

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

#40/Spring-Summer '94

\$3.50

Vol.14, No.2

Anarchy

A Journal of Desire Armed



A LIBERTARIAN FRANKENSTEIN ♦ NONMONOGAMY

REVERSAL OF PERSPECTIVE ♦ FLORES MAGON

Openers

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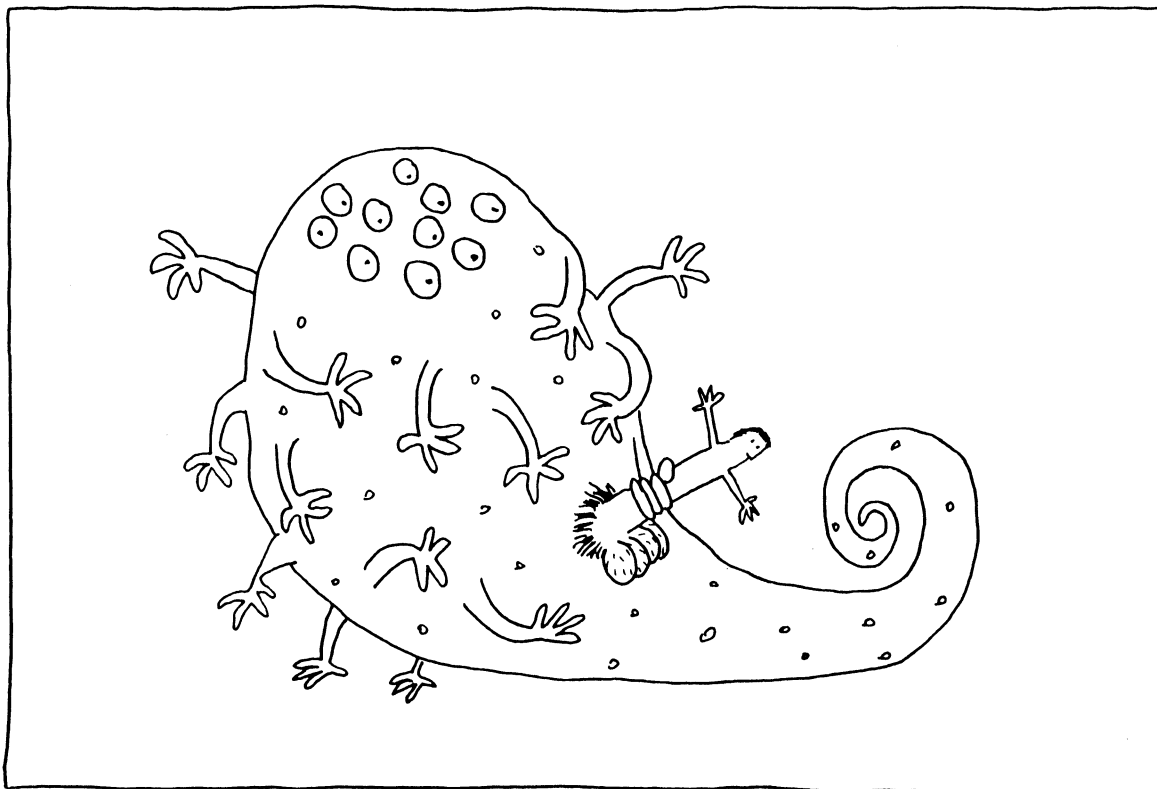
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Short news and comment articles or reviews which are used in "Openers," "The Sad Truth," "Alternative Media Review" or "International Anarchist News" may be edited for brevity and style. Other submissions (features, fiction) will be edited only with the author's permission. **Anarchy** editors reserve the power to make editorial comments, to run introductions or responses, to classify articles, and to place sidebars wherever deemed appropriate. Until we can afford to remunerate authors, photographers, and graphic artists for their published contributions we will give free issues &/or subscriptions, or other appropriate tokens of our appreciation. **Deadlines** for submissions are Jan. 31st for the Spring issue, April 30th for the Summer issue, July 31st for the Fall issue, and Oct. 31st for the Winter issue, but it *always* helps to get submissions in earlier!

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God getting the idea to
create man in His own image.



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Anarchy #40

Spring/Summer 1994

Press run: 7,000
ISSN 1044-1387
LC 88-13329
OCLC 11733794
Printed in USA

PUBLISHED BY
C.A.L. Press

EDITORS
Tad Kopley
Jason McQuinn

EDITORIAL ADVISORY GROUP

A. Hacker
Shagbark Hickory
Toni Otter
Mikell Zhan

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

Freddie Baer, San Francisco, CA.
Johann Humyn Being, San Francisco, CA.
James Koehnline, Seattle, WA.
Phillip Lollar, San Francisco, CA.
Mark Neville, Fremont, CA.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Feral Faun, Portland, OR.
Manolo Gonzalez, San Francisco, CA.
Alison Gross, Paris, France
Neal Keating, Albany, NY.
Michael William, Montréal, Québec
John Zerzan, Eugene, OR.

CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE

Ace Backwords • Laure Akai • Doug Bolling • Adam Bregman • Anders Corr • Lee Dessauxx • J. Donnelly • John Filiss • Mr. Fish • Dale R. Gowin • Mary Mary • Lorna McLaughlin • Brian Morris • NENW • Peter Porcupine • Donald Room • Marc Sherman • Raoul Vaneigem • Radio Werewolf

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Anarchy is indexed in the *Alternative Press Index* (POB 33109, Baltimore, MD. 21218), and is part of the *Anarchist Media Network (@net)*.

C.A.L. Press is a member of COSMEP, the International Association of Independent Publishers (POB 420703, S.F., CA. 94142-0703).

"The whirligig of time has its revenges."

--B.A.G. Fuller

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Netherlands

Inside Anarchy

Welcome to the Spring/Summer '94 issue of *Anarchy*. It's been longer than usual between issues, but we hope to be back on schedule in the Fall. At 100 pages this issue is a little bigger than previous ones in order to make up for the fact that it's covering two seasons, and also to help us catch up a bit more with the continuing backlog of letters! Subscribers don't worry, though, this will only count as one issue of your subscription.

Originally this issue was planned as a second "Libertarian Fiction" issue, following the first one (#32) by two years. It was also planned to be a double-issue. However, time, finances, and other factors have led to more of a compromise issue featuring our longest letters column yet, several interesting pieces of fiction, and several important non-fiction pieces, including Michael William's critique of libertarian municipalist electoralism in Montreal. And all this is framed by an impressive wrap-around cover collage by James Koehnline.

Regular readers will once again note that the pages and pages of alternative periodical reviews remain absent from the "Alternative Media Review" section of this magazine. They've been moved to a new quarterly publication, *Alternative Press Review*, whose third issue has just recently appeared. Contents of the new issue include a long interview with members of the Left Bank Books collective in Seattle, notes toward a history of zines, and reprints from a variety of excellent zines and magazines. Sample copies of *APR* are available for \$4.50 (\$5.00 first class), and subscriptions are \$16/year (checks made out to C.A.L., please at POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446).

Our next issue will be the Fall '94 *Anarchy* (#41), so please don't expect another

issue this summer. The fall issue will probably be a special issue on "individualism." Michael William and friends in Montréal will be editing the theme material for this issue over the summer, and invite submissions sent to:

Michael William
CP 1554, Succ. B
Montréal, Québec H3B 3L2
Canada

In a big change for this magazine, the fall issue should be published from New York by a new editorial and production collective. This is primarily due to a lack of energy locally to help with production here in Columbia, as well as to my desire to move on to other projects and to travel more. I hope readers, subscribers, writers and artists will all be supportive of this move. One way you can help is to begin a new subscription this summer, or to extend your current subscription. Those who subscribe or extend for two years can get a free book. And those who take the plunge and subscribe or extend for three years can get two free books. Check out the offer on the facing page!

The new address for *Anarchy* is:
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I'll be taking the summer off in order to do some long-awaited traveling, so don't expect to get any quick responses to correspondence sent here to Columbia, MO. during this time. As soon as I return I'll do my best to bring all correspondence up to date. But I can make no promises.

And finally, although there once again wasn't room to include a list of sustaining contributors on this page, we remain thankful for the extra help sustainers provide for this project. And, we also thank everyone who has contributed in whatever way—subscribing, writing, art, etc. Above all, *Anarchy* is a collective project requiring widespread participation for success. -Jason M.

