-socialism is self-government and a maximally self-reliant commune, providing itself with basic products. In such a commune any person freely, without bureaucratic and economic dictates, determines his own life and comprehensively develops his capabilities. The self-governed communes would be united into the regional federation, and the Earth would be a federation of the regions, with all their natural and cultural peculiarities."

There are different points of view among the eco-anarchists. For example, I myself am in favor of decentralizing the large cities into smaller sectors. But there are also people who will only work outside the city, in a kind of rural anarchism. A lot of our actions are supported by traditional anarchists.

GP: Where did all these anarchists come from?

SF: Well, there was a syndicalist movement in 1987-88. Other anarchist groups began to appear after that. They didn't have much strength in the workers' movement, but they tried to establish anarchist unions. This didn't work out because their own organization is very centralized. They formed a very small anarchist union in Nizhny-Novgorod that didn't have a centralized approach. I'm not a supporter of pure anarcho-syndicalism. For myself, I try to unify the ideas of anarcho-syndicalism and anarcho-communism.

There is also an eco-libertarian tendency in the green movement—it has a capitalistic orientation. It wants to dismantle the socialistic totalitarian state in favor of a democratic state based on private business activity and a market economy. Eco-libertarians think that only as a result of passing through the market capitalist system of the Western type can we convert to a post-industrial society. Only then can the problem of the relationship between humankind and the environment be solved. At the same time, they often support the idea of a powerful state that will effectively develop the economy. For their political program they rely on the 'democracy' movement. Elements of eco-libertarianism can be found in the programs of the Green Party of Ukraine, the Democratic Green Party, the majority of the association of the Baltic republics, and the Transcaucasian republics.

GP: How did you come to be involved in ecological politics?

SF: I first came into the green movement without any ideology, but then gradually I came to the opinion that the cause of all ecological problems is centralized power. I'm not very strong in theory. I've been mostly involved in direct action. But a few years ago some of my friends and I began to publish this journal, *Third Way* (whose title of course means "neither state socialism nor capitalism"), in Samara. It publishes many theoretical works and discussions, including translations of works by greens in Western countries. It has been important in the development of the greens in our country.

In 1988, when I was studying in Samara, I and two or three close friends in the area founded the Movement to Found the Green Party. My friends were inspired by the Parisian New Left of 1968. I was already in the greens,

in the Samara Union of the Greens. We tried to work out a synthesis. When we created the Movement to Found the Green Party, its main goal was to draw up documents and organize local groups to establish a Green Party. We found people who agreed with us from about twenty different cities in Russia and Ukraine, and we brought them together, all within about two months. Besides theoretical work, the members took part in ecological conferences. The movement was decentralized, and *Third Way* served to coordinate it.

At an open conference of the Movement to Found the Green Party in Moscow in March 1990, the Green Party was proclaimed. We formed our Green Party after the model of the German Greens of the 1970s. We laid down principles of democracy that resembled theirs, such as rotation of leading people, separation of office and mandate, and the accountability of elected people to the membership.

GP: The German party isn't organized that way anymore!

SF: I know, but we had the 1970s German party in mind.

GP: Even in the 1970s the Green Party was not very libertarian. They were willing to engage in national politics, and they were willing to be in the Bundestag. Whatever national-level politics may mean in the former USSR anymore, do you accept engaging in it, as an eco-anarchist?

The anarchist scene

Compiled by Jason McQuinn

THE CNT/AIT (Spanish anarcho-syndicalists) is calling for a "boycott and sabotage" of the plans for celebration of the Spanish participation in the invasion and plunder of the "New World." Carlos Sanchez Gomez (CNT/AIT, Santa Maria 9, 2do Izq., 48005 Bilbao, Spain) wants to "gather material, posters, handicrafts, books on legends, narratives, etc. that have been made by Native Americans [&] that have been translated into Spanish, English or French."

THE BAD BRIGADE (POB 1323, Cambridge, MA 02238) has published its "BAD Broadside #4" titled "A Defense of the Freedom to be Left Alone," largely critical of the persecution of victimless crimes. Send an SASE for a copy.

"NO MORE EMPERORS: Down with authoritarianism of all kinds" is the bilingual message of a colorful, slick 8 1/2"x14" poster produced "in commemoration of the action of Yu Zhijian, Yu Dongyue and Lu Decheng in Beijing, May 23, 1989" by International Friends of Wei Jingsheng (POB 40256, San Francisco, CA 94140). The poster features a trashed portrait of Mao, and is available for \$3.00.

DRUNKEN BOAT #1, an "Anarchist Magazine of Literature and the Arts," is now available for \$6 from POB 718, NYC, NY 10009. Edited by Max Blechman and published with Autonomedia, it is 64pages in an 11 1/2"x17 format, with two colors throughout. The publisher appeals that "Your money is contingent for keeping this venture afloat and preventing shipwreck." For more information see the description in this issue's "Anarchist Press Review."

A BOYCOTT OF THE 1992 U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS is being organized by the Left Green Network and the Love and Rage Network (POB 3, Prince St. Station, NYC, NY 10012; phone [212] 925-7966).

COMPLIMENTARY COPY PRESS (1525 Canterbury Road, Lakewood, NJ 08701) has published a number of 'freethought' pamphlets available for the cost of postage only. These include *Freethought and Your Local Library* (send a 29¢ stamp) and *6 Articles by Earl Lee* (\$1.10 in stamps) which includes parts of Lee's novel *Drakulya* and his essay "Christian Cults." Send an SASE for a complete list of titles available.

AN ANARCHIST STUDY & ACTIVIST GROUP has formed in Amherst, MA. Anyone interested should contact John Petrovato at (413) 367-9206 during the day, (413) 367-2640 during the evening, or Chris Halls at (413) 256-8069.

A DISTRIBUTION (POB 021835, Brooklyn, NY 11202) has a new Fall 1991 book catalog out, including a wide range of anarchist, situationist and anarcho-syndicalist titles. Send three 29¢ stamps for a copy.

THE SAN DIEGO ANARCHIST FEDERATION (POB 179218, San Diego, CA 92177) has produced a "Wanted" poster for "Jesus Christ, Vampire," and a Spanish-language flyer titled "Sociedad sin el estado" ("Society without a state"). They also have announced that an "anarchist primer" will be completed by early spring '92.

SF: In our party there are people who would like to run for higher elective offices, but they are not eco-anarchists. Our group is against participation in any national parliament, but we don't mind if others participate in local politics.

But in the opinion of those of us who belong to it, the Movement to Found the Green Party has been a failure, because the party that has gradually evolved out of it is not what we had in mind. Our people used to be the majority, but not anymore. In fact, most of the members of the Movement to Found the Green Party have left the Green Party in disgust. Those who have not left it—like myself—are still active and are trying to bring the party back to its original practice of base democracy and eco-anarchism. But we constitute a minority.

GP: What is dominant in the Green Party now?

SF: 'Democracy'—that is, traditional democracy, parliamentary government.

GP: In other words, belief in a republican system.

SF: They call it democracy. After glasnost was allowed in Russia, a lot of people came flooding into the Green Party, so that since 1989, the party has become pluralistic. And as in all the new Russian parties, there are a lot of people in the Green Party who want to make careers for themselves as politicians. In fact, more than half the people in the Green Party today are real-type politicians who are out to

THE YOUTH GREENS (Youth Green Clearing-house, POB 7293, Mpls, MN 55407; phone [612] 823-3468), an "eco-anarchist group" now "in transition," have announced the forthcoming publication of their new journal *Free Society*. Subscriptions are \$5/year (4 issues).

THE ABOLITION OF WORK, probably Bob Black's most well-known & influential essay, is now available again in a new edition as a 16-page pamphlet from Feh! Press (2226 Hennepin Ave. S. #20, Minneapolis, MN 55405) for \$1.00 postpaid. Also available with big quantity discounts.

THE LAST FEW COPIES OF *ANARCHY* back issues #6 and #7 are going fast. If you want to get one or the other before they're gone forever, send \$3.00 for a copy of one issue, or \$5.50 for both to C.A.L. (POB 1446, Columbia, MO 65205-1446).

COMPUTER BULLETIN BOARDS with anarchist discussion areas: *Meetpoint*, 1200 baud at (816) 921-6431, area #10, "The Anarchist's Scrapbook," Sig-Op Dave Serling, and *Newsroom*, 2400 baud at (816) 333-2520, "Anarchy: Serious Political Discussion," Sig-Op Carl Bettis.

AN ANARCHIST PICNIC is being organized for the weekend of April 24-26th in Bloomington, Indiana, "open to all but with a midwestern flavor, with local and regional punk and folk bands, vegan and vegetarian foods, lit & paraphernalia tables," etc. Contact Joseph & Trash O'Brat (POB 3207, Bloomington, IN 47402) for more information.

SILID AKALTAN (POB 187, N. Hollywood, CA 91601) is a new anarchist postal library with a 12-page catalog of books available. Just send an SASE or 29¢ stamp. Books can then be borrowed by sending the postage necessary for mailing.

SELECTED BACK ISSUES OF *ANARCHY: A Journal of Desire Armed* (C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO 65205-1446) are still available for free distribution in bulk for the cost of postage and packaging. We have extras of several issues including #19, #24 and #26, along with a few other odd issues still available. For those living in the U.S., we suggest you send about 10¢ to 25¢ each (depending on the size of the issue[s] requested, and your distance from Missouri) for 50 to 150 copies (unless you live in the Midwest, send a minimum of \$7.50, and make any checks out to "C.A.L." only). Those outside the U.S. obviously need to send much more to cover the higher costs of postage. Copies will all be marked "FREE" on the cover. To order bulk copies for resale, see the terms listed in the box on page 3.

If you have announcements concerning anarchist gatherings, new publications, or other anarchist activities or projects which our readers might find of use, you can send them to: Attn: Anarchist Scene, c/o C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO 65205-1446. Please remember, for more information, or for ordering materials listed in this column, you must write to the addresses given above and not to C.A.L.

make careers for themselves.

We now think we made some mistakes from the very beginning. We frightened away good people because many people in Russia don't like the word *party*. And the majority of those who do agree with us are anarchists who don't believe in parties.

Still, even though eco-anarchists are not a very large group in the Green Party now, eco-anarchism is spread all over the country. My group still puts out *Third Way*, and we're working on some programmatic documents. Besides that, we're engaged in direct action with other Greens. I belong to several different organizations. One of the radical organizations, the Rainbow Keepers, does radical ecological direct actions, such as picketing, blockades, and the like. In fact, they're interested *only* in direct action. They are interested in political action, but they don't follow through on this matter.

GP: Are they prepared to run candidates?

SF: They don't even register to vote!

GP: They are 'pure' anarchists?

SF: They are 'pure' greens! The 'fundamentalist' tendency among the membership in the green movement is very large—about 80 percent. They reject political activity—they even oppose taking part in elections....

GP: Not voting is a mass movement in the United States—we count at least 60 percent of the population! But seriously many anarchists here don't vote and believe only in doing actions. Often they don't even form organizations.

SF: That's why I belong to several organizations, including a project for refugees that establishes alternative ecological settlements.

This is an edited version of an interview which originally appeared in Green Perspectives #25/Jan. '92 (POB 111, Burlington, VT. 05402). Sergey Fomichov can be contacted through Trey Put (Tereshkovoy 28A-49, 606005 Dzerzhinsk, Russia).

Initiative of Revolutionary Anarchists Report from Moscow

Immediately after the suppression of the putsch, the Anarchist Youth Front (AYF) tried to seize the building of the Komsomol Museum on Krasnaya Presna where KAS's "Bezpartshkola" (Soviet-speak for "non-party school") previously conducted seminars and where the AYF had their first meetings. The occupation turned into a comedy. "The invaders" were moved from the museum building to the nearest militia station and then back. After two days of such trips the local powers offered the AYF premises in the basement. With the failure of the AYF's action, it will be impossible to have a squatters' movement for a long time yet.

The members of the Moscow organization of KAS (Confederation of Anarcho-syndicalists) apparently have finally understood that you can't make a career in the anarchist movement (not to spread rumors about KAS) and started to seek other venues for themselves. Alexandr Shubin became the co-chairman of the Green Party and during the course of an argument with Vadim Damier, one of the founders of the party and a member of IREAN (Initiative of Revolutionary Anarchists), expelled the last of the founders from the organization. The other members of KAS as well decided to take up entryism in official post-Communist trade unions. Andrei Isayev became the editor-in-chief of the paper of the Moscow Federation of Trade Unions *Solidarity* (not to be confused with the Moscow Union of Anarchists' paper of the same name), and almost all of the Moscow KAS have become contributors to this magazine, except the people from *KAS-KOR* (a KAS bulletin on the workers' movement).

Aside from that, Andrei Isayev, together with the head of the Socialist Party, B. Kagarlitsky, functionaries of official trade unions, Moscow Soviet representative B. Gonchar and former Communist Party Cheka member A. Buzgalin, signed a founding statement for the Labour Party. This is an experiment in creating something similar to the Labour Party in Britain, a mass party, presenting itself under the washed out slogans calling for the social defense of workers. They were hoping to win over part of the former Communist Party members, but for the time being this hasn't worked out too well. Roy Medvedev outdid them, having created a Socialist Workers Party including previous C.P. members. Thus Isayev and Kagarlitsky have only party structures, but no members.

Another important event this season was the anarchist hunger strike demanding the release of the young anarchists Rodionov and Kuznetsov, members of the former AROM, who were arrested in March of last year. Their trial started on the 26th of September and the judge's bias immediately became clear. The affair was presented as if two teenagers, drunken, for no apparent reason, attacked two healthy men, who—by pure coincidence—turned out to be employees of the OMON (anti-riot/SWAT team), just happening to be walking by. The affair was clearly fabricated and when the public defense then showed the doubtfulness of the prosecution, the judge postponed the hearings. As a sign of protest against the holding of Rodionov and Kuznetsov in custody (they had been jailed since March 12th), representatives of the ADA (Association of Anarchist Movements) from different cities in the Union

announced a hunger strike and carried it on for about 15 days. The average number of strikers were from 10 to 12 people. The hunger strike resulted in the fulfillment of one of the demands, namely the defendants were released on their own recognizance. The demand to suspend the case and close the criminal proceedings was not met. The strike met with a great response in the mass media. On Nov. 19th, the trial was postponed for an unknown period. One of the defendants wised up during this time and went to Hungary. There is a request to organize an international campaign of support & solidarity. The case is being heard at the Dzerzhinski National Court, Moscow, Bezbozhnyi Pereulok, d.19. Send a telegram or letter of protest to that address, to the Supreme Court of Russia, the Soviet Consulate or the U.N.

On the 19th and 20th of October, 1991, the third congress of the ADA took place in Petrograd. Resolutions were adopted concerning relations towards the new regime, on national conflicts, and on anti-militarism. The main purpose of the congress of the ADA (Association of Anarchist Movements) took place in Petrograd. Resolutions were adopted concerning relations with the new regime, national conflicts, and anti-militarism. The main purpose of the congress, aside from this, was for everyone to meet each other. Representatives from 14 cities and from 18 organizations took part in the congress. (ADA is comprised of from 1,000 to 2,000 people.) In accordance with a resolution taken at the second congress of the ADA, which took place in May of 1991, a survey was conducted to find out what is representative of anarchists from the Union.

At the same time in Moscow a conference of left groups from the provinces was held with the goal of forming a left information center. Populists from Moscow, Nizhny Novgorod, Petrograd and Gomel, representatives of the anarcho-communists in Ufa and the Moscow organization of IREAN, anarcho-syndicalists from the Moscow and Samara organizations of the KAS, as well as several Trotskyist and Marxist (non-CP) groups took part in the conference. It ended with a procession through the center of Moscow across Red Square to the Moscow Soviet.

On Nov. 2-3, the fifth conference of KAS was held. At the conference there was an unsuccessful attempt to form an anarchist party and transfer the federal soviet and secretariat of KAS from Moscow to Petrograd. Representatives from 9 cities were present. (According to KAS members themselves, there are now only 150 to 250 people, and in the Moscow organization—previously the main one—there are only 13 people.) On Nov. 3rd in Petrograd an initiative group was formed in which representatives of the Moscow & Petrograd organizations of IREAN and the Petrograd and Dnepropetrovsky organizations of AKRS joined in calling for an anarcho-communist conference, the purpose of which will be to unite all of the country's anarcho-communists and to form a number of anarcho-communist communes. The conference was planned for Jan. 20, 1992.

On the 7th of November in Moscow an anarchist group, the Union of Anarcho-Universalists (UUAU) was formed. Part of the Moscow Union of Anarchists and part of the Anarchist



The Moscow McDonalds. Photo thanks to Laure A.

Moscow anti-McDonald's demonstration

An interview with Vadim Damier by Sebastian Job

A picket outside the Moscow McDonald's in Pushkin Square was jointly organized Oct. 16, 1991 by the Initiative of Revolutionary Anarchists and the League of Green Parties. Vadim Damier is a member of both organizations and one of the organizers of the small, loud and heated demonstration, part of the International Day of Action Against McDonald's and the first of its kind in the former Union.

Sebastian Job: What are the demands of the demonstration?

Vadim Damier: As in the other countries the Russian left has a long list of grievances against McDonald's. First there are the ecological problems. The plastic hamburger containers cannot be recycled and the Amazonian forests are destroyed in order to graze the cows which end up as Mc this and that. Then there are the ecological-economic reasons. McDonald's is one of the transnational corporations which extract needed resources from Third World countries and sell them in the West. Here in Moscow they buy about two million tons of potatoes and sell them at exaggerated prices, beyond the reach of most people. At the same time there is starvation for potatoes in Moscow.

SJ: Are you then opposed to McDonald's in principle, or would you be happy with some reforms?

VD: We think there are some things that cannot be reformed. One of those things is McDonald's. For us it is a symbol of the capitalist system, against which we want to fight.

SJ: Are the workers in McDonald's unionized, and do you have any contact with them?

VD: Today we were approached by some workers and they told us that they do have a trade union. But contact with them will be difficult because they are in a privileged position. They have relatively high salaries and some of them have access to hard currency.

Youth Front broke away and joined this small group, numbering 8 people.

Representatives from the Polish Anarchist Federation came to Moscow and Petrograd and made a proposal to KAS members to form an East European anarchist federation. An international conference for this will apparently be held this Summer in Gulyai-Polye in the Ukraine.

Since Sept. IREAN has put out the second issue of its paper *Black Star*, and following in the "Orange tradition," the bulletin *IREAN-Inform*.

On Oct. 17th, IREAN, together with representatives of KAS, UAB, DU and non-aligned anarchists held a picket across from the Mos-

SJ: The queue here is rarely under 500 meters long. How do you account for the popularity of the Moscow McDonald's?

VD: We don't like it, but it's quite understandable. The fact is that today in Moscow there are very few places where you can get a snack. And some people come here because they have no way out, they need somewhere to eat. We are trying to convince these people that they shouldn't take the path of least resistance.

SJ: In the West McDonald's and multinational companies in general are regarded with suspicion by a great many people. Is that the case here?

VD: People here are completely unaware of the negative impact of these companies. There is also a widespread ignorance about ecological questions. So there is a great role here for green and alternative organizations.

SJ: I see there have been some arguments with your audience. Can you tell me what the public response has been?

VD: Most people don't seem to understand what we are doing. They don't have any concrete opinions either for us or against us. But if we didn't organize these actions how would they ever see beyond the bright lights and the glossy advertisements?

West Coast Anarchist Gathering

A.Y.F., Stefan Wray, and Acts of Resistance Video Production Group are proposing to organize a gathering of anarchists from California, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia to take place sometime in the spring of 1992. Ideas, suggestions, workshop proposals and contributions are more than welcome.

For a copy of the proposal send an SASE to one of the contact addresses below.

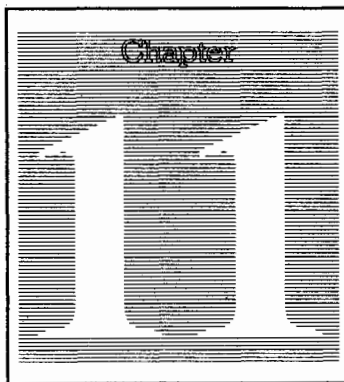
Mike Lee for
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537 Jones #1584
San Francisco, CA. 94102

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2440 16th St. Box 241
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Continued on page 25

The Revolution of Everyday Life



by
Raoul
Vaneigem

*The impossibility of communication:
Power as universal mediation*

Mediated abstraction, abstracted mediation

W¹hat is this detour whereby I get lost when I try to find myself? What is this screen that separates me from myself under the pretence of protecting me? And how can I ever rediscover myself in this crumbling fragmentation of which I am composed? I move forward into a terrible doubt of ever coming to grips with myself. It is as though my path were already marked out in front of me, as though my thoughts and feelings were following the contours of a mental landscape which they imagine they are creating, but which in fact is molding them. An absurd force—all the more absurd for being inscribed in the rationality of the world and seeming incontestable—keeps me jumping in an effort to reach a solid ground which my feet have never left. And by this useless hopping towards myself I succeed only in losing my grip on the present: most of the time I live out of step with what I am, marking time with dead time.

I think that people are surprisingly insensitive to the way in which the world, in certain periods, takes on the forms of the dominant metaphysic. No matter how demented it may seem to us to believe in God and the Devil, this phantom pair become a living reality from the moment that a collectivity considers them sufficiently present to inspire the text of their laws. In the same way, the stupid distinction between cause and effect has been able to govern societies in which human behavior and phenomena in general were analyzed in such terms. And in our own time, nobody should underestimate the power of the misbegotten dichotomy between thought and action, theory and practice, real and imaginary...these ideas are forces of organization. The world of falsehood is a real world; people are killing one another there, and we had best not forget it. While we spiel and spout ironically about the decay of philosophy, contemporary philosophers watch with knowing smiles from behind the mediocrity of their thought; they know that come what may the world is still a philosophical construction, a huge ideological fizzle. We survive in a metaphysical landscape. The abstract and alienating mediation which estranges me from myself is terrifyingly concrete.

Grace, a piece of God transplanted into man, has outlived its Donor. Secularized, abandoning theology for metaphysics, it has remained buried in the individual's flesh like a pacemaker, an internalized agency of government. When Freudian imagery hangs the monster Superego over the doorway of the ego, its fault is not so much the

Reality is today imprisoned within metaphysics in the same way as it was once imprisoned within theology. The way of seeing, which Power imposes, 'abstracts' mediations from their original function, which is to extend into the real world the demands which arise in lived experience. But mediation never completely loses contact with experience: it resists the magnetic pull of authority. The point where resistance begins is the look-out post of subjectivity. Until now, metaphysicians have only organized the world in various ways; our problem is to change it, by opposing them (1). The regime of guaranteed survival is slowly undermining the belief that Power is necessary (2). This leads to a growing rejection of the forms which govern us, a rejection of their ordering principle (3). Radical theory, which is the only guarantee of the coherence of such a rejection, penetrates the masses because it extends their spontaneous creativity. 'Revolutionary' ideology is theory co-opted by the authorities. Words exist at the frontier between the will to live and its repression; the way they are employed determines their meaning; history controls the ways in which they are employed. The historical crisis of language indicates the possibility of transcending it towards the poetry of action, towards the great game with signs (4).

facile oversimplification as the refusal to search further for the social origin of constraints. (Reich understood this well.) Oppression reigns because men are divided, not only among themselves but also inside themselves. What separates them from themselves and weakens them is also the false bond that unites them with Power, reinforcing this Power and making them choose it as their protector, as their father.

"Mediation," says Hegel, "is self-identity in movement." But what moves can lose itself. And when he adds, "It is the moment of dying and becoming," the same words differ radically in meaning according to the perspective in which they are placed: that of totalitarian power or that of the total man.

As soon as mediation escapes my control, every step I take drags me towards something foreign and inhuman. Engels painstakingly showed that a stone, a fragment of nature alien to man, became human as soon as it became an extension of the hand by serving as a tool (and the stone in its turn humanized the hand of the hominid). But once it is appropriated by a master, an employer, a ministry of planning, a management, the tool's meaning is changed: it deflects the action of its user towards other purposes. And what is true for tools is true for all mediations.

Just as God was the supreme dispenser of grace, the magnetism of the governing principle always draws to itself the largest possible number of mediations. Power is the sum of alienated and alienating mediations. Science (*scientia theologiae ancilla*) converted the divine fraud into operational information, organized abstraction, returning to the etymology of the word: *ab-trahere*, to draw out of.

The energy which the individual ex-

pends in order to realize himself, to extend himself into the world according to his desires and his dreams, is suddenly braked, held up, shunted onto other tracks, co-opted. What would normally be the phase of fulfillment is forced out of the living world and kicked upstairs into the transcendental.

But the mechanism of abstraction is never completely loyal to the principle of authority. However reduced man may be by his stolen mediation, he can still enter the labyrinth of Power with Theseus' weapons of aggression and determination. If he finally loses his way, it is because he has already lost his Ariadne, snapped the sweet thread that links him with life: the desire to be himself. For it is only in an unbroken relationship between theory and lived praxis that there can be any hope of an end to all dualities, of the beginning of the era of totality, the end of the power of men over men.

Human energy does not let itself be led away into the inhuman without a fight. Where is the field of battle? Always in the immediate extension of lived experience, in spontaneous action.

...Common sense is a compendium of slanders like "We'll always need bosses," "Without authority mankind would sink into barbarism and chaos," and so on. Custom has mutilated man so thoroughly that when he mutilates himself he thinks he is following a law of nature. And perhaps the suppression of the memory of what he has lost is what chains him most firmly to the pillory of submission.

I am not suggesting that the 'abstraction' of mediations has to be countered by some wild, 'instinctive' spontaneity: that would be merely to reproduce on a higher level the idiotic choice between pure speculation and mindless activism, the disjunction between theory and practice. I am saying that tactical adequacy involves launching the attack at the very spot where the highwaymen of experience lay their ambush, the spot where the attempt to act is transformed and perverted, at the precise moment when spontaneous action is sucked up by misinterpretation and misunderstanding. At this point there is a momentary crystallization of consciousness which illuminates both the demands of the will to live and the fate that social organization has in store for them: living experience and its co-optation by the machinery of authoritarianism. The point where resistance begins is the look-out post of subjectivity. For identical reasons, my knowledge of the world exists effectively only at the moment when I act to transform the world.

2

The mediation of power works a permanent blackmail on the immediate. Of course, the idea that an act can't be carried through in the totality of its implications faithfully reflects the reality of a bankrupt world, a world of non-totally; but at the same time it reinforces the metaphysical character of events, which is their official falsification. Common sense is a compendium of slanders like "We'll always need bosses," "Without authority mankind would sink into barbarism and chaos," and so on. Custom has mutilated man so thoroughly that when he mutilates himself he thinks he is following a law of nature. And perhaps the suppression of the memory of what he has lost is what chains him most firmly to the pillory of submission. Anyway, it befits the slave mentality to associate power with the only possible form of life, survival. And it fits well with the master's purposes to encourage such an idea.

In mankind's struggle for survival, hierarchical social organization was undeniably a decisive step forward. At one point in history the cohesion of a collectivity around its leader gave it the best, perhaps the only chance of self-preservation. But survival was guaranteed at the price of a new alienation: the safeguard was a prison, preserving life but preventing growth. Feudal regimes reveal the contradiction bluntly: serfs, half man and half beast, existed side by side with a small privileged sector, a handful of whom strained after

individual access to the exuberance and energy of unrestrained life.

The feudal idea cared little about survival as such: famines, plagues and massacres swept millions of beings from that best of all possible worlds without unduly disturbing the generations of *literati* and subtle hedonists. The bourgeoisie, on the other hand, finds in survival the raw material of its economic interests. The need to eat and subsist materially cannot but be good for trade. Indeed it is not excessive to see in the primacy of the economy, that axiom of bourgeois thought, the very source of its celebrated humanism. If the bourgeoisie prefers man to God, it is because only man produces and consumes, supplies and demands. The divine universe, which is pre-economic, incurs their disapproval just as much as the post-economic world of the whole man.

By force-feeding survival until it is satiated, consumer society awakens a new appetite for life. Wherever survival and work are both guaranteed, the old safeguards become obstacles. Not only does the struggle to survive prevent us from really living; once it becomes a struggle without real goals it begins to threaten survival itself: what was ridiculous becomes precarious. Survival has grown so fat that if it doesn't shed its skin it will choke us all in it and die.

The protection provided by masters has lost its *raison d'être* since the mechanical solicitude of gadgets theoretically ended the necessity for slaves. From now on, the *ultima ratio* of the rulers is the deliberately maintained terror of a thermonuclear apocalypse. The pacifism of coexistence guarantees *their* existence. But the existence of the leaders is no guarantee of the continued existence of men. Power no longer protects the people; it protects itself against the people. Today, this inhumanity spontaneously created by men has become simply the inhuman prohibition of all creation.

3

Every time the total and immediate consummation of an action is deferred, Power is confirmed in its function of grand mediator. Spontaneous poetry, on the other hand, is the anti-mediation par excellence.

Broadly speaking, it is true to say that the characterization of the bourgeois or soviet forms of fragmentary powers as a 'sum of constraints' is becoming less and less apt as these systems come to depend increasingly upon alienating mediations. Ideological hypnosis is replacing the bayonet. This perfected mode of government has a computer-like aspect. Following the prudent directives of the technocratic specialized left, an electronic Argus is planning to eliminate the middlemen (spiritual leaders, putschist generals, Franco-Stalinists and other sons of Ubu) and wire up his Absolute State of well-being. But the more mediations are alienated, the more the thirst for the immediate rages, the more the savage poetry of revolutions tramples down frontiers.

In its final phase, authority will culminate in the union of abstract and concrete. Power is already making the concrete abstract, even if it still occasionally resorts to the electric chair. The very face of the world, illuminated by Power, is to be organized according to a metaphysic of reality; and it's a sight for sore eyes to see the faithful philosophers showing off their new uni-

forms: technocrat, sociologist, specialist of this or that.

The pure form which is haunting social space is recognizable as the death of men. It is the neurosis which precedes necrosis, survival sickness spreading slowly as living experience is replaced by images, forms, objects, as alienated mediation transmutes experience into a thing, coralizes it. It's a man or a tree or a stone...so prophesied Lautréamont.

Gombrowicz, for his part, gives due respect to Form, Power's old go-between, now promoted to the place of honor among pimps of State: "You have never really been able to recognize or explain the importance of Form in your life. Even in psychology you have been unable to accord to Form its rightful place. We continue to believe that it is feeling, purposes or ideas that govern our behavior, considering Form to be at most a harmless ornamental addition. When the widow weeps tenderly beside her husband's coffin, we think that she is crying because she feels her loss so keenly. When some engineer, doctor or lawyer murders his wife, his children or a friend, we suppose that he was driven to the deed by violent or bloodthirsty impulses. When some politician expresses himself vacuously, deceitfully or shabbily in a public speech, we say that he is stupid because he expresses himself stupidly. But the fact of the matter is this: a human being does not externalize himself in an immediate manner, according to his nature, but always through a definite Form and this Form, this way of being, this way of speaking and reacting, does not issue solely from himself but is imposed on him from outside."

AFTERMATH

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"And so the same man can appear sometimes wise, sometimes stupid, bloodthirsty or angelic, mature or naive, according to the Form which affects him and according to the pressure of conditioning...When will you consciously oppose the Forms? When will you stop identifying with what defines you?"

4

In his *Critique of Hegel's Philosophy of Right* Marx writes: "Theory becomes a material force once it has got hold of the masses. Theory is capable of getting hold of men once it demonstrates its truth with regard to man, once it becomes radical. To be radical is to grasp something at its roots. But for man the root is man himself."

...the more mediations are alienated, the more the thirst for the immediate rages, the more the savage poetry of revolutions tramples down frontiers.

In short, radical theory gets hold of the masses because it comes from them in the first place. It is the repository of spontaneous creativity, and its job is to ensure the striking power of this creativity. It is revolutionary technique at the service of poetry. Any analysis of revolutions past or present that does not presuppose a determination to resume the struggle more coherently and more effectively plays fatally into the hands of the enemy: it is incorporated into the dominant culture. The only time to talk about revolutionary moments is when you are ready to live

them at short notice. Would that as much could be said of all our mandarin Marxists of the 'totality' and the 'planetary'.

Those who are able to end a revolution are always the most eager to explain it to those who have made it. The argument they use to explain it are as good as their argument for ending it, one can say that much. When theory escapes from the makers of a revolution it turns against them. It no longer gets hold of them, it dominates and conditions them. The theory that was developed by the strength of the armed people now develops the strength of those who disarm the people. Leninism explains revolutions too—it certainly taught Makhno's partisans and the Kronstadt sailors a thing or two. An ideology.

Whenever the powers-that-be get their hands on theory, it turns into ideology: an *ad hominem* argument against man himself. Radical theory comes out of the individual, out of being as subject: it penetrates the masses through what is most creative in each person, through subjectivity, through the desire for realization. Ideological conditioning is quite the opposite: the technical management of the inhuman, of the weight of *things*. It turns men into objects which have no meaning apart from the Order in which they have their place. It assembles them in order to isolate them, makes the crowd into a multiplicity of solitudes.

Ideology is the falsehood of language, radical theory the truth of language. The conflict between them, which is the conflict between man and the inhumanity which he secretes, underlies the transformation of the world into human realities as much as its transmutation into metaphysical realities. Everything that people do and undo passes through the mediation of language. The semantic realm is one of the principal battlefields in the struggle between the will to live and the spirit of submission.

The fight is unfair. Words serve Power better than they do men; they serve it more faithfully than most men do, and more scrupulously than the other mediations (space, time, technology...). For all transcendence depends on language and is developed through a system of signs and symbols (words, dance, ritual, music, sculpture, building...). When a half-completed action, which has been suddenly obstructed, tries to carry on further in a form which it hopes will sooner or later allow it to finish and realize itself—like a generator transforming mechanical energy into electrical energy which will be reconverted into mechanical energy by a motor miles away—at this moment language swoops down on living experience, ties it hand and foot, robs it of its substance, *abstracts* it. It always has categories ready to condemn to incomprehensibility and nonsense anything which they can't contain, or summon into existence-for-Power that which slumbers in nothingness because it has no place as yet in the system of Order. The repetition of familiar signs is the basis of ideology.

And yet people still try to use words. And signs to perfect their aborted gestures. It is because they do that a poetic language exists: a language of lived experience which, for me, merges with radical theory, the theory which pene-

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The small press as class struggle *revisited*

By Richard Evanoff



In the winter of 1988 I started an alternative English language literary magazine in Japan called *Edge*. Here are some personal reflections on the current state of alternative press publishing based on my experiences with the magazine, especially regarding the prospects for trying to organize alternative magazines as cooperatives. I hope what I've written here not only sheds some light on the inner workings of small press publishing, but also contributes to an anarchist rethinking of what alternative press publishing is all about.

One of the major influences behind *Edge* was Merritt Clifton's *Small Press as Class Struggle*. The pamphlet documents the remarkable history of small press publishing in the United States from pre-revolutionary times to the revolutionary present. Not only was the small press the vehicle by which many important writers such as Thoreau, Whitman, and Poe first gained an audience, it has also played an important role in some of the most important struggles of U.S. history, from the American Revolution of the 18th Century to the Abolition Movement of the 19th and the various social, feminist, and ecological movements of the 20th. Clifton's basic point of view—that for the small press to remain independent it has to avoid both selling out to capitalist interests and succumbing to government control—resonated well with my own libertarian/anarchist leanings. Now that the collapse of Marxism has shown that a highly centralized, government-dictated, party-elitist system of state socialism was never really a viable alternative to the greed driven, 'free'-enterprise-dictated, corporate-elitist system of capitalism, perhaps it's time to let anarchism, with its emphasis on decentralized, grassroots, ecological community involvement, have a go at the revolution. Unlike Marxist dreams of a future millennium, the anarchists look at the revolution as something that begins right here and right now with our own small, but important efforts to begin creating a new non-exploitive and non-hierarchical society in the shell of the old.

Edge was originally conceived as a means of putting power back into the hands of the writers and poets—to put them in control of the "means of production" by creating a magazine of, by, and for the literary community. The idea was to create a community-based literary forum which would be run, not by editors whose only goal was making a profit of publishing what they person-

ally happen to think is "good literature" (typical of most litmags), but by the community itself. The magazine would be supported *creatively* by submissions from the literary community, *financially* by subscriptions from the literary community, and *organizationally* by volunteer labor from the literary community. On the first two points, *Edge* can claim a fair amount of success; it was the third that ultimately necessitated the closing of the magazine.