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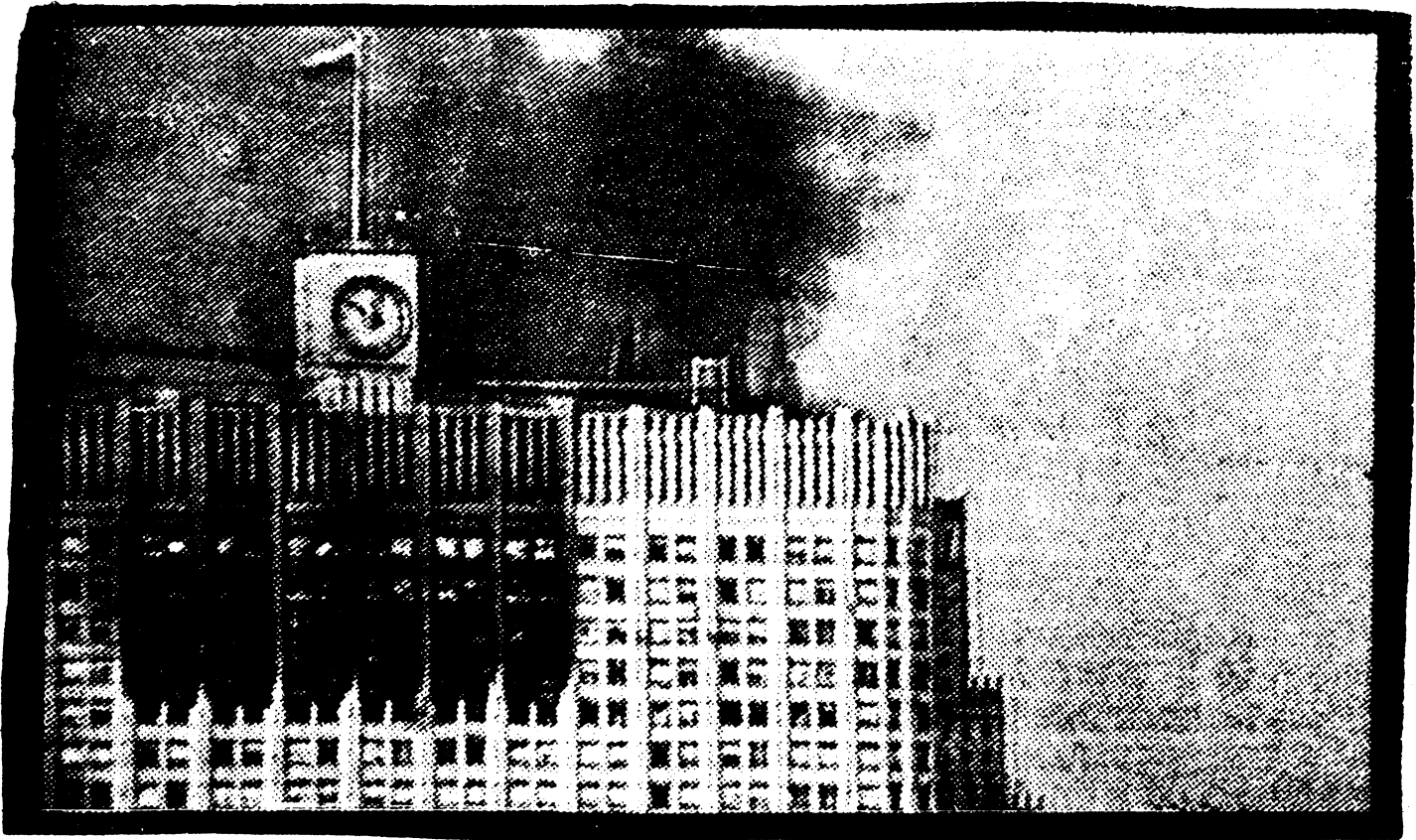
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#40



THE SEPTEMBER PUTSCH: What really happened, and what didn't.

Any careful observer of world politics would not be surprised to find out the following:

1. That CNN lied when they reported that everybody supported Yeltsin. A good deal of people did, but many supported the White House defenders—perhaps as much as 30-40% of the population. (The T.V. show "Public Opinion" which has a phone in poll found that 20% of the viewers supported the death penalty for Yeltsin. Similar polls were conducted with similar results but were suppressed.) In addition, a large percentage of the population supported neither side, or supported Yeltsin only because he seemed the "lesser of two evils".

2. That Yeltsin's troops were under orders to let The White House and Ostankino be stormed to provide the justification for shooting up the opposition. (Chernomyrdin had warned journalists a few days before to be especially careful on the fourth).

3. Stories of "armed bands of communists and fascists on the loose" were used by Yeltsin to create public terror and provide a justification for imposing martial law.

4. People trying to surrender during siege were shot.

5. Yeltsin bans all sorts of papers, including ones that haven't been published in six months and gives the communist censors their jobs

back. Journalists are warned to "censor themselves".

6. Politicians who opposed Yeltsin but who had nothing to do with the events per se were arrested and beaten.

Yeltsin's democracy is very much reminiscent of some third world dictatorships where violence, repression and totalitarianism is needed to make the way clear for the multinationals.

Yeltsin's move to disband the parliament may have been the last thing that could have served as an impetus to rally people before the Gaidar program would go into full swing. But it wasn't because the only clearly organized force against capitalism is the red-brown alliance of communists and fascists, who represent to most people repression, authoritarianism, and misery of the socialist realist sort.

New traditions need to be formed in this country. There are little to no citizen's initiatives or grassroots activities. Everything was always done by and dictated by the state. People see no force except for political forces who, by nature, are always involved in power struggles which few people can get behind. In the rare occasion that people do act on their own initiative, this initiative is disrupted by some political bastards. There is a general feeling of powerlessness among the unorganized people.

The fact that many thousands of people took no action at all during these tragic events attests to this. The only remedy for society is beginning to look not towards the government or political parties for solutions to their situation, and more importantly, for action on their behalf, but towards themselves, friends, colleagues and neighbors. Passivity must be broken.

Neither side in this battle should have been supported. Yeltsin the dictator who signs decrees by the dozen. Rutskoi the anti-semitic, anti-woman, anti-gay Colonel who supports keeping control for those in power as much as Yeltsin. The Yeltsin supporters who made themselves police and conducted body searches of people who weren't dressed rich enough. The fascist Rutskoi supporters who would like to run their own police state if they had their way. The only healthy reaction to this all would have been to do something else. But, this is exactly what didn't happen. Tens of thousands of people who are fed up with it all, who don't trust any politicians, went around as if in a fog, not being able to think of what to do, or, if they had, being too well trained to act on their desires.

It's time to tear down the fortresses of the mind. -Laure Akai



MOSCOW: *This Ain't Los Angeles*

Of the most bizarre aspects of the events which took place in Moscow from Oct. 4-5 was the fact that property relations were more or less held as sacred. The angry crowd which stormed the White House on Oct. 4 was made up of some of the organized opposition, but mainly was fueled by onlookers and passersby who joined up with the crowd, which swelled to about 10,000 people. Obviously many of those people hadn't been staked out at the White House before and were motivated by the spirit of the moment to express their anger. The target of their anger was almost exclusively the government; they primarily destroyed army vehicles and stormed government buildings, the only damage done to any advertising apparently was outside the American Embassy compound. On the way to the White House, commercial kiosks remained intact, BMW's lined the street and advertising displays urged you to by sleek western products, way

out of reach of the average Russian consumer.

part of the reason that communists and the poor didn't loot is because "banditry" had a very bad image during all of the Soviet years. They did not want to appear as thieves to the public, but rather as martyrs willing to die for the public good. Ironically, if any looting would have been done, it would have been done by the overtly materialistic "new Russians", pro-Yeltsin to the core, who are most renowned in this country for being willing to do anything for flashy clothes and luxury consumer goods.

Tactically, mass looting would have been extremely effective. Companies considering doing business here, and those that would have had severe property loss may very well have packed up and moved. After all, much of the economic disaster here is due to the fact that the government is trying to create incentives for people to "do business"; these incentives include selling off businesses and natural re-

sources at extremely low prices, setting a low exchange rate, and having a minimum wage on which one can only live a bread and water existence.

Politically there is justice in going directly to the people who get rich off your misery. This includes not only retailers who sell back products to their producers at many times the cost, but also all owners of businesses where the bosses get rich off of the labor of workers.

So what do people believe the government will do? Let workers control the product of their labor? This will never happen, not even in so-called "workers' states". Forget about the government. Direct action and monkeywrenching, and a complete overturning of the property relations around us are the only things which will bring any results immediately and will take power out of the hands of the bureaucrats and place it in the hand of you and me....

-Laure Akai

DEFENDING THE COMMONS

"Marx made a thorough analysis of the production process as an exploitation of labor, but he made only cursory and reluctant comments about the prerequisite for capitalist production, about the initial capital that made the process possible. Without the initial capital, there could have been no investments, no production, no great leap forward. This prerequisite was analyzed by the early Soviet Russian marxist, Preobrazhensky, who borrowed several insights from the Polish marxist Rosa Luxembourgh to formulate his theory of primitive accumulation. By primitive, Preobrazhensky meant the basement of the capitalist edifice, the foundation, the prerequisite. his prerequisite cannot emerge from the capitalist production process itself, if that process is not yet under way. It must, and does, come from outside the production process. It comes from the plundered colonies. In earlier days, when there were no overseas colonies, the first capital, the prerequisite for capitalist production, had been squeezed out of internal colonies, out of plundered peasants whose lands were enclosed and crops requisitioned, out of expelled jews and muslims whose possessions were expropriated.

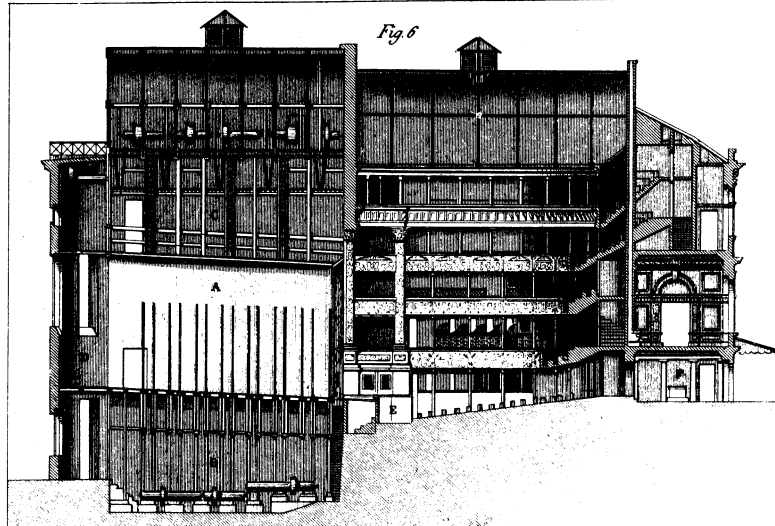
The primitive or preliminary accumulation of capital is not something that happened once, in the distant past, and never after. It is something that continues to accompany the capitalist production process, and is an integral part of it." **Fredy Perlman, *The Continuing Appeal of Nationalism*.**

There is a tendency to think of enclosure as simply a question of the land dispositions of European squatters, laborers and peasants, but even at the height of these clearances enclosure embraced a wider commons than this. It wasn't just the means of subsistence which were brought under more intense regulation but a profusion of independent activities and communal entities. Custom, which dispensed justice, set limits and sustained the community, became subject to increasing intervention from a burgeoning class of professional administrators. Social care became institutionalized in workhouses and asylums as the commons of self-sustenance fell to the invading norms of wage labor, taxation and individualism. Time itself became more strictly managed.