The numbers go something like this: In terms of creative support, literally *hundreds* of people were willing to send us their work for publication in *Edge*. While the vast majority of the over-the-transom contributors took absolutely no interest in the magazine except seeing their names in print, we nonetheless also received a lot of good material and actually ended up with more good work than we were able to publish. The irony, of course, is that we would have been able to publish more of this work if more of the people sending it to us had subscribed to the magazine: more subscribers = more financial resources = more pages. (A fair amount of the material we published was also solicited, of course, often from writers who were not subscribers.)

For each hundred people who sent us work, however, *only about 10* would subscribe—not a very high percentage, but enough to keep *Edge* financially in the black during its entire existence, something which is extremely rare for literary magazines. It was fairly obvious with some contributors that they would only subscribe if *Edge* recognized their "literary genius" by publishing their work in the magazine (a practice we avoided), but it was equally obvious that the vast majority of people who did subscribe had a sincere interest in literature and were willing to support a magazine both financially and with their readership.

Organizationally, there were numerous offers from people to 'help' with 'editing', but editing actually comprises only a small percentage of the total operating time of a magazine (like writing itself, putting out a literary magazine is 10% inspiration and 90% perspiration). Most of the real work is administrative—soliciting material, doing layout and production, handling subscriptions, handling subscriptions, keeping the books, running promotional campaigns, stuffing envelopes, mailing out hundreds of copies to subscribers, finding bookstores to distribute the magazine, etc. The typical volunteer, however, is only interested in being

involved creatively with the magazine—"I'm not interested in the business side of things" is a chorus frequently heard from people who (quite legitimately) are afraid that an overconcern for the "business side of things" leads to a prostitution of art. On the other hand, however, this attitude also subtly embraces the elitist notion that 'creative' work is more important than clerical work—the latter is beneath the dignity of a truly creative person and should therefore be left to others (in the same way that immigrant labor usually ends up with the dirty, dangerous jobs natives don't find 'fulfilling').

Precisely to avoid having too many editors and not enough administrative workers, the basic principle from the beginning of *Edge* was that no one could become a full editor unless he or she was also willing to learn the entire operation of the magazine, including "the business side of things." If someone is willing to assume editorial control over parts of the magazine and offer advice about contents, design, layout, etc., the person should be equally willing to assume full administrative responsibility. In the space of two years, however, there was *not one single person* who learned all the magazine's administrative procedures, despite opportunities to do so. Had there been such people, we would have been able to make *Edge* into a full-fledged cooperative, with completely shared editorial and administrative decision making. As it turned out, however, *Edge* remained a hierarchical organization with the final power and responsibility concentrated at the top.

So the end result is that while there were literally hundreds of poets and writers with a desire to "express themselves" and see their work in print, there was only a relatively small percentage with sufficient interest in reading other people's work to actually subscribe to a magazine, and few if any who are willing to commit themselves to the organization, business, and administration of a literary magazine. If there are any other would-be editors who think they can put out a quality, self-financing literary magazine on these terms, it can in fact be done, as I think *Edge* has proven, but only if they're willing to sacrifice the lion's share of their free time in pursuit of this goal, including their own writing time. I, for one, was never interested in doing this. My original goal was not just to "put out a magazine," but to find a group of people who were willing to share not only in the creative input, but also in

the full responsibilities of the project, so that each participant still had enough time for his or her own writing. *Edge* was never intended to be a one-person show.

I still feel that small press publishing is something that should never become the ultimate responsibility of a single editor working to the point of burnout, but should rather be the responsibility of the entire literary community—not only because it's incongruous to leave one person with the bulk of the administrative work while everyone else is out having a good time being 'creative', but also because it unavoidably leads to an unhealthy hierarchical and dependant relationship between editors and writers. Once writers abdicate their responsibility for making the small press work from an organizational and administrative point of view, they also give up their ability to have a voice and influence in what gets published. If writers have no interest in learning the publishing and business skills necessary to put out a magazine, they are left to the mercy of those who do. If poets don't even subscribe to a single literary magazine themselves, how can they complain about how underpaid poets are (let alone editors)? The goal of trying to empower writers by teaching them publishing skills is not only so that they can "share the work," *but also so that they could assume control, both editorially and administratively*. My experience, however, is that most writers are less interested in learning the ropes of publishing than they are in finding someone else to do the publishing for them, believing that if someone else assumes control for publishing, this will leave them totally free to pursue their "creative interests" as writers. But exactly who, then, is going to assume final control for publishing? Commercial publishers who are only interested in making profit? Literary editors who only publish work that fits their own arbitrary definitions of 'quality'? Or even worse, editors who primarily publish their own work and the work of their acquaintances?

The notion that we can have individual creative freedom without being willing to assume collective organizational responsibility simply doesn't wash. The ultimate irony, of course, is that writers themselves sometimes come to look at organizational work not as a means of empowerment, but as coercion. Editors are good guys when they recognize and confirm a writer's 'genius' by publishing the writer's work on the writer's behalf—

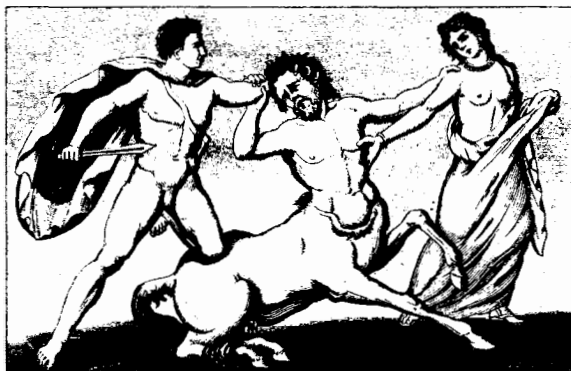
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Further Notes On *Bartleby The Scrivener*

By Ed Lawrence

"Satire which the censor understands deserves to be banned."

—Karl Kraus



I
In the annals of western literature it is Homer, in the second book of the *Iliad*, who provides the first instance of a commoner, Thersites, speaking out against the megalomaniac pretensions of a king (an indiscretion for which Homer delights in having him beaten into bloody submission), and Herman Melville who records the rebellion of Bartleby, the first dissident office worker. Melville was a cartographer of contested terrain, the human soul, and like the harpoons forged aboard the *Pequod*, his short story *Bartleby, the Scrivener: A story of Wall-Street* was annealed in the blood of experience. "Dollars damn me," Melville wrote in a private correspondence, "What I feel most moved to write, that is banned,—it will not pay. Yet, altogether, write the other way I cannot." When it came to writing, Melville was not penurious with his words, still, he preferred not to be paid piece rate to commit suicide.

The story is a take off, but with back spin, of the comical darkie genre, a genre which fed off of and into that complex mental matrix of racist mythos which helped to give slavery its good conscience. Written at a time when the body politic of America was slowly hemorrhaging, *Bartleby* exposes the mechanisms which were being fashioned to rationalize not slavery, but the social construction of work which was superseding it, the deadening arena of wage-slavery. It maps the feeding habits of the minotaur that stalks the corridors of Wall Street and charts the course of one man's refusal to sacrifice his humanity to its amazement.

The satiric method which Melville adopted in order to assail the world of "the other way" was a deceptively straight forward accounting of the devastating human toll it exacted and, as C.L.R. James noted, the only way such a painful enumeration can be made bearable is with humor, albeit, "humor in the hangman's noose" (James). But the seriousness of Melville's intent, like Poe's purloined letter, has been almost entirely overlooked. That the story is so misunderstood explains precisely why it is regarded with such esteem by the universities, where the layers of exegesis lavished upon it have all but ensured its meaning remains buried. It was said of Karl Kraus that his satire was "not content to call on the world as witness to the misdemeanors of a cashier," that

it "must summon the dead from their graves" (Benjamin). Half a century earlier, Melville too had heard the death rattle of those empty phrases which were the *Corpus Delecti* of a society not only "bereft of imagination" (Kraus) but which was rapidly institutionalizing its loss.

Readers of *Putnam's Magazine*, where *Bartleby* was originally published, and readers today, identifying with the snug smugness of the narrator, flatter themselves that the story was meant to serve as yet another mirror, another polished reflection of their virtues, when what Melville has really smuggled into the gallery as a portrait of Dorian Gray. His psychological canvassing is so lucid, so clear sighted, that people inured to seemingness are simply unable to see through it.

II

"Pity would be no more, If we did not make somebody poor."

—W. Blake

The consciousness of the lawyer who narrates the story, like Wall Street itself is a dehumanized labyrinth where claustrophobic windows command only 'unobstructed' views of other walls, or "no view at all." It is akin to that sterile offspring, the mule, which results from the hybridization of a horse and a donkey; that is, the ideological beast of burden begat when economic power breeds with christianity (a mating which Weber critiqued in his seminal *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*). Here Melville fleshes out the product of (B)ossification, the calculating piousness which forms the exoskeleton of the evolving *Homo Economicus*, a being for whom an act of charity is a way to "cheaply purchase a delicious self approval" that will "cost me little or nothing, while I lay up in my soul what will eventually prove a sweet morsel for my conscience." It is with great self-satisfaction and a seamless continuity that the lawyer drops the name of John Jacob Astor as if it were a coin into the collection plate of Trinity Church.

Prior to the 'advent' of Bartleby, the lawyer had employed two scriveners; two men who were actually human copy machines, their work being to duplicate endless reams of legal documents "closely written in a crimp hand." The monotony reproduced by their "dull, wearisome, and lethargic" responsibilities evinces itself in the mangled development of their lives. The lawyer de-

scribes them with a good natured gentility, both are hapless misfits whose comical eccentricities are tolerable only because, along with the rest of the office furnishings, their services are of use to him.

One, Turkey, is an alcoholic whose shabby clothes threaten to be a 'reproach' to his employer, though the lawyer tempers his comments by granting that "a man with so small an income" couldn't possibly afford to keep appearances up while downing his draughts. The lawyer recounts how he generously 'presented' this employee with a "highly respectable looking coat of my own" and instead of showing appreciation with an appropriate display of fawning humility the fellow had actually become 'insolent', leading the lawyer to sagely conclude that this was "a man whom prosperity harmed."

In a strikingly contemporary passage, the lawyer relates how his other copyist, Nippers, is constantly readjusting his writing table, ostensibly to ease "a sore aching in his back" or again, the numbness in his arms, but really, the jurist assures the reader, the fidgeting is a result of 'indigestion' or because the employee "knew not what he wanted." Or, if Nippers indeed wanted anything, it was to "be rid of the scrivener's table altogether," that instrument of torment which caused what today would come under the rubric of Repetitive Motion Syndrome, a syndrome which is not confined merely to certain physical symptoms however, but which has permeated the whole of existence.

III

"Let him who has something to say step forward and be silent."

—Karl Kraus

Into this neatly sanitized structure Melville introduces Bartleby, a figure who is an uncanny premonition of Camus' extraordinary meditation on rebellion. When Bartleby first begins his employment he works insatiably "as if long famishing for something to copy," the lawyer's only quibble is that Bartleby is not "cheerfully industrious" but copies "silently, palely, mechanically." Shortly however Bartleby expresses another appetite, he confounds his employer's "natural expectancy of instant compliance" by responding to a call to examine a copy with the memorable reply, "I would prefer not to." With these words Bartleby breaches the psychic bulwark that immures him, he

breaks the code of Wall Street, and becomes a rebel, "a person who says No, but whose refusal does not imply renunciation, a rebel who is also a person who says Yes, from the moment of their first gesture of rebellion" (Camus).

To the lawyer these words are incomprehensible. His "stunned faculties" can make no sense of them because they are spoken without "anger, impatience or impertinence," without the motivations he considers to be "ordinarily human." The lawyer never manages to grasp their profound significance because he has allowed himself to believe that nothing can exist beyond the fortified mental constructs he adheres to, the ramparts of Wall Street, while Bartleby's words are an insistence, an affirmation that life need not be circumscribed within the confines of this cramped and deformative perimeter.

In time Bartleby inclines to do fewer and fewer of the tasks required of him, his concerns become his own. The lawyer begins a desperate effort to shore up the barriers which are crumbling around them. He seeks to reason with Bartleby, pointing out to him that what he is being asked to do is "common usage," that it is "labor saving," that he is "bound to do it." To no avail, Bartleby would prefer not to, he is no longer a human cipher to be counted upon.

A series of events ensue, in their awkwardness, seem almost to stumble over one another. On his way to church one Sunday, the lawyer drops by his office only to discover that Bartleby has taken up residence there. Initially he waxes melancholy over Bartleby's perceived loneliness, and this from a man who exudes alienation, who will confess, in reference to Bartleby, that "I never feel so private as when I know you are here," who doesn't realize that solitude becomes isolation only when the living currents of human solidarity are dammed and then harnessed to the turbines of self-destruction. But these first emotions of "pure melancholy and sincerest pity" are soon wrought, under the hammer blows of "common sense," into more useful forms; "did that same melancholy merge into fear, that pity into repulsion." Later, the lawyer's forbearance, despite being insinuated with the integrity of "an all wise Providence" gives way beneath the weight of silence with which Bartleby responds to such ponderous inquiries as "What earthly

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The small press as class struggle revisited

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but editorial Hitlers when they don't. The real dictator, of course, is not the one who advises you to carry your own load, but the one who offers to carry it for you. It's much easier to abdicate responsibility to 'leaders,' whether they be politicians, corporate executives, or literary editors, than it is to take the responsibility on ourselves and create the kind of world we would really like to live in (or the kind of magazines we would really like to read). It's much easier to get cynical when we don't like the decisions others make "on our behalf" than it is to get up off our butts and make these decisions for ourselves. Passivity and dependence on 'leaders' to do for us what we are unwilling to do for ourselves permeates our entire culture, from government to the arts. Yet, how can we expect accountability and responsibility from our 'leaders' when we do not even expect it from ourselves? The fact is, it is we who are being Hitlers when we expect our lead-

ers (and editors) to "take care of the business side of things" while we retreat to our creative cocoons.

If writers believe in the small press enough to want to have their work published in it, they should also believe in it enough to be willing to support it with both their labor and their financial resources. Writing has to be more than merely the narcissistic desire to see one's name in print. Ultimately we have moved beyond the masturbatory preoccupation with "self expression" to a notion of art as *communication* (i.e., intercourse!), which can only take place in the context of a *community* of people who are interested in more than just the ego-satisfaction of "being writers." (Paradoxically, in working with *Edge*, I've found that the more famous poets really are, the humbler they tend to be. A dogmatic concern for 'quality' is the sign of a myopic amateur.)

Moving from narcissism to community was one of the ideals I had tried to realize with *Edge* and the fact that the larger 'social' project was ultimately a failure, certainly doesn't mean the magazine itself was a failure. Judged by the usual standards of small press literary

magazines, I feel *Edge* was a sparkling success, both in terms of the quality of the work it published and in terms of the audience support it actually received. *Edge* was indeed the collective achievement of many, many people—while an editor may sometimes feel like the hinge holding up the door, the editor is not the door itself. Full credit should go to the writers, editors, production workers, envelope stuffers, *et al.*, who put vast amounts of time and energy into *Edge* and ultimately made it a success. I think we should also be (collectively) proud of the fact that we were able to produce a quality literary alternative to the mainstream press without relying on either corporate or government funding, grants, or subsidies. Let's face it, the mainstream press simply isn't going to take serious literature seriously until a writer has proven his or her 'marketability', thus limiting the opportunities for experimentation; corporate sponsors are only going to support noncontroversial content that doesn't question "the system"; and government grants inevitably raise the specter of state censorship. Besides, it's something of an indignity for sensitive

artists to be reduced to begging for support from insensitive corporations and government bureaucracies. If what we're doing is truly valuable, people will support it. Instead of groveling for money and commodifying art, we should come to regard our artistic productions as *gifts to be shared*.

Rather than becoming dependent on corporate or government support, we should be getting on with the project of creating a viable alternative press by ourselves, on our own terms, with our own energy, and through our own financing. We should be working not at creating a mass, faceless audience for our work, but personal audiences of people who can respond in personal ways. This cannot be an individual effort, but must be the collective effort of everyone with a genuine concern for literature and a concern for a genuinely *free* press. "Freedom of the press to those who own one" means that writers will only be truly free when they themselves own the means of literary production (and learn the procedures!).

Writers of the world unite!

Further Notes On Bartleby The Scrivener

Continued from previous page

right do you have to stay here? Do you pay the rent? Do you pay my taxes? Or is this property yours?" His thoughts become crowded with "dark anticipations" of how this homeless apparition might somehow outlast him and "claim possession of my office by right of perpetual occupancy." He resolves to rid himself of this "intolerable incubus."

The lawyer conjures up the ultimate rationalization as a way girdling Bartleby's motives. He confers on him not a "lustrous coat" but a straightjacket, concluding that his employee has strayed beyond the edge of reasonable assumptions and is demented, "the victim of innate and incurable disorder." Yet unconsciously, in the substratum of his being, below the encrusted layers of character armor, the lawyer senses that the *Terra Incognita* which Bartleby inhabits, which is also the *Terra Firma* of his rebellion against the scorched earth mentality of Wall Street where bricks are held in place by human mortar, is also a "common ground where all

people—even the individual who insults and oppresses others—have a natural community" (Camus). This distant shimmer of land, hardly more than a mirage within himself, is what unsettles the lawyer and although this is something that he "never understands. That is why he puts up with Bartleby's insubordination" (James).

But enough is enough. Bartleby's quiet resonance begins to act as a tuning fork, evoking sympathetic chords; the word 'prefer' involuntarily seeps into the vocabulary and "in some degree turned the tongues, if not the heads" of those around him. When bribery fails to dislodge him and the absurdity becomes overwhelming, "It is because he will *not* be a vagrant, then, that you seek to count him *as* a vagrant," leaving Bartleby behind. Even this, however, fails to hold him accountable for Bartleby, who "persists in haunting the building generally, sitting upon the bannisters of the stairs by day, sleeping in the entry by night." The lawyer is pressured into attempting one last ploy to bring Bartleby back in line. He offers Bartleby the opportunity to work as a clerk, a bill collector, even as a young man's companion on a European excursion

but, although Bartleby is not 'particular' he would prefer to do something else. The lawyer finally offers to take Bartleby into his own home, without success, causing him to flee in disarray like a fugitive.

At ropes end now, the police are summoned. A "compassionate and curious" crowd of bystanders accompanies Bartleby through the maze of streets. He is taken to prison where, preferring not "to dine," he dies.

III

"Endure!—no—no—defy!" —E.A. Poe

Bartleby "the inscrutable scrivener," neither his words nor his actions fall within the tidy circumference of reasonable explanations. Unlike Turkey, who salvages what he can of his life by bottling it up, or Nippers, who exercises a "diseased ambition" trying to ape the lawyer's practice, Bartleby wants neither of these permissible permutations of the pattern. He no longer craves to prolong a meager diet of poverty and exploitation, by-products not of Wall Street's degraded operation but of its optimal functioning. Despair and misery will impel people to riot, but for a person to

revolt requires that these raw elements be infused with a vision not just of change, but of actual difference. This inner illumination is what gives Bartleby his calm intensity.

When the living do not recognize the contours of their own death mask, the dead can not be expected to haggle over the grounds of their interment. Asked why he believed in the *Bible*, Tallyrand, Bishop of Autun, replied, according to Poe, "Because I know nothing about it at all." Innocence has many guises but this is not one of them. Bartleby's role goes beyond playing a deadpan foil to a questionable inquisitor. His dissidence though unheard of, doesn't fall on deaf ears. Bartleby embarked on his odyssey of rebellion without illusions. When Melville has him say, and without hesitation, "I know where I am" his words are magnetic. Like the needle of a compass, they serve as a guide for those who would follow in his wake.

An edited version of this essay will appear in the forthcoming Zero-Work: The Anti-Work Anthology to be published in 1992 by Autonomedia (POB 568, Brooklyn, NY: 11211).

The
Revolution
of Everyday Life



by
Raoul
Vaneigem

Mediated abstraction abstracted mediation

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trates the masses and becomes a material force. Even when it is co-opted and turned against its original purpose, poetry always gets what it wants in the end. The "Proletarians of all lands, unite" which produced the Stalinist State will one day realize the classless society. No poetic sign is ever completely turned by ideology.

The language that deflects radical actions, creative actions, human actions par excellence, from their realization, becomes anti-poetry. It defines the linguistics of power: its science of information. This information is the model of false communication, the communication of the inauthentic, non-living.

There is a principle that I find holds good: as soon as language no longer obeys the desire for realization, it falsifies communication; it no longer communicates anything except that false promise of truth which is called a lie. But this lie is the truth of what destroys me, infects me with its virus of submission. Signs are thus the vanishing points from which diverge the antagonistic perspectives which carve up the world and define it: the perspective of power and the perspective of the will to live. Each word, idea or symbol is a double agent. Some, like the word 'fatherland' or the policeman's uniform, usually work for authority; but make no mistake, when ideologies clash or simply begin to wear out, the most mercenary sign can become a good anarchist (think of the splendid title that Belle-garigue chose for his paper: *L'Anarchie, Journal de l'Ordre*).

Dominant semiological systems—which are those of the dominant castes—have

only mercenary signs, and, as Humpty-Dumpty says, the king pays double time to words that he employs a lot. But deep down inside, every mercenary dreams of killing the king. If we are condemned to a diet of lies we must learn to spike them with a drop of the old acid truth. This is just how the agitator works: he invests his words and signs so powerfully with living reality

...There is a principle that I find holds good: as soon as language no longer obeys the desire for realization, it falsifies communication; it no longer communicates anything except that false promise of truth which is called a lie. But this lie is the truth of what destroys me, infects me with its virus of submission.

that all the others are pulled out of place. He is *subversive*. In a general way, the fight for language is the fight for the freedom to love, for the reversal of perspective. The battle is between metaphysical facts and the reality of facts: I mean between facts conceived statically as part of a system of interpretation of the world and facts understood in their development by the praxis which transforms them.

Power can't be overthrown like a government. The united front against authority covers the whole spectrum of everyday life and enlists the vast majority of people. To know how to live is to know how to fight against renunciation without ever giving an inch. Let nobody underestimate Power's skill in stuffing its slaves with words to the point of making them the slaves of words.

What weapons do we have to secure our freedom? We can mention three:

1) 'Information' should be corrected

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Confessions of a Posterist

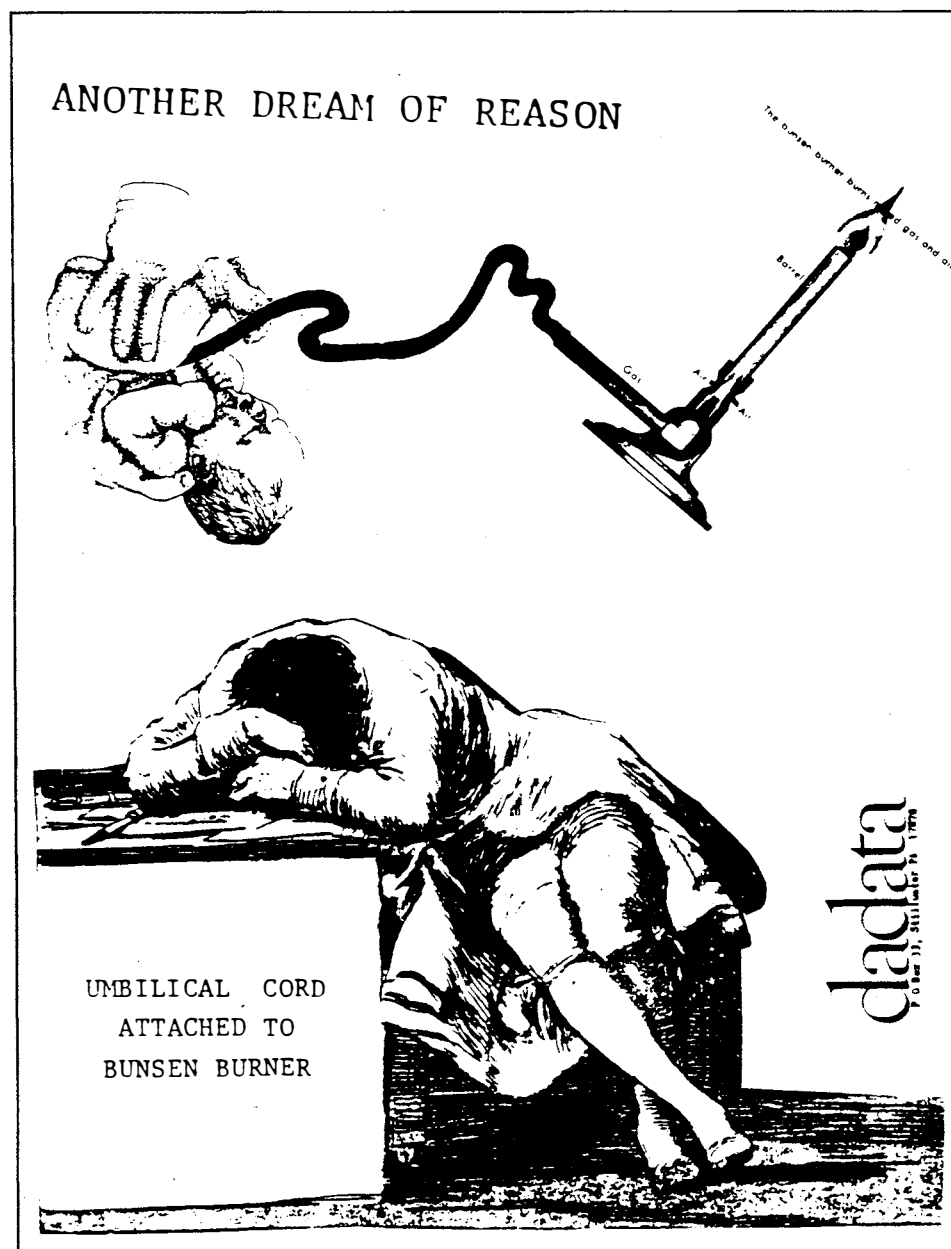
By Barney Rubble

I wasn't always this way. I used to enjoy normative relations with society in general. I used the standard methods of communication. I would write letters to individuals, papers for a specific class, speak, read newspapers and watch TV. I even went to art museums. For the longest time I would sit in the park, reveling in the world churning all about me. It was through all these methods that I obtained information about my situation: living.

I guess I was happier then. I was more engaged as a spectator. It was easy to know what to do, how to react. It was a pre-set role that was encouraged throughout the strata of society. I could take on the role with a minimum of angst. I knew what to do. When it was Sunday, I knew that it was time to get on my knees and murmur. When it was November, I would vote. And in the summer I would ride the merry-go-round at the state fair. And in between all these events (and many others) I would work hard at my job. I hardly ever lost track of time. And it never lost track of me. As I look back on those days, through the scattered shards of what remains of the world that role would gaze out upon, I am impressed with the cage-like quality my life then resembled. But at the time, you could never convince me I was enclosed. I was much too busy with other distractions like deadlines and holidays.

My problem began on June 19th, 1983. I was living in New York City at the time. Through this vast and gothic metropolis I had been, up to this day, happily working and dwelling, more or less convinced of the ultimate good thing progress was. But on that destined afternoon I was to encounter the first of what were to be many more indications that *life is otherwise*. My first brush with the Hegelian horror of the totality, the diabolical dialectic of negation, the exposed contract of conspiracy, left in me the seeds of subversion and disaffection. I was never to be the same after that. Because on that day in 1983, I found a new method of communication. On that day I read the writing on the wall, and it was glued on with wheat paste.

If you lived in New York City during the eighties, you may recall sighting these big posters around town, usually on smooth walls or else green mail storage boxes on street corners. The content of these posters was a large and varied list of conspiratorial revelations regarding government, religion, and other institutions of power. Were these merely the ravings of a crackpot? Probably. Nonetheless, when I first encountered one of these posters I was strangely affected. By now you probably know I'm a sucker for seduction. How I began to reel and roll to the sway of conspiracy! Life, which had been like a fifties drama, was now transformed into a sixties spy movie, as it became more and more clear that the social ethic was a fraud used by the managers of



dadata (POB 33, Stillwater, PA. 17878).

appearance to maintain the stratified order power dictates, and that anyone coming to this realization was a threat to this order. It was like waking up on a battlefield under fire. I began to doubt and suspect most severely all those things about life I had heretofore barely considered, taken for granted as they were.

I began to see these posters more and more, in Brooklyn, on Wall Street, around Columbia, in Harlem, always exclaiming fraud! Meanwhile the papers and the TV became transparent. Allegations continued to pile up in my head. It was all rather intoxicating at first. I had never drank the drink of nihilism until now, and I was finding that I liked it...a lot.

As the resentment grew in me, I found it difficult to enjoy my job. But I did enjoy stealing from my job. I began to find pleasure in a number of defiant activities that would serve to hack away at the bars of my cage. Once I snuck up behind a cop and yanked his gun out of his holster and shot him dead with it. For the next couple of years I was very paranoid about getting caught, but that subsided and a certain satisfaction replaced it.

Another activity I enjoyed was stealing flags and burning them. While I can say that the impetus for doing

such things can be traced back to the conspiracy posters, the idea from flag-stealing came from a Capt. America comic book, in which the arch-villain flies across the plaza of the United Nations in an airborne jet scooter, chopping down all the flags of all the nations. Then again, when I was a little kid, I used to be fascinated by the game of Stratego, the object of which was to capture the enemy's flag, and as I had now become the enemy of all nations, it's not so far fetched to say that I had now found a bigger and better field upon which to play Stratego.

But while these physical activities rejuvenated my body, I found a much more intense pleasure when I began to poster. It has long been my suspicion that the expressed negation of this civilization's presumptions about time, space and freedom has a far more powerful impact on the minds of people, and so, I would always try to watch people when they were reading any of the posters I'd put up, trying my best to see what was going on inside their heads, to see if there were any sparks coming out of their eyes. But usually I couldn't tell. Yet many an evening have I spent around the fires of the longhouse, speculating on the subconscious havoc I was wreaking

on my fellow neighbors.

Over the course of the last few years I have postered avidly in whatever neighborhood I happened to find myself living. Gradually I became acquainted with other people in other neighborhoods engaged in similar activities.

Yes, I found that I was not the only nihilist in the world. A loose and distant web formed, across which all sorts of posters flew, almost all of them unaligned clever and raw attacks on the false ethic of control. The art world caught on to our little games, and tried their best to recuperate our disaffection into trendy, de-natured reifications (thus eliminating any danger of spontaneous psychic combustion), but like all art fads, this attempt soon joined its predecessors in the alligator infested sewers of history. And the posters continue to go up.

So thanks to this unknown crackpot whom I've never met (nor ever want to), I no longer am happily integrated into the society in which I am told I live. In fact I have begun to resemble one of those disgusting christians insofar as I look forward to a cataclysmic disruption of the decrepit social order, although this resemblance is only superficial. The christians envision an even more decrepit social order to follow on the ruins of this one, while I envision no order at all, but a kind of drunken chaos.

I know what you're thinking, that I'm just another petty madman, a pathetic product of the fin de siecle. Various people have tried to lock me up, but I've so far eluded them. I don't deny my madness, but I do proclaim theirs as well. In fact, my investigations have revealed the absurd nature of all claims to knowledge. It leaves me laughing until the urge hits me and I grab poster bag and staple gun and hit the streets again. Look for me in your town. I'll go anywhere.

Earth religion?

Continued from page 8

acting on special authority bestowed from above, maybe Dr. Singer is here to play his John the Baptist and announce him to the world.

Nowhere in his book does Screaming Wolf say he will personally carry out sabotage or execution in defense of animals. He is unclear in formulating specific lethal actions. But he spares no paper encouraging others to do so.

Dr. Singer's solution seems to be to publish books and start yet another apocalypse religion based on the same philosophical outlook as that of the 'liberators'. He too seems content to wait for others to bring about the reconciliation of man with nature. He is dreaming of the day when the last human gasps nature's freedom call in dying.

I'd invite others to borrow my copies of these troubled books in order to verify for themselves what's going on here. But if you read *The Earth Religion* you must be more indulgent and tolerant toward the follies of human vermin than Sydney Wolf (or is that Screaming Singer?). Pages 29 through 44 are bound upside-down. Not to worry. This dishevelment doesn't detract from the overall sense of the book.

Horatio and Rosalind: The Trial

Excerpted from *The Empire City*
By Paul Goodman

The *Empire City* was written in four installments, over a period of a dozen years. This excerpt recounting his hero's trial for treason appears in the third volume, *The Dead of Spring*, published in 1950 by subscription (Goodman had lost his publishers, partly for political reasons, partly because his books didn't sell), and printed by Dave Dellinger on the Libertarian Press. Goodman got subscribers by sending all his friends postcards asking for \$5, promising two copies of his book when it appeared. About 200 people came across. W.H. Auden thought it was splendid, and wrote a blurb for the collected edition which came out in 1959, the first three volumes plus a fourth that had never been printed. There was a posthumous edition in 1977, but it has long been out of print. Goodman's Collected Stories and two novels *Don Juan* and *Parents' Day*, are available from Black Sparrow Press. -Taylor Stoehr

The next case was: *The Sociol-
atry vs. Horatio Alger*, for per-
sistent treason. The theory of the
indictment for treason was as follows:
that by living in alienation among the
citizens of the Sociolatri, the Alien
destroyed the status. One would have
expected an indictment of *Laesa Ma-
jestas*, attack on the dignity of the
status; but the Sociolators obviously
felt that a war was being fought; the
status was being not merely insulted
but threatened with ruin.

(Our friends, conversely, claimed
that the institutions were a treason
against Natural Society. So theoretical-
ly there was indeed a war: opposing
loyalties, opposing treasors. But the
legal issue was inextricably complicat-
ed because, in our friends' view, so
long as the sociolators were living
persons they could not help being
loyal members of natural society. Only
the living dead were treasonable per-
sons, and this class had no interesting
members. The dead were valued
friends, useful by the presence of their
absence.)

(I am writing this history according
to the conceptions of our friends,
which seem to me to explain more of
what occurs.)

Antonicelli, the prosecutor, was a
lean dark, handsome flashing-eyed
person, haunted in spirit: a typical
figure of Romance, loved (but not
married) by every housewife reader.

Horatio took an immediate liking to
him; he felt that the judge, the prose-
cutor, no doubt the jury—everything
was favorable to him; and meantime,
ceaselessly, moment by moment, he
kept radiating the power of being in
love.

"When I look at that handsome
human face," said Horatio, "the pity of

it—that he should end up as a barris-
ter." (After Oscar.)

Nevertheless, Antonicelli was no
friend but a formidable opponent.

"I was pleased," he began, "to have
opportunity to hear you just now. Let
me applaud not only your legal acu-
men, praised by Judge Halloran, but
also your forensic skill, considering
that you spoke extempore and no
doubt a little overwrought with feeling.
I salute a young master. I am not so
old myself," he added modestly. "But I
was especially interested by the depth
at which you attacked the matter; I
presume this is your habit. I take it
you mean business."

Horatio stared at him blankly. "Yes,
I mean business," he said. He nar-
rowed his eyes, "Don't you always
mean business?"

"You like to get right to the point,"
said Antonicelli admiringly. "For in-
stance, you said that this comedian
had a certain power—hm, a divine
power, shall we say?—this gave him
certain rights, etc. That is, power
makes right. No? I agree. We need
not then waste our time here on legal
equities. Perhaps you would insist on
'divine power?'"

"Just power," conceded Horace.
"Might makes right; that has been my
experience. But please remember I
don't try to be consistent. I like to
take each case on its material merits. I
don't know what to think in general."

"Fine! Fine!" Antonicelli rubbed his
long fingers together like a villain, and
succeeded in exciting amorous and
sadistic sparks from them. "Now let us
look at your case from the point of
view of your friends."

"Please!" cried Horatio. "I should
prefer you to look at it from your own
point of view and let my friends be."

"I beg your pardon; this is how I
always proceed. It is a safeguard
against prejudice. I assume my oppo-
nent's point of view and end up with
my conclusion."

"I listen with pleasure," said Horatio
sincerely.

"Now what is it your friends claim?
They claim that our policy is a bad
policy, that our justice is a bad justice,
that our war is a bad war. By bad they
mean, I trust, simply that it does not
work for happiness but creates unhap-
piness. Right?"

"Right."

"Believing this, what is their natural
obligation as persons trying to be
happy? They must disobey our rules
that lead to unhappiness."

"Right!" said Horatio. "We do dis-
obey."

"More power to you!" cried Antoni-
celli enthusiastically. "Everywhere in
jail we find that your people are just
the finest types, educated, ethical,



brave, concerned for the social good.
Everybody in society is roused by their
example, made thoughtful by their
trials, admiring of their martyrdom. In
heaven's name, what more could you
ask?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Horatio in
astonishment.

"Certainly. This gives you power;
and power makes right. For people—
your friends are the first to claim
it—are essentially reasonable and ethi-
cal; they can be taught; they are
taught by example, by making an
intransigent stand for what is demon-
strably right, and getting publicity for
it. Thus it is, say your friends, that
power, the power of the truth and the
power of essential humanity, wins its
way."

"You wonderfully state the position
of some of my friends," said Horace
dryly. "May I ask what you are driving
at?"

"What am I driving at?" said the

*This sentence is quoted from a private remark
of the Warden of Danbury Penitentiary (1945).

other. "I am driving at you. Look, here
is your dossier." He held up a fat
portfolio.

Horatio did not falter, although it is
a formidable thing to be confronted
with one's dossier.

"I look in this dossier," said Antoni-
celli, "and what do I find? Do I find
an exemplary stand and plenty of
publicity? No, I find everywhere noth-
ing. No registration, but no refusal to
register. No oath, but no refusal to
take the oath. No taxes, but no refusal
to pay taxes. Nothing. But nothing!
Oooh! I came to this dossier with my
heart aflame with potential admira-
tion. 'Here,' said I to myself, 'is a
man, a man who can take a dangerous
and unpopular stand. So young, so
handsome, and a lover. Perhaps, who
knows, he will open the eyes of
Antonicelli and make a convert.' For I
am not too old to learn.... No stand.
Nothing. But nothing. Instead? Theft.
Evasion. Living in a hole in the wall.
Silence. Where is the power? Where
then is the right? Will this influence
people and create a natural society?
Could it influence me? Believe me, I
was bitterly disappointed. What can I
say? Selfish. A common criminal. A
thief. A coward."

His argument created a certain
effect. Unfortunately for him, howev-
er, Horatio kept radiating, moment by
moment, the power that belongs to a
man in love.

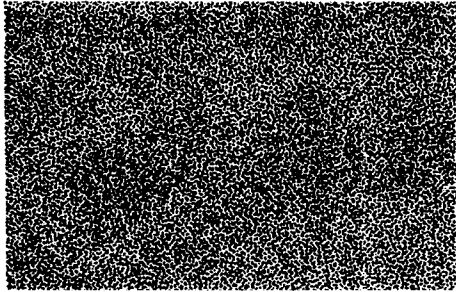
"I understand you," said Horatio.
"You would want me to be a more
conscientious objector. Then you
would be more proud of me."

"You have hit it."

"But my friends who are conscien-
tious objectors and refuse to enlist in
the army," said Horatio, "are now in
jail."

"Certainly, because they refuse to
enlist in the army."

"Ow! I have the strongest objection
to enlisting in jail!" exclaimed Horatio.
"Institution for institution, it is worse
than the army," he said earnestly.
"You know, I dislike to discuss these
matters on an ethical or sentimental
basis, but I think you misunderstand
the ethics here. You have a miscon-
ception about the ethical rights of
young men. My friends, the conscien-
tious objectors, are wrong. I do not
have the right to dispose of my body
as I see fit, namely, to put it in a jail
as a striking public witness of the
truth. The youthful body is destined
for exercise and to make love, not to
languish in a jail; and the youthful
soul is destined to be happy and find
out a career, but I have seen at a
glance that the opportunities for this
are quite limited in jail, at least for
me. All good is the realization of
power, but if the power doesn't flow



to us from body and soul, from where shall we draw power? No doubt it's true, what you say about the essential rationality of people and the use of strong examples. But I'm not an actor by disposition, and I think it's sinful not to make love. Ha! And here I am talking in public when I'm in love and should go and talk to Rosalind."

"Her name is Rosalind," said Judge Halloran to the clerk. "Please proceed more quickly," he said sharply to the prosecutor. "Can't you see that this boy has hot nuts?"

It was unfair to the prosecutor. Horatio stood there like a prig and not only attracted by his presence but probably had the better arguments, and the judge was predisposed in his favor. Yet so it was.

"Also," said Horatio, "since my friends are the finest citizens, educated, brave, and so forth, why don't you let them out of jail?"

"I didn't say the finest citizens," said Antonicelli dryly, "I said the finest types of people in jails. This brings me to my next point."

"*Horatio Alger!*" thundered the prosecutor in a stern voice; and it was evident that the case was going to take a new turn. Up to now he had not meant business, but now he was going to propose the fatal argument, the one of his own existence, the calculated risk that he himself lived by.

"Nearly a generation ago, you formally dissociated yourself from these people. This is in the record.

"Since then you have tried to live as if our society, the society of almost all of the people, did not exist. A hard way to live! But I don't give you any credit for it, for it is nothing but stupidity.

"In the first place, our society is the only society that there is—in what society can you move if not in our society? If you do not associate with these people, with whom will you associate? Therefore, it was not hypocritically, whatever you may think, that I spoke with admiration just now of your friends, the conscientious objectors. For they recognize the fact that we are the society. They take part in our social life by opposing it; they destroy their lives in this loving opposition. This is a necessary, though troublesome, role in our society. We appreciate their heroism.

"But you, Horatio Alger, shut your eyes to us; you are a stupid liar. I cannot say whether you are more of a fool or a rogue. I come to my main point. *You refuse to recognize the existence of the Dilemma—*"

When he said it, Horatio blanched and tightened his fists till the knuckles shone. For he had heard of the Dilemma; well he knew the horned Dilemma. He was moved; but he was not afraid.

"What is the Dilemma? If one conforms to our society, he becomes sick in certain ways. (I grant it, who can deny it?) But if he does *not* conform,

The Prophecy of Eliphaz

...Horatio did not want to speak.

"Nevertheless, speak out, voice of Eliphaz!" said Mynheer confronting him. And Horatio was forced to speak.

"You are going to live in the Sociolatriy," said the Voice of Eliphaz, "and there will be no new thing." Even as he said it, Horatio stared and trembled and his words fell upside down.

Our spokesman cried out *isobed* but the word fell upside down.

"Please," said the Voice, "in the time of Eliphaz there was a class war; but now throughout the land there will be peace and a harmonious organization. And millions will fall down on the streets of the Asphyxiation.

"Sociolatriy is the period when the great society that has inherited itself from me will be organized for the good of all, and will coordinate unchanged its wonderful productive capacities to heighten continually the Standard of Living. You will buy many expensive things that you do not absolutely need. And millions will fall down on the streets of the Asphyxiation.

"Next, the great society will turn to assure the psychological well-being of most of its members. This is called 'the education for democracy in the conditions of mass industrialization.' This is the Sociolatriy.

"It is the adjustment of the individual to a social role without releasing any new forces of nature. Everywhere there will be personal and public peace (except among the wild and crazy); nowhere will there be love or community. And millions will fall down on the streets of the Asphyxiation.

"Please, I am not speaking of a crude regimentation but of a conformity with universal tolerance and intelligent distinction as among the collegians at Yale. Each person will warrant individual attention, for there is a man fitted, with alterations, for every job.

"And out of California will come a race of vitaminized young giants, nourished on the juice of the orange. This youth will be expert in the wisdom of the East and West and immunized from thought by early acquaintance with the worst that the classics can tell us. Accustomed to success and without toughness but with plenty of the callousness that comes from fundamental ignorance. These will be the ministers of our collective democracy.

"If a man then chooses a wife, she must be screened by the company; is she such as will fit into his public relations and steady his career as a junior executive? This is literally having a man by the balls. And millions will fall down on the streets of the Asphyxiation.

"And because the productive machine is so efficient and cannot be put to any humane or magnificent use, there will be a great surplus of wealth and with this a distinction between soft or giveaway money and hard money that you work for. If a man has expended spirit and labor, he will be paid in a little bit of hard money. But if he appears as a personality on television, he will be given a lot of soft money. This will create confusion among young folk, who will not know what to aim at. (Hell they won't!)

"You will nowhere find a written declaration of this order, for no one in authority will be close enough to existent things to take a pen and sign his name. Everywhere, instead of having either government or anarchy, you will be faced by one anonymous front.

"Now these people will be impenetrable by any serious or comic word. Out of touch with their natures, they and their entertainers will see to it that nothing recalls them to themselves. Shall they not suddenly be taken by panic fright?"—

Excerpted from The State of Nature, Book 2 of The Empire City by Paul Goodman.

he becomes demented, because ours is the only society that there is. *That* is the Dilemma. You are demented. Then how are you justified in your actions? What right do you have to assert, not your excellence, but your dementia against our security, making our complicated lives inextricably confused? Don't we have sorrows enough without being distraught by your demented fantasies? But you do it to undermine our morale. You are destructive, distorted and full of hate. It is *in principle* impossible for you to be otherwise. Do I make myself clear?"

Antonicelli spoke soberly and connectedly, but his face was purple with rage.

But Horatio, as he stood, was flaming with a deep blue field. He prayed, "Aphrodite, mother of love, help me now." And he said:

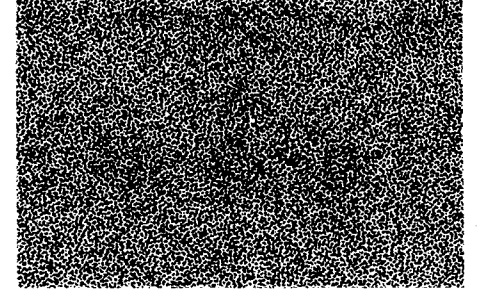
"The Dilemma is a powerful argument. In principle it is irrefutable. And I have nothing to offer against it except—a fact. It is impossible in theory, but in fact the human animal has

regenerated itself from its wound. The blood clots; protected by the clot, the flesh grows under; and the wound is healed. There is a scar or not a scar. The broken bones also knit together.

"*Natura sanat*, Nature heals. What is needed from us is to stand out of the way, to allow a little freedom for the regenerative forces (no forces of ours), and in heaven's name, an abeyance, an abeyance of the pathological pressure.

"It is true that I was very young when I made the rupture with the sociolatriy that I have not seen reason to bridge. To start so young was my misfortune—for a hard way hardens. But also, as it turns out, it was my good luck. For it has given me a long time to gather a little force of my own, to learn viable habits to make a little freedom around me, and to win an abeyance, an abeyance.

"Prosecutor, you present to this court a powerful, an irrefragable proof that I am demented, distorted and destructive. But I present a wonderful fact that makes your argument wither



away. Here I am, scarred with such and such scars, but by ordinary grace, no doing of mine, I am in love."

It was the fact, inexplicable but obvious.

Antonicelli shrieked with fury and clutched at his collar. "*Gaaaa!* I bring public evidence and arguments, and he dares to stand up with an unconfirmable putative fact! A private sentiment, hedged round with hints of miracles! So *he* says, so *he* says! But I look in *my* heart and I do not find that it is possible for *anyone* to be in love. Then what?"

This he ought not have said. For no sooner had he looked in his heart and asked the question, he emitted a wheezy gasp and, ceasing to clutch at his collar, threw up his hands and fell down with the asphyxiation. This was simply the fact.

"Hilarious Archer, save him, for you can!" shouted the judge, leaping to his feet.

But Horatio had already leaped the fence and had set to work.

"This man already saved me from asphyxiation another day," said the judge. "He has this power. I came back from the dead, and I am sure the fact that he alleges is so. And now in open court, positively and negatively, positively by what he is and negatively by the fate of Antonicelli, the fact establishes itself. The court is adjourned. *Nolle prosequi*. Free the prisoner."

The prosecutor began to revive very soon.

"It is a mild attack," said Horatio. "So handsome and romantic a man, with such dark fiery power, is not seriously ailing, he is strong; but therefore with all the more savagery he is killing himself. He must by no means continue this lying career."

"Horatio," said the judge, as they left the place—the judge, as was his custom, putting an arm a little tenderly around the young man's shoulders—"I know you despise me for continuing in this official position. But I confess, I like the salary, the dignity, the perquisites and the salary. Frankly, I don't feel an inner impulse to change."

"You make me ashamed," said Horatio. "I am too much of a prig as it is. Why should I despise you? I'm not doctrinaire. You'd be wrong to change if you don't want to change. Let be."

"I couldn't do much harm there, I think?" said the judge hopefully.

"No, you couldn't! It's not my experience," said Horatio Alger judiciously, "that neat merry lascivious pink-cheeked bibulous skeptical old gentlemen do much harm at all. They are the school of Anacreon. *Somebody* has got to expound the accumulated ancient lore of the people, embodied in the common law, and it couldn't be better than Judge Halloran! My friends don't disapprove of the law and the judges, only the jails."

Hippolyte Havel, Anarchist

(An Imaginary Life)

By Nancy Bogen

Hippolyte's parents, Josef and Anna Havel, came from Borova, literally "pine grove," in the heart of Bohemia, one of a dozen or so villages of that name. Josef (who later in life, for reasons best known to himself, claimed to be related to the Czech patriot and writer Karel Havlicek, another 'Borovan') was the schoolmaster there, and in his forties as well as a devout Catholic when he married; Anna was a Jewess, the daughter of Shimon Zamanek, owner of the local inn. Originally from Melnik, known for its fine foods and choice vintages (thanks to some Burgundian cuttings imported by King Charles IV in the fourteenth century), Josef was fond of a good dinner beyond his station in life and became a regular customer at Shimon Zamanek's of a Sunday, alone—so the story goes. Nor need one elaborate on it except to say that Zamanek really had no choice, his son, Stephan, launched with him in the business and courting a nice girl, and Anna still on his hands at 25 with no other prospect in sight. That Josef possessed a modicum of learning and culture was an added blessing.

The glad event took place in 1867, and some time later, with Papa Zamanek supplying the wherewithal, as stipulated in the marriage contract, the newlyweds set sail for America, ultimately destined for the Praha, the little Prague of Chicago. There, with the help of some connections of the old innkeeper's, they were soon established in a mean little house on Taylor Street and eking out a living from a sausage stand outside their kitchen window, until something better should come along. Hippolyte, their only child, was born the following year—and promptly whisked off by Josef to St. Wenceslaus Church to be baptized, another condition of the contract it seems.

No sooner did the infant begin teething than, lo, the Great Fire came and swept the little they had away—like so many others they escaped with only the clothes on their backs. But there was still their good angel back home in Borova, and what assistance he couldn't or wouldn't provide, a Czech building and loan association did—they were soon established again in Little Pilzen, corner of Evans and Eighteenth Streets, running a saloon over which they lived. Anna did the cooking and baking—of the cabbage and potato soups and rye and black breads—Josef attended to the marketing and accounts, and they had a hired girl to wait table.

From earliest on, Hippolyte resembled his mother, who was small and delicate and had a mass of dark, wavy hair—"my little gypsy girl," his father, tall and thinish and dark-haired him-



By Cliff Harper. From *The Education of Desire* (Anarres Co-operative, 10 Bradbury St., London N16, U.K.).

self, used to call her. It wasn't long before Papa was referring to his boy in the same endearing terms, with a similar mop and dark eyes, and a wee fig of a nose and lips that curled up at the corners with the least provocation. Hippolyte also took after Mama in temperament, sweet and soft, to the point of being cuddly.

Such a blissful state of affairs could not last forever one is tempted to conclude, and so it came to pass. Just after Hippolyte's eleventh birthday, Mama took sick with pneumonia and died within the week; her cares passed into the hands of a mature woman working for them then, still another Anna with big breasts and broad hips, with whom his father soon struck up an 'arrangement'. A pupil in St. Procopius's School, Hippolyte found himself sorely missing his best, his one true friend; he needed her more than ever now to intercede with Papa and his strap, Josef having taken to drink and become gloomy into the bargain.

As for the saloon, curiously, it began to flourish as never before, turning into a hangout for some of the German and Czech radical thinkers and agitators abounding in Chicago during those years preceding the Haymarket Riot. A short, wiry youth with a shrill voice, Hippolyte began lending a hand there after school and soon fell under the spell of it all, not only benefiting much from the talk around him but also at night in bed reading every-

thing he could get his hands on that everyone said was worth reading, Zola, Ibsen, Anatole France, Dostoyevsky, and Gogol, among others—if not in English, then German, which he was nearly as fluent in, thanks to the tutelage at St. Procopius. And the result? Before long, he had his own unique vision for the future—that as Whitman and Shelley seemed to hint, one fine day the weary laboring ones of the world would all rise up as one man and beating their ploughshares into swords, put down the dread oppressors once and for all. And inevitably there evolved out of this the conviction that one should strive in every conceivable way to achieve that end, using the most extreme means at hand if necessary—for as Hippolyte became fond of saying with Bakunin (Stirner seeming to imply it as well), "The passion for destruction is also a creative passion!" Church he didn't dare leave off attending—not yet—lest the school authorities discover it and expel him, which would result in severe repercussions at home, where relations between father and son were more strained than ever.

In the midst of all this ferment, there was another turning point in Hippolyte's life. One afternoon when Papa was away somewhere, Anna the woman called for him to stop swabbing down the tables and come up to their room, she wanted to show him something, and one thing leading to

another, he was next on top of her with his wiener inside her. "Now run, horsy, run," she whispered, and it being all hot and frothy in there, away he went at a gallop, stumbling now and then—deliriously!—but lifting right up onto his legs and racing away again. In time, with their meeting anew, which was at every opportune moment, she explained what it was they were doing and taught him many other things as well, including this rule that he was to follow forever after—"Whatever you start with a woman, always see it through to the end."

So things went to that fateful year of 1886 and those events leading up to the disaster on Haymarket Square. Just finishing up with his studies, Hippolyte could hardly contain himself, counting the days until he would be free—FREE!—and could do more or less what he wanted. Only what did he find on returning from school one day but Josef waiting for him with a somewhat shamefaced Anna, whom Hippolyte had neglected of late with all the excitement going on. The woman had bought them out, he was informed, presumably with her little bit put by over the years, and as soon as graduation was over, his father was taking him home to Bohemia.

"Home?" Hippolyte barked in a rage. "What do I want to go there for? This is my home!" But there was nothing for it—that's how it was going to be, Josef said. As for Anna, to Hippolyte's utter surprise, there turned out to be someone else, had been all along, seen on the sly outside, and now she was going to marry him.

How Hippolyte's heart boiled within him, more at the thought of Josef's arranging his life than anything else, especially since he was so close to the goal. A thousand schemes flashed through his mind, including running away, far away to California or somewhere, where his father would never find him, but in the end for reasons he could never quite explain to himself, he yielded—the two of them left together as planned.

The first stop was Borova, where Grandpa Zamanek and Uncle Stephan were certainly civil enough to him but treated Josef rather coldly and with suspicion, smarting over some money still owed or something of the sort. The upshot was their removal to Vienna, where his father intended to find work as a tutor among the rich and powerful and enroll Hippolyte in a Gymnasium so that he could prepare himself for entry into the University. However, no sooner did they set foot in the city than a bunch of "old friends" attached themselves to Josef and he began spending whole days and nights boozing with them in the cafes.

What was there for Hippolyte to do,

what but go on over to Ottakring, the working class quarter, and try to find a group with ideas similar to his, which he did, operating in a cellar there. Happily, they were all young and brimming full of energy like himself—all except the leader, Wilhelm Korber, of Josef's age, with eyes like hard coals and a John Brown beard.

Getting in with them and being approved of, especially by Korber, was another story, everyone regarding Hippolyte with his still new-looking clothes as the spoiled American. But once this was accomplished, there was no holding him back—he was everywhere doing everything, from scribbling for their newspaper *Jugend* and trying to convert the local prostitutes, sometimes his sleeping partners, to the Cause, to marching through the streets with fist pumping. And since he was always in the forefront and always among the loudest there, eventually there were arrests, beatings, imprisonment, and finally removal to Switzerland, where the whole thing was repeated with the same results in Zurich, and then again in Berlin and Paris.

After that, duty called him back to Vienna, briefly, with a false identity, word having reached him that his father, who had cirrhosis of the liver, was nearing the end. And this time when there, Hippolyte nearly had to endure the worst, arrested on the spot at Josef's bedside and threatened with confinement to a lunatic asylum for declaring his detention to be utterly inhuman and putting up a fight. By the greatest good fortune, his old friend Korber heard about his plight and came to the rescue with someone to vouch for his sanity in the form of a young physician of leftish inclinations who had taken a few courses with the celebrated Dr. Krafft-Ebing.

The year 1899 found Hippolyte in London, slaving away as a drudge in a boarding house on the East End—with eyes behind thick-lensed glasses and lots more hair, on upper lip and chin as well as crown of head. Inwardly he seemed to be another person too, the hall mirror there told him one day—sort of crying or dying. A few days later everything was changed.

Well, well, he said to himself rather cheerily, holding in hand a circular advertising a meeting the following week of Autonomie, a German anarchist club he frequented—the featured speaker was to be Emma Goldman. Who didn't know of her, espouser of practically unlimited freedom, who when her one and only, Sasha (Alexander) Berkman, now serving twenty years in a Pittsburgh penitentiary, wanted to make his *Attentat* on the life of Henry Clay Frick, had begged, borrowed, and just about sold her body in the streets to obtain a pistol and poison dagger for him? Who was not familiar with that dogged look and those lush lips—alas, all too often to be found plastered across the front page of some tabloid and labeled as belonging to the Arch-fiendess, Red Emma? How could one not go?

Arriving in good time that night, he chose a seat in the back of the hall, content just to listen—his wont of late. But fate would by no means have it so—right in the middle of the Comrade's speech, a young fellow flung himself to his feet and sharply denounced her for being bourgeois because she did not work in a factory.

Naturally, she had no trouble holding her own; even so, Hippolyte was distressed for her, and decided to go up to the podium afterward and offer a little commiseration. As it happened, he was not the only one—Ferd Schmidt, a regular he-man, "with muscles in his shit," everyone said, had the same idea. But to whose words did the extraordinary one incline her ear to most, whose eyes did she look deeply into, but his—his, Hippolyte's! Before he knew what was happening, she'd switched into English (such as it was), and they'd made a date to meet

she was at the sight, but his bellyaching made her eyelashes bat angrily. No work is degrading, she reprimanded. Quite right.

After that, they saw one another almost everyday, and finally one evening going home it struck him from a number of things let fall by her earlier that her interest in him was no longer strictly professional. Well, you're no saint either, he reminded himself. Still there was Sasha to think of, languishing away in his lonely prison cell—and so for the next meeting in her room, for wine and cheese, he got hold of



By Cliff Harper. From *The Education of Desire* (Anarres Co-operative, 10 Bradbury St., London N16, U.K.).

for dinner the following evening at a better-than-average fish-and-chips joint he knew of off Russell Square.

The time was passed pleasantly enough, with his gabbing away about himself—understandably stretching things a bit here and there, like his coming by his anarchist ideas naturally through his mother, a full-blooded gypsy, and being spared the rigors of the loony bin through the kind offices of the good Dr. Krafft-Ebing himself—and her seeming to pay careful attention. All the same, it was difficult to know how to behave with her, such a high-flown one, and try as he might to avoid it, finally when they were saying goodnight in front of her hotel, near Waterloo Station, he committed a faux pas. Extending his right paw, which was kept concealed in a glove along with his left because they were both red and raw from the nasty chores required on the job, he expected her to clasp it gently, but instead she gave a squeeze, so hard that he was ready to cry and out came, "You sure have a firm grip for a little lady." That should have been the end of everything, but no, she only threw him a severe look, and then made a date for him to take her round to some of the poorer neighborhoods the next day.

Blunder on blunder—intending to square things with her then, he pulled both gloves off as soon as she stepped out of her hotel and explained. Moved

Ferd Schmidt, who agreed to come along. But Ferd, as it happened, stayed only long enough to fill his face—and there we are, now I'm in for it I think, Hippolyte said to himself after the guy was gone.

Sure enough, minutes later the comrade was leaning toward him sitting beside her on a little settee, and putting those mushy lips on his, slipping her tongue in, mushier yet.

Some business, he thought, his pecker like ironwood (whatever that was). Still, what about poor Sasha, jerking off there by himself or whatever he was doing. Hippolyte asked, exhaling warm breath into her ear.

She had the perfect answer, delivered in his same husky tone with her hand already on his member—"De flesh iss de flesh, und ven it calls, it must be answerd."

What a feast followed. Experiences he'd had a-plenty, but never anything like this, with her wrapping those lips of hers around his thing after the first time to get it going again, then when it failed, her pushing his head down and nose into hers for more, and finally after her own fifth or sixth climax, when his neck developed a crick, her pressing his hand (sores and all) into service.

Come the dawn, they were lying side by side under the sheet with fingers twined like children, planning out the future...for clearly they could

not now go separate ways anymore. He was to quit his job, they both agreed, and enjoy the rest of her stay in London with her by coming along to see friends like Kropotkin, a real muckamuck in the Movement; they would then move on to Paris to attend an Anarchist Congress there, and after that to Switzerland, where while immersing himself in the study of Philosophy, he would try and bring in a little cash with his pen to supplement an allowance from some rich Americans for her to pursue a degree in Medicine.

Matters turned out to be fraught with difficulty, though, the whole thing perhaps doomed from the start, Kropotkin and others like Victor Dave in Paris either ignoring Hippolyte, to speak only with her or else if he dared open his mouth, taking cruel delight in showing him up before her—which led to his drinking perhaps somewhat more than he should have and saying a few things better left unsaid. "My bitter pootsy," she took to calling him, with strokes to his head to soothe. Then as if that weren't bad enough, her sponsors somehow got wind of the liaison and just like that without a moment's notice cut her off without a sou, so that she was left with no choice but to return home to the States, where there was someone named Ben Reitman to say nothing of Sasha, whom they'd be letting out of the caboose one of these days.

After that, it was a matter of waiting for other friends to send the passage money—Hippolyte marking time there in Paris with her and keeping life and limb together for the two of them by dishing up Eggs Benedict in the morning on an alcohol burner for the comrades at the hotel, which she, no cuisini re herself, dubbed well nigh miraculous. Then when the funds arrived, it suddenly struck him that it was impossible to live without her—I'm hers forever, let it be on whatever terms she deems acceptable.

When they steamed into New York several weeks later (December 7, 1900), Ben Reitman, who had lechery in his eyes, a hefty moustache, and dimpled chin, stepped in between them, as was rather to be expected. Hippolyte spent a month or so fruitlessly trotting around trying to find something to do and sleeping by himself in the kitchen—until taking pity, she arranged for him to work on the *Arbeiter Zeitung* back home in Chicago. The 'exile' lasted for five years, at which point with their magazine *Mother Earth* founded, Ben and herself engaged to lecture all over, and Sasha, released, faltering in spirit and wanting only to write his prison memoirs—she had need of her Hippolyte again, in New York, to keep an eye on things.

Jump to it he did immediately, and an easy existence it didn't prove to be, with dishwashing and other awful things having to be resorted to quite often just to keep the flesh on his bones. But he didn't care—I don't, he assured himself at night over and over, back on his cot in the kitchen—except with respect to loving, and that it didn't take long for her, the Comrade, to perceive and take steps to remedy as well, sensitive and kind person that she was.

It was New Year's Eve, 1907, and he was gadding about as a Spanish

Continued on next page

Hippolyte Havel, Anarchist (An Imaginary Life)

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conquistador at *Mother Earth's* first ball in the Lyceum, big hall, when all at once a young Dulcinea with shadowy blond hair and pale green eyes slipped through the crowd, lay a hand on his arm as if she knew him.

Her name's Paula Holladay and she comes from Evanston of all places, she told him while they danced...

Her trade's that of seamstress but it need not necessarily be forever, she added. I'd be only too glad to work at something else, if only someone'd show me how...

She also, quietly, has this yearning to blow up the world and help with its starting over again the right way...

A few months later, thanks largely to the Comrade's generosity, with the girl's mother kicking in a little via her boyfriend, some rich bitch's chauffeur, they had themselves a dandy flat at Number 135 MacDougal Street, an old two-story house of plum outlined in chartreuse, and in the basement, with white-washed walls, not much but their very own—a small restaurant that one entered by a wrought-iron gate down a handful of crumbly stone stairs.

A Sunshiny Thursday in May, 1909

It's getting on toward 3 o'clock, very late for marketing. Hippolyte comes tearing round the corner of West 4th and MacDougal, and with a glance at the Square in full leaf, the green still new and fresh—quick!—pushes on, his torso in a collarless white shirt, legs in black waiter's pants straining under the weight of two baskets.

Ah, she's up and about, my leebing, my Paula, he thinks, the shutters upstairs thrown back.

Step-step-step, his feet take him down. Whoop, kick (behind him), slamble, he's through the outside door. Kick behind again, slamble—beyond the vestibule door. Now it's a matter of barreling down the middle of the room to the back and the kitchen. Kick (forward), he's through that door too, a swinger. "Whew!"—his hands release everything onto the butcher's block, left.

"Rest a moment," he gasps, and holding a stitch in his side, stands looking out through this porthole they had put in over the stove—at the four white-draped two-to-four-seater tables along either wall, two long ones for five to eight people on each side of the center aisle...Leebling's counter, where one comes to settle the bill after, way in front...two windows above giving onto the black rungs of the fence, with legs of passersby peeping through, up there on street level.

The menu, on a child's blackboard, left wall, catches his eye:

Comed beef hash	15 cents
Roast duck	25 cents
Koenigsberger Kloppe	20 cents
Paprika Schnitzel	20 cents
All orders with fried potatoes or spaetzle & veges du jour	
Salad	5 cents extra

He scoots out, smears away the Kloppe with a fist, writes in Hungarian Goulash with a nub of chalk from the little ledge there.

"Okay, alleyoop," he pronounces, back inside, and scoops up some on-



By Cliff Harper. From *The Education of Desire* (Anarres Co-operative, 10 Bradbury St., London N16, U.K.).

ions from among the other purchases, good hard ones like small cannon balls, and shoving both baskets onto the counter top, beside the block, chooses a small knife from a wooden wall rack, begins peeling, then chopping.

Done, with eyes smarting slightly, even behind the glasses, he lifts a large sautéing pan down from a hook overhead, sets it on the stove, dribbles oil into it from a bottle with a metal spout, turns the spigot for the gas, and strikes a match—*poom!*

The oil swims hot—he pivots for the onions, his hands dump them in.

"Now for the flaysh"—the same basket yields a hunk of good red beef and part of a pork shoulder. He trims, trims, cut-cuts, one, then the other, reserving the pork bone, then gives a stir to the pan with a long wooden spoon, turns the flame down, and drops in the beef, salting and peppering it vigorously, paprikaing it liberally, and feeding it caraway seeds—finally covers with a lid.

"Next case!"—he steps across to the fridge, near the door, gets out a bottle of Pilsner, pries off the cap with the knife, takes a swig—"Yoik!"—burps, then returning, sets it precariously on the edge of the block and gets busy turning peppers and tomatoes from the other basket into green and red slivers.

There's some movement in the dining room he observes sideways, his Paula there presumably swatting crumbs off chairs with a stray napkin and collecting soiled cloths. His gaze shifts to the porthole—yes, in a cool green silk kimono to go with the eyes, of a greyer green, and gold strands as smooth.

The pork bone goes in, by the tail, then the pork, sprinkled. He falls to watching her, giving more stirs now and then.

Hippolyte smiles, seeing her notice finally. She doesn't smile back (her way), goes on with her chore for one table, two tables more, then comes in.

"Dearest," he says softly, and takes

the bundle of linen from her, puts it away on a stool. "Good morning"—his lips touch hers, tongue by force of habit wriggles and insinuates itself. So—its mate is there, just within as if waiting. His mind races back. When was the last time? Yesterday, the day before? He can't remember—and who cares.

"Come"—he slips an arm round her waist, her silky waist, and leads her to the stove, raises the lid. Steam blinds him for a moment, then clears. The onions are soggy, meat getting there—it needs only a few minutes more, then we can leave it and go on upstairs.

He places her in front of him, so his chin peeks over her right shoulder, and applies the spoon—nuzzles the side of her neck, sucks on skin there, soft and sweet.

"Oh," she moans—her head is up, shoulder down, writhing.

"Dearest," he husks out, clunks the spoon free of stuff, parks it on the edge of the pan, seeks her breasts with both hands—not very full, but with a light-purplish mole on the left like a pearl he'd give anything to tell the world about!

"Oh," she appreciates some more, as he rubs, "oh-h-h."

Time for the beer! He lunges to the block and brings the Pilsner back, thinking to pour it out to the last drop. But no, she has hold of his hand, is freeing the fingers...shoving them down to enter within the folds of silk below.

"Yes-s-s," she whispers as one of them finds the fleshy piece inside the hair there, like a baby's tongue.

I'll just reach over for the peppers and tomatoes, Hippolyte schemes, as ready for her, his hardness pressing through his pants against the right cheek of her ass.

"No!" she warns, and clutches!

Foolish, foolish, he tells himself, but what can one do. His other hand springs from breast to stove to turn off the flame—springs back!

It's grown fatter down there, her tonguelet, and it's not finished yet.

Not...quite...yet.

"Oh!" she sighs (also her way), and pitches forward.

He keeps her from falling—and now there's nothing for it, he mashes and mashes against her in the back there!

"Paula!" breaks from him, like a sob. "I'm—your—DOG!"

It's close to night out, the light-colored Spring trousers and skirts that breeze by the windows now and then, darkish. In the room, candles flicker in their metal holders on three tables, two small, one large.

"Time, surely," Hippolyte murmurs, in black bow tie and cummerbund, and pulls open the oven door, slides out three sizzling duck breasts in a pan. He stabs one with a long fork, it oozes fat—"Ya." He spears each in turn onto plates waiting atop the stove, spoons soft spaetzle next to one, crusty homefries the other two, claps on bright orange carrots, ruby-red crab apples.

"Ahoy!" he sounds out, in case someone's lurking by the door—kneels it open, hands burdened, clumps toward the table down front, a trio of young men there.

A swell girl, Hippolyte remarks to himself of Paula in her place behind the counter, in tepid yellow—harboring no grudge over their encounter before as some women might, though God knows why. She'd give him a smile now he feels certain, only her eyes are down, she's reading an essay by him on the French Revolution in this month's issue of *Mother Earth*, just out.

"Who gets the spaetzle?" he calls, pulled up at the table with the three, with shirt collars open and ties dangling. They're newcomers to the place, law students at NYU and sons of wealthy German-Jewish merchants, he's gathered.

"Here," one of them says—with thinning hair and two moles on his right cheek, one black, one red—and goes on with a point about Lord Byron, whom they were speaking of over their appetizers, "I don't care what you say, aristocrats can never be a hundred per cent for the people."

"That's not so, they can too," counters the one opposite, with pale bond hair, about to receive homefries #1. "Look at Tolstoy, look at Kropotkin."

Now if you were to ask my opinion, Hippolyte considers—

"It's not the same thing, they're Russians," Two Moles rejoins.

"I don't see what difference that makes," Blondy testily shoots right back.

Well, I wouldn't say that exactly either, Hippolyte argues with himself, on the point of setting homefries #2 before the third, who has alabaster skin with very dark hair and eyes and is a trifle younger.

A vein on his left temple streaks like lightning. "Byron was a—a profligate!" he chokes out, utterly enraged.

Profligate? The other two are up in arms. What's that got to do with it?...

"Puppies, bourgeois puppies," Hippolyte mutters, about-faced. Now what's going on here, he wonders, coming up to the rear table on his return walk.

Ida Rauh's the attraction, a socialist of tender features, in a dress of sack-cloth grey, a refugee from uptown German-Jewish stultification apparently, just like her flat, which is in Num-

ber 39 1/2 Washington Square West on the corner. Her companion is someone she's been seeing a lot of recently, a good-looking WASP named Max Eastman, who teaches at Columbia and picks up a bit, quite a bit, on the side from lecturing on Women's Suffrage. He's been doing all the talking, respecting the elusive nature of her rights, she listening in a wistful way with chin propped in a palm—over chopped liver and pickled herring.

The man's still at it, on poetry now, their plates yet to be touched—"It's the property of alert and beating hearts...unconditionally on the side of variety in life...the offspring of a love that has many eyes."

The Yankee's way of having a good screw for himself, is Hippolyte's conclusion in passing—comes out through the mouth...

A finger belonging to a familiar hand is up for him at the long table—the Comrade, Emma. She and her party are finished with their goulash (the doggy goulash of love), ready for dessert, he surmises from the inactivity of cutlery there.

"For me, de epple shtrudel," she says in his ear, when he's beside her. "You'll haf to see about de udders."

Hippolyte looks at Ben the bastard with sneaky eyes, overgrown moustache, and crevice in chin—also strudel...at Sasha and his full lips, in newish wire-rimmed specs—as well...at Becky Edelson, Sasha's latest, round of face and all of seventeen, in an odd match of maroon and brown with strings of glass beads for earrings—the same...at two young couples in similar get-ups, friends of hers visiting from out of town—likewise.