It is not my intention to mourn a better age than this one, but to remind readers of what happened in the "classic" age of enclosure the better to understand the process today. Enclosure wasn't about dispossession, (although such expropriation continues with a vengeance

in the unfortunately developing world) it involved a new discipline of the mind, a new way of being in the world, with new scarcities and concerns. It broke people into faster rhythms and more exacting conditions of living. It corroded the vestiges of autonomous sociability.

There are some who are puzzled by an



apparent obsession with professional and managerial power, when there appear to be more pressing evils to confront. The critique of this class looks as if it is disengaged from the deeper problems of making one's way through life, almost a luxury in a period of concentrated necessity. It's my view at least, that the growth of this class is concomitant with the disappearance of the commons, and that the disappearing commons continue to be a major source of present miseries. For, as Perlman notes above, the continued existence of capitalism depends on expanding enclosure. This doesn't just happen in the diminishing wilderness of the world, or the dwindling number of colonies to plunder, but right at the heart of everyday life in the overdeveloped zones. Spaces which were once at least contestable, like city streets, become objects of intense surveillance, as a prelude to transforming them into practically the private property of the local state. Streets become traffic conduits, destroying the variety and possibility they could have as sources of both sustenance and pleasure. What's left of custom shrinks from the multi-disciplinary assault of teeming professionalisms. Enclosure circumscribes matter and immateriality alike. It cordons off the emotions in order that they can be turned on and off at the will of management. It embraces social action in order to turn it into manageable skills and procedures, the better to sell courses to people in that which the education system made them forget in the first place.

Enclosure creates value. It turns everything into a resource to be managed, and its unhinged manifestation today is a sign of how little commons are left for transformation. While

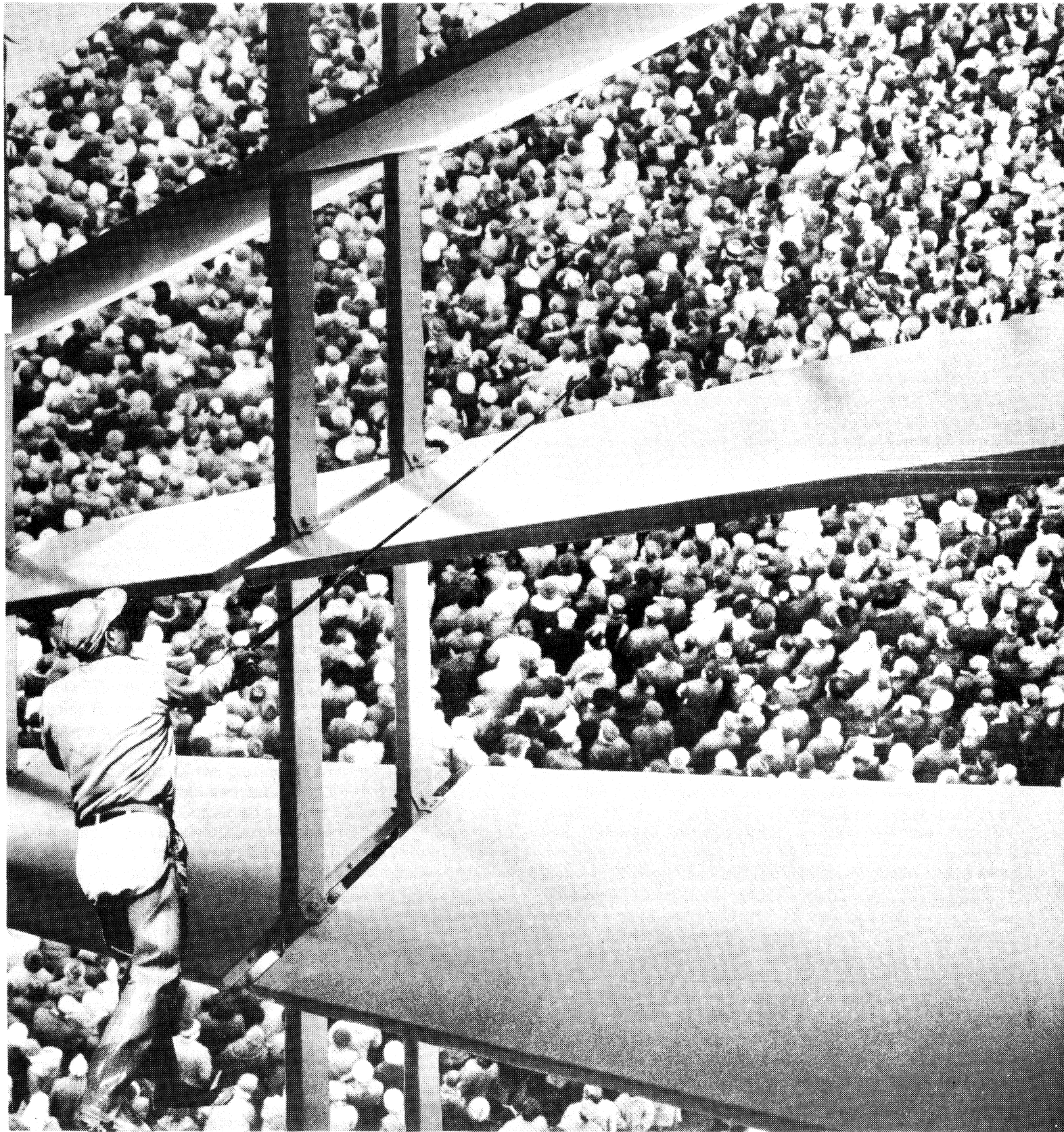
technology can be relied upon to discover new resources in the world of genetics or cyberspace, it is questionable whether they will provide enough new value to overcome capital's problems. So simultaneously the creeping invasion of self conscious, altering our perception of what it is to be a human being by break-