The Comrade searches his eyes—"Do you haf enough?"

Yes, just, he figures—nods.

"Coffee for everyvun, is dot right?" she queries as he's pulling away.

Ho hum, all in a day's work, he sighs, back in the kitchen, and gets out plates from the cupboard, lays them along the counter top, goes for the tray top of the fridge (the flaky strudel rolls swimming slightly in chicken fat, a secret ingredient).

What are they up to, that bunch, something inside him suddenly prods, as he's wielding the spatula—his eyes dart to the peephole.

Playing a game, that's what, each person in turn kissing the next one—Ben and his moustache, the Comrade's pouty mouth...she, Sasha's fat lips...he, Becky of the chubby cheeks...and on around, long and wetly, with tongues.

Mm, Hippolyte yearns, puckers up to her, his old love—in his mind, licks the girls' noses.

The windows are blank with blackness—the Comrade and friends are gone, off to seek Tom Paine's old digs somewhere nearby for the young guests' sake; the budding barristers left shortly thereafter, with sweat on brows and cigars in cheeks, destined for the arms, hopefully, of a certain very accommodating Lola at Madame Someone's house in the Tenderloin. Coffee's been poured and added to at the rear table.

He's still at it, that Eastman, jawing away about Margaret Sanger and the blessings of birth control now, and Ida Rauh, sweet lady, is not a whit less attentive, sitting straight up with a winsome smile.

I'll bet you anything the guy's still got his cherry, Hippolyte meditates from his lookout, minus tie and cummerbund. Oh well—he slings a market basket over his shoulder, goes to push the door there, heads for Paula, his leebbling, alas still reading, with a suspicion of a wrinkle in her brow, his French Revolutionary opus.

Her eyes seek his as he approaches.

"Going out for a spell, ok?" he says, not for the first time—in the habit of doing this once-twice a week regularly of late. His head pokes toward those two back there—"I'll take care of it later," meaning the clean-up.

Fine with me, she responds with a look.

Thankfully, Hippolyte breathes, turned away. Need it, simply need it, he tells himself, the same as those other times. Or else I'll—I don't know what might happen.

His feet scrape grittily on the steps, outer door closed behind him.

"Ach, luft, luft!" he fairly trumpets out, with a draft of it, the air, deep in his lungs, up on the sidewalk—steers left-ward for foliage and benches.

It's a little past eleven, and no one's about that he can see: only a hooker swinging her purse ahead on Washington Square West, cop doing likewise with his billy beside a nearby tree. *Clang clang*, a trolley echoes, somewhere in the distance, Broadway perhaps.

Crossed over to the leafy side, Hippolyte picks up the path toward the Arch and fountain and the northern part of the Square beyond them. He likes it there, to go and plant himself close by those chic red-brick houses with their white doorways; it gives him a sense of satisfaction and then some to be within a hair's breadth of those living therein, the high and mighty trodders on the faces of the poor—about whom it so happens he's privy to more than one would think, from things let drop by this and that one's servant at the butcher's and poulterer's and so on.

Nimbuses of pale violet from globes overhead illuminate his way.

Just two of the places on the row show lights, the ground floor of Number 11 close by Fifth Avenue, in whose window a single bluish one burns, and the parlor of Number 8 in the center of the block, which is whitely ablaze... a party in progress there probably, both sides of the street lined with carriages and automobiles clear to University Place and beyond in the factory area.

Number 11...belongs to an old geezer with bug eyes and a walrus moustache named Tailor; his forebears were bigshots under the British in Colonial days. "Boy oh boy!" Hippolyte lets out, and shakes his head, remembering there was a run-in between the two of them on the last walk over there some days before—face-to-face, which could have ended in complete disaster.

The memory is as daggerish as if the thing happened but seconds ago...

Noting the light on night after night, finally I had to go and find out what the hell the person was doing there, whoever he or she was, and stole through the gate, tiptoed up to the window. Of all things, the guy was sitting at a table in one of those padded silk dressing gowns, cutting articles out of newspapers like the Herald, and

pasting them into a great big scrapbook. Leave it to me, I just had to see what he thought was so world-shaking in those rags, and got real close to the glass, and surprise, the clippings were obituaries of Captains of Industry, pals of his no doubt, and news stories about fires, mine cave-ins etc. Anyway, my luck, the old devil looks up, and sees my mug pressed there, and holy shit, jumps to his feet, rushes to the door, and begins chasing after me, hoofing it for all I was worth. "Help, police!" he yells out real loud. Threatened with his fist—"I'll have the law after you!"

Well, we'll just give him and his place a wide berth, won't we, Hippolyte prompts himself, now on the path parallel with those houses—and goes further along, plops on a bench opposite the one with the party.

A hum of many voices issues from there, the windows open, and through the branches it's possible to make out men and women in evening dress.

This house...is the property of a dirt-rich Englishman named Guinness, who's accustomed to rubbing elbows with milords from abroad, his wife the daughter of one. But crazily, the man and his people also pretend to be advanced thinkers—last New Year's, wouldn't you know it, they threw a bash for the help, catered by Delmonico's or Sherry's, which was kicked off by him and the missus waltzing around with the housekeeper and butler.

Hippolyte wags his head again, smiles ruefully—and that was supposed to make up for the miserable way they treated the slaves the rest of the time.

A piano strikes up inside; those at the windows face around and everyone quiets down. It's a tinkly piece full of high trills, by Liszt very likely, he figures, the spieler some virtuoso hired specially for the occasion it wouldn't surprise.

"What do those high society fucks know about music," Hippolyte sneers, they just listen to it, at it, that's all—gives a scrutinizing look right-ward, left-ward to see if that copper with his stick is anywhere in sight.

He isn't—the only sign of life around is the low-talking of some coachmen and chauffeurs passing the time waiting, along with a clomp or snuff from a horse.

Hippolyte's hand dips into the basket, brings out a pint of corn. He unscrews, tilts chin back, has himself a glug-glug—"Argh!"—wipes away a dribble with the back of his hand.

The rippling on the keyboard runs out; there's a burst of applause. Gabrilowitsch or whoever begins on another Liszt, all rumbles this time.

Hippolyte tips to glug again...and again. Okay, time to vamoose—he restows, hoists himself up.

But first it's necessary to uncork a little—his feet take him to an obscure tree trunk, hand feels for fly buttons.

The main door over there at the fiesta house swings wide, the forest murmurings thunder, a liveried servant steps out. "Viscount Ranleigh's car!" he bawls.

"That's me, nice chewin' the cud with yuh, bud," a youthful male voice sings out, not ten feet from Hippolyte beyond some bushes. A car door claps to, there are footsteps across the road, another car door slaps there, the Ranleigh driver returning to his vehicle evidently.

"Viscount, huh," Hippolyte mutters,

with only a trickle spent, and strains to have a look between branchlets.

A tuxedoed man and a woman in a white satin gown, both in their '30s and handsome in a dark-haired way, are descending from the party. A chauffeur in a grey-visored cap and matching tunic, ready behind the wheel of an open black touring car in front of Number 9 next door, blinks the lights in preparation for starting up and meeting them at the foot of the stoop.

"That's all right, Edgar, we can manage," the master calls, with an English accent.

"Can—you—now?" Hippolyte mutters again, with a sudden fiendish idea—and trickler still in hand, moves to plough through.

The couple have just settled in the back seat when he climbs over the railing and begins making for them.

"Piss," he hisses, "piss"—wafts a jet at them.

"Ee-ee!" the woman screams. "What the—!" sputters the Viscount. *Eh-eh-eh*, the starter goes.

"Piss," Hippolyte re-hisses, still coming on.

"Ee-ee-ee!" the woman screams again. "For God's sake, Edgar!" The Viscount scolds. "I'm—I'm trying, sir," the chauffeur squeaks. *BAROOM!* the car booms.

"Heehaw! Heehaw!" Hippolyte hoots after them, maniacally—ran out of juice anyway.

Nancy Bogen is the author of the feminist anti-war novel Klytiamnestra Who Stayed at Home (Twickenham, 1980; Lintel, 1989). "Hippolyte Havel, Anarchist" is based "on a short account by [Havel] himself, reminiscences of Emma Goldman in her Living My Life, and to some extent on Havel's FBI file, which took...five years to pry loose."

Initiative of Revolutionary Anarchists Report from Moscow

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cow Soviet in support of the hunger-striking anarchists and their demands to free the prisoners Rodionov and Kuznetsov. The picket ended with a procession along the central street in Moscow towards the White House where the hunger-strikers' camp was located. IREAN also constantly participated in ADA's picket of the court.

On the 7th of November (October [Bolshevik] Revolution Day) about 30 people with black & red flags, together with Trotskyist groups from the Socialist Workers' Union and the Committee for Workers' Democracy, went from the 1905 St. metro station along Herzen St. and Tver St. to Red Square singing revolutionary songs. We arrived at Red Square an hour and a half before 10,000 Stalinist demonstrators from OFT, Unity and Communist Initiative, and although the square had already been cordoned off by the militia, our small group with flags and bullhorn managed to head off the holiday crowd of thousands coming into the square, breaking through the barriers with them. Crossing Red Square to the Place of Execution (a landmark in the square), we had a half hour demo and a column of 500 people singing the Internationale, the "Workers' Marseillaise," and the *Warszawianka*, as well as shouting the slogans "Down With Yeltsin," "Down With Popov," "Long Live People's Self-Management!" We went to the Kremlin, blocking the flow of traffic. Then we broke through to the Red Square a second time, but by that time Stalinist demonstrators had arrived from the other side so we finished our holiday.

Why did we decide to take to the streets that day? For us it's a day of mourning, but at the same time it's still a holiday, like for everyone. One can see on this day not only the origin of 'Soviet' power, but also the day when people joined together in order to overthrow the domination of the landowners and the government. Our mourning has to do with the death of the ideas of self-management and communitarianism—we celebrated the anarchists and the common people in the 1917

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Original wood block oil print by Anders Corr (Santa Cruz, CA).

A Day in the Life of Avram Krantz

By Chaim Rimrot

When we saw the headlights in the distance, unmistakably those of a cop car, our heads spun around our necks looking for a place to hide. Though there were numerous alleys, we didn't give them much consideration—those narrow passages are the first places a cop will shine its spotlight into. We ducked under an ill lit awning of another dilapidated downtown building. Covering ourselves with our drab clothes and pieces of trash laying about, we listened as the police car slid past, anti-climactically. Pedro, Juanita and I got up and continued home.

My pulse quickened but after the injustice center, nothing could make me so nervous.

We made an evening of filling out magazine subscription cards for the mayor and Janice's former employer—all specified, "BILL ME LATER."

That afternoon I'd been to the public library and pulled subscription cards out of every glossy magazine on the shelves from *Cat Fancy* and *Horse Illustrated* to right-wing newswEEKlies, to sexist fashion mags (as if there are any other kind), to such testosterone boosters as hunting, gun, military adventurist and a complete line of automotive magazines with pictures of anorexic women sprawled over shiny racing cars or leaning against tremendous tires. In a few hours I collected hundreds of cards and the aftertaste of bile in my mouth.

On the way back to Kelly's house I dropped by the Slaveway, picked up some fruit, veges, a toothbrush, a lighter, garlic and on a whim, a bottle of saffron. Despite the number of shoppers oozing to the muzak, they were understaffed. The rush usually

doesn't begin till after 5:00. As I stuffed my bulky coat in the produce section, I recognized the muzak: The Clash's "Lost in the Super Market." Chuckling, I casually walked out, trailing a woman in corporate dress pushing a cart with an infant in it. Before ducking into a residential all way, I caught a glimpse of her pinched face, the expression of exhaustion thinly masqued by makeup and lots of coffee.

The hill I ascended was hidden in fog and as I passed parked cars with flags or yellow ribbons on their antennae I'd take a quick look around, casually walk over and burn the fabric. Turning onto a street, I'd note which houses had big flags hanging over meticulously mowed strips of grass. The Anti-Patriot Brigade would definitely need to visit this neighborhood.

Biting into a sweet nectarine, I wondered how long ago Slaveway had opened up in this neighborhood, undercutting all the mom&pop stores, jacking up their prices when the local competition folded. The prices of food at the local slaveway were higher than those in wealthier areas, reason being that the people in that neighborhood couldn't afford the cars and fuel to shop around. Security devices in that market were in abundance: mirrors, cameras, roving armed rent-a-pigs, etc. We usually favored dumpster diving to theft. At the store I just left there were only mirrored windows above, so I had an easy time of it; not that the workers really gave a shit. Before they canned him, Jordan supplemented his minimum wage by selling discounted beer which Slaveway never missed as he checked in unloaded shipments. He pulled this off for months before they fired him for juggling the groceries of

a customer whose patronizing and racist remarks he refused to tolerate.

When I arrived at Janice, Kelly, and Michael's house, no one was home, so I lay down for a while, cooling down from the walk...

...and Sylvia and Aaron walked in, groceries in their arms, with three others from Rock Alley squat, which hasn't yet been busted, and Jordan, who was in town for a spell—he'd been on the road since Slaveway fired him (he saved quite a sum with his cheap beer scam).

Jordan slid a couple half racks of bottled beer in the fridge and everyone else dropped food on the particle board kitchen table. "How'd ya get all that out?" I asked no one in particular.

"We just left with the cart." Jordan smugly replied.

Sylvia pulled back the blankets from over the warped glass, turned the latches and opened the windows. The fog was gone and the sky was streaked red and pink with tops of sky scrapers dotting the horizon. A warm gust tickled my neck as I looked up into the vastness and for a moment, I didn't even smell the auto exhaust fumes.

"Ya just don't get sunsets like this in the country!" Pedro grinned as he climbed through the window, pulling Juanita up and in after him.

Someone had started cooking some rice and lentils and a few of us began cutting up vegetables. I dumped the stack of cards on the floor and pens of all sizes emerged from pockets. Aaron put on some MDC and beer was passed around. Pounding the skins off cloves of garlic I listened to another "fuck the peace nazis" conversation going on in the next room.

"Were you able to get everything

out?" Cora asked me, referring to the squat house where nine of us (more in the summer) had lived for almost a year up until two weeks ago..

"No. Had some clothes, we lost our stove and a bunch of other shit but, it's all replaceable."

"Sorry."

"S'okay, we're lookin' for another place."

"How's it been here?" asked Petra.

"Fun as all hell. Kelly and Michael's humor has brightened things up a bit."

"Yeah? How 'bout Janice?"

"She got fired a couple days ago."

"Shit! Why?"

"Her boss came onto her; she said she wasn't interested. He persisted, pinched her butt while she was working." Janice waited tables at a yuppie cafe in the financial district.

"Gross! Fucking typical!"

"What'd she do?"

I chuckled. "She ignored it—"

"What the fuck did she—!" Jordan interrupted.

"Hey Jordan!" Cora snapped, then softened her voice, "It happens all the time. Putting up with the wriggling dicks like that is often just the price of survival. Don't blame her for ignoring it."

"Huh. Sorry. I hadn't thought about it like that."

"It's okay." Cora looked at me, "She did do something, didn't she." It wasn't a question; Janice doesn't put up with people's shit.

"Damn right!" I resumed. "She ignored it 'till she served him a cup of coffee with a half bottle of visine in it."

"Oh my god!" Cora boomed. She and Sylvia, who already knew the story, and I cracked up.

"What's that do?" Petra asked, hesi-

tantly.

Cora tried to explain but when she tried, she laughed harder.

"Well," said Sylvia, "it, uh, makes it so you completely lose control of your bladder and sometimes your bowels. Boss Man was flirting with a customer—"

"A secretary for some corporate exec that he's hot for," interrupted Janice, walking into the kitchen.

"—when he lost it," finished Sylvia.

Petra started laughing.

Cora asked, "How did he know it was you, Janice?"

"'Cause I announced his wet pants to the lunchtime rush crowd."

"Oh."

A beer later, we were starting the stir fry. Janice was sitting with Cora and Sylvia; they were filling out cards for her ex-boss. Some were taking hits off a joint Jordan rolled and passed around; apparently he was dealing now. Millions of Dead Cops had been switched to No Means No, which got switched to Boogie Down Productions which was playing now. In the other room they were now into the "fuck the RCP" stage of the conversation.

"So how many are crashing here?" asked Peter, who'd just arrived.

"Five of us," responded Juanita who leaned against Pedro on the wall, "plus Jan, Kel and Mike, of course."

"Get on each others nerves?" Peter was a high school student (of rare attendance) who was living with his mother. She liked neither his friends, his music, nor his open pot use. He didn't like her boyfriends, the bruises they left on her face, and the alcohol she used to numb the pain internal and external. They screamed at each other a few times a week but generally left each other alone. They lived two doors away.

"Not any more than we did when we were in the Rat's Nest," said Pedro, his chin on Juanita's shoulder. "After awhile you either can't deal and move out, or learn to speak up when there's a problem." Rat's Nest is what we named our squat for self explanatory reasons.

"C'I join y'all?" Peter asked.

"Of course." (Juanita) "Sure." (Pedro)

"Yeah." (me) Simultaneously. We'd been waiting for him to ask for awhile.

Petra stayed silent; there were no men at Rock Alley. They lived on a street ironically named Pebble Beach. The nearest body of water was a canal so polluted that a popular entertainment for drunk teenagers was to toss their cigarette butts in and set it on fire. There were, however, plenty of fist sized rocks along the banks, hundreds of which were stockpiled by all the windows that weren't boarded up.

Tofu, veges and lots of garlic sizzled in the pan. In the other room they finally were at the "fuck the pigs" point in the conversation. Aaron was again explaining that all you had to do to blow up a cop car was fill a ping pong ball with Drano, seal it with candle wax and drop it in the gas tank. When the wax eroded, the gas and Drano would mix and explode.

"Cool! Is that true?" asked Peter.

"Probably is," said Pedro, "but none of us has ever tried it."

The house was silent for a moment. Sweet smelling pot smoke wafted in from the other room, and the sounds of cooking food, scribbling pens and beer belches intensified.

"What's the New Left?" asked Janice.

"The Old Left recycled with new and improved packaging," responded Sylvia. And the conversation was off again to ragging on know-it-all freak activists from the holy Vietnam days.

"So, the Jehovah's came by a couple days ago," I offered.

"They knocked at our place too," piped Peter, "when my ma answered, I put on the Crucifucks, 'Hinkley Had A Vision' and they took off." Pete was grinning.

"Kelly rapped with them a while," I said.

"Yeah, right!" retorted Juanita.

Pedro explained what happened:

It is morning, we are waking up when there's a light knock on the door. Kelly steps over us, avoiding beer bottles, half full coffee cups and other debris strewn about the floor. He opens the door to a pair of holy rollers: two men, a plump one dressed in a sky blue polyester suit with a maroon neck tie and behind him a not-as-plump man wearing a tan polyester suit, black tie, and thin rectangular glasses.

"Hi!" exclaims sky blue. "I noticed the 'NO WAR' poster in your window... Peace on Earth would be a wonderful thing, wouldn't it?" He is one of those people who ends every phrase with his voice ascending in a strained, cheerful pitch.

"Go on," Kelly yawns.

"Well," begins sky blue, pulling out his bible...and the conversation goes on for awhile.

"Actually, I'm really not a believer in a god per se." Kelly pushes down his red sweats which collect around his ankles. He scratches his exposed balls. "I kinda think that reality exists only insofar as people agree to believe in it." His voice is a total monotone. "It's like, if you believe in a god, then God exists, if you don't, it doesn't. People agree to believe that other people have the authority to make decisions about their lives."

As Kelly rambles, Michael, his partner, walks up behind him. Mike is wearing a pair of thin purple socks. The holy rollers don't seem to notice Mike's nudity as they're making an effort not to notice Kelly's. "If people ceased to believe in the illusory authority of government," Kelly continues, "than we'd find our situation—"

"But if you don't believe in The Lord," interrupts the tan man, his voice raised, speaking fast, and by the expression on his face, he's trying very hard not to look at Kelly's crotch, "then how do you explain why the world is so difficult to change?"

"Some changes are hard and can take a long time. They require much patience, as I'm sure you know." Michael reaches around Kelly's waist with his left hand and begins fondling his penis. "Other changes however," looking them in the eyes, keeping a straight face, "do not." He babbles some more but his words are lost as the room erupts into laughter. Reflected in the glass on the upper half of the door are the shocked faces of the Jehovah Witnesses. Sky blue turns beet red; tan man's jaw drops and his skin pales. Clutching his bible to his heart, beet red whips around and crashes into pale face who stares transfixed at Kelly's steady growth.

"Don't go!" pleads Michael, laughter

trickling from his lips. "Come in and join us! Let go and have some fun!"

Kelly blows pale face a kiss which snaps him out his reverie and the rollers both flee and run to a (matching sky blue) Buick sedan parked across the street. Tires skid on the pavement as they tear off.

Kelly and Michael's chests quiver as laughter bursts out and holding hands, they run off to their room.

Michael and Kelly walked in as we were filling bowls and plates with rice&lentils and stir-fry.

"How was the meeting Kelly?" I asked scooping a heap of food onto his plate. "Eh," he sighed, squirting some tamari onto his dinner, "it was a meeting." Kelly and Mike were in the local ACT UP chapter. Like any other group with lots of people with many strong opinions, they had their share of internal problems. "We're doing the usual leafleting and putting on teach-ins at high schools and colleges in the city. Affinity groups'll meet in a few days to plan actions. Much of the meeting was process discussion." He took a beer from the fridge, popped the cap and tipped it back; his motions seemed fluid. "Funny how the control freaks never do direct action."

I scooped food onto my own plate. "Without spontaneity," I began...

"There's no humor," he finished, voice flat. "Right. Well," smiling, taking another swig, "this meeting will be fun."

Chop sticks and forks clicked and scratched on plates and bowls from which rose thin steam. The scent of garlic (I used the entire bulb) pervaded the room and melodious belching resounded. As spices go, saffron, which I added heavily to the rice&lentils, was mediocre. For all its rarity (thus expensiveness), its flavor made me shrug. The meeting indeed went well.

We made plans to do guerilla theater in the financial district, came up with a few ideas for fliers (which probably wouldn't get done anytime soon) and ate some more food. Sylvia, Aaron and Peter removed the metal bases from burnt out light bulbs we'd saved or found. Using a triangular file Sylvia methodically sawed a crease in the circumference of the glass adjoining the metal. Occasionally she'd gingerly tap the metal base, then keep sawing. At some point when she tapped, the base popped off. Peter broke a couple of bulbs before he got the hang of it. Petra and I poured red and black paint and thinner or water (for oil or tempera paints) into the bulbs then gave them to Juanita and Pedro who sealed them up gently but tightly with duct tape.

Some mainstream Central America solidarity group was calling for a demonstration at the end of the month. We decided to put out a leaflet calling for an uncivil direct action. Most of us had friends in other affinity groups; it had developed into an informal overlapping network. We would talk to each other to coordinate on the day of the action and target a few things the liberals would inevitably neglect.

"So," I said, filling my last bulb with red paint, "what are we doing tonight?"

Janice, Michael and Jordan weren't into an excursion. Jordan because he was too stoned to do anything else, Mike had to work in the morning (so

did Kelly but he gets ill a lot) and Janice was making another trip down to the unemployment office.

We divided into three groups. Cora and Petra got their bikes out of Jordan's van along with several cans of spray paint. Peter snuck back into his house, saw his mother passed out, got his bike and came back. The three of them took off. Jordan agreed to dropping the rest of us downtown. Aaron, Sylvia and Kelly got out in an affluent area with lots of clothing boutiques, department stores, ritzy restaurants, travel agencies—you get the idea. Juanita, Pedro and I took the financial district.

It was around 2:00 a.m. and not a cop to be seen.

Our first stop was the city's main newspaper. While Juanita spraypainted "YOUR IGNORANCE IS OUR PROFIT" and "THE LIES WE PRINT OUR/ARE REALITY," Pedro berated the editorial staff with a stinky marker on the front door. I stood watching, looking about for the unlikely passer-by or roving cop car. We sauntered the streets, chucking paint bombs at billboards and on office buildings as high as we could throw them. We did exterior decorating at everything from banks, to fast food chains, to shopping malls, to corporate plazas, to the local federal building. We passed many homeless people but those who were awake didn't give a shit.

It was an unusually productive night. The sky was cloudy but the ground and walls were dry and though it was cold out, my painting hand wasn't frozen (my armpits were rather chilled however). We'd seen no more than five patrol cars that evening and only one passed near us. There is a peculiar stillness that exists between two and five in the morning in a city. Though there are districts where there's always activity, many others are dead. I'm so used to the constant electric hum of thousands upon thousands of people, densely packed, moving like ants from destination to destination, faster and faster but for no purpose. Working themselves to death, totally disconnected from the environment their bureaucracy works to destroy, they run urgently about, productivity for its own sake. And in the sub-section of the Giant Machine where we scurried around, outside of it, yet integral, trying to slow its tremendous wheels but lubricating them just the same, it was quiet...

I guess we were feeling kinda cocky, like we could hit anything and get away. The adventurer aspect had skipped ahead of the reasons we were out here: to express our outrage at what the corporate state was doing both by writing how we felt and trashing their property as well. Maybe a couple of dissatisfied execs would nod their heads in silent agreement while remaining pissed off at the damage. By mid-morning some minimum wage janitor who fulfills the affirmative action quota of his or her employer would grudgingly clean it off, pleased at the diversion from the norm but whether or not s/he agreed with the message, it's still be a pain to scrub off. But we were on an adrenalin kick which leads to incaution.

We were trying to find a donut shop when the bike brigade passed us by. "We've been trying to find you," Peter

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A Day in the Life of Avram Krantz

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whispered to us, unconsciously aware of the pervasive silence. "We followed your trail. Nice stuff!" He grinned. "We did Northwest!" His eyes illuminated the street. Northwest was a heavily gentrified neighborhood. Where there used to be affordable housing, there were now condominiums. It looked more like a suburb now though its location was well within the city.

Munching on dumpster dived donuts we chatted about the buildings we decorated. Kelly, Sylvia and Mike had apparently encountered a lot of foot traffic, odd for a weekday, and after a few hits, began to see an abundance of cops too. They headed home early. The bikers saturated the Northwest using up all their payload of paint bulbs and seven cans of spray paint. We'd used four and a half of the six cans we'd brought.

"Might as well use up the can or so left," Pedro yawned while he spoke.

"Five or so," Cora smiled, the light from the window of an auto parts store across the street reflected off the studded earrings which lined her right ear like pins in a cushion. From her saddle bags she pulled four mini-cans of fluorescent orange spray enamel (Kelly's paint of choice) and two full size cherry reds.

"They must have seen plenty of pigs," I said, surprised. Kelly's cautious but rarely one to let anything stop him.

"So," began Juanita, her teeth sparkling. Pedro was suddenly alert; we knew just what she had in mind. "How 'bout the injustice center?"

"That's next door to the cop shop," reminded Petra. She looked at our grinning faces. "You're crazy! The cop shop?!" Our heads nodded like wagging tails of puppies waiting to fetch sticks at the beach.

For a moment the city's stillness returned as people thought about it. Pedro belched loudly. I walked away, emptied my bladder in the parking lot and farted. It wasn't the last of those, an unfortunate consequence to a good meal.

Returning to the group Peter spoke up: "I'm into it!" He was definitely on an adrenalin high.

"Me too." Cora was as well.

"Well, it seems excessively risky and getting caught is stupid, especially after all we've done tonight." Petra was ever practical and we probably should have listened to her.

The three of us had been planning logistics before we'd seen the bike brigade and we shared our thoughts.

"I guess I can stand watch, but if something happens, I'm oughta there. No looking back." Important things to be learned from Petra. Women tend to keep their egos in check more than men. Who would really notice our chutzpa anyway?

"If anyone gets caught they'll be in overnight at least." Juanita spoke calmly. "Everyone know the number at Janice and Kelly's house?" Nods. "Okay, let's go." All of us had our rehearsed excuses if stopped and none of us carried an i.d. I've been harassed by cops before, most of us had, but

not enough to act relaxed when they flash a light in my face and pelt me with questions. In my nervousness I get sarcastic.

We split up and regrouped in a park across the street from immense monolithic towers of law and order. Other than a few people sleeping on benches or laying by the trunks of evergreen trees, there was no one around. The cops entered and exited on the other side of the building where the parking lot was. Petra stayed mounted on her bike leaning against a cedar tree while the rest of us walked springy stepped across the street. We stopped between the buildings; Peter and Pedro looked out at the end of each cross street. On the side of the pig palace Juanita and I wrote "STOP POLICE BRUTALITY! COMMUNITY CONTROL of the POLICE NOW" In our nervousness the lettering was sloppy. Damn! Juanita and I stepped back while Cora stepped in and drew a

Lovings Four: A Collection of Stories

By Richard Kostelanetz

My heterodox tastes explode the sexual categorization of smug social psychologists. I want to explore with her further after a rich and full night of audacious lovemaking; but since she disappeared from my life, never to return again, I had to learn by myself.

Sex is true; talk is bluff and bluster.

I know of only one person who has actually done almost everything described in these stories.

If a woman you find attractive won't sleep with you on the first date, you're probably not going to sleep with her at all.

Their 'open' marriage was scarcely equal, as she advertised and he did not. He worried that her flirtatious moves would make his penis swell downwards in his bathing suit.

"Never again," he declared, "never, never again."

He would toss me over his shoulders until my eyes met the floor, my blood rushing to my head with dizzying, erotic sensations.

Smothered by her affection, I felt encompassing love.

Nothing, but nothing, could persuade her to discuss her first love affair; that was one experience she wanted to forget.

They resolutely imitated the couple making love on the cable television.

She weighed on one hand her attraction to the stranger against, on the other, her loyalty to her husband and wondered if she would hate him for inadvertently standing in the way of her desire.

She was as dominating as all the other left-handed lovers I've had.

I thought then, a full decade ago, and still think now that she is the most attractive, enticing woman I have known.

A new friend, he surprised me by doing what my other lovers need to be told to do. She kissed him with a passion that he would always remember, and she immediately forgot.

Chastity is no more virtuous than penury.

She held her arms out horizontally, parallel to the floor, with her hands pitched vertically and arched slightly and her fingers pointing at my shoulders, as though she wanted to hug me.

Nobody else wore knit dresses as snugly as she did.

One reason why I was reluctant to seduce her was that I knew she would appraise my performance to her catty friends.

Enchanted.

He introduced me to experiences and feelings I had never had before, all without saying a single word.

Philandering, alas, was his principal hobby.

I wanted her to believe, as I did, that for the rest of our lives we shall be as crazy about each other as we are now.

Yes, he said; yes, she said.

She thought of 'intercourse', as he called it, as something she would save only for men who promised marriage.

A conductor by trade, he made love to the rhythm of a locomotive.

She deduced intellectually that only another woman could give her comprehensive pleasure.

He was the rare man who lived primarily to make not money but love.

At three in the morning, she vaulted out of my bed to return home to my father who expected her.

The secrets of love-making cannot be taught, but they can be learned.

giant pig: snout, pointy ears, cop shades, cop hat, fat body, hooves, pronged devil's tail and a circle with a thin red slash through it.

Giggling we walked over to the injustice center. Pedro and Peter were slowly drawing big block letters; something about laws for the rich... I looked about; where was Cora? Around the corner on the front entrance she was drawing a picture of a judge that looked like a vampire. My heart was pounding, they were taking too long. I farted.

"Whew! I c'n smell dat from ovuh here!" a voice boomed. I spun around and saw someone laying on the bench in a bus stop awning. "Ay, whatch y'all doin' ovuh dere?!"

A cop, probably walking to his patrol car crossed the street, overhearing the shouting man, turned the corner, flashing his light around on the awning, on me, on Cora. Peter, Pedro and

Juanita were already running up the street toward the park; Cora hopped on her bike and rode down the street and away into the night. While the cop fumbled for his radio and mumbled into it I ran down the street too-- maybe the pig didn't notice the others.

Damn God! I booked, farted again, crossing through alleys I plotted the shortest possible route to the East End, where we planned to regroup if something happened. There were an abundance of old rundown buildings we could take cover in. The city was just beginning to gentrify the western most part next to the downtown area. *Shit! Feces! Excrement!* The first sirens wailed in the distance. Fuckin' stir-fry! Probably all the fucking garlic I put in. You moron!

I ditched my can in a dumpster in the alley of some apartment. Emerging from the same alley I saw flashing lights coming at me and I retreated,

She had the slothful, contented look of someone who had spent the previous night making love to someone new.
 They consummated their new love on a bed of nails.
 She confirmed her continued enthusiasm not with words but by flexing her vaginal muscles.
 I could feel her cervical cap.
 It was his taste to crush his penis between her breasts and come all over her chest and neck.
 Should I believe her claim to be—actually, now, to have been—a virgin?
 He envisioned himself sprouting extra sexual organs at all sorts of convenient places—from his chin, on his knees, from his elbows, at the top of his hips, and from the heels of his feet.
 As well to him as to the winds, she thought as she spread her legs.
 As her husband lay on his deathbed, she discovered she was pregnant again—perhaps by him, probably by someone else.
 Even after a decade, he felt that sleeping with her was a special pleasure.
 Mountains so high exist to be climbed, just as seas so deep exist to be plunged, and men so beautiful exist to be laid.
 Drinking had a curious way of loosening his tongue and stiffening his penis.
 He devoted his entire adult life, all sixty years, to seducing women, abandoning each previous conquest in his blinding enthusiasm for the new one, the latest one—"my last love," he invariably said.
 One man forever desirous met a woman forever sensuous.
 He kept detailed account books, recording not only his successes with women but his failures as well.
 He dreamed of mating his penis with her venus.
 Each of us looked at her only when the others were looking at her as well, all of us trying to keep our voyeurism to ourselves.
 Her desserts made us all hungry for sex.
 Men, she concluded, were most successfully seduced with fetching clothing; women, with alcohol.
 It's been a while since a guy touched me below the waist.
 A casual experience with my best friend's father prepared me for a more elaborate experience with my mother's new husband.
 It was our fourth affair—my fourth attempt to be faithful and her fourth tour-of-duty.
 Every time he wanted to make love to her, he had to let her know that he was equally devoted to her fatherless sons.
 I'm probably the only man in the world who can suck himself off.
 So excited by each other on their first date that they made love in the taxi to her house, the taxi driver exclaiming 'animals' as he drove off into the night.
 The survival of humankind depends upon one and one making three.
 Once we lubricated her tubes, the conversation became easier, and she more pleasurable.
 Love.
 He insisted his sexual technique would be more adept—he could get better traction—he kept his sneakers on.
 Sex is no more of an exact science than French cooking.
 Once in the big city, she discovered more forms of marriage—that is, more kinds of mutual agreements between couples—than she had previously thought even conceivable.
 She took lovers, while he took care of their children.
 From the way she thrust her chest upwards into mine, the first time we kissed, I knew that she would give me everything I wanted.
 We agreed from the beginning that our affair would work best if we saw each other only on Fridays.
 Wanting to kiss her feet, he was required to kiss a lot more.
 Sex without love is no less credible than love without sex, love without love, or sex without sex.
 Do you like women as much as men?
 He fulfilled his reputation, gossiped among her girl friends, as a superlative lover.
 As he kissed her, he suddenly wondered whether this was a woman wanting to become a man or a man trying to become a woman.
 Though it was only our first night together, he asked me to marry.

Richard Kostelanetz has published several books of highly experimental fiction. The Old Fictions and the New collects his critical essays.

jumped in the dumpster myself and closed the lid. I was holding my breath as the sirens screamed past. Not out of fear, there was something dead in here. The sirens had drowned out the squeaking but now it was in full volume. I slammed open the cover but it wouldn't budge. Again. Nothing. My gas briefly overpowered the stench of decomposing flesh. Something was attached to my right leg. Screaming I hit my head on the metal top. I screamed again rolled over and slammed my shoulder into the roof. It opened and I leapt out. A large grayish rat was clinging to my pant leg with its teeth and I batted it away. It squeaked and scurried off. The dumpster had two flaps, one of them was locked. I leaned back against the wall across from the dumpster, trying to breathe slowly, trying to breathe at all. When my heart pounded less frequently I walked over and peaked

inside of the dumpster: beneath a swarm of rats were the bodies of several cats and dogs. In each carcass there was a gaping hole in the head. Some asshole had been either shooting house pets or more likely strays. People ditched pets all the time as easily as I tossed that spray can into the dumpster. Down by the water near East End there were small packs of hungry dogs which were occasionally known to attack humans. Animal control never came, though they were frequently called; the only people really threatened were the homeless population, the non-people as far as the city was concerned. The cats fed pretty well off the rats in long abandoned buildings, though often as not, the rats were as large as cats. I closed the lid and walked out of the alley.
 Carefully I made my way to East End. Dawn was breaking and my exhaustion gave way to paranoia. The

pig had seen my face. Cora's too. But she was safe. Petra too. They knew the city well. By now they were sipping coffee, sitting in front of the wood stove. Cops were everywhere; no sirens, no flashing lights, just oozing pork fat over the streets. I avoided the alleys. The most cliched hiding places there are. I was walking up Jefferson Avenue to 27th Street when someone yanked me down. Mace in hand, I was trying to spin around to bring my hand up—"Avram! It's me!" I froze. It was Pedro. We embraced, sat down. Deep breath. Juanita hugged me. "You look like shit!" Pedro smiled.
 "Thanks. I feel like it too. Are you both all right?"
 Juanita touched my head where I hit the dumpster top and I flinched away. "Yeah, we got away no problem. Well, almost. I think they might have got Peter. I saw him fall off his bike."
 "Shit! I fucked up!"

Initiative of Revolutionary Anarchists Report from Moscow

Continued from page 25

coup. For us it is a day when the masses overthrew the bourgeois government and in front of these masses, in the vanguard of the fighting in Moscow and Petrograd, were the anarchists. Today we don't have any moral right to judge those who fought for direct democratic soviets and workers' self-management of factories and plants. Their misfortune, and not their fault, was that they were small in number and couldn't withstand the substitution of soviets—of the Bolshevik dictatorship for that of workers' self-management—by the government-bureaucratic apparatus. I am devoting so much space to this question because the Moscow Union of Anarchists, together with representatives from the Alliance of Kazan Anarchists (AKA), AROM, and the Irkutsk Anarchists put out a statement in which they judge us for our participation in communist meetings. In this same statement they say that "the road through capitalism is the only road towards anarchism." It probably follows to note that at our demo there was never a word praising old Lenin or other Bolshevik leaders.

On the 8th of November, on IREAN's initiative, the 103rd anniversary of the birth of Makhno (a revolutionary anarchist who operated in the Ukraine during the Russian Revolution) was celebrated. At 4pm a demo was started in Soviet Square across from the building of the Moscow Soviet. Representatives of KAS, AYF, UAU, anarcho-populists, DU, Peace and Freedom (Poland) and Trots took place (40-50 people). After the demo all the participants went to Red Square carrying black flags and singing anarchist songs. On the Place of Execution they had a repeat demo. The procession went further on to Alexander's Garden, and the final destination was the White House, battleground of the attempted coup of August '91. The Moscow Soviet's paper *Curanti* ('Chimes') continued the Communist press tradition and described the anarchist holiday as if it had been going on all 74 years of Soviet power. From this we can conclude that the truth about anarchism is not to the advantage of either the CP or the 'democrats'. The most interesting thing in the article was the description of the demo, which the *Curanti* correspondent had left five minutes after it started.

From the 15th to the 22nd of November there was a week of pickets under the slogans "Down With Ration Cards!" and "Down With Price Releases!" and "No Privatization!" The pickets were held in three places around Moscow: IREAN, UAU and KAS were across from the Moscow Soviet; near the 1905 St. metro station was the Committee for Workers' Democracy (Trotskyists); and the Union of Socialist Workers (also Trots) picketed a factory.

On November 21st in Moscow, by IREAN's initiative, but without its participation, there was a parade in honor of the 160th anniversary of the raising of the black flag by the weavers of Lyon. —Dmitri Kostenko

"We all got careless but let's worry about it later. Your head's bleeding. Your face is scratched up. Let's rest a bit and try to get back to the house."

"If I rest I'll fall asleep," I sputtered, "let's go now."

"Like hell you'll crash," Pedro said, "you're wired as shit. But let's go anyway."

We dodged porkmobiles until we got out of East End and by the time we made it back to the house cars and buses were zooming past us connecting micro blips into the Machine, shifting it into high gear. Jordan's van was parked on the street, curtains drawn. Walking softly we went inside.

Sylvia and Aaron were huddled together in one corner. Peter, whose hands were bandaged was sleeping in another. Slurping coffee and munching potatoes were Janice, Michael and Kelly.

Kelly yawned. "Mornin'. Heard y'all had quite an evening."

"A Day in the Life of Avram Krantz" first appeared in Incendiary Devices (POB 2699, Olympia, WA. 98507).

Anarchist press review

Continued from page 11

Free Society #1/undated (POB 7293, Minneapolis, MN. 55407) is the first issue of this new "Journal of the Youth Greens (in transition)," including a "Lesbian and gay caucus statement," a history of the Youth Greens titled "Out of the dustbin of history" by Paul, and Chris Day's call for "Mutual aid" (and for a conference of Youth Greens and the Love & Rage Network). For a subscription, "send at least \$5 for the next three issues."

Radical Pizza Vol.3, #5/Feb.'92 (Conspiracy M.E.D.I.A., POB 158324, Nashville, TN. 37215) is a nicely-done, 24-page anarcho-punkzine. This issue features Bob Black's "The anti-anarchist conspiracy... An empirical test," along with a rundown of "The best music of 1991," and "All across the USA it's...pirate radio" by Keith Gordon. Cover price is \$2.

Autonomous Feminist Project #17/undated (YGs Clearinghouse, POB 7293, Mpls, MN. 55407) is an 8-page "feminist project" of the Youth Greens. This first issue contains a statement and a few poems. Send an SASE for a sample copy.

NON-ENGLISH-LANGUAGE PERIODICALS RECEIVED:

Rosso e Nero Vol.3, #19/Ottobre '91 (Via del Campani n.69, 00185 Roma, Italy) is a 6-page, Italian-language newsletter. Send a contribution for a sample.

Direkte Aktion #2/undated & #4/undated (A.S.O., Postboks 303, 1502 København V., Denmark) was a 16-page, Danish-language tabloid of the now-defunct Anarcho-Syndicalist Organization (A.S.O.), and is now a more general anarchist quarterly. Issue #4 includes a piece on "USA's Mandela," Leonard Peltier. Subscriptions are 30Kr./year (4 issues).

Umanita' Nova Vol.71, #32/Ott.20, thru #38-39/Dic.15,'91 (c/o G.C.A. Pinelli, via Roma 48, 87019 Spezzano Albanese (CS), Italy) is the 8-page, Italian-language weekly newspaper of the Federazione Anarchica Italiana. Issue #34 includes an amusing "Dizionarietto libertario." Subscriptions are US \$55.00/year.

Exegersi (Riot) #5/undated (A/Coil, POB 30658, Athens 10033, Greece) is a 16-page, Greek-language newspaper including "articles about the situation in Greece, from the anarchist view" according to the publishers. Cover price is 200 Drachmas for #3 & 100 Drachmas for #4.

Perspectief #25/Okt.-Dec.'91 (Libertaire Studiegroep, Dracenastraat 21, 9000 Gent, Belgium) is a 58-page Dutch-language journal of libertarian perspectives. This issue includes Daniël Verhoeven's "Anarchisme, democratie en gemeenschap," and Roger Jacobs' "Tussen links-libertaire en 'scheiss'-normale partij." Single copies are 80Fr. plus postage.

Telegraph Vol.2(?), #10/18 Okt., #11/15 Nov. & #12/Dec.'91 (Schliemannstr. 22, Berlin O-1058, Germany) is a 56 to 60-page German-language publication from East Berlin. Issue #11 includes pieces on "Fünf neue Länder-fünf Müllkolonien" and "Friedenskarawane durch Jugoslawien." Subscriptions are 34DM/year.

Disturb@nce unnumbered/undated? (POB 31261, 10035 Athens, Greece) is an 8-page, Greek-language tabloid. Cover price is 100 drachmas.

Brand #47-48[double issue]/Dec.'91 (Box 150 15, S-104 65 Stockholm, Sweden) is a 28-page Swedish-language magazine, this time in tabloid format, which usually includes an English-language summary of contents in each issue. This double issue covers the recent Class War Federation gathering in Britain, along with other news from Britain. Cover price is 20Kr; send a contribution for a sample.

Foglio Mensile di Anarcoscetticismo Ultimo numero/undated (Alfredo Salerni, Via Merulana 209, 00185 Roma, Italy) is a poster-sized, 2-page Italian-language publication. Send a contribution for a sample.

Solidaridad Obrera #222/Oct.-Nov. & #223/Dic.'91 (Ronda de San Antonio, 13 pral 08001-Barcelona, Spain) is the 12-page, Spanish-language regional newspaper of the anarcho-syndicalist C.N.T. in Catalonia. Issue #222 features a cover story titled "Contra el fascismo." Cover price: 75ptas (plus 20ptas postage) for a sample.

CNT #132/Dic.'91, #133/Jan. & #134/Feb.'92 (CNT-Periódico, Apartado, n.º 282, 48080 Bilbao, Spain) is the 24-page, Spanish-language newspaper of the anarcho-syndicalist Confederación Nacional del Trabajo (National Confederation of Workers union) in Spain. Issue #132 includes Carlos Otero's "Quede claro," and "Desenmascaremos el '92." Issue #133 includes a piece on "El sindicalismo en Argentina y Bolivia" and "Resoluciones del Congreso de la Federación Anarquista Polaca." Subscriptions are 2,200ptas./year (12 issues).

Le Libertaire; Revue de Synthese Anarchiste #120/Nov. thru #123/Feb.'92 (25 rue Dumé d'Aplemont, 76600 Le Havre, France) is a 4-page, monthly, French-language "review of synthetic anarchism" published by the Union des anarchistes. International subscriptions are 80F/year (10 issues).

Die Schwarze Distel Jhg.V, #15/undated (PF 548, A-1151 Wien, Austria) is a 22-page, German-language newsletter. This issue includes "Zur Columbus-Posse: Alle hundert Jahre wieder—wie lange noch?" and "Linksradikale Politik und Kultur: Versuch einer Kritik des Szenewesens." Send a contribution for a copy.

Schwarzer Faden #41/Jan.'92 (Postfach 1159, 7043 Grafenau-1, Germany) is a well-produced 72-page, German-language magazine. Issue #41 includes articles on "Festung Europa und die Kunst Ausländer Innen zu quotieren" by Michael Wilk, "Pogrome beginnen im Kopf" by Wolfgang Haug, and "Desinformation und der Golfkrieg" by Noam Chomsky. Subscriptions are 50.-DM/8 issues.

Royo y Negro #27/Oct., #28/Nov. & #29/Dic.'91 (Sagunto 15, pal. 28010 Madrid, Spain) is 16-page, Spanish-language newspaper of the reformist anarcho-syndicalist C.G.T. (Confederación General del Trabajo), better known outside of Spain as the "Renovados" (a minority split from the more traditionally anarcho-syndicalist C.N.T. in Spain). Issue #27 includes an interview with Víctor López, secretary of the Federación Minera Boliviana of the COB. Issue #29 includes an extra 8-page insert covering the 3rd "Conferencia de Sindicatos" of the CGT in Valencia. Subscriptions are 1,000ptas/year (12 issues).

Mordicus #7/Jan.'92 (BP 11, 75622 Paris Cedex 13, France) is an interesting 24-page, French-language tabloid. Issue #7 of features an opening editorial titled "La démocratie progresse ses esclaves régressent," along with articles such as "Patriotards de tous les pays, égorgez-vous: Wargames dans les Balkans," "Algérie de me voir si belle..." and "Euro-Disneyland: Le plan Marshall est bouclé." The cover price of this issue is 20F; Subscriptions are 100F/year (? issues).

Ekitza Zuzena: Revista Libertaria #9/Invierno '91-92 (Ediciones EZ Argitaraldiak, Apdo. 235, Posta-kutxa, 48080 Bilbo, Bizkaia, Spain) is a well-produced, 52-page Spanish-language "libertarian review" from the Basque country. This issue includes "Yugoslavia, el peligro nacionalista," "La esterilización de los pobres no extermina la pobreza," and "Grupos de hombres: Reflexiones sobre la masculinidad." Subscriptions are 800 ptas/year (4 issues).

Omuitirao #4/Out.-Nov.'91 (Caixa Postal 15001, Cep 20155, Rio de Janeiro, Brasil) is an 8-page Portuguese-language tabloid featuring stories like "Militarismo não!" and "Reconstruindo o anarco-sindicalismo." Send a contribution for a copy.

An@ unnumbered/Set.-Out.'91 (Caixa Postal 78, 11500 Cubatão - SP, Brasil) is a 3-page, Portuguese-language "Boletim informativo da Agência de Notícias Anarquistas." Send a contribution for a copy.

Guáncara Libertaria #48/Otoño '91 (ISHSS, POB 1516, Riverside Station, Miami, FL. 33135) is a 32-page Spanish-language journal produced by Cuban anarchist exiles & subtitled "A la Libertad Por la Libertad." This issue includes an essay on "Nixon y Castro" by José Riera, and Gustavo Rodríguez's "500 años de sifilización, racismo, explotación y represión." Send a donation for a sample copy.

The Revolution of Everyday Life by Raoul Vaneigem

Mediated abstraction abstracted mediation

Continued from page 18

in the direction of poetry, the news decoded, official terms translated (so that 'society', in the perspective opposed to Power, becomes 'racket' or 'area of hierarchical power')—leading eventually to a glossary or encyclopedia (Diderot was well aware of the importance of such a project—and so were the situationists).

2) Open dialogue, the language of the dialectic; conversation, and all forms of non-spectacular discussion.

3) What Jakob Boehme called "sensual speech (*sensualische Sprache*)" because it is a clear mirror of the senses." And the author of the *Way to God* elaborates: "In sensual speech all spirits converse directly, and have no need of any language, because theirs is the language of nature." If you remember what I have called the recreation of nature, the language Boehme talks about clearly becomes the language of spontaneity, of 'doing', of individual and collective poetry; language centered on the project of realization, leading lived experience out of the cave of history. This is also connected with what Paul Brousse and Ravachol meant by "propaganda by deed."

There is a silent communication; it is well known to lovers. At this stage language seems to lose its importance as essential mediation, thought is no longer a distraction (in the sense of leading us away from ourselves), words and signs become a luxury, an extravagance. Think of those bantering conversations with their baroque of cries and caresses which are so surprisingly ridiculous for those who do not share the lovers' intoxication. But it was also direct communication that Léhautier referred to when the judge asked him what anarchists he knew in Paris: "Anarchists don't need to know one another to think the same thing." In radical groups which are able to reach the highest level of theoretical and practical coherence, words will sometimes acquire this privilege of playing and making love: erotic communication.

An aside. History has often been ac-

El Libert@rio #22/Nov.-Dic.'91 (Brasil 1551, 1154 Buenos Aires, Argentina) is the 4-page, Spanish-language newspaper of the Federación Libertaria Argentina. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Le Požnt D'Interrogations unnumbered/Hiver '91-92 (Hème c/o I.S., B.P. 243, 75564 Paris Cedex 12, France [don't mention the publication name in the address]) is the 18-page, French-language successor to *Interrogations pour la Communauté Humaine*, published by two former editors of that journal. This first issue includes "L'Allemagne réunifiée: un marché de dupes?" by Air, "Réflexions sur écologie...industrialisme...travail" by Hème, and a French translation of Dwight McDonald's "Partir de l'homme." No price listed; send a contribution.

Anares #33/undated (Postfach 229, CH-3000 Bern 8, Switzerland) is the 24-page German-language newsletter of this archive and library. Write for more information.

Le Monde Libertaire #850/19 Dec. & #851/26 Dec.'91 (145 rue Améot, 75011 Paris, France) is the 8-page, French-language weekly of the anarcho-syndicalist Fédération Anarchiste Française. The cover story for issue 3851 is "1991: L'année folle." Subscriptions are 400F/year.

cused of happening back-to-front; the question of language becoming superfluous and turning into language-game is another example. A baroque current runs through the history of thought, making fun of words and signs with the subversive intention of disturbing the semiological order and Order in general. The series of attempts on the life of language by the rabble of tumbling nonsense-rhymers whose prize fools were Lear and Carroll finds its finest expression in the Dada explosion. In 1916, the desire to have it out with signs, thought and words corresponded for the first time to a real crisis of communication. The liquidation of language that had so often been undertaken speculatively had a chance to find its historical realization at last.

In an epoch which still had all its transcendental faith in language, and in God, the master of all transcendence, doubt about signs could only lead to terrorist activity. When the crisis of human relationships shattered the unitary web of mythical communication, the attack on language took on a revolutionary air. So much so that it is tempting to say, as Hegel might have, that the decomposition of language chose Dada as the medium through which to reveal itself to the minds of men. Under the unitary regime the same desire to play with signs had been betrayed by history and found no response. By exposing falsified communication Dada began to transcend language in the direction of poetry. Today, the language of myth and the language of spectacle are giving way to the reality which underlies them: the language of deeds. This language contains in itself the critique of all modes of expression and is thus a continuous self-criticism. Pity our poor little sub-dadaists! Because they haven't understood that Dada necessarily implies this supersession they continue to mumble that we talk like deaf men. Which is one way to be a fat maggot in the spectacle of cultural decomposition.

The language of the whole man will be a whole language: perhaps the end of the old language of words. Inventing this language means reconstructing man right down to his unconscious. Totality is hacking its way through the fractured non-totality of thoughts, words and actions towards itself. We will have to speak until we can *do* without words.

1991 C.A.L. Financial Statements

Income Statement

Income

Sales (subscriptions, back issues, books).....\$6,764.64
Distributor Sales.....9,873.47
Donations.....1,705.10
Gross Receipts.....18,343.21
Interest Received.....7.68
Total income.....\$18,350.89

Expense

Cost of Printing.....\$6,790.00
Materials & Supplies.....312.47
Wholesale Books Cost.....473.00
Total Cost of Goods.....\$7,575.47
Advertising.....\$1,835.00
Postage Costs.....7,743.11
Office Expenses.....551.90
Refunds.....22.00
Fees & Legal Expenses.....26.00
Bank Service Charges.....12.72
Missouri Sales Tax.....8.07
Utilities.....277.61
Other Total Costs.....\$10,476.41
Total Expense.....\$18,051.88
NET INCOME.....\$299.01

(Note: Though C.A.L. had a net income for the year of \$299.01, it still owes \$2203 for loans.)

Balance Sheet

Assets

Cash.....\$58.75
Checking Account.....278.45
Savings Account.....161.77
Total Cash Assets.....\$498.97
Books Inventory.....\$384.90
Periodicals Inventory.....1,115.37
Total Inventory Assets.....\$1,500.27

Sales Tax Bond.....\$100.00
Total Assets.....\$2,099.24

Liabilities

Outstanding loans.....\$2,203.00
Total Liabilities.....\$2,203.00

Capital/Equity

Retained Earnings.....<\$103.76>
Total Net Equity.....<\$103.76>

Total Liabilities

& Equity.....\$2,099.24

Despite the fact that we have enormous antipathy for bookkeeping and all the legal capitalist requirements for maintaining a publishing project, we're presenting these figures in order to let our readers, supporters and collaborators know how (& what) we're doing financially on an annual basis in our Spring issue.

The morality of refusal & the refusal of morality

Comments on John Zerzan's "The Catastrophe of Postmodernism" by Neal Keating

[John Zerzan's "The Catastrophe of Postmodernism" appeared in *Anarchy* #30, p.16]

If John Zerzan is refusing 'post-modernism' (and I think he is) because it leaves us 'nowhere'—adrift in a faceless shopping mall of alienation—is it really any more desirable to arrive in a world where truth exists outside of our slippery words? Zerzan wants there to be something outside of words and texts, something which those words and texts refer to, something to correspond with, and justify, the sign indicating it. Without that, how are you to ever understand the theoretical basis by which you can proceed to take your desires for reality? Without that, how will you ever work up the nerve to refuse anything? Without that, how will you do anything at all?

Must we endure any longer such paeans to faith?

If the postmodernists want to leave us helpless and unsure of ourselves, then Zerzan wants to lead us to the altar of truth: that steady unchanging cosmic rock we need but reach out to grasp to attain—that rock of origins in which we can at last inhabit pure disalienated presence.

In general, I agree with Zerzan's critique of the postmodernist trajectory. It is but the latest stage in the unending production of recuperation. Nevertheless, his critique is selective and one-sided. He stresses the conformity and impotence that informs many of the conclusions and productions of this milieu, while entirely foregoing any considerations of what liberatory implications might be contained in, say, *the death of man* (as a subject). By doing so, he is able to keep the idealism of origins intact. However, something else is also left intact: the hollow interior of a sentimentalized alienation that ultimately does little more than encourage a passive stance towards the real cognitive oppression—static paradigmatic thought structures.

Maybe he is right; maybe deconstruction is nothing other than the philosophy of Big Brother: everything is meaningless and you have no right to say anything about anything, so shut up and get back to work. But on the other hand, what if everything is meaningless? What if it is truly impossible to say what you mean or mean what you say? Where does it say that in a meaningless world, everybody obeys the arbitrary rules? If everything is meaningless, then why wouldn't you be free to do whatever you wanted? Zerzan argues that it is a lie—it is not a meaningless world, they are just saying that to get you to go along with the intensified alienation that increases now on a daily basis; there is still production to be done, and your complacency and acceptance of the general order of things will be fostered through a steady diet of fragmented and juxtaposed images and thoughts, bolstered by theories of fragmentation. Who would've ever thought that Bill Burroughs would be the father of the ideology of the future? Naked lunch indeed. Pass the soy lent green, if you

of truth? Or could it be that a meaningless world is as terrifying as a community based on mutual aid and gift-exchange?

Foucault because he, more accurately than most identified the specific strategies by which power moves through the world and the body. His general take on power—that it is not just something the elite rich have a monopoly on—is most useful for anyone formulating a

what is good, what can be detoured towards freedom, and leave the rest behind? There is much that can be gleaned from the current *crisis in representation* for such purposes. To entirely reject the theoretical hubbub now taking place around this issue is to miss out on a most wonderful and nourishing *kill*, and to instead retreat into the 19th century, when a man was a man, and words meant what they said.

Does it really need to be stated that historical and economic conditions are very different now than they were in the early part of this century? What qualifies as Freedom is perhaps not so changed, but the strategies for getting it have changed dramatically. So far as I know, Bonanno is the only one to have considered these changes at length, as they apply to anarchy and anarchists (see *From Riot to Insurrection* published by Elephant Editions, London). But his vision is by no means definitive. Whose vision is it? Let us have a plurality of anarchist visions! And let us plunder from the vast intellectual booty that lies before our hungry eyes, and to Hell with the idealists! Let us be done with the positivism borne in the rationale of the Enlightenment—that sunset all the west mistook for the dawn.

Zerzan's refusal of postmodernism, such as it is, reveals a certain kind of moral high ground to which he has retreated. Repelled by the horrors of unceasing technological development and extension into the social realm, such a tack is understandable. But it does not lend anything in the way of a practical strategy for combatting such development. Witness the Amish. They have preserved their integrity at the expense of being transformed into a minor museum exhibit. Is that the kind of fate you would wish upon your desires?

What may be at the heart of the problem is Zerzan's location of alienation as originating in symbolic activity. I don't dispute that here, though I do suspect it. What I dispute is his conclusion that symbolic activity is not a good thing for living critters. If that were so, then we have no choice but to refuse, in addition to time, language, number, et al, the evolutionary development which made all these other developments possible: bipedalism. Yes, this is the real beginning of the end. When humans stood upright (some 3-10 million years ago), all their troubles began. A number of physiological shifts took place which led to the development of symbolic capacity. It is true that social developments, such as the state apparatus, would not be possible without symbolic capacity, but then again, the negation of the state would also be impossible without such capacity. Yet, symbolizing humans have lived all over the world for thousands of years, without ever resorting to the activity of constructing highly stratified social structures. It is not symbolic capacity that is the problem here. Without it we would have no self-consciousness or historical consciousness whatsoever. The problem—the basis of social alienation—originates in what some people have historically done with their symbolic capacity: concoct potent lies enabling the enslavement of large numbers of people. Revealing these lies in an *effective* way requires a fluid imagination free of ideological morality, whether that morality is of acceptance or refusal. It requires an *unchained melody*...of desire. Now, how does that song go?



Collage by James Koehnline (POB 85777, Seattle, WA. 98145-1777).

please. Everything tastes the same, no?

If it was all a lie and illusion, I would entirely defer to Zerzan. In this case, however, there is more to it than that, and it is for all would-be anarchists to take a cold, hard look at the claims of Saussure and Foucault if anarchy is to be something besides infantile.

Saussure because he clearly pointed out the problematic nature of language: its arbitrary nature. This arbitrariness is owing to the location of meaning in language—which is not located in an easy singular place (like a Stalinist in a factory)—but is located in the *difference* between locations, or times (signs), etc. Meaning, in the Saussurian sense, is manufactured through comparison of other meanings which precede it. It is a very slippery affair. Such a theory is supported by the history of the twentieth century, which is steeped in arbitrary realities, several of which resulted in extensive genocide. If there were such a thing as a truth outside of language, then how could the twentieth century have occurred as it did? How can you account for the historical development of spectacular society without admitting a great degree of plasticity as regards the nature of truth? Is it really just a matter of us (proles and slavers alike) wandering astray from the path

strategy of resistance to the statist world-system of capitalism. One of the most counter-revolutionary forces frustrating any individual or group's efforts to really shake the society in which she, he, or they live is the *underlying accord* between them and the ideology of the society. Such accord may be less than obvious, and to those revolutionaries who are following some truth or another, the accord may be entirely invisible. The fate of such blindness is predictable: doomed to duplicity, what were once perhaps honorable and earnest desires become but another choir for coercion. The shaking turns to chattering, leaving you and I still howling in our chains.

It is one thing to identify and negate a totality, and quite another to come up with strategies for its negation. We need not speak like obtuse French intellectuals to arrive at some sort of effective strategy, but neither should we reject their ideas in toto, simply because they are hypocritical academics or some such. Just because they might be armchair anarchists doesn't make them out to be liars—at least, not automatically. And insofar as coming up with strategies goes we'll do better if we consider *all* ideas, even from the hypocrites—even from the father-rapers. Why not take

The Iconoclast's Hammer

By Feral Faun

The Ideology of Victimization

In New Orleans, just outside the French Quarter, there's a bit of stencilled graffiti on a fence that reads: "Men Rape." I used to pass by this nearly every day. The first time I saw this, it pissed me off because I knew the graffitist would define me as a 'man' and I have never desired to rape anyone. Nor have any of my bepenised friends. But, as I encounter this spray-painted dogma every day, the reasons for my anger changed. I recognized this dogma as a litany for the feminist version of the ideology of victimization—an ideology which promotes fear, individual weakness (and subsequently dependence on ideologically based support groups and paternalistic protection from the authorities) and a blindness to all realities and interpretations of experience that do not conform to one's view of oneself as a victim.

I don't deny that there is some reality behind the ideology of victimization. No ideology could work if it had no basis whatsoever in reality. As Bob Black has said, "We are all adult children of parents." We have all spent our entire lives in a society which is based on the repression and exploitation of our desires, our passions, and our individuality, but it is surely absurd to embrace defeat by defining ourselves in terms of our victimization.

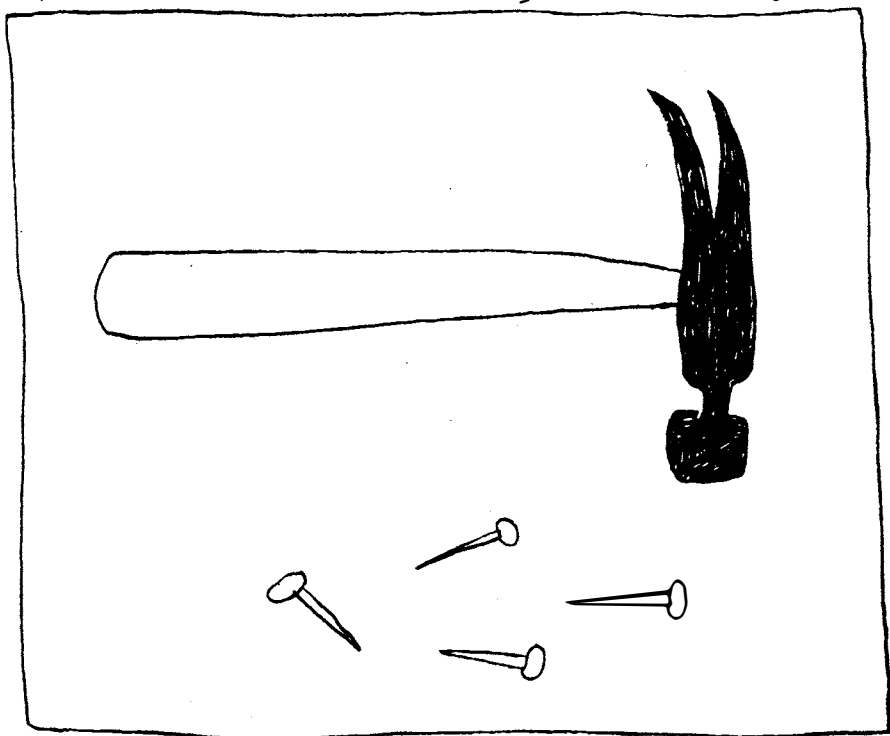
As a means of social control, social institutions reinforce the feeling of victimization in each of us while focusing these feelings in directions that reinforce dependence on social institutions. The media bombards us with tales of crime, political and corporate corruption, racial and gender strife, scarcity and war. While these tales often have a basis in reality, they are presented quite clearly to reinforce fear. But many of us doubt the media, and so are served up a whole slew of 'radical' ideologies—all containing a grain of real perception, but all blind to whatever does not fit into their ideological structure. Each one of these ideologies reinforces the ideology of victimization and focuses the energy of individuals away from an examination of society in its totality and of their role in reproducing it. Both the media and all versions of ideological radicalism reinforce the idea that we are victimized by that which is 'outside', by the Other, and that social structures—the family, the cops, the law, therapy and support groups, education, 'radical' organizations or anything else that can reinforce a sense of dependence—are there to protect us. If society did not produce these mechanisms—including the structures of false, ideological, partial opposition—to protect itself, we might just examine society in its totality and come to recognize its dependence upon our activity to reproduce it. Then, every chance we get, we might refuse our

roles as dependent/victim of society. But the emotions, attitudes, and modes of thought evoked by the ideology of victimization make such a reversal of perspective very difficult.

In accepting the ideology of victimization in any form, we choose to live in fear. The person who painted the "Men Rape" graffiti was most likely a feminist, a woman who saw her act as a radical defiance of patriarchal oppression. But such proclamations, in fact, merely add to a climate of fear that already exists. Instead of giving women, as individuals a feeling of strength, it reinforces the idea that women are essentially victims, and women who read this graffiti, even if they consciously reject the dogma behind it, probably walk the streets more fearfully. The ideology of victimization that permeates so much feminist discourse can also be found in some form in gay liberation, racial/national liberation, class war and damn near every other 'radical' ideology. Fear of an actual, immediate, readily identified threat to an individual can motivate intelligent action to eradicate the threat, but the fear created by the ideology of victimization is a fear of forces both too large and too abstract for the individual to deal with. It ends up becoming a *climate* of fear, suspicion and paranoia which makes the mediations which are the network of social control seem necessary and even good.

It is this seemingly overwhelming climate of fear that creates the sense of weakness, the sense of essential victimhood, in individuals. While it is true that various ideological 'liberationists' often bluster with militant rage, it rarely gets beyond that to the point of really threatening anything. Instead, they 'demand' (read "militantly beg") that those they define as their oppressors grant them their 'liberation'. An example of this occurred at the 1989 "Without Borders" anarchist gathering in San Francisco. There is no question that at most workshops I went to, men tended to talk more than women. But no one was stopping women from speaking, and I didn't notice any lack of respect being shown for women who did speak. Yet, at the public microphone in the courtyard of the building where the gathering was held, a speech was made in which it was proclaimed that 'men' were dominating the discussions and keeping 'women' from speaking. The orator 'demanded' (again, read "militantly begged") that men make sure that they gave women space to speak. In other words, the speaker was begging the oppressor, according to her ideology, to grant the 'rights' of the oppressed—an attitude which, by implication, *accepts* the role of man as oppressor and woman as victim. There were workshops where certain *individuals* did dominate the discussions, but a person who is acting from the strength of their individuality will deal with such a situation by immediately confronting it as it occurs and will deal with the people involved as *individuals*. The need to put such situations into an ideological context and to rent the individuals involved as social roles, turning the real, immediate experience into abstract categories is a sign that one has chosen to be weak, to be a victim. And embracing weakness puts one in the absurd position of having to beg one's oppressor to grant one's liberation—guaranteeing that one will never be free to be anything

The real symbol
for religion.



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Mr. fish

but a victim.

Like all ideologies, the varieties of the ideology of victimization are forms of fake consciousness. Accepting the social role of victim—in whatever one of its many forms—is choosing to not even create one's life for oneself or to explore one's real relationships to the social structures. All of the partial liberation movements—feminism, gay liberation, racial liberation, workers movements and so on—define individuals in terms of their social roles. Because of this, these movements not only do not include a reversal of perspectives which breaks down social roles and allows individuals to create a praxis built on their own passions and desires; they actually work against such a reversal of perspective. The 'liberation' offered by these movements is not the freedom of individuals to create the lives they desire in an atmosphere of free conviviality, but is rather 'liberation' of a social role to which the individual remains subject. But the essence of these social roles within the framework of these 'liberation' ideologies is victimhood. So the litanies of wrongs suffered must be sung over and over to guarantee that the 'victims' never forget that is what they are. These 'radical' liberation movements help to guarantee that the climate of fear never disappears, and that individuals continue to see themselves weak and to see their strength as lying in the social roles which are, in fact, the source of their victimization. In this way, these movements and ideologies act to prevent the possibility of a potent revolt against all authority and all social roles.

True revolt is never safe. Those who choose to define themselves in terms of their role as victim do not dare to try total revolt, because it would threaten the safety of their roles. But, as Nietzsche said: "The secret of the greatest fruitfulness and the greatest enjoyment of existence is to live *dangerously*!" Only a conscious rejection of the ideology of victimization, a refusal to live in fear and weakness, and an acceptance of the strength of our own passions and desires, of ourselves as *individuals* who

are greater than, and so capable of living beyond, all social roles, can provide a basis for total rebellion against society. Such a rebellion is certainly fueled, in part, by rage, but not the strident, resentful, frustrated rage of the victim which motivates feminists, racial liberationists, gay liberationists and the like to 'demand' their 'rights' from the authorities. Rather it is the rage of our desires unchained, the return of the repressed in full force and undisguised. But more essentially, total revolt is fueled by a spirit of free play and of joy in adventure—by a desire to explore every possibility for intense life which society tries to deny us. For all of us who want to live fully and without constraint, the time is past when we can tolerate living like shy mice inside the walls. Every form of the ideology of victimization moves us to live as shy mice. Instead, let's be crazed and laughing monsters, joyfully tearing down the walls of society and creating lives of wonder and amazement for ourselves.

Kropotkin Museum in Russia

In the former USSR there is a renewed interest in Peter Kropotkin, the well known Russian anarchist. Restoration of memorial museums to him (closed by Stalin) are under way. The museums are asking anarchists from all over to send in "Editions of Kropotkin's works and literature about him of different years of publication, and anarchist periodicals, leaflets, and other publications of 1917-21 connected with Kropotkin's activity in the last period of his life. We are also interested in modern periodicals of anarchist groups, documents, leaflets and other materials. The museum is ready to buy the materials it is interested in, or to exchange" extra copies of other publications the museum possesses. [Note from New York Neither East Nor West: Please send stuff for free if you can. The ruble has collapsed and dollars are rare. The situation there is desperate.]

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If you haven't already, please subscribe today!



Anarchy #1 (4pp., 8 1/2"x11"/photocopy) [Jan. 1980] Includes Badguy's short story, "Ausma."

Anarchy #2 (4pp., 8 1/2"x11"/photocopy) [March 1980] Includes "Drifting toward WWII" by Sea @.

Anarchy #6 (12pp., tabloid) [Aug. 1985] Includes a story by William Cottrell titled "Mother Love" & "Native American News."

Anarchy #7 (12pp., tabloid) [Sept. 1985] Contents include "Pornography & femaleness" 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 Freddie Baer's "The daily battle" and Bob Black's "The abolition of work."

Anarchy #9 (12pp., tabloid) [Dec. '85/Jan. '86] Includes Gerry Reith's story "Foreign Policy," and Noa's "The Plague (Central America)."

Anarchy #10 (12pp., tabloid) [Feb./March 1986] Contents include the first installment of "The Papalagi" by Tuiavii of Tiavea.

Anarchy #11 (12pp., tabloid) [April 1986] Contents include part 2 of "The Papalagi," and Gerry Reith's story "Winning hearts and minds."