ing up everyday existence into a series of social skills requiring tutelage and assessment. Now body and soul are "human resources at the service of enterprises and the functions of both are required to submit to self-administered cost/benefit analysis. Life disintegrates into tasks and projects and it is professionalism which investigates and measures them.

The consequence of this (the "hidden cost" in Economy-Speak) is not just the redefinition of self-hood according to the interests of professionals and capitalists, is not just the loss of autonomy and growth of dependence upon the State and Capital, but also involves a quiet invalidation of our human being, as experiences, thoughts and feelings are submerged

under the same laws of scarcity and resource management as everything else. The dream of socialists for a synchronicity between the economy and human needs looks like being fulfilled, except that it is humans who are being "economized" rather than the economy being humanized.

Only some of the opponents of capitalism are beginning to grasp what is going on. The Left remains gripped by alternative resource management, arguing for public rather than private enclosure, thereby bolstering up rather than dissolving the legitimacy of transforming commons into resources. But there are people who recognize that self-sustenance and a restoration of some part of the commons in their lives are essential prerequisites for some sort of good living, be they travellers, allotment holders or home educators. Extension of such arrangements would help create the vital precondition for a successful revolt against the economy's dominion. It would nurture communities which are not only against the state but independent of it as well. Continually capital itself finds things falling out of its orbit, as human beings find use for what exchange value found waste, but rarely does use hold out against the transition to value. The defense of the commons emerges from resistance to the latest enclosure. Twyford Down and Jesmond Heath have brought that resistance back to the forefront of anti-capitalist rebellion. Awareness of both the ubiquity and variety of enclosure including all its beneficiaries is a first step on the road to reversing the incursion of scarcity into existence. -Peter Porcupine Reprinted from *Here and Now* #14, c/o Transmission Gallery, 28 King Street, Glasgow G1 5QP, Scotland.



Collage by Johann Humyn Being

As always, we're happy to exchange with other periodicals (of 8 pages or more—or 4 pages if tabloid size). We try to list all the anarchist publications that 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. Please note that we no longer exchange with non-English-language publications that are not anarchist in orientation. Reviews in this column by Tad Kepley are marked (TK).

Publishers please note: To ensure that your publications are reviewed in future issues, send all zines and magazines to our new address: B.A.L. Press, POB 2647, Suzyesant Stn., New York, NY 10009.

RAVEN #24/Oct.-Dec. '93 (Freedom Press, 84b Whitechapel High Street, London E1 7QX, England) is a well-produced, 96-page quarterly journal published as a companion to **Freedom: Anarchist Fortnightly**. The theme for issue #24 (and for the upcoming issue #25) is (pro-) "Science," including an array of articles singing the praises of science and technology while warning in dire tones of the evil results which would inevitably come from the rejection of science (which, anyway, is seen as being impossible). Contributions include John Pilgrim's earth-shattering "The necessity of science," and Nigel Calder's plaintive plea to "Give science a chance." This issue reminds me of all the self-styled "libertarian" capitalists, whose blind belief in the dogmas of a capitalism that is "really" incompatible with the state is analogous to the obtuse belief of these science boosters that the scientific-industrial enterprise will only really thrive when government is abolished! You have to wonder what world they are living in. Bio-technology and chaos theory über alles! Subscriptions are £12/year.

EXTRAPHILE #1/Spring '94 (POB 5585, Arlington, VA. 22205) is a new 50-page "Quarterly Journal of the 1st Extranational" (a "union of egos" consisting of Len Bracken and Bob Black). This first issue begins with a somewhat inconsistent (but interesting nonetheless) manifesto titled "The First Extranational: Provisional resolutions towards a union of egoists," and this is followed by reprints of Peter L. Wilson's "An immediatist potlatch" and Neal Keating's "Rioting and looting as a modern-day form of potlatch." These are followed by contributions from Len Bracken on "Solar economics" and Bob Black on "Primitive affluence: A postscript to Sahlins (from his recent book

Anarchist press review

Compiled by Jason McQuinn & Tad Kepley

Friendly Fire). The issue is rounded out by a long and sometimes insightful review of Guy Debord's *Commentaires sur la Société du Spectacle* contributed as well by Bracken. All in all this is an uneven but promising premiere issue. Just about everything included deserves digestion and further comment. Subscriptions are \$3/copy (checks payable to Bracken).

GREEN ANARCHIST #33/Winter '93 & #34/Spring '94 (Box H, 34 Cowley Rd., Oxford OX4 1HZ, U.K.) is now a greatly more readable, 16-page anti-civilization tabloid, newly subtitled "For a free society in harmony with nature." The Winter issue includes follow-up coverage of the ultimately failed but militant resistance to the Twyford Down roadway, along with a summary of a new pamphlet exposing the (supposedly) anti-fascist **Searchlight** magazine. The Spring issue includes a piece on "Sexual liberation" (arguing against any set-aside-of-consent), along with a discussion on the nature of economic classes, and a critique of "Left-wing organizations" (as being inherently counter-revolutionary). Subscriptions are £4.75 IMO for 5 issues.

ALSO RECEIVED:

A-S Info #4/Summer '93 (Damir Vadim, POB 55, 109544 Moscow-544, Russia) is a small-format, 16-page "Bulletin of Anarchism and Syndicalism in Eastern and Central Europe." Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Serf City Black Banner #2/Jan.'94 (POB 7691, Santa Cruz, CA. 95061) is a new locally oriented, 20-page "Newsletter of the S.C. Anarchist Movement." Issue #2 includes Anders Corr's worthwhile piece on "Landed dispossession in the United States and the world: The statistics," an account of a bizarre "Voices of Revolution" forum in which leftist and anarchist groupuscles (including the IWW, WSA, SCAM, RWL and RCP) argued over what revolution is, and a "Communique from the general command of the EZLN" giving an account of the recent indigenous uprising in Southern Mexico from the perspective of the Zapatistas. Copies are \$1 postpaid.

Freedom; Anarchist fortnightly Vol.54,#22/Nov.13,'93thru Vol.55,#6/Mar.19,'94 (84b Whitechapel High Street, London E1 7QX, England) is a long-running 8-page tabloid of news and comment. These issues includes pieces on a multitude of interesting subjects. Issues #2 & #3 include a two part piece on "Mexico: Magical realism confronts heroic materialism," and every issue includes a new installment of Donald Rook's consistently good "Wildcat" comic strip. Subscriptions are £18.00/year (24 issues).

Kaspahraester #8/Oct.'93 thru #10/April '94 (POB 8831, Portland, OR. 97207) is an attractive 32 to 50-page zine of reviews, poetry, comment, computer mail, dreams and graphics. Issue #8 includes a reprint titled "The Tong" (from Hakim Bey's *Radio Sermonettes* pamphlet). Issues #9 and #10 feature the first two parts of a serialized story titled "1World" by the publisher, Jean Heriot. Send \$2 cash for a sample.

Profane Existence #21/Jan.-Feb. '94 (POB 8722, Minneapolis, MN. 55408) is a 24-page anarcho-punk tabloid, now publishing on an irregular basis. This issue features squatter/anarchist/resistance news, lots of columns, letters and zine/noise reviews, and band interviews with Misery, So Much Hate, Civil Disobedience and Acid Rain Dance. The publishing collective is now getting back on its feet after a sparse output for 1993. Sample copies are \$3 postpaid.

Plain Words #3/Feb.-Mar.'94 (P.A.C., POB 8532, Haledon, NJ. 07508-8532) is a nicely-done 16-page tabloid subtitled "A Paper for the Oppressed People of Passaic County." This issue includes a piece on "Economic cleansing" in Haledon by Mathias Degan, a center section on the Zapatista uprising, and a two-page "Copwatch" section. Every city could use a locally oriented newspaper like this. Subscriptions are \$5/year (4 issues).

Love and Rage Vol.4,#5/Nov.'93 thru Vol.5,#1/Mar.-April '94 (Box 3, Prince St. Station, New York, NY. 10012) is a 20-page left anarchist news-bimonthly now published entirely in English (the Spanish section has now become a separate project publishing in Mexico City under the title *Amor y Rabia*). The September issue includes an account of the San Diego Love and Rage Conference (which resulted in the break-up of the

"network" and its replacement by a smaller "federation") and the first part of Ron Taber's "Anarchist critique of Marxism." The November issue includes Elizabeth Bright & Todd Prane's "Impressions of the Mexican anarchist movement." And the March-April issue has a theme of "Feminism and Revolution," along with a special section on the Chiapas uprising. Subscriptions are now \$13.00/year (6 issues).

The Infinite Onion #9/Dec.'93 (POB 263, Colorado Springs, CO. 80901) is now a 12-page anarcho-punk tabloid of opinion and comment. This issue includes a short piece by Hakim Bey on Chinese secret societies titled "The Tong." Sample copies are now \$1.50 postpaid.