Anarchy #12 (12pp., tabloid) [Summer 1986] Contents include a report on the "Haymarket '86 anarchist gathering," "Let us prey! Smash the state!" by Bob Black, and "Notes on playing for keeps" by Alf Sprack, plus a 12-page insert of the Summer '86 issue of *The Gentle Anarchist*.

Anarchy #13 [Weekly World Anarchy issue] (20pp., tabloid) [Fall/Winter 1986] Includes "The bioregional vision—far-sighted or myopic?" by Lev Chernyi, and Murray Bookchin's "Theses on

libertarian municipalism."

Anarchy #14 (28pp., tabloid) [Summer 1987] Includes John Zerzan's "Vagaries of negation," and "Intervention in Vietnam and Central America: Parallels and differences" by Noam Chomsky.

Anarchy #15 (32pp., tabloid) [Winter 1988] Contents include "The realization and suppression of religion" by Ken Knabb, "Anarchy & religion: a dialogue" (Fred Woodworth, Jay Kinney, & Lev Chernyi).

Anarchy #16 (32pp., tabloid) [Summer 1988] Contents include "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, and "Anarchy & religion—the dialogue continues."

Anarchy #17 (32pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [Fall/Winter 1988/89] Contents include "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), and the first installment of "The nihilist's dictionary" by John Zerzan.

Anarchy #18 (32pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [March/April 1989] Contents include Paul Simons' "Report on the Oct. 17th Pentagon action," "Current controversies concerning the annual continental anarchist gatherings" by Lev Chernyi, "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," a continuing discussion of "Biocentrism vs. the critique of ideology" between Feral Faun, Lone Wolf Circles, and Lev Chernyi,

and more discussion on anarchy and religion.

Anarchy #19 (32pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [May-July 1989] Contents include Melen Lunn's "Report on the April N.O.W. march in D.C.," John Barrett's "The Economic Movement and the Polish Opposition," "Pedophilia: Views from the other side," "Liberating sexuality" by Lev Chernyi, Laure A.'s "Sexuality and the mystique of innocence," "Save the children" by Richard Walters, "Biocentrism: ideology against nature" by Mikal Jakubal, & Feral Faun's "Beyond Earth First!"

Anarchy #20/21 Double issue (48pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [Aug.-October 1989] Contents include "Clean, sober & obedient: Behind the anti-drug witch-hunt" by Jack Straw, "On Afghanistan" by A Trotter, "People's Park riot in Berkeley: What really happened on May 19th," a review of Errol Morris' "The Thin Blue Line," "Venezuela in the streets! Letter from a Venezuelan anarchist," "An open letter about the Toronto gathering demonstration and demonstrations in general" by Feral Faun, the final installment of "The Papalagi" entitled "The Papalagi want to drag us down into their darkness," "To have done with the economy of love" by Feral Faun, "Whatever happened to the sexual revolution" by Richard Walters, "Monogamy or non-monogamy? A discussion," a story by Laurie Ulster titled "I'll Remember You," the newly revised version of "As we see it," Toni Otter's review of *Erotic by Nature*, Dreamhawk's story "The Pink Scarf," "Jealousy" by Isaac Cronin, Kevin Keating's story "The Man in the Box," and lots of columns including John Zerzan on the "Feral," and Mikal Jakubal's "Effects without a cause."

Anarchy #22 (32pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [Nov./Dec. 89]

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Contents include "Without Borders 1989; Reports on the gathering and Day of Action," the first chapter of Raoul Vaneigem's *The Revolution of Everyday Life* on "The insignificant signified," "In search of the New Age; The infinite egress of you" by Janos Nehek, "Kid's Sexuality" by K@nalratten, "In the wake of the Exxon Valdez; World capitalism and global ecocide" by Will Guest, as well as an insert of the first 4-page issue of *North American Anarchist Review*.

Anarchy #23 (36pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [Jan./Feb. '89] Contents include "An interview with a W. Berlin autonomist," "Seven theses on play" by Paul Simons, "The population myth" by Murray Bookchin, "Propaganda American-style" by Noam Chomsky, "Contradictions of cocaine capitalism" by Jefferson Morley, and Raoul Vaneigem's "Humiliation."

Anarchy #24 (36pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [March-April '90] Contents include "At the Berlin Wall" by Laure A., Hakim Bey's "Boy-cott cop culture!," Raoul Vaneigem on "Isolation," "Misinformation and manipulation: An anarchist critique of the politics of AIDS" by Joe Peacock, An exchange on "Anarchy and the sacred," Ben Price's "Talking to ourselves."

Anarchy #25 (36pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [Summer '90] Contents include "Death of a revolutionary" by Max Anger, "Bonanno & Stasi in Italy," "Anarchy in Eastern Europe" by Stefan Wray, Raoul Vaneigem on "Suffering," "The mass psychology of misery" by John Zerzan, "Ecocide on the east side" by Will Guest, plus an 8-page insert of the *NAAR* #2.

Anarchy #26 (40pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [Fall '90] Contents include "What went wrong with the anarchist convention" by Eliza, "News from Italy" by Stefan

Wray, "East-West @ Conference: Trieste Italy" by Laure A. & Stefan Wray, "More news from Yugoslavia, Austria, Germany & Holland" by Stefan Wray, Raoul Vaneigem on "The decline and fall of work," Bob Black's "No future for the workplace," "Venderman" by Avid Darkly, "Take things from work" by bp ummfatik, Kevin Keating's fiction titled "The Good, the Bad, and the Angry," B. Edna's "On resuming a language of anarchy: Heidegger's flower" with responses by John Zerzan & Lev Chernyi, plus a 4-page insert of *NAAR* #3.

Anarchy #27 (36pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [Winter '90-'91] Contents include "Soviet anarcho-syndicalism: An interview with a member of the KAS," Vaneigem on "Decompression and the third force," Su Negrin on "Ageism," "Some notes on the reproduction of human capital" by Robert Cooperstein, "As soon as you're born they make you feel small..." by Wendy Ayotte, "Hearts and minds: The failure of sex abuse education" by Joel Featherstone, & Schaun Perry's "Child/adult sex: A continuum."

Anarchy #28 (36pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [Spring '91] Contents include Charlatan Stew's "No state solution is a good solution" & "Myths of the anti-war movement," Piotr Tyminsky's "Eastern Europe: Real revolution?," Vaneigem on "The age of happiness," "James Koehnline's 'Legend of the Great Dismal Maroons,'" and Stefan Wray's report on the Berlin "International anarchist meeting" (on communications), & an 8-page insert of *NAAR* #4.

Anarchy #29 (36pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [Summer '91] Special issue on "The Situationists and Beyond..." Contents include "Our dreams will become their nightmares: Student uprising in Greece," Vaneigem on "Ex-

change and gift," John Zerzan's "Just another brick in the wall," the Bureau of Public Secrets' "The war and the spectacle," Bob Black's "The realization and suppression of situationism," "Drifting with the Situationist International," part 1 of Tom Ward's "The situationists reconsidered," and René Viénet's account of "The Sorbonne occupied" (Paris '68), along with "A brief interview with Noam Chomsky on anarchy, civilization & technology."

Anarchy #30 (36pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [Fall '91] Contents include "Ten days that shook Iraq," Jack Straw's report on "The battle for People's Park," Stefan Wray's "Notes from Eastern Europe," Laure A. on "The rebellion that never had a chance," John Zerzan's "The catastrophe of postmodernism," Vaneigem on "Technology and its mediated use," and Bob Black's column "The anti-anarchist conspiracy: An empirical test," plus an 8-page insert of *NAAR* #5.

Anarchy #31 (44pp., 10 1/2"x14 1/2"/stitched) [Winter '92] Special issue on "Women, Gender & Anarchy." Contents include "Down quantity street" by Raoul Vaneigem, "Beyond feminism: Anarchism and human freedom" by L. Susan Brown, "The women's movement and the reaction against it" by Laure Akai, "Feminism: Disarmed? Indulgent? Introverted?" by Iris Mills, "Anarchism and gender" by Liz Highleyman, "Mujeres Libres and the Spanish Revolution" by Amy Meselson, "Regaining control: Taking health care into our own hands," Ruth Hubbard's "There is no natural human sexuality," and Adrian Kollant's "A few words on men's liberation."

C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446 USA

By W.S.D. (POB 80044, Akron, OH. 44308).

always absolutely incompatible with anarchy. Nor does it mean that unions of individuals, or other social collectivities are always necessarily authoritarian. What it does imply is that each of these means of organization will be *subordinated* to people's desires and experiences in a genuinely anarchist society. The means used by groups of people will never be perfectly libertarian, but the moment any of them is reified and identified as being *the* libertarian means, it will in practice become the opposite. When markets are limited in this way (such that they are marginal to the centers of social life and unable to colonize other facets of social life) they can begin to function with elements of playfulness, generosity and genuine social intercourse. The same can be said of unions and other collectivities. In an anarchist society a balancing act will be required which prevents any one form of organization from coalescing and enfolding the others. Social powers will have to be widely dispersed and prevented from degenerating into any form of political, economic or cultural hierarchic consolidation. Anything less will mean the rebirth of the state under some other guise.

Life outside the mall

Hi, Lev,

I had the good fortune of coming across the Fall '91 issue of *Anarchy* while here in Austin, so that my present in transit condition did not prevent me from reading it. Having just left a haven of post-modern attitudes and cultural non-activity in New Orleans, John Zerzan's article "The Catastrophe of Postmodernism"—dealing with the philosophical/intellectual side of this cultural phenomenon—was a welcome addition to my experiences dealing with the artistic/literary/attitudinal aspects of it. While many readers may consider John's article irrelevant, my recent experiments indicate far otherwise, because, although few of the people I knew in New Orleans had any interest in reading the postmodern philosophers, most had the pm attitude—and it wasn't pretty....

For the most part, though my own readings in pm literature amount to very little bits of Baudrillard, Foucault and Deleuze and Guattari, I consider John's article to be on target in its critique of pm...but still some of what he had to say bothered me. At the end of the article he says, "Postmodernism leaves us hopeless in an unending mall; without a living critique; nowhere." Though John's article certainly offers a critique it offers little in the way of hope or a vision of life outside the mall.... One is left with a feeling that the social tendencies toward total control have, indeed, won the day. I suspect that this is because John lets so little of his own subjectivity enter into his writing.... He gives no sign of having made a reversal of perspective. Instead, he seems to desire "ethical values"—some meaning beyond that which each of us can create from our own desires and passions—values based on a 'nature' that provides 'standards'. It is true that his 'nature' is described in terms like "underneath the pavement, the beach"—i.e. as the wild energy repressed by

domestication. But he seems to want a certainty from this that it will never offer.

PM ideas are symptoms of the fact that ethical values and all the 'easy' standards offered by society have eroded away. For the pm'ists, this makes any radical critique impossible. John seems to find it very troubling. But I rejoice in it, because with the collapse of social and ethical values, radical subjectivity can express itself in an intelligent, critical analysis and a lived expression of rebellious desire that makes us—in defiance of society—the creators of our lives. PM'ists fail to be radical, because in rejecting their own subjectivity—certainly fickle, dancing, ever-changing, but no less real to those of us who haven't locked ourselves in an ivory tower of intellectual mistiness or cynical hipness—they reject any basis for resisting domination. But it is precisely that radical subjectivity—and not ethical values nor 'nature', a socially defined conception of what lies beneath domestication that makes it monolithic and so recuperates it—that provides a basis for rebellion and radical explorations into new ways of relating and playing. The pm 'thinkers' (and artists, and...)—though posing as radicals—are, in fact, supporters of domination. And it is ourselves—our desires, our passions, our dreams and our ferocity—that we need to oppose to their hollow bullshit and to the totality of domination. Anything else will be just another brick in the wall.... I know John knows this and maybe I've misunderstood those parts of his article which seemed to express a longing for external values. Anyway, despite these criticisms, I found the article quite enlightening and thank John for writing it and you for printing it.... PM as philosophy, as art and as attitude can be seen as society's most advanced recuperative strategy against rebellion, because it uses rebellious rhetoric to promote a kind of inactive nihilism that ends up supporting domination and alienation by denying it.

Feral Faun, Austin, TX.

High tech serfdom

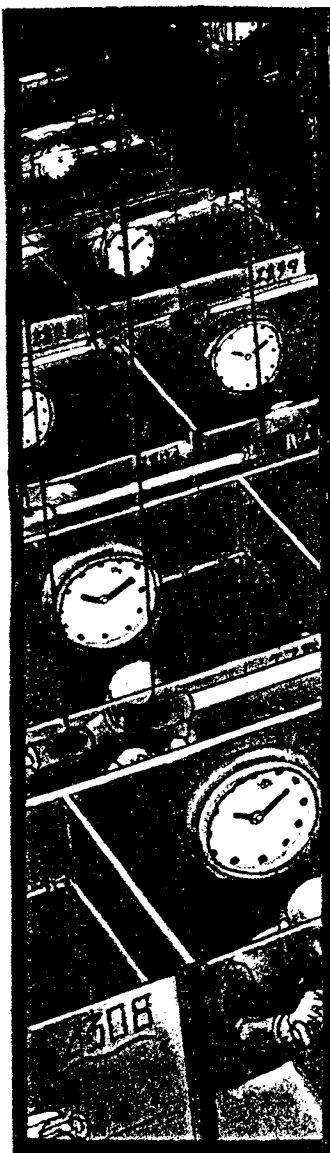
To Lev Chernyi/*Anarchy*/C.A.L.,

I finally know the basics and know them rather well, but wonder what the benefit. In fact it seems almost counterproductive—I have put myself beyond contemporary dialogue and communication in any form; except for the few who are where I am and share the same problem.

I am one of those who realized by the sixties what George Orwell had realized by the late thirties—though it was more like the past decade before I really understood Orwell and our contemporary dilemma, which a lot of people understand now but to no avail as yet.

That our ideological dualism is now as irrelevant as the late Medieval disputations over the finer points of their theology. Or as plain George Wallace put it, they're ain't a dime's worth of difference between the two major political parties, and there has been a lot of inflation since then. Nor is there much difference between them and the minor parties that try to give us a better choice;

Continued on next page



A Message from the CIA Concerning the Possible Breakup of Canada

Recently, as you can imagine, our organization has been closely watching events in Canada. Over the years, our countries have come to develop what we consider a special bond, a relationship characterized by an ongoing convergence of interests, clockwork predictability, and a deep sense of friendship and trust. It is in light of this past that we find your country's current climate of instability disappointing, and, frankly, quite disturbing.

At times we have supported nationalist movements, primarily when their goal has been to destabilize left-wing or communist regimes. And we Americans, of course, are hardly shy about blowing our own horn—the rally-round-the-flag effect was one of the prerequisites for our crushing victory over Iraq.

In general, in today's world, however, national liberation movements have become an anachronism. Now that the ex-Soviets have joined the fold, and have stopped exporting subversion, these movements are no longer needed to overthrow Russian-client regimes. What the New World Order requires is stability, consensus, and responsible global citizenship, *not* new, or above all, loose-cannon states.

Take Saddam. We helped finance his war against Iran, pumped money into his economy, helped arm him to the teeth...and then look what he went and did! Talk about ungrateful! Or take Yugoslavia: this is precisely the kind of mess we are trying to avoid.

Our government has made it clear that we prefer a united Canada. In the past, our agency has engineered numerous coups, or has generally made life miserable for those who oppose our will (though nowadays we usually let the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank, and the international capitalist system do our arm-twisting for us). However, having examined the situation closely, we fully expect our neighbors to the north to avoid Iraqi blunders or Yugoslav excesses. Rest assured, in fact, that we find it highly unlikely that our agency will be reaching into our little bag of, er, dirty tricks. We fully appreciate that nationalist passions are presently running high, and that the separation of Quebec is a distinct possibility. If it does, in fact, occur, what is to be avoided, above all, is civil war breaking out (a Croatian-type fiasco), or, more generally, any kind of activity that impedes the normal flow of commodities and business as usual. But we are confident that such will not be the case. In supporting free trade, Quebec leaders have demonstrated precisely the kind of maturity that we have become accustomed to. And the eagerness of Quebec politicians and labor bureaucrats to see your country as a source of energy and natural resources for our empire (James Bay II, etc.) reassures us that they possess the vision and responsibility that the New World Order requires. And as the René Lévesque cult indicates, we fully expect Quebecers to follow their cultural-political elites—what we fear are people who are unwilling to knuckle under to leaders, politicians, or bureaucrats of any stripe.

So, go ahead, have your fling. We have dealt with many nationalist movements in the past, and yours we expect to be a piece of cake. And as for the left-nationalist milieu, which, as their "October Chaud" flop about the 20th anniversary of the October crisis demonstrated, is irrelevant anyway, they are welcome to continue to fulfill their role as a loyal opposition. And even if they managed to attract more support, rest assured they would come around to our way of thinking soon enough, as the last 60 years demonstrates. After all, they're not as unlike us as they would like to think!

Yes, go right ahead. We are convinced that whatever happens, everything is going to work out just fine.

References for non-Canadians:

James Bay II: The second phase of a hydroelectric project which would flood vast areas of northern Québec. The project has now been delayed for a number of reasons, and is opposed by the Cree, who live in the area.

René Lévesque: A chain-smoking talk show host who later led the pro-independence Parti Québécois to its first electoral victory in 1976.

The October Crisis: In 1970, the Front de Libération du Québec, an urban guerrilla group, culminated a series of actions by kidnapping two people. The Canadian government reacted by declaring a state of emergency, placed tanks in the streets of Montréal, and arrested hundreds of pro-independence activists, intellectuals, poets, etc., the vast majority of whom had no relation to the urban guerrilla organization. Ultimately, the state was able to infiltrate and destroy the organization.

LETTERS

High tech serfdom

Continued from previous page

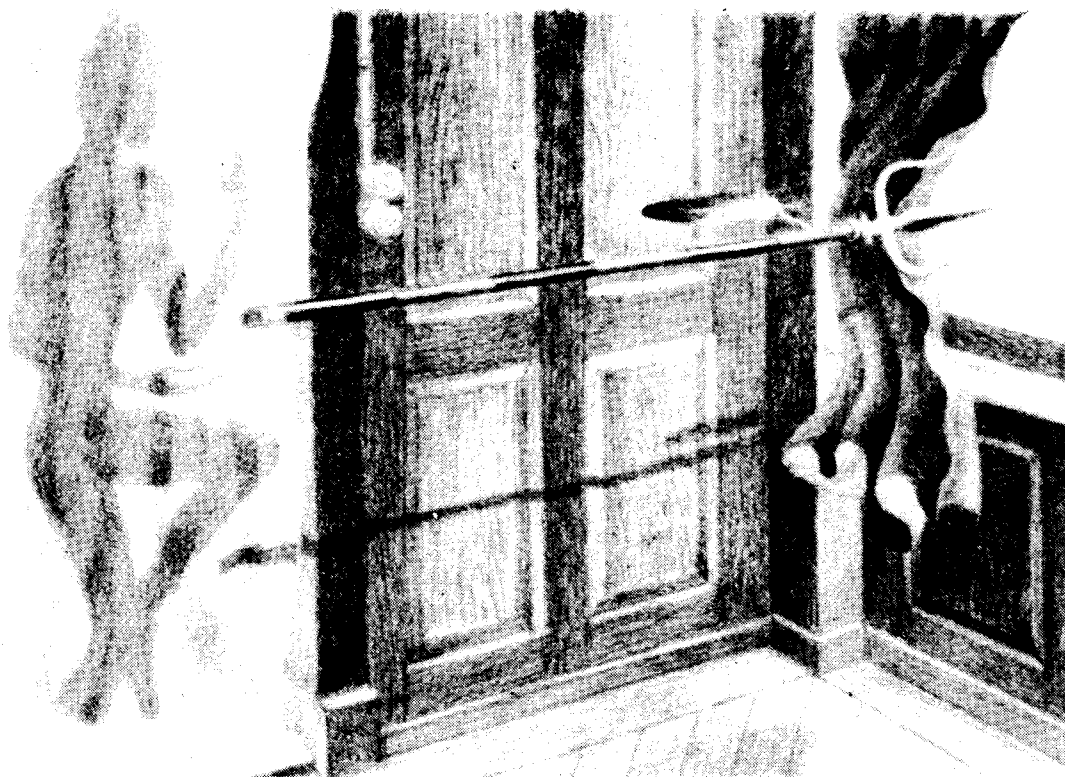
where it is only their second problem that they lack money and votes; their first problem is that they also lack relevance, though they may have put an issue or two in better focus.

Now I realize anarchists have no interest in politics except as a problem in their lives, like pollution and economic exploitation, but I have learned considerable of the basics from some anarchists, and I am trying to sort out the options for all advocates of freedom of any real sort and degree.

Like most Americans I believed in all the fashionable values and ideals; never questioned them or had any patience with anybody who did, until from books and experience I began learning beyond what I was taught and told and encountered too many contradictions. A process I won't detail here as it is only too common an experience and has been described often enough by authors who have broken with the American Dream. If there is anything unique about my own experience it is that I was among the few who did not embrace any of the readily available alternatives—Back to the Soil, some retreat from life and living, or the (leftist) anti-Capitalist mentality. Or like Caryl Chessman declare a futile private war on the 'System'. Which System, as he noted, he only helped to strengthen, which is the net effect of most alienated activists.

I checked out all these alternatives and between them and after you have sorted out all the confusion and self-delusion they do make the case against our now perverted goal of *utopia* via more is better. But aside from those few who would appeal it all and go back to the pre-Modern status, none go beyond alienation and disaffiliation to any workable alternatives; how do we take this great Modern potential for either good or ill and make the best of it, in the real world and not some Dream Time or Coffee-House illusion?

So I understood what was wrong but not what was right and was still trying to believe in that curious Conservative coalition of Capitalism and Christianity and arcane Americana that would defend our freedoms against militant Communism and the less obvious but corrosive effects of domestic socialism in the name of the public welfare. For some five years I subscribed to Bill Buckley's *National Review*, have read it occasionally since, read the critics of it—and learned of this curious anomaly whereby radical Marxists of the twenties who broke with Communism over the Stalin purges or the Hitler-Stalin Pact and since switched to equally radical Christianity and Americanism took charge of both mag and Movement. In fact former leftists who switched set the intellectual tone and the very direction of the entire all-American Christian anti-Commie Crusade for Christ and Country for Christ sake; and made the Cold War their security blanket in every sense. And quite apart from the question of commie subversion there is the question of why the Conservatives allowed it to happen, why did they allow



"Paradoxe Schattenboxer." Reprinted from *Hotcha!* #67/68 (Urban Gwerder, CH-7243, Switzerland).

these strange birds to foul their nest that way? The only certain conclusion I can draw from this is that with Conservatives for friends we don't need enemies, and if freedom is going to be defended it's got to be by something better than that. So with a basic understanding of that by the sixties I went with 'Libertarianism' as politics in the hope of it becoming the badly needed better choice, and soon realized to my disgust and loathing that it was not about to be anything such, that the radicals in charge of it had no such aspirations as they played their arty freedom games, and the 'Establishment' remained secure. Even as it became obvious that this Establishment had lost its popular support; that given any proper alternative the people would go for it. For to paraphrase the poet William Carlos Williams; we have neither philosophy nor politics that is in the American grain; we have no direction; we are but pawns in a poor game.

Despite my disgust and alienation—come indifference—I kept trying to sort it all out and ended up in some strange associations, reconsidering the basics, trying to find some viable option, knowing it has to be in sync with the changes Modernism has made, and the changes that are coming.

I have always been for the basic republican values; a maximum of freedom with a minimum of government, and that is not a contradiction. If you accept as given fact that we are social animals, if we are going to have the benefits of social and economic organization and diversification, if our society is to have its confusion and friction minimized by common rules and codes and a system of settling disputes regarding contract and trespass and assault and such, you must have the minimum of government, no matter what you call it. Allow government in any form and by any name to go beyond that and it is soon out of control, limit government beyond that and some private coalition will create a competing system of exploitation that the people will have no effective defense against, short of a 'governmental' coalition that may prove as bad or worse.

Such are the options as I see them, so long as the world and humanity is as it is. Theories and illusions grounded in theology or ideology but not reality do not interest me. And I don't care to get rhetorical but it is only too tragically true that the price of Liberty is eternal vigilance, and those who would live free must be properly educated in the basics in each generation—and be ready to fight and bleed and die for it whenever it should come to that. Ideology and theology and jingoism are dispensable, but these basics are apparently indispensable.

In my wanderings and searches I find that some anarchists are nearer to basic republican values than are the conservatives for instance, who are now at a far remove from the near free society this country started out with. And it seems to me that where the anarchists have had a successful anarchist commune or enterprise, it was actually run on republican principles. That to me is one of the more interesting aspects of that strange and confusing civil strife in Spain in the thirties. The anarchists held some fairly large areas of Spain for some extended periods of time, with the minimum of either government or the chaos that most people automatically associate with anarchy. They protected their own turf and their own people and not only fought those who opposed them, they rounded up and shot those they considered natural/statist enemies.

They kept the public order and the economic too, and accomplished some rather large and commendable social and economic changes, until they were driven out and the (property?) was restored to its rightful owners and the political (order?) restored.

I would very much like to see this anarchist success studied from the above perspective; that it was actually a republic under the black flag of anarchy.

There have also been some successful anarchist/socialistic enterprises, enough of them that no reasonable observer could deny the fact or call it but an exceptional instance or two, and from there I would like some proper defini-

tions of capitalism and socialism.

Actually, I would prefer to go back to basic socialism and free enterprise, quite apart from the current perversions of them as State Socialism and Capitalism. Like over there in Conservative Cloud-Land where they nerd their kids throughout the education system with such absurdities as that capital-ism is free enterprise and that State-bureaucratic socialism is the only kind there is or ever was or ever will be when the fact is real or basic free enterprise or socialism can either of them work quite well without bureaucracy or exploitation, providing some basic pre-conditions are understood and observed.

Now I am not trying to sell government to anarchists or anarchism to conservatives but I am trying to sort out the basics, or set the necessary pre-conditions of such a sort, in hopes that others will take it from there. Meanwhile we go our tragic way and the authority types have found another opportunity, another world concern and moral sanction, and here come the ecology fascists!

Yes Virginia, yes John, if you own a printing press here in free America it must now be registered to the State. But not in the name of censorship, of course not; but printing presses use chemicals that are hazardous to the environment, and so the ecology fascists have to know about it, and check it for pollution. And there is no end to it, and will not be, until we sort out the basics. Which will not guarantee success but the present confusion does guarantee failure to restrain the Establishment, despite the fact it no longer has any popular support, except among those parasites it feeds at the expense of the remaining semi-free producers. So let's try to get it right while we still can, before they close the gates on the New World Order High Tech serfdom.

R.S., Chino, CA.

Each one of us is

To the Editor,

You provide a wonderful service at a time in history when language is used to divert attention from truth to whatever the pillars of

established authority deem to be in their own short term best interests. I enjoy reading your publication.

I try to maintain my intellectual independence. I declare all barriers of race, religion, social status, values, beliefs and material possessions to be man made and artificial. I am not an anarchist. I know God as the Divine presence within each living human being and in all matter, organic and inorganic. Historically, and now, the sanctimonious sots of organized religion separate God from His people and they claim to be intermediaries. This claim is false.

Regardless of whether any one of us 'accepts' responsibility for our actions or not, each one of us is. I am against exploitation including the exploitation of children. I favor liberation and freedom of speech, but I also know that rhetoric may be used to debase and enslave as well as to liberate. I am free in my spiritual pursuit.

Anon., IL.

Christ, an anarchist?

Dear *Anarchy*,

I'm sick of all fucken people who dogmatize their existence through categorizing/condemning everyone with a different perspective. Especially true is their self-flagellation of 'whites' going on today. What is this? Everyone condemns the whites for the destruction of the world and all the oppression. I didn't realize that the slaughtering going on in Sri Lanka was due to whites, etc. etc. The point is, as Bookchin makes it clear, in *Remaking Society* intro: such blanket generalizations do no good at all. It is not all individuals who do such 'evils', but a structure which enforces the slavery of all!! (Piss on ideologies such as 'Deep' Ecology that perpetrate such myths.) This is not dogmatism but reality—look around—look in the mirror. Yet everyone blames the ind. white boy for his terrible deeds. (Meanwhile, their self-flagellation extends to punish their own family and neighbors.) It's like it's OK to worry about the poor soles some where else, but it's OK to treat the people around you like *shit*. Contradiction?

But what can we expect when people so religiously adhere to an ideology (cf. Mikal Jakubal's excellent article in *Anarchy* #19). People flippantly condemn this or that—work, Christianity, white boy....

But there is little analysis. Work is necessary (not in the slavery mode). Some think it's all a fantasy where all we do is have fun. Being self-sufficient is far from fun, it takes a lot of work, ...etc.

Blind condemnations of Christianity are useless, at best. While Fundamentalists *et al.* have really fucked up any hope of spoiled middle class alternatives types from seeing any good in it—it has been a revolutionary force in much of South Africa and Latin America. Liberation Theology has driven much of the resistance movement. In fact, a large part of the Sandinistas are Christians. In Ontario, numerous churches are involved in fighting with farmers for "their rights"; poverty issues,

etc. It's about dam time. Of course most are happy—oh so happy driving to whore-ship services that only serve to reinforce their beliefs that they are better than anyone else. Typical of organized organizations.

Christ was the perfect example of an Anarchist. All he did was slam the religious/state leaders. As a Guatemalan man told me "Christ was assassinated because he represented the oppressed." Whether it be women, the poor, prostitutes, leprosy victims, or whomever—Christ accepted them and stood up for them and healed them—this went radically against a society bent on racism, sexism and any other ism you can imagine. Hence he was outcast and savagely murdered.

A blanket condemnation of anything without understanding/analyzing it is dangerous—whether left or right, new left...piss on it all.

What I see is what Paulo Friere, Brazilian educator, described as an attitude both naive and romantic: "The state of (transitive) consciousness...is characterized by an oversimplification of problems...fanciful explanations...and fragility of argument." Oh yes, it's a magical world. I am their Saviour. Only I am enlightened—so only I can help them. Give me a break. All you peacocks should take a break (are broken).

But may I ask which of these progressive "new class" types even take time out for those around them? How many can not even face their parents or family in the eyes? And they expect some peasant to think they give a shit about them??? The point is that the motives are so scattered—dispersed by the self-deception. Ha! Gotcha! Oh you so ideologically/politically correct devout believers: "A doctrine insulates the devout not only against the realities around them but also against their own selves. The fanatical believer is not conscious of his envy, malice, pettiness and dishonesty. There is a wall of words between his consciousness and his real self." —Eric Hoffer

Think—criticize—positively and negatively all ideas and especially self. *Stop lying to yourself* forget being a hero*your method of self deception is still alive*

To close with a slap in the face—you who think that Fundamentalists represent Christianity. Fuck—they represent Bushocracy: analyze for your self: "Now listen, you rich people, weep and wail because of the misery that is coming upon you. Your wealth has rotted, and moths have eaten your clothes. Your gold and silver are corroded. Their corrosion will testify against you and eat your flesh like fire. You have hoarded wealth in the last days. Look! The wages you failed to pay the workmen who mowed your fields are crying out against you. The cries of the harvesters have reached the ears of the Lord Almighty. You have lived on earth in luxury and self-indulgence. You have fattened your selves in the day of slaughter. You have condemned and murdered innocent men, who were not opposing you." —James 5.

Write if you want:

Tony Hendry
RR#2, 380 Cramer Rd.
Dundas, Ontario L9H 5E2
Canada

Valid point

Dear Comrades,

R.E.'s letter in *Anarchy* #29 ["The problem is desires"] touched on a valid point concerning the "Desire Armed" part of your subtitle. After all, many of us have false desires that've been instilled in us thru our social conditioning. It's many people's idea of 'desire', for instance, to eat at McDonalds or some similar fast-food deathtrap, or to hold a job or other position which gives them control over others. It is some people's desire to persecute, harass, humiliate, or cause pain to others (whether it be emotional or physical).

We must be very careful when talking about liberating desire. After all, those who do the above things could well argue that they're only acting on their desires. We mustn't simply talk about liberating desire, we must ask why it's the desire of many to be mindless consumers, authoritarians, or just plain ol' assholes. For my part, I've found Erich Fromm and Wilhelm Reich both very helpful in unlocking the answers to many of these questions.

Yours,
D.S., Mpls., MN.

[You may be correct that R.E.'s letter "touched on a valid point." The problem with his letter, though, was that the point you mention was all but lost in a generalized denunciation of desire, as though people should live their lives based upon sacrifice, instead. We live in a world where most people are so alienated that they have trouble figuring out who they are and what they want from life. It's no wonder that they confuse conditioned "wants" for more genuine desires. But this no more invalidates the struggle to "arm our desires," than does confusion over the meaning of freedom (where owning a 'hot' car is equated with freedom, for instance) invalidate the struggle for freedom! To simply give up the positive meanings of desire and freedom as lost causes given the prevalence and success of modern advertising and propaganda techniques would be self-defeating. -Jason]

'Libertarian' Republican

Dear Editor,

I do not subscribe to your philosophy. I am a proud and strident Libertarian Republican. However, I must admit, I find your expressed views challenging, and most certainly, a welcome alternative to mainstream political opinion.

Like other Libertarians, I have always viewed anarchy as simply being the extreme of libertarianism. Simply put, Libertarians believe like Thomas Jefferson, "That government is best which governs least." In contrast, most Anarchists believe in the words of Henry David Thoreau, "That government is best, which governs not at all."

This is why I have always been puzzled as to why anarchists are more closely aligned to 'liberals' and the left, rather than libertarians and others on the right?

Your sympathies for the left are displayed throughout your publication, specifically in your stated purpose which calls for a "cooperative & communitarian, ecological and feminist" approach, all of which are buzzwords for the hard-left.

Further, in your review of *Republican Liberty*, of which I am



Michael William, Montréal, Québec.

Editor, you call into question the relationship of the Republican Party with the concept of Liberty, making even clearer your blatant bias against the right.

Specifically, you called into question whether libertarian Republicanism is on the rise, stating, "if last year was a great year for any groups, they certainly had nothing to do with liberty...."

Before you make such assumptions you should investigate the situation further. Obviously, you are not aware that indeed a great many expressly Libertarian Republicans and even one self-avowed "Anarcho-Republican," were elected to State Legislatures, and to Congress. These individuals are already working hard to cut back on the overall size of government, voting for cuts in spending and taxation, and against governmental intrusions into our personal lives.

A shining example of a Republican who stands firmly for limited government is Congressman Phil Crane of Illinois. In the past Rep. Crane has opposed the insidious "War on Drugs," saying of the 1986 Ominous Drug Bill, it is bad policy to "spend \$6 billion, cut corners on civil liberties, and expand the power of government in ways that we might regret later." More recently, the maverick Congressman called for the privatization of the Postal Service.

But what may surprise you the most, is that in an interview on national television, (C-Span, 10/30/90), Cong. Crane said, "When I first came here (Congress) 20 years ago, I was a libertarian...a follower of Goldwater. After being here for 20 years it's enough to make anyone an anarcho-libertarian."

You may also be surprised to know that in addition to the burgeoning Libertarian Republican movement, a movement of Anarchists working within the Republican Party on the grass roots level, has emerged as well. At the recent Young Republican National Convention held in Miami, (July 10-

14), a couple of self-professed anarchists visited our Libertarian Republican literature table. Since then, I have heard of two "Radical Republican" groups which have been organized in Atlanta and San Francisco.

No doubt, this movement has been spurred on by the emerging "Big Tent" attitude within the GOP. Also, the rise in popularity and influence of many younger more socially tolerant Republicans has contributed to this trend. Two noteworthy individuals who reflect this trend include: novelist and "Republican Party Reptile" P.J. O'Rourke, and self-professed "Punk Rock Republican" and admirer of the Sex Pistols, Clash, and Damned, GOP Congressional Committee Spokesman John Buckley.

In sum, you should not be so quick to discount everyone on the right as pro-state or authoritarian. Many of us on the right, including some of your own anarchist brethren, are stridently anti-statist. Activism on the right by advocates of limited government should not be condemned, and may in fact be worthy of your support. At the very least it should be further investigated.

In Liberty,
Eric Rittberg, Editor
Republican Liberty

Ps. For those who would like further information on libertarian activism within the GOP, please write: Republican Liberty Caucus, 1717 Apalachee Parkway, Suite #434, Tallahassee, FL. 32301.

Jason responds: Joining the government has nothing to do with anarchy!

It's hard for me to imagine how anyone so professedly interested in 'liberty' could be so naive regarding the realities of political power as you seem to be, though many self-proclaimed right-wing 'Libertarians' seem to share this naiveté. At least we can be glad that so far there

aren't too many left-wing democrats trying to usurp the word 'libertarian' from that end of the spectrum!

Historically the word 'libertarian' originated during the French Revolution and developed as a popular synonym for 'anarchist' in response to repressive measures in France during the last century. In its original and best sense, 'libertarian' no more signifies a believer in limited government, than the word freedom rightfully signifies a state of mere partial slavery. Advocates of governmental authority, whether minimal or maximal, are more rightfully termed 'authoritarians'. By their actions and words, all participants in political parties (even so-called "anti-party parties" like the Greens) are authoritarians. That is because inevitably their major political function is to uphold the repressive authority of government. Even opposition parties that claim to desire the dismantling of authority belie this claim by every one of their actions that recognizes, legitimates, and participates in the charade of established governmental processes. That right-wing authoritarians think they can be genuine libertarians is as laughable to me as liberals believing that the Democratic party serves "the common people"!

I recommend that you deal with yourself more honestly and admit to yourself that by participating in a party which currently holds executive power in the most powerful nation-state on this planet you have not the slightest shred of justification for calling yourself a 'libertarian' of any sort. Do us all a favor. Go on voting for Bush, but call yourself the government-regulated market authoritarian you really are. Or even better, drop your belief in government participation altogether and join the growing ranks of genuine libertarians!

"Don't weaken"

Comrades,

I'm sorry that I wasn't aware of *Anarchy* before the Without Borders meeting. I'm happy to find an anarchist paper that is 'un-orthodox' in its approach, yet cleaves closely to the important anarchist concerns for individual growth, responsibility and communal action as a means of achieving change in society. This encouragement of people to pleasure in their individuality, and the reminder that when we struggle in community with others we have means of attaining greater fulfillment and expression of our needs and desires is of far more importance than the repetition of nineteenth century anarchist dogma. Alas, too many of our anarchist papers still sound as though they were being written by associates of Kropotkin, Bakunin or the early twentieth century anarcho-syndicalists. One thing that is most apparent is that capitalism has changed in ways that our theoreticians couldn't conceive of. It's possible that by the middle of the next century, production of goods will have little resemblance to the traditional capital/labor formulas that exist today. Hopefully, if humankind and the earth have a chance for survival, the change will take the form of a much smaller, decentralized society, a society divested of the rampant materialism that is playing so destructive a role in today's society, a society that will

Continued on next page

"Don't weaken"*Continued from previous page*

reflect individual needs and individual power. Witness, sadly, the sardonic scene of the east bloc countries revolt from soviet authoritarianism; not for greater freedom and a more equitable society, but rather for a capitalist society and the glitzy toys of the capitalist world. Alas, there seems to be little comprehension of the state of internal conflict and crisis that is tearing at the fabric of the western capitalist states.

As our Italian comrades are wont to say, *Non Molare*, "don't weaken."

Comradely,
D.K., Vallejo, CA.

Mercury Rising

Hello,

Thanks for the write up in issue #30. We were wondering here at *Illiterate Digest* what you'd think of our newest project: *Mercury Rising*. Amerigo and I are both messengers, and we thought it was about time to get some communication going in this diverse scene. One of the end goals with this zine is to form a co-op, with the ideal that management is a waste of our time and energy. They are not needed to run any company, well, I guess, that's the ideal of any co-op. But I just imagine every person working doing every job: no more office slob, that we as messengers strive not to become. We thought maybe you'd like to review it in your labour section of the "Alternative Media Review."

I really like the magazine. Beautiful layout, concise articles, especially the People's Park piece. I was there for the early demos mentioned. I watched people chase cops away from the park. It was intense feeling. I've never seen anything like it.

I hope all those people now homeless from the fires can now see park activists', many of whom live in the park, positions.

Later,
Bongo, San Francisco, CA.

Biopathic reaction

Dear Lev,

I enjoyed your 'review' of our publication, *The Journal of Borderland Research* [see *Anarchy* #30, page 6]. Yours is the typical biopathic reaction to ideas outside the scientific world view. I've often wondered how people can claim to be anarchists when they still hold on dearly to the prevailing scientific religion. They are merely political 'anarchists', still subservient to the real powers of control whom they cannot even visualize in their politically oriented world views.

We are a membership organization and carry a wide range of viewpoints from many diverse people attempting to build new world views on phenomena outside the accepted parameters of the status quo—and have been one of the only available outlets for such ideas for almost half a century. (Not a bad record for 'nonsense', eh?)

I could just as easily label you a "true believer" in anarchy, because your comments show you to be a real fascist when it comes to questioning accepted scientific

ideas. You lick the boots of scientific authority. What a farce your magazine really is! But not to worry, we won't waste any more postage or paper in your direction. You may remove us from your mailing list.

Thank you.

Thomas J. Brown
Executive Director
Borderland Sciences
Research Foundation

[How bizarre! Just because I wrote a critical, but open-minded, review of your publication I'm suffering from a "typical biopathic reaction." I'm suddenly a believer in "the prevailing scientific religion," and "a real fascist"! Is it beyond your comprehension that people can, in good faith, disagree with most of the unusual speculations published in your journal? Although I never called you a "true believer," if readers can't disagree with the speculations you publish without being accused by you of heresy, perhaps you do fit the description. As for me, I have no 'belief' in science, whether it is 'prevailing' or 'borderland'. You might remember that it is your own foundation that calls itself 'scientific', seeking to cloak itself in the prestige of its authority, and in the process 'lick[ing] the boots of scientific authority' most effectively! Lighten up & smell the shoe polish. -Jason]

For the sake of my life

Lev,

Thanks for mentioning this 'thing' I'm putting out (*Notes From Oblivion*) [see *Anarchy* #30, page 8]. I have to make clear, & I hope you can pass this on, at least in your mention in the next issue, if you do mention it, that the "attack from the outside world" in *NFO* #23 was *medical*—completely medical. I was talking about extreme physical reactions—not something 'psychological' in other words, & not paranoia, or some feeling of being 'beleaguered'. I've gotten one request for a copy, in which the person seemed to think it was the latter. This matters, since I have to begin to have this situation understood. And it is *comprehension* I'm talking about, not 'sympathy' as your 'review' suggested also. I'm not 'chatting'

about being 'sick'. I'm not 'sick' (this is worse than 'sickness') & this isn't a passive attempt to "just talk" & especially not to get sympathy—I'm trying to have this understood, for the sake of trying to save my *life*, which matters far more & is completely different. This isn't a minor point. And it's because it's this important that I'm going on about it here, not because I want to get 'after' you. I appreciate the blurb you had in your last issue—but it's crucial that I make the kind of contacts I need to make now, the situation being as serious as it is.

As for the kind of contact I'm talking about, I won't try to explain that further here—I began to in *NFO* #24. But it isn't for 'sympathy', or to just 'talk'—but it isn't for anything as simple, stupid, or unrealistic as trying to get instant "medical cures" through the mail either.

Anyway, thanks again.

Jay Harber
626 Paddock Ln.
Libertyville, IL. 60048

Boring at times

Dear *Anarchy*,

It's amazing how difficult it can be to come up with \$9 these days but here it is along with my thanks for the couple of reminders to resubscribe, as I probably wouldn't have otherwise. I feel that your academic and almost exclusively intellectual slant can be boring at times but at the same time it is understandable given your deep involvement in the paper. However, a society based on mutual aid, etc., also would include the more mundane and light-hearted. For example, I enjoyed the anti-intellectual rantings that used to appear in the letters section which now seems to attract correspondence from a very small group of people who, suspiciously, mirror your own views and style. In that it is easy for someone to criticize I will also add that I have benefitted from the info in *Anarchy*. I feel that it is one of the most substantial periodicals around.

P.E., So. Burlington, VT.

People kill people

Lev,

I'm new at the whole game of give what they want and take what they give, but I know that authority is out of control, and we'd better eliminate *our* world's bureaucracy before they take everything we have. If anyone in the movement gets discouraged, remember that a lot of us do, and even more of us believe them when they tell us that we'll never be able to change the way things are.

One thing's for sure, though: every man shall pay for the things he has done. So while I try to live rightly, hoping one day someone with a little more nerve than me will take it to the streets and start the quick revolution, I keep in mind that anarchy doesn't kill people, people kill people, and one day the shit *will* hit the fan. Until then, I'll probably just be dead weight in the most proper movement the Earth has seen.

Thanks all of you for working hard in all of our best interests.

An observer,
waiting to fight for the cause
Birmingham, AL.

Madonna money

Dear You-all,

Boy, do I ever hate having a society built around *money*. I refer to these little slips of paper we gotta take around with us to get the things we need to live on. What slavery!!! This is just crowd control perpetrated on us by dictatorial, self-appointed power mongers on the top.

But if it's gotta be that way, why can't we at least have worthy people staring at us from our dollars? Why do we have George Washington? George was just some stiff geek who loved war and didn't have much to do when he wasn't marching around and fighting. Do we really have to have this moron of low awareness and anti-social hobbies be our icon?

We should have *Madonna* on our money. Or maybe *John Lennon*. Hell, John Lennon's done more for our country than George Washington. Replacing those pic-

tures on the money would be a first big step towards raising our consciousness about scrip-slavery. It sure would cut down on the stench in my wallet.

Yours,

Bag of Water, Minneapolis, MN.

Freedom of speech

Dearest *Anarchy*,

I must appear from nowhere and say what an interesting collage of ideas your zine has in it. As an artist (my sexual orientation also) I am proud to buy *Anarchy* whenever I see it since it holds onto true individual spirit like few others. I was particularly happy to see, in an issue I bought at Venice Beach, CA. a letter written by a man allowed to defend himself on an issue of adult/minor love. Because of your ability to let him speak (with plenty of room in the process) I will desire to read *Anarchy* more regularly.

On another note: a few months ago in my activism for a revolutionary group that also believes in freedom to speak up, I approached Revolution Books in Cambridge, MA. about possibly selling two books in their store. After a thorough and mutually polite discussion, the manager agreed to sell *A Witch Hunt Failed: The FBI vs. NAMBLA* and *Flaunting It!*, even though she personally did not agree with their views. I was surprised and delighted but remained realistic and would only *really* believe it when I saw them up for sale.

After months of irregularly calling back (and being told that the books were in the process of being ordered) only today (May 1st, 1991) did I learn that Revolution Books had rescinded their promise and would not sell the books based on their personal opinions, however biased and malinformed.

Thus, once again, I brought up the point which such 'radical' bookstores claim, called "freedom of speech." I also once again asked if they would allow—somehow—this view which most of society hysterically twists into a fully biased presentation. But the manager only told me they were too busy right now to discuss the subject further.

As a member of the revolutionary group NAMBLA (North American Man/Boy Love Association), I have become used to such hypocrisy but will continue to speak up anyway. I do applaud *Anarchy's* courage for allowing unpopular subjects to be openly discussed and will thus remain a strong supporter of the zine.

I still have much to learn about anarchy, though, just as *Anarchy* may have much to understand about adult/minor love.

Thank you for seeking truth,
C.D., Boston, MA.

Cold breeze

Here's my Third-Class subscription money, and I wish I could afford a First-Class one, to avoid waiting ninety days for a copy. John Zerzan I believe to be relentlessly brilliant. I thrust forward gleefully his "Mass Psychology of Misery" as the finest skewering of our culture's insistence on the flawed individual rather than the failed system. Lovely stuff. The



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artistic talent that populated your magazine is of an exhilaratingly high level; Room and Humyn Being especially. The fake ad ("Storm the Reality Asylum") from last issue was exquisite. Since I seem to have nothing especially constructive to contribute besides saying that without all of your efforts, we would not have your sudden, bracing cold breeze of a magazine, the shock keeping us blessedly awake.

C.H., Chesterfield, MO.
Ps. If you're planning on printing this in the letter-column, let me please issue a call for subscriptions on your behalf. Hello out there—remember that alternative sources of information—such as what you're holding—are in no way supported by the corporate investment and advertising that keeps mass media smugly afloat. Subscriptions, rather than simply picking up a copy, sharply reduce the headaches of those who produce "business-free" organs like this one (or Z, etc.). Because by sending them funds in the mail, you're assuring them mass support. Make life easier for them. This has been a public service announcement.

Court of victims

To Lev,

Anarchic approaches to crime is an interesting subject, but first a lot depends on the meaning of 'crime'. There are real crimes, and victimless crimes, and a few accidents that are called crimes.

Real crimes normally have a real victim, who is hurt in some way from trivial matters like pocket-picking (usually by a tax-collector) to murder (which the victim has little to say about afterward). Take the only witchcraft case in this colony: jury ruled that in Black Mass it was not right to kill the tied up woman on the altar, which they called murder, and used hemp rope to hang him with. This is a real crime, with total opposition, even his disciples.

Victimless crimes are the way the crazies in power run things, like a teenager arrested for drinking Pepsi at a beer-party, burglary victim arrested for not paying for checks stolen & forged, college kids arrested for drunk driving with 0.0% alcohol when stung by a hornet & losing control of pickup, and on & on.... There are law enforcers who want to be totalitarians, and should be opposed.

And there are accidents, that don't belong in the crime category, like a young girl arrested for running over a neighbor's dog, which was escaping from its insane owner.

We live in a very strange world, and the less government, the better. But let me go back to the original common law, of King Alfred; he could only charge a crime if something was stolen from himself, or if a dead murder victim had no known relatives. Otherwise, only the victims (or next of living kin) could take a crime to court.

That sounds fair to me.

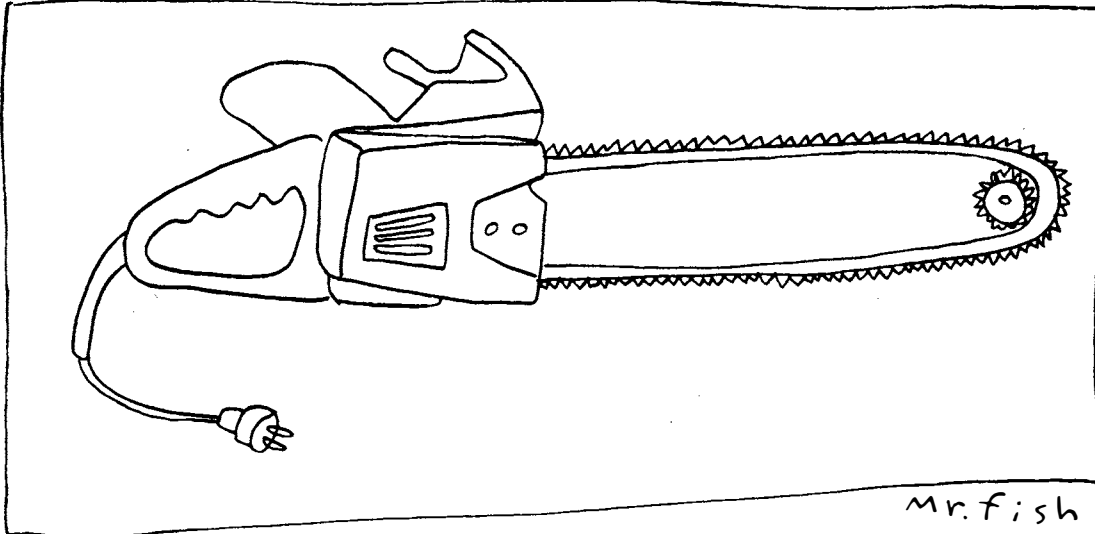
J.H., Florence, SC.

Political competition

Letter to *Anarchy*,

I just got a sample copy of your publication through *Uine Reader*. Enclosed is \$9 for my unwrapped

King of the Jungle.



©Mr. Fish (4510 Ritchie Street, Philadelphia, PA. 19127).

subscription. Excellent.

By way of contribution, here are some of the things I think about. Commercial competition is a marketing strategy. *Political competition is a marketing strategy*. They want us to define ourselves in terms of their products. What do you want to be when you grow up? A beer ad. The rules are made by the one who loves less. But guess what? Those who make the rules, when you get to know them personally, aren't so bad. Most of them hardly know what they're doing. It's the *process of technological development* that defines who is cast in the role of the enemy. For example, the small print on certain supermarket products says: "It is a federal offense to use this product in a manner inconsistent with the labeling." Check out a book by that old fart—but brilliant at times—Michel Foucault, called *Discipline and Punish*, about how the development of the technology of authoritarian power has led to an extension of legal domination down to the smallest acts of our lives.

It's as if people walk around with holographic grids projected out in front of them. They need objective reality to agree with their grid, and they really need you to agree with their grid, because if you don't, it leads to doubt about the validity of their construct, and people are terrified of the vertigo that causes. But the student of anarchy should never just offer another grid, trying to replace one set of distorting goggles for another, but rather should aim solely to point out what a *total illusion* all these philosophies, religions, political systems or views of the universe are. They're just *fiction*. More people should know that incredible sense of liberation that comes from understanding this idea.

Hang loose,
E.R., Coralville, IA.

Independently poor

Hi,

I just read #30, my first anarchist literature and, while I won't say it changed my life, it was an enjoyable and enlightening read. Congratulations and keep up the good work.

It seems to me that our main interest is to avoid authority, that a job is a common form of authority to be avoided, and that we have jobs to earn money. It follows that one way (if not the only

way) to achieve our goal is to be independently wealthy, or independently poor. I have learned a few tricks in managing my finances and getting things cheap, tricks which have kept me off the treadmill at least some of the time and may be of interest to some of your younger readers. Another reason for asking you to publish these techniques is to attract advice from some of your other readers who have ways of protecting themselves. For example, I would like to know how to grow other food in my house, besides alfalfa sprouts.

Love,

Harold Morse, Toronto, Ontario

Advice for people wanting to avoid or minimize the grinding demands of earning money, or, How to live cheap and not be antisocial

Food: Vegetarianism has some practical advantages. Rice and beans are cheap, easy to cook and can be stored for years in your cupboard. Add some onions, cabbage, celery, spices and a little cooking oil and you have a well balanced, tasty meal. Read *Diet for a Small Planet*. Pancakes, muffins, etc. are easy to cook. Find a bakery that sells day-old bread cheap. Look for specials and bargains. Overripe bananas are better than green ones and often cheaper. Avoid packaged, canned and processed foods. Get the kind of rice you cook for half an hour and the beans you soak overnight. Plant a garden if you can. Grow alfalfa sprouts, etc. inside.

Health: Look after your health. An ounce of dental floss is worth a pound of fillings. Exercise and eat sensible food, not what is advertised. Don't smoke, drink or take drugs, but if you do smoke, roll your own.

Travel: Travel is expensive and the typical tourist experience is practically useless. You can see a lot of the world by TV and library books. Cultivate foreign friends such as immigrants, refugees and students, as well as other people who have worked abroad. Benefit from their travel. One trip to Africa will last a lifetime. Take your time and stay in one place rather than traveling around. Use the trip to learn from people: lions in the zoo aren't much different from those in Kenya but the people in an African village (or city) will teach you a lot. Study another language.

Housing: Your landlord is your best friend. He's the one who will find you if you die alone at home. His personal or financial referral will carry the most weight when you need it. If you're nice to him he will often let you get a little behind in the rent. Who else would loan you a month's rent? Learn to do minor repairs yourself. This will ingratiate you with your landlord and save bundles if you own.

Money: Keep some money in the bank, enough to live for a couple of months. That way you can quit your job if something bugs you. Stay out of debt. Your employer wants you to borrow so that you will be more dependent on your job. Don't do it. Borrow only to make money, like for real estate or to develop a business. When you borrow take the time to understand the financial details. If you can't handle the math, don't borrow.

Kids: Pound for pound kids are cheaper than pets. Neighbors love kids and hate dogs. Education is free for kids and expensive for pets and in most countries the same goes for medical care. Kids will start being helpful at five and can make an important financial contribution by eight. By twelve or fourteen they should be earning their own keep. But beware of separation and court-ordered child support.

Cars: I sold mine in 1965. Use public transit, taxis, bikes, walking, phone, fax, modem, mail, couriers, etc. Get a bundle buggy. Stay home and relax. Live in a neighborhood where things are accessible. Make friends with your neighbors. It's useful, however, to have a driver's license and rent a car once in a while.

Details afterward

Dear *Anarchy*,

I just received *Anarchy* #27, and thought it was, for the most part excellent. I especially enjoyed the large letters section, although I am at a total fuckin' loss as to why everyone seems hell-bent on nit-picking every damn bit of anarchist thought. We are fighting amongst ourselves when we have a formidable common enemy already.

As I see it, this shows a hesitation, almost fear, of the mission we all know must happen: Hell, the government scares me a great

deal, but I cannot convince myself that it doesn't have to die. Why don't we all join together in one huge push, annihilate society, and work out the details afterward?

Let's go get 'em!

N.R.K., Huntington, NY.

Mystified

Ya-Hoo! I really like your paper, even tho you screwed up the title & price of my booklet in your review. [See page 8 of *Anarchy* #30] Yours must be the only anarchist mag I read anymore, besides *Smile* (if *Smile's* anarchist). I'm always mystified by readers who're disappointed because they disagree with something in your mag. That's most of the fun. Like comrade Eric up in Wiscasset, Maine, told me the other day: "If they only wanna see things they agree with, why don't they just go home and think?"

I know over 10 of the folk who made some contribution to your last couple issues. Over half of them're armchair anarchists. Three're compulsive liars. A couple are drunks. One's a junkie and another is a spouse beater. At least two have helped snitch to state agencies to attempt to prosecute rivals, & a couple've tried to use sex coercively to exercise similar power relationships. One's attempted suicide repeatedly. Two've stolen from poor people &/or anarchist groups. It almost makes one question anarchism, I tell you. Or I could just be a petty, bitter, divisive sorta guy. Of course, all but a couple of them *are* great writers....

My money's on the drunks,
David Crowbar Nestle
Popular Reality
Box 571

Greenwood Lake, NY. 10925
Ps. I hope this doesn't warrant a 2,000 word "Lev responds...."

No personal attacks

Dear *Anarchy*,

Bob Black's article "The anti-anarchist conspiracy: An empirical test" had a number of good points. I agree with him that we cannot simply blame government attacks on anarchists for the failure of anarchists to realize their dreams.

However, his personal attack on Mike Kolhoff was as revealing of Bob's personality as the rest of his essay was of the problems of anarchism. Bob has most of his facts wrong—but then misrepresenting people makes attacking them easier. Mike did not issue the call for an umbrella organization of anarchists in the United States. I was one of many people who endorsed this idea, and the main impetus came from RABL and the people now associated with *Love and Rage*. The network or organization was not meant to be authoritative, at least not by the people I knew who were trying to create it. The meeting at the anarchist gathering was very well attended—my guess is about 50 people, making it one of the best attended at the conference (some attendees, however, were against the idea). Neither Mike nor I ultimately became organizers for *Love and Rage*, though I wish all anarchist projects the best, try to maintain good relations with them,

Continued on next page

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No personal attacks

Continued from previous page

and practice mutual aid whenever possible.

I agree that the presence or absence of anarchist books in libraries is not in itself to be blamed for most people's ignorance of anarchist ideas, or their negative attitude to them. Mike agrees that the library issue is only a reflection of the institutionalized prejudice against anarchism, rather than being a major reason anarchism is not a popular philosophy or practice.

Bob, just be blunt: you don't like anarcho-syndicalism. You are too sectarian to admit it has any good in it. So you attack individuals like Mike, who is active in Workers Solidarity Alliance (WSA) and the IWW (which Bob also mischaracterizes).

"Jack Straw" from Berkeley also names a WSA activist, Tom Wetzel, in his letter "Is Marx Relevant?" But he is making an objection to an analysis, rather than personally attacking Tom. Lev Chernyi, who has trouble resisting commenting on the letters to *Anarchy*, gratuitously labels Tom (and Noam Chomsky) as "among the least radical of libertarians" and by implication includes other anarcho-syndicalists.

Say, Lev, are you more radical than the anarcho-syndicalists in Earth First!/IWW local #1 in Northern California? Are you more radical than me? Anarcho-syndicalism, of course, simply means anarchist unionism, or more broadly, class-based anarchism. The people in the three U.S. anarcho-syndicalist organizations—Workers Solidarity Alliance (WSA), the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), Resurgence—are not easily categorized on various issues. Some, it is true, are close on many issues to "libertarian Marxists." But then the Situationists that you are close to were libertarian Marxists. Others are Earth First! activists or agree with *Fifth Estate's* radical critique of technology and society. Some are straight, some gay. Some of us are just plain weird.

Generally speaking, the last few years have seen a revitalization of the anarcho-syndicalist movement both in the U.S. and in the world. True, it is as marginal as the rest of the anarchist movement and there is little realistic hope for an anarchist revolution anywhere in the near future.

I welcome criticism of both my personal actions and my political beliefs, and I welcome honest critiques of WSA, the IWW, and other people I work with. In the past I have learned a great deal from *Fifth Estate*, *Anarchy*, *Earth First! Journal*, and zines of all stripes, and have seen some of these ideas and practices come to be widespread among anarcho-syndicalists. But Bob Black's attack on Mike Kolhoff simply confirms that, along with his good qualities, he is capable of being a sectarian, mean spirited, arrogant intellectual. He owes Mike an apology, though given his past record, I don't expect him to make one.

Sincerely,

Bill Meyers, San Francisco, CA.

[While I question this account of Mike Kolhoff's call for a monolithic organization of anarchists, I won't

deal with that here. However, regarding the accusation that my mildly critical references to Tom Wetzel and Noam Chomsky were 'gratuitous', I can only suggest that people read the original letter by Jack Straw and response by me—on pages 35 and 36 of *Anarchy* #30—to understand my comment in its actual context, a discussion of the usefulness of Marxist theory. As readers of the original exchange will see, it was not I who initiated the criticism of Wetzel and Chomsky; I was merely commenting on Jack Straw's criticisms of them in the context of his two letters—in which he had directly addressed me. Regarding the spurious censure of my practice of responding to letters, I am interested in practicing and encouraging dialogue in these pages, so I usually reply to comments directed toward me in letters. I wish the staff members of other publications were as interested as well. Those who dislike dialogue are free to skip over comments like these! -Jason]

More sharing of skills

I'm one of those pests who's been buying *Anarchy* at the newsstands for more than two years now. Well, I just found that damn checkbook—so, hey, put me down for a sub. The magazine is great—wish I had more to say about it just now. Could use some more sharing of skills/experiences/wisdom from our more experienced activists, organizers, mutual aid givers, and cultural/material saboteurs. For the record, my anarchism is of an Illichian stripe: folk institutions as both a means and an end. The situ perspective is appreciated, as well—though often your contributors cop-out into the rhetoric rather than engage in the difficult task of feeling out the very terrain on which the situs insisted they'd fight. That is, everyday life. Anyway, it remains an empty complaint until I send you a more extensive letter or contribution. Hope everyone there is well.

Best wishes,

J.D., San Diego, CA.

Over Breakfast

"In those days, life was so much simpler," he said. "A man knew who he was. A woman stayed in her place. And if she didn't, he just had to slap her around a bit, and no one would raise a st—"

The bullet penetrated his forehead and exited the back of his skull scattering blood, brains, and bits of bone in an abstract pattern against the wall behind him.

Smiling, she rose from her chair, having reholstered the gun in her boot. She strode out the door and pulled on her helmet in the early morning sunlight. She hopped on the stolen Harley and rode off, exuding her newly found confidence.

There's pleasure in killing an asshole.

Feral Faun

Parents support network?

Dear friends,

I would like to thank you for providing an open forum for the expression of ideas and opinions. I am a young Latina woman and I have a four year old son. My

ELECTORAL FETISHISM



dadata

first I'll vote
then go bowling

like a sheep
in wolf's clothing

'.... democracy is too often confused
with an electoral ceremony.'

Eduardo Galeano

dadata (POB 33, Stillwater, PA. 17878).

companion and I are having trouble balancing our son's need for freedom (of choice mostly), our needs and his school's regulations. We don't know many parents, and the ones we do know tend to be authoritarian. I write this letter with the hope that other parents who read this publication may get in contact with us and form some sort of support network where we can exchange opinions and support each other in rearing whole children. Some of the themes we are struggling with are:

- non-authoritarianism & discipline
- spirituality
- grandparents
- respecting difference of ideas
- vegetarianism
- war toys

Thanks for your help,
A Sister
POB 123
Elmhurst, NY. 11380

In defense of
insurrectionary tacticsDear *Anarchy*,

'John' Bekken's response (*Anarchy* #30) to my response (*Anarchy* #27) to his letter (*Anarchy* #25) regarding the 'trashing' of Berkeley two years ago during the "Day Of Action" has evidenced that his reading and comprehension skills must be as impoverished as his ideology. I never contended that "the trashing didn't happen." What I did say was that "the trashing of the People's Park soup kitchen, as near as I can tell, didn't happen...at least while I was looking." There was lots of 'trashing'...some of it well-directed (the snagging of the Coke truck and the subsequent liberation of the People's Beverage) some not (bookstores and Ma-Pa groceries). The random destruction of the stores on Telegraph would have been decidedly less distasteful to me if there had at least been some token looting involved. As I pointed out in my initial response, the "DOA" was a

poorly tailored exercise in futility and bad P.R. at best." As if I gave a fuck what the public thought.

Like a pedantic High School principal, John presumes that because I didn't say something, I must accept as truth the opposite (the type of ratiocination I should have expected from one who so venerates 19th century scientific rationalism). He expects us to believe that what I don't directly challenge, I've acceded to. Despite Bekken's best exercises in this freshman nose-thumbing sophistry, the "scant evidence" I offer to his "boldfaced lies" was not refuted. John claimed in his initial letter that those participating in the action "battled homeless in the streets," a boldfaced lie. He draws from *Ecomedia* #57 in an attempt to give it credence, quoting: "demonstrators...trampled on homeless people's gardens." Applying John's style of logic to this recounted account, one could infer from the lack of a statement to the opposite that the cops were justified in stepping in *those same gardens* to protect them (a microcosm of the argument for the state). The cops were kind enough to apologize, though (*Oakland Tribune*, July 27, '89) the anarchists weren't. Never mind that it wasn't the anarchists who have repeatedly and forcefully evicted the park.

John reminds us that *Mayday!* reported: "Alleged anarchists at the Day Of Action...taunted police and a truckdriver with epithets like 'fag' and 'cocksucker.'" This published account is of interest if only to note *Mayday's* clever detournement of the state media's tactic of belittling anarchists by implying that they aren't 'official'...by emblazoning them 'self-proclaimed', 'self-described', 'self-appointed', or 'alleged', but it is the homophobic slurs that bugger for attention here. I would assume, given the nature of the demo, that this account is probably true. The *Daily Californian* (Friday, July 28, '89) claimed in its article on the action

that the driver of the aforementioned Coca-Cola truck "ran instantly amid racial epithets." Anyone who was present knows this is bullshit. As for me, I was carpet-called by several demonstrators for making a 'sizeist' remark—calling a particularly portly Sheriff's deputy a 'Lardass'. I promptly apologized. I don't know quite what to make of the namecalling...there were a lot of possibly homophobic young participants, maybe they were trying to impress their girlfriends (or their boyfriends). Bekken would do well to consult with some of his erstwhile or present ideological cronies (Kolhoff, Klafeta, Majer, Wetzel) for their well-known positions on certain sexual positions. Considering who he's been in bed with, Bekken's feeble attempt to get it up for queer liberation wilts.

Whether Bekken lives in a suburb or has a TV is not the issue. Those slurs were just my smart-ass metaphor, inspired by his treatment of the anarchist movement as a private lawn that some irresponsible brats have usurped for use as a playground. Reference to these "suburban style intimidatory overtures" was prompted by his demand in *Anarchy* #25 that "It's time for the anarchist movement to repudiate...to let them know in no uncertain terms that they (vanguardist thugs) will no longer be permitted to attend our meetings, publish in our journals, or discredit our movement." Who does John fear will revoke his credentials? He goes on, "anarchists are not thugs, and there is no reason that we should allow these thugs to continue infiltrating and disrupting our movement." Of course it is the responsibility of a community, in anarchist terms, to police itself, but this policing is ideally to be consensual. In much of Bekken's strident bleating there is an intimidatory, vanguardist, tone. John wants to do the policing. There may be no room for 'thugs' in John's anarchist movement, but

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there's certainly no room for social workers in mine.

Bekken is very careful to remind us again, (in *Anarchy* #28) that "as anarchists, I and many others were repelled by this thuggery." His inference here is that there is some magic moral imperative which sets anarchists above the average Jane, which imbues them with a superior judgment. John manifests his anarchism as moralism, a carbon image of christian reactionism...the golden rule in red and black. This "moral outrage" which spurs 'anarchists' into conflict with the state, often, via the moralism's constraints, drives them into its role. Cops call them fags, but anarchist moral responsibility elevates us above such vulgar behavior. Faced with cops and anarchists stepping in gardens, anarchist morality leaves the anarchists to be censured for needlessly provoking the forces of the state. Good anarchists are repelled by thuggery, while cops are nothing but thuggery's embodiment. John's anarchists are supposed to be 'better' than the police. It is my opinion, and that of my 'friends' (to whom Bekken refers) that 'anarchists' fresh from the casting couch of a 'libertarian' morality play *are* better than police. They make better police than the police themselves. Your average cop doesn't have a fucking agenda.

Those amoral average Janes'll have to be educated. Syndicalists like to think they specialize in education, giving stupid workers the insight and wisdom to make proper moral judgements and supposedly act in their own best interests. "Anarcho-Syndicalism, 'moralism' and such may bore Kepley and friends," says Bekken. He's right. It doesn't just bore my friends and I, it bores *workers*. I, as a worker (albeit an out-of-it one), have the moral imperative in this case, over a "cultural worker" (read: Grad Student), a fucking intellectual kulak like Bekken. John, as a syndicalist, proudly and dubiously defines himself as a member of the "working class," and thinks he represents the rest of the club. Only an idiot or a marxist is proud to *work*, and even worse to slavishly adhere to an ideology of class-based industrial Calvinism, to define him/herself by her/his drudgery. Bekken's inability to fathom the epistemological distinction between "wage/drudge work" and "productive play" is representative of the syndicalist mindset (or at least that of someone who's never done any work). Even in the mythic anarchist society someone's going to have to take out the garbage. But that doesn't mean that one should be compelled to *specialize* in garbage hauling (unless rubbish-humping is one's particular attraction), that an individual's entire identity should be structured around tasks performed. John's tendency proudly touts an allegiance to such specialization, and entertains a nasty industrialist fetish. If his moralist syndicalism, as he seems to believe, represents the fine-honed theoretical edge of accredited, 'true' anarchism, then, less out of boredom than contempt, I must specialize in thuggery without license.

The ideological emasculation that created a mental block on the work issue is also responsible for

spurring Bekken to file his 'thuggery' complaint. Peeled down, the question at the core of the argument is: what violence is legitimized in an anarchist context. John, like most anarcho-syndicalists, borders on idolatry with reverence for the tendency's glory days—the Spanish Civil War—even romanticizing (despite sectarian conflicts in his milieu) the ragged remnants of the unions involved in that struggle. Because it was half a world and half a century away, the violence of that war was legitimate class struggle. Of course there's no comparison between the battle of Berkeley and the battle for Barcelona, but an analogy can certainly be drawn between the pleas for responsibility and caution of Spain's liberal socialist petit-bourgeoisie and John Bekken, and the drunk, frustrated, 17 year olds at the S.F. D.O.A. and the young grenadiers of the Durruti column. It would be interesting to examine John's 'responsible' position on such spurts of insurrectionary violence as, say, Watts, or Hungary '56, or even May '68 under exposure to the same comparative X-ray (there'd probably be call for surgery). Bekken whines that "the tactics (Kepley) so mendaciously defends are not merely counter-productive, they are contrary to any vision of a free, self-managed society." That remains to be seen, but what is wide open for first-hand observation is the state's near monopoly on violence. I "mendaciously defend" insurrectionary tactics, yes...I believe in 'communized' violence, no monopolies...recognizing that there are times and places more appropriate than others. Such proto-insurrectionary actions as the D.O.A., spontaneous or planned, 'suicidal' or not, have to be taken for what they are, or can be...opportunities for genuine release and even adventure in the face of an increasingly repugnant existence. I'll take that over pompous pontificating anyway, with no apologies.

All hail Kali, grand thuggee.

For a Nechayevist Front,
Tad Kepley
c/o Autonomedia
POB 568
Brooklyn, NY. 11211

Gang security

Hello Lev & *Anarchy* gang,

[...] One thing I wanted to mention is, don't bother sending free copies of *Anarchy* in trade for the *Honkin' Dog*. As long as I'm distributing your journal, I can pay for it like everyone else.