Mother Anarchy #5/Oct.-Nov.'93 (Laure Akai, PO Box 500, Moscow 107061, Russia) is a 24-page special issue of this zine dealing with Yeltsin's coup in Russia last October. It includes Sebastian Job's very long and interesting eyewitness account of the events of Oct. 3rd titled "The Russian White House won and lost," Laure Akai's "Ethnic cleansing a la Russe," and "No political solutions." No price listed; send a donation for printing and postage.

Libertarian Labor Review #16/Winter '94 (POB 762, Cortland, NY. 13045) is a 42-page magazine of "Anarchosyndicalist Ideas and Discussion." This issue features Jon Bekken on "The American health care crisis: Capitalism," and Graham Purchase's somewhat pathetic "Why anti-syndicalist 'anarchists' ought to think a little more clearly" (for example, he argues that "the factory system if it was managed and operated upon a collective basis by the workers themselves, far from representing a dehumanizing and unrewarding experience might well become a richly human one"). Subscriptions are \$12/4 issues (2 years).

Free Society Vol.2,#2/undated (POB 7293, Minneapolis, MN. 55407) is a 22-page zine including an article on "The revolutionary spirit: Hannah Arendt and anarchy," and Ynestra King on "The other body: Reflections on difference, disability, and identity politics." Subscriptions are \$10/4 issues.

Discussion Bulletin #62/Nov.-Dec.'93 thru #64/Mar.-April '94 (POB 1564, Grand Rapids, MI. 49501) is a 32-page assortment of letters and reprinted articles primarily from the anti-market, non-statist radical milieu. Issue #64 includes a sad description of the mechanics of the "Green Gathering, 1993" by Don Fitz. All three issues include an important ongoing argument over the nature of democracy and its relation to revolutions. Subscriptions are \$3/year (6 issues).

RSVP #15/Feb.-Mar. & #17/Apr.-May '94 (Tad Davies, 821 Highview

Ave., Manhattan Beach, CA. 90266) is a 52-page "co-op publication of writers and a publisher concerned about freedom issues of many different views," with a fair number of anarchists and anti-authoritarians involved. Subscriptions are \$16/year (8 issues + occasional bonus issues).

Incendiary Devices #4 (POB 22774, Seattle, WA 98122-0774) ...is a lively left anarchist zine from Seattle. This issue includes 40-odd xeroxed pages of interviews with an anti-fascist from British Columbia, Seattle gentrification, prisoners support contacts, and an anti-pacifist rant called "The Nonsense of Nonviolence." \$1.50. (TK)

OTHER PERIODICALS RECEIVED:

Happy To Be Annihilated #10/undated (c/o RR2, 380 Cramer Rd, Dundas, Ontario L9H 5E2, Canada) is a 4-page zine of random thoughts and images concerning control. Send two stamps for a sample copy.

Lovers Revolt #21/Jan.'94 (POB 6042, Minneapolis, MN. 55406) is a simple, small, 16pp. photocopied zine which mixes a little anarchy with Christianity, community, spirituality and liberalism and packages it all under the title of "the love revolution." Send an SASE for a sample copy.

The Shadow April-June '94 (POB 20298, NYC, NY. 10009) is another issue of NYC's premier street activist paper. In this one: Glass House Squat evicted, an interview with EZLN subcommandante Marcos, a report on new NYC mayor Rudy Giuliani's attempt to institute a curfew, and the usual cop-watching. \$1. (TK)

Semi-Automatic #1 (P. Mullins, POB 281, Chattanooga, TN. 37405) is a 24 page promising entry into anarchist publishing. This issue reprints James Koehnline's "Legend of the Great Dismal Maroons", and includes articles on cultural appropriation, and "The Mass Society of Spectacular Consumption". \$1 per issue. (TK)

Bayou La Rose #43 (POB 5464, Tacoma, WA. 98415) is a tabloid leftist paper dealing with indigenist nationalism, prisoner support, unionism, Earth First! and related issues. \$2 an issue. (TK)

Workers Solidarity #6 (POB 40400, San Francisco, CA. 94140) is an eight-page newsletter produced by the Workers Solidarity Alliance. Here you'll find glowing reports of recent syndicalist derring-do, like attending a rally in Chattanooga, and the international WSA conference. Also included is a report on the IWW's recent grand victory in organizing a bingo hall. \$1. (TK)

The Meander Quarterly Vol.5, #4/Feb. & #5/May '94 (c/o Ed Stamm, POB 1402, Lawrence, KS.

66044) is a 20 to 24-page "Newsletter of evolutionary anarchists" consisting of letters from contributors along with short news items. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Noisy Concept #21/Fall '93 (1216 Lincoln Ave., Cuyahoga Falls, OH. 44223-2227) is now a 10-page newsletter of reviews and letters. Samples are \$1; subscriptions are \$4/year.

Constipation #2 & #4 (Avram Garcia, POB 22774, Seattle, WA. 98122) is an excellent zine produced by anarchist prisoner Ron Campbell from inside