In any case, it looks like I'll be taking a short break from the publishing thing, at least until I buy a photocopier (my next big goal!). Actually, I might just rent one. I'm sick of having to stay late at work to steal copies, or paying ridiculous prices for crappy high-speed copying at a nosey copy shop.

Also, when I return, my 'zine will no longer have any more "punk rock" stuff in it. Sure, I still love a lot of the music, and a lot of the people involved. However, it's time for it to evolve. Ditch the label. The only people who would have a real problem with giving up the label are those who depend on it for a sense of gang security, or the people who pretend to feel some kind of 'nostalgia' when they

Anarchist Contacts

This will be a new listing of addresses of groups and individuals who would like to see the growth and development of anarchist practice of one form or another. The list will help enable those participating to make regional contacts and intercommunication links based on their self-defined perspectives.

If you'd like to see your address added to this listing just write to us and we'll include your name, address, and a short (20 words or less) description of your perspective, practice and/or desires. Each contact address will be run in two successive issues.

(Note: We are only compiling this list, we are not endorsing the positions of those who have asked to be listed.)

Josephine Geurils
POB 684323
Austin, TX. 78768

Assn. for Ontological
Anarchy
c/o Autonomedia
Box 568
Brooklyn, NY. 11211

Bayou La Rose
c/o Arthur Miller
302 N. "J" St., Apt 3
Tacoma, WA. 98403

Attack International
BM 6577
London WC1N 3XX
England

"bOB" McGlynn
528 5th Street
Brooklyn, NY. 11215

Trevor
POB 23061
Knoxville, TN. 37933-1061

Tad Kepley
c/o Autonomedia
POB 568
Brooklyn, NY. 11211

David
18 N. Boundary Rd.
Burnaby, B.C. V5K 3S3
Canada

Wendy S. Duke
POB 80044
Akron, OH. 44308

Eleutheros Prod.
POB 2265
Albany, NY. 12220

James Koehnline
POB 85777
Seattle, WA. 98145-1777

Rhonda K. Kitchens
POB 20872
Tampa, FL. 33622-0872

Rob Los Ricos
504 W. 24th #81
Austin, TX. 78705

James H. Diggs
2301 Maryland, #102
Baltimore, MD. 21218

Ron Sakolsky
Fools Paradise
Pawnee, IL. 62558

(d)anger
POB 203
Portland, OR. 97201

talk about how punk first started out (and related topics).

First of all, most of the "punk scene" consists of young, horny, frustrated kids who are just looking for a place to get violent on the weekends, or an excuse to "drop out" of society. Fuck that! 'Unity' tends to be nothing more than fascism. There are more rules within the punk scene than there are in a high school gym class; punk is not a counterculture, it's just a hobby.

And "dropping out" of society won't make a person any happier. Infiltrate society! And for fuck's sake, remember that "acting weird" means nothing if the people or person exposed to your behavior will blow it off in five minutes. If you're planning on doing something wild, you don't need much of a reason to do it (aside from wanting to), but if it involves other people (bystanders, 'victims' [of non-violent acts such as stealing or vandalism], participants, etc.) try to encourage them to challenge their realities. And don't forget to constantly challenge your own.

The punk scene, in general, is just a "feather in the hat of the status quo" (stolen quote). I'm tired of the soap operas that seem to be a huge part of most social groups. I like to be honest about my feelings, and I like it when others are just as honest. I do not like it, however, when people exaggerate phoney feelings, and act according to rules that they themselves despise. For example, I'm sure most of you, at some time or another, have heard somebody say that he or she "love her/his job." Most people mean that it's 'better' than any other job they've had, but do they really love work? Hell no! Nobody loves pretending that they actually give a shit about whether or not the people they are working for are 'successful'. Most people prove that they *don't* care by stealing from work as much as possible. I get more personal gratification from scamming things than I do from working, that's for sure....

Well now that I'm completely off topic I might as well end this

letter. Some people might be interested in the fact that I'm still selling records (and I will be for the next little while) as well as various 'zines and journals. Also, I'd like to hear from others who have anything to say about anything that I've said in this letter. I'm young and naive and I'm starving for criticism (hahaha).

Thanx,
Allen Watermelon
POB 48059
St. Albert, Alberta T8N 5V9
Canada

Orwellian nightmare

Lev,

Man, if there was any such thing as justice ruling this planet of ours your journal would have twice the subscription rate of such enlightening magazines as *Guns-n-Ammo*, *Auto Week*, and *G.Q.*.... As for all those greedy, loveless, anal-retentive authoritarians who lust for Power and are addicted to unhealthy abstractions such as Law, Government, and Order, they would be left lurking on the fringes of a beautiful society despised and shunned for being the toadying schoolyard bullies they really are. (sigh) Well, at times we all seem to have moments of incredible lucidity in which we can envision ourselves living in a society free from coercion and manipulation—a society where we can take our desires for reality. Unfortunately, this vision is drowned out by the clamorous calliope of shrill voices spewing out hate, fear and petty revenge from every direction by those who fear freedom so much they want to control everything.

As one who is living in a "controlled environment"—an Orwellian nightmare in which life is reduced to having Big Brother "regulate your institutional behavior" 24 hours a day, I'll have to wait until my release in order to enjoy society's wage slavery and alienation. In the meantime I would like to continue receiving *Anarchy* at my new address (different institution, same old gulag). I have enjoyed reading your journal and

have learned a lot. Thanks Lev, for all the hard work and care you put in the pages of *Anarchy*.

For a Revolution of Desire,
James D. Armstrong #04617-051
F.C.I. Englewood
9595 W. Quincy Ave.
Littleton, CO. 80123-1100

We All Be Bones

[...] I will soon be starting another publication, *We All Be Bones*, which will be socio-political-cultural analysis/review in content. The viewpoint will be Democratic Structuralism. My term. I means that we should work it out that everyone can get what they need, or want, in so far as it is possible. Some people, for example, want to be socialists, or whatever. That's okay with me, so long as they don't push it on anyone else.

What I am pursuing is a truly pluralist society, in keeping with the model, albeit flawed, of freedom of religion in this country. You can believe what you want, etc. I am going to put out the idea that you can have whatever sort of government and economic system, in the pure sense, as long as it does not mess up anyone else's. In practice, of course, this would put a lot of limitations on what some systems advocate, capitalists, for example, would have to work on the workers' collective model and other similar models.

Further, people who do not wish to pay taxes would not have to, but would not receive social benefits. Libertarians would only have to pay for fire department, etc.

Obviously, this is a concept which exists in an ideal sense with many practical problems. But how is that different that any other proposal? I feel that at least the degree of choice that one wishes would be available to them in this ideal democratically structured society. Some people want the security that can be provided, so why not let them have it?

Any comments are very much welcomed. *WABB* will be open to including short articles from anarchists, socialists and others who want to experiment with this idea. If nothing else it will stimulate new dialog, if the publication takes off. Meanwhile, I am happy to rediscover your excellent publication. Very stimulating!

L. Clark
c/o 234 W. University Dr.
Tempe, AZ. 85281

Slimey monsters

Lev,

I just wrote you a letter, but I just hafta write another! *Wow*. I mean your words do spell the power of 'mere' written words. I just 'discovered' issues earlier than the Spring '91 or Winter '90 issues and 'Wow' is all I can say (with sprinklings of "Holy shit!" and giggles, guffaws, titters, and a bit of showy pom-pom action): Call them words to fart over and then shout in an indiscernible yell off of rooftops; but whatever, I am repeatedly amazed that you speak up in the defense of intergenerational consensual love and have the defying intellectual gift to fuck with the close-minded and repressively conditioned (to try out your

Continued on next page

LETTERS

Slimy monsters

Continued from previous page

words) hypocrites who continue in all their masses to genuinely believe you and us to be slimy monsters with no heart.

I've never, in my two years with NAMBLA [North American Man-Boy Love Association], read such frontling dialogue with a freethinking human being that has thought a lot about it, defending my orientation like that! I shuddered as I read your words! I could not have responded with such salt to their ice, I would've only found myself cornered and then set upon by the lynch mob.

I am staying up all night reading these letters from issue #19 and the more recent one. I'm too excited to succumb to my back pain or sleep...zzzz...uh, oh?

I got a subscription and recently bought a bunch of back issues from San Francisco hoping to read more about 'Anarchy', and have found jewels. As of late I do not call myself an anarchist, but instead just an independent. I am seeking to learn what anarchism is really about, and your zine is helping.

Also, I'm writing a novel and in it I've come up with the idea that the USA, in revolution, could become the testing grounds of 50 types of government, anarchism included.

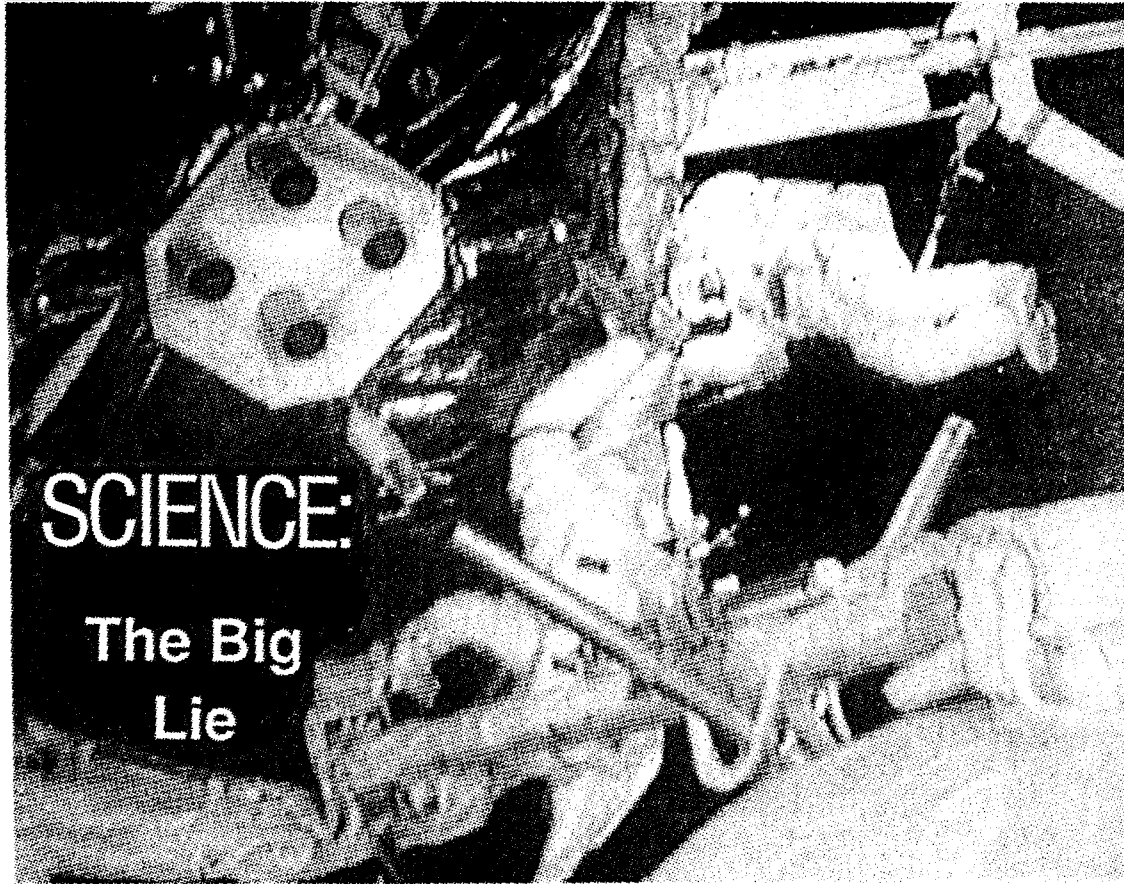
I like the way *both sides* of each opinion are allowed in *Anarchy* and find it a powerful tool towards the freedom that many Americans are so fond of talking of. Unfortunately, talking is where these people's interests abruptly end, and in replacement only emotional and blinded judging. I do expect, every issue, to find *Anarchy* one more victim of their blindness, but so far have been pleasantly empowered.

C.D., Somerville, MA.

Why I'm a political prisoner

I am a political prisoner in the truest sense of the term, not because I committed or incited atrocities against the system for change, but because the system imprisoned me for violating laws, which when drawn up—"the designers" knew—should one be an African American and of poor birth as I, he would strongly be inclined to disregard those laws if he appreciated fairplay, and aspired to the same comforts of the affluent or other ethnic groups.

Mind, I don't mean to convey that I think our laws were designed to impede the advancement of African Americans, but rather that the application of them is, and has always been, discriminatory in our regard and without fair considerations. The minds responsible for our laws (old and new) were fully aware of this fact when they enacted them. What's more, our social infrastructure is shamefully biased against African Americans and, as a result, political decisions and policies are *deliberately* thought out and implemented to deny us equal opportunities to better ourselves, *with* the understanding that some of us will "no doubt" rebel against same to advance our cause and to improve our conditions—or if you prefer, would react wrongly, but understandably, to eat high on the hog



By Michael William, Montréal, Québec.

too. Therefore, though I'm serving time, the system to a great degree is responsible for the crime. For it is *impossible* for a system of government to *deliberately* discriminate against a portion of the people it governs (because of skin color) and enslave them, totally indoctrinate them, and subject them to hundreds of years of deplorable conditions and inhumane treatment *without* incurring *some* responsibility for *what they become* or for the unpleasant or unacceptable things some of them would do, as a result of the effects of such experiences.

Some with poor as well as excellent vision will disagree and vehemently refuse to acknowledge the above is true, however it is fact... and the trail of proof began at Jamestown, Virginia where the first shipment of my ancestors was brought ashore in 1619 and forced to provide labor and give their life blood in support of settlers and the development of this country. From that time unto the present date, my people, for the most part, were thought of as being subhuman, considered inferior, and thus unworthy of equality and humane treatment. Being thus thought of and looked upon, racial strife and double standards were brought to bear and promoted to hold fast our *designated* position of social inferiority that, as it were, insured a servitude existence for my ancestors and their offspring. True, the African American's plight has greatly improved since the abolition of slavery and many customs and laws have been modified to compensate our needs over the years, to meet with public demands and expectations and to give the impression that our status has been up-graded to a level competitive with other citizens, but in actuality these efforts have mostly been mere attempts to camouflage discrimination and to deceive those of us who do not know better into believing that our struggle for socioeconomic and political equality is steamrolling ahead.

The original practitioners of slavery are long gone, but their

policies and customs are still being carried out and practiced today by others of like mind. Subsequently I, and other African Americans, suffer today many of the same conditions which our ancestors were subjected to as slaves...and the rich ruling class of today carries on much of the same programs against African Americans started by their rich ancestors. So in reality, though slavery was long ago outlawed, we still suffer some slave-like conditions and remain at the bottom of the social structure, rather than being accepted and treated by *all* other ethnic groups as equals. Not only did the rich ruling class of today inherit the legacy of their ancestors, but they have so designed things, that it is near mandatory that an African American inherits his ancestor's legacy as well! The masters weren't so much the plantation owners as they were those who formed standards to segregate the races and promoted customs that conformed to racism, for this effort is what led (at the time) to our contemporaries considering us subhumans, undeserving of social status and good for nothing but their amusement and long hours of labor in their homes and in their fields. They were the true masters of the trade, for not only did their teachings cause African Americans to be enslaved, but to still suffer from their effects today some 118 years after the abolition of slavery! We're still at the bottom of the totem pole and still being singled out for discrimination.

Furthermore, much of what my people do today derives from things instilled in our ancestors during slavery (in respect to the house slave and the field slave). *Some* of us have no sense of unity, think one brother/sister is superior to another, and will inform on another just as the slave owners, overseers and drivers forced our ancestors to do! When a system advocates the supremacy of one race of people over another by virtue of skin color, then the race deemed inferior (in time) will become nothing more than a victim of that system, and a "statisti-

cal burden" unto its advocates, to be considered only at *election* time when their *vote* is needed, rather than *all the time* and as *human* beings worthy of the same considerations granted to all others. This rejection and racial disharmony which African Americans are experiencing today, are part and parcel of the same conditions our ancestors were subjected to during slavery. And this gives the lie to the popular belief that America is a land of equal opportunity and considerations for *everyone*. In spite of the seemingly unlimited advantages and advancement of my people (as compared to slavery times) the discrimination that be, *continues* to *keep* us at a disadvantage.

Nothing expressed herein is intended to justify my violating society's laws nor to imply that I don't accept some responsibility for my incarceration, for I do; but I undertook this writing because I wanted to point out that one doesn't necessarily have to be imprisoned for crimes against the government to be a political prisoner. Every imprisoned African American to *some* degree fits the description. For that matter, I would say the same for Native Americans, for they were America's first political prisoners and indeed remain so today, whether in or out of prison. You cannot take away a people's land, their livelihood, suppress their culture, restrict them to reservations as done originally, and subject them to laws, customs, teachings, and religions not their own, without them acquiring some aspect of the status.

Jasper Lynch 80535
Camp J. Shark 3-R-8
LA. State Prison
Angola, LA. 70712

Solidarity needed

Comrade Lev,

I am an anarchist (Makhnovist) political prisoner serving time on a trumped up bomb case. My friend and kinsman Richard Clark wrote about my case in your Letters Column of Spring 90. At that time I had yet to be tried. I was convicted and sentenced to 15 years. I

was in no way connected with the bombing (on 6/5/88 13 dynamite bombs were found strategically placed around my home town, Salem, Indiana). When the fascist feds could find no suspect after almost a year they did the obvious: finger an anarchist. While the government had no witnesses, fingerprints, or any physical connection between myself and the incident, they did have 14 hours of snitch provided speeches and political diatribes on tape (with no mention of the bombing). This, in conjunction with my history of agitation, community activism, and the lies of a jailhouse informer, served to convince a jury of my guilt.

I am now fighting my appeal. In the midst of this, my appointed attorney, Professor F.E. Booker (Dean of the Notre Dame Law School) suffered a debilitating illness that resulted in his becoming blind and bed-ridden. Consequently, Professor Booker has been forced to withdraw from practice, leaving me without representation. While I have little confidence in the U.S. (in)justice system (the courts are a statist farce at best but more probably the apparatus of oppression masquerading as a trier of fact) it is the only avenue for gaining my release and return to my family and community. Therefore, I appeal to you, and the libertarian/anarchist community to help me find suitable representation for this battle. Any recommendations will be appreciated. It may be a futile endeavor to find an honest lawyer, but try I must. I have heard rumors of the re-activation of the International Black Cross. If this is a reality, please put me in touch with them.

In closing, I would like to thank you for your excellent, thought provoking journal (which gives me hope for humanity). Also, I'd like to put in a plug for Perennial Books of Montague, Mass (John Petrovato, prop). Perennial's extensive booklist and sensible attitude toward the recycling of literature/knowledge gives me the inspiration to continue the fight.

Prior to my conviction, I waged a lonely battle. Show me that solidarity indeed exists.

Peace,
John M. Hubbard III 03151-028
Unit C, POB 888
Ashland, KY. 41101

Ps. While I generally disdain the mainstream media, *Details* magazine will run an article (originally commissioned by *Rolling Stone*) on my case authored by journalist Steve Fishman (author of the acclaimed *Bomb in the Brain*). The feature will appear in the Feb. issue, available in mid-Jan. '92.

Also—add my name and address to your resource exchange and contact list.

Please reply ASAP to the above letter. Time is of the essence.

Correction on attribution

Dear editor,

As editor of *1 in 3: Women with Cancer Confront an Epidemic*, I was most pleased with Sally Gonick's favorable review in the latest issue of *Anarchy*. Ms. Gonick has obviously read the book (some reviews I've seen were written by people who obviously had not read the book), and she certainly got

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the point.

To accompany her review, Ms. Gonick chose to reprint in its entirety one poem ("In Response To a Promotional Ad Claiming that the Number of People Who Have Survived Cancer Could Now Fill the City of Los Angeles" by Sandra Steingraber), and I think her choice was an excellent one. That particular poem is probably my favorite piece in the book. I had been feeling discouraged about the whole project when I received that poem from Sandra in the mail, and felt I could eventually put together a book which would say what I thought needed to be said. I am writing, however, because the "reprinted with permission..." statement below the poem inaccurately attributes the poem to another book which is reviewed on the previous page in the same issue of *Anarchy*, i.e. *Sex Work* also published by Cleis Press. It's an odd mistake, and one which should probably be corrected.

Thanks.

Sincerely,
Judith Brady, San Francisco, CA.

[We're sorry to have missed this mistake in attribution during production, and apologize to you, to the poet, Sandra Steingraber, and to the reviewer, Sally Gonick. -Jason]

"Hearts and Minds" and *Uncommon Desires*

Dear *Anarchy*,

First of all, before I forget, let me state publicly for the record that all articles ever published under the name "Joel Featherstone," now or at any time in the future, are not copyrighted and may be reprinted without my permission by anyone. So don't bother to write to me for permission, just go ahead and reprint. I apologize for not making this clear earlier and thereby saving some people a lot of trouble. I am very hard to reach even by mail, especially since the FBI raid on our lawyer's office which a federal judge subsequently ruled improper. The fact that the judge scolded the FBI agents from the bench and enjoined them from using our seized mailing list for entrapment purposes and ordered them to return it to us is all that currently prevents them from launching punitive, frivolous 'investigations' of all our subscribers. The 'shield' of the federal court system is a protective barrier in which I have less than complete confidence. I will not rehash all the details which the *Anarchy* staff was so kind as to allow me to explain at length in #30 pp.33-34, except to say that nothing substantive has occurred in the intervening period save for the publication of our drastically scaled-down, low-budget *Uncommon Desires* Newsletter.

I appreciate very much your decision to reprint my *Uncommon Desires* article, "Hearts and Minds: The Failure of Sex Abuse Education" in your Winter 1990-91 issue. However, in copying the article from pages 11 and 12 of *Uncommon Desires* #3 you neglected to include the final eight reference notes on page 13. Hence, some of the citations in the text as printed in your journal can not be found in the notes. Could I possibly prevail upon you to print the final

eight reference notes in a future issue? [Ed. note: See below]

Two references in particular are worthy of attention. Ann Marie Smith's delightfully outrageous "Sex and Violence and Censorship" appeared in the August 1986 issue of the now-defunct Canadian publication, *Body Politic*. In this article she traces her history as a pro-censorship feminist anti-porn crusader through to her defection and transformation into a sex-radical feminist fan of "women's pornography." She favorably compares "the child-lover's apartment" with the nuclear family, deeming the former a more wholesome environment for the young than the latter. The other reference, Gayle Rubin's "Sexual Politics, the New Right, and the Sexual Fringe" appeared in Daniel Tsang's anthology *The Age Taboo* (Alyson Publ., Boston, 1981). Rubin is one of the most visible and articulate spokespersons of the sex-positive libertarian wing of radical feminism which split from the Dworkinite pro-censorship current back in the late '70s. In this article she defends consensual intergenerational sexual relationships, man/boy love in particular, and criticizes certain other lesbian feminists for their attacks on the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA, POB 174, Midtown Station, NYC, NY. 10018). *The Age Taboo* also contains "A Militant Young Dyke's Feminist Perspective on the Age of Consent Question," a passionate defense of woman/girl love from a girl's perspective. I urge the editorial staff of *Anarchy* to consider reprinting this brief but powerful essay.

Due to an error somewhere at our end, the reference note for Beth Kelly's controversial essay "On Woman/Girl Love, Or, Lesbians Do Do It," did not appear even in the original *Uncommon Desires* version of my "Hearts and Minds" article although I cited it in the text. Kelly describes her positive sexual relationship at age eight with her great aunt. Her original article appeared in the March 1979 issue of *Gay Community News* (now called *Gay and Lesbian Community News*). This article was reprinted in full in *Uncommon Desires* #2. Excerpts were also reprinted in Tom O'Carroll's *Paedophilia: The Radical Case* (Alyson Publications, Boston, 1982). Both this book and *The Age Taboo* are available at major li-

braries or through interlibrary loan. Certain readers of your journal, have written in with sweepingly self-assured analyses of all intergenerational relationships. These individuals appear to be unaware of any alternative analyses outside those of *Time Magazine*, *60 Minutes*, and the *Weekly World News*, whose cliches they dutifully repeat. I do not wish to trash these readers. I believe they are sincere anti-authoritarians at heart who have been brainwashed by hearing only the psychiatry/social worker/po-lice perspective on this issue. I urge these readers to check out the two books mentioned and to educate themselves first before deciding whether or not to launch any additional verbal attacks on us sex radicals. If they need further proof of the existence of non-abusive sexual relationships between children and adults from the child or former child's perspective, I recommend "Self-Reports of Positive Childhood and Adolescent Sexual Contacts with Older Persons: An Exploratory Study" by UCLA researcher Paul Okami (*Archives of Sexual Behavior* Vol. 20, #5 pp.437-457, 1991).

Okami's paper is only the latest in a long series of studies by a variety of researchers over the past few decades which have independently reported evidence of harmless, or positive adult-child relationships, usually without having specifically looked for it. Several of these earlier studies are cited by Okami for those who want still further proof. In fact, evidence for harmless adult/child sex has been building up for so long now that most victimologists have long since given up arguing that all adult/child sex can be proven harmful. It can't. They tried. For over a decade now, most have elected to follow the lead of David Finkelhor, the world's foremost victimologist, who, in his 1979 paper in the *American Journal of Orthopsychiatry*, acknowledged the existence of harmless intergenerational relationships viewed by the younger partner as beneficial. There he argued that relentless suppression of all such relationships should continue anyhow. The justification for such suppression should be advanced, in his words, "on a moral rather than empirical basis" because a moralistic rationale is "not contingent upon proof of a harmful outcome." I cannot stress enough that this is overwhelmingly the official establishment line!

Anyone who distrusts an admittedly biased pervert such as myself is strongly urged to read Finkelhor in his own words. Harmless adult-child sexual relationships experienced as positive by the child do exist—have always existed. The sooner we can get past this rather trivial point the sooner the debate can move on to address the more profound and important reservations raised by thoughtful, broad-minded readers such as Sandy from Montréal (*Anarchy* #30, p.34). Please, please don't just write to rehash some lines you got from *Parade Magazine* or Oprah.

Speaking of verbal attacks, M.G. from St. Petersburg writes in issue #30, "The predisposing factors of pedophilia are: low self-esteem; narcissistic identification; oedipal conflict; castration anxiety—fear of adult females; inadequate social skills..." My goodness, these 'pedophiles' sound like a pretty unpleasant bunch, don't they? I am certainly glad I don't know anyone like that. But wait, there's more! "...impulse disorder; alcohol problems; psychosis; situational stress; failure of incest-avoidance mechanism; and others." OK. That settles it. M.G. has convinced me. There is no way I am ever going to leave my dear beloved little child-friend alone in a room for even one minute with one of those awful pedophiles!!!

In all seriousness, I do believe there is some truth to M.G.'s words. Whatever common definition of 'pedophilia' one uses, the group so defined will surely contain some individuals who exhibit one or more of the hoary Freudian complexes enumerated by M.G. Perhaps, after scouring the world, a handful of individuals so defined could be produced who present with every single frightful malady on the list! But such an exercise would prove nothing. A great deal of money and research effort over the past few decades has gone into the search for key identifying features of 'pedophiles' that could facilitate their capture and control, with little success.

The fact is, there exists, ultimately, no such thing as 'pedophilia'. There's is no such discrete definable entity existing in the real world outside of the ideological superstructure of the state's efforts at social control. 'Pedophilia' is just a reified mental construct useful mainly to cops and moralists. The same kind of deconstruction which Feral Faun has so ably performed in these pages upon shibboleths such as 'anthropocentric' and 'biocentric' can be just as easily performed on what we *Uncommon Desires* jokingly refer to as "the 'P' word." For people interested in exploring what a free society might be like and how we might move closer towards such a society, calling a specific relationship between two specific persons 'pedophilia' or 'not pedophilia' tells us nothing of relevance. Of relevance are such issues as: is it consensual? how is the relationship carried on? what meanings does the sexual aspect of the relationship have for each partner respectively? can either party back out of the relationship with impunity if they so desire? is there any clear and measurable harm being done to either party by their partner?

Yes, I admit that I do use the

'P' word in my writing from time to time, but only as a convenient signifier, usually for the political current presently in the world which defends intergenerational relationships, criticizes age-of-consent laws, and so forth. Groups such as NAMBLA are collections of disparate souls having nothing in common with one another save a bond of shared oppression and a concomitant desire to challenge and defeat the causes of that oppression. There is no unitary 'pedophile identity' any more than there is a unitary "heterosexual identity" or "styrofoam fetishist" identity. Even a manifestly identical behavior or fantasy can have totally different meanings to the various persons exhibiting it. Either attacking or defending categories such as 'pedophilia' contributes nothing of value to anti-authoritarian theory. To do so not only confuses the map with territory, but expends such confused attentions on a map of the state's making, not our own.

Joel Featherstone

Uncommon Desires

POB 2377

New York, NY. 10185

Postmodernism a joke

Friends,

Thanks you for the most recent issue of *Anarchy* [#31/Fall '91]. By now you should have the most recent issue of *OVO*; I hope you enjoy it. This was the third issue of *OVO* to break even, and that has meant I've been able to increase the distribution and quality of the magazine more during this year than in the five or so years of publishing *OVO* before now. And after about twelve years of publishing I'm more than ready to have a project pay for itself.

The articles on Iraq, People's Park and the USSR were wonderful. I think the passion of first-hand accounts of history is as valuable as the objectivity of retrospective views.

What is your standard for deciding whether a magazine you chose to review is part of the alternative press or the anarchist press? *OVO* is created by an anarchist (myself), has had articles about anarchist events, has been an advocate of anarchism and a contact source for anarchists, but has also been listed in the alternative press section of *Anarchy* rather than the anarchist press section. Where would *Anarchy* be if you reviewed it? Is it really useful to have that distinction? *Ben Is Dead* and *Profane Existence* both pegged *OVO* as an anarchist magazine, but also one that didn't use a specialized political language or carry a party line. I don't mind being listed in either section—I'm always grateful for your reviews—but I am curious why there is that division and how accurate it is.

The first time I heard someone use the term 'post-modern' I thought it was a joke. How can something be described as having the qualities of what is to occur after what is most current (modern)? And no matter how much I read or hear about post-modernism it still seems like a joke, a new buzz-word for jaded critics and young hipsters. John Zerzan's essay "The catastrophe of post-modernism" puzzled me. It read to me

Continued on next page

More notes for "Hearts and Minds"

(See letter accompanying this box)

Plummer, C. (1984). "Preventing Sexual Abuse: What In-School Programs Teach Children" in *The Educator's Guide to Preventing Child Sexual Abuse*. M. Nelson and K. Clark (eds.) pp.1-5, Network Publications, Santa Cruz, CA.

Ray, J. (1984). "Evaluation of the Child Sexual Abuse Prevention Project," Paper presented at the Second National Conference for Family Violence Researchers, August, Durham, NH.

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Postmodernism a joke

Continued from previous page

like what a situationist might say about the spectacle, except without a possibility of subverting the spectacle. Or perhaps like what a surrealist might say about misanthropy but without the hope of surrealist intervention. Do we really need a new word for such an old problem? And is there really no hope? What is the difference between the spectacle and postmodernism, and why is there such resignation to the latter when there have been such noble strikes against the former?

I was very glad to see a review of *The Idle Warriors* in *NAAR* #5. Just as most of my "grassy knoll" friends have no interest at all in 'politics', most of my 'political' friends don't understand why I could spend time researching the assassination of John F. Kennedy. He was a president, one of them, so who cares? The overt oppression of capital, government and religion should be all that I'm interested in: any sort of research into conspiracies is just wasting time and reverting to mysticism. There are probably justifications I could give to either camp on why the work I do is relevant to both but I don't think about it too much. In the new book *Anarchy and the End of History* both the anarchist-rationalist and the christian-anarchist contributors used aliens and UFOs as their example of the ultimate foolishness, the bit of fluff that they would never lower themselves to giving credence to. Oddly, this comes out at a time when I've been doing a lot of critical and convincing research into UFOs! Perhaps I'll be the one to crusade the anarcho-alien contact tendency...nah, too much work. Anyone reading this magazine who'd like to have a dialogue about the grey-area of physics, meteorology, sociology, psychology, air-space technology and phenomenalism called 'UFOs' is welcome to write me at the below address.

Hope all is well, best of luck with all future projects, and write when you can.

Trevor,
POB 23061
Knoxville, TN. 37933-1061

[The usual 'standard' used to determine whether I list a magazine in the 'Alternative press reviews' or the 'Anarchist press reviews' is simply whether the publication is self-defined as anarchist or not. Thus, many zines may have anarchist editors and/or publishers, yet may well not be self-defined as anarchist zines, for example *Factsheet Five* under Mike Gunderloy. I have no particular interest in pronouncing which publications are genuinely anarchist by including them in the 'Anarchist press review,' nor which aren't genuine by excluding them. I just try to let them speak for themselves about how they should be classified. Unfortunately, this means that often it can be unclear in which section a particular magazine should be included. Because you've never to my knowledge called *OVO* an anarchist zine, and because you've carried a majority of not-specifically-anarchist material, I've been listing your zine in the 'Alternative press review.' If publishers want us to start listing their zines as an anarchist publications, they need only call them 'anarchist!' -Jason]



People to people

Hi *Anarchy*,

Thanks for a good publication.

I have for several years had personal contacts worldwide and learned a lot by that. Now I have some ideas developed on this. I would like to share with your readers:

As we experience a development of faster communication and increased interdependence between all people—it is time to realize that our knowledge becomes more and more abstract, being based upon apparently objective information and second-hand descriptions.

To successfully meet the challenge of the future it is essential that we can act from personal experience.

People to People Friendship Association (non-profit, non-partisan) is working for information on a subjective level, through a network of people sharing knowledge they are part of.

Letter exchange is one way to get firsthand information about life in other parts of this planet. That's why PPFA also is connecting people on a personal level (North/South penpal links). For an International Reply Coupon,

contact is provided to Africa, America, Asia and Oceania. So—reach out your hand to the world. Let us get to know each other, join in friendship and take care of our planet, to create a common future.

PPFA c/o Sören Groth
Industrigatan 9:1
15300 Järna, Sweden

Messengers screwed

Howdy!

Enclosed is a copy of *Mercury Rising* for possible review. It is one of two publications of the San Francisco Bike Messengers' Association, an anarchist labor organization in the most extreme sense of the word, i.e. there is no hierarchy and no organization.

The delivery business is so sleazy & messengers get screwed over so blatantly, that many people work full time and still cannot afford rent and food. If messengers here are even going to make a decent living, some serious action is necessary. To start out, we're revealing the most fucked, illegal practices of our companies to the public, including some companies' clients.

There's a lot of work for the

future, but it's encouraging to hear from other similar groups. I recently got a copy of *Despatch*, the newspaper of the DIWU, a wobbly messenger union in the UK. We'd very much like to hear from any other messenger groups out there and all bike messengers in other cities, especially anarchists. Get a hold of us @ 564 Mission #152, S.F., CA. 94105.

Thanks Mass,
Amerigo, San Francisco, CA.

Little funky strangities

Dear deer,

Wow, what another series of powerful mis, dis, or impeachable expressions. I hadda write. H.M. [see *Anarchy* #30, p.28, "With child/adult sexuality proof doesn't matter"] in good ole Sheepland, England, authors of the demise of P.I.E. (just for desiring to defend themselves from sexual hysteria, England stomped 'em out), got my slimy bucket lurching.

I was listening contentedly as s/he spoke of being "torn between" the two beliefs of children's rights and her belief that they need protection, when then the dogma hit the fan. So many little funky strangities s/he whipped up

(such an easy whip-up I must add), those any sheep can partake of from daily media hysteria, etc. etc. I had hoped s/he might actually question themselves objectively (Oh no, not that!).

I like the idea of questioning my sexual orientation but not using a map of dogmatic all-inclusive generalization-mongering. As 'sick' and 'perverted' and 'slimy' as I am (the individual person who loves boys and ain't afraid to look into your eyes when I say it), I am in search of truth within my orientation. I am also interested in in-depth free-thinking. But H.M. doesn't give free-thought a chance. Using words worn out by every publication one can find in this 'free' country of ours, not even letting the idea of it (intergenerational consensual sex) edge onto an edge.

So I am tempted to follow each line of her/his monologue and question it or fuck with its dogmatic manipulations. But, then I realize one just can't change the opinions of a devout one by words from space alone. You either have got to know their game better or let the kids speak up. Lev did a damn fine job in doing better, I think[...]

C.D., Somerville, MA.

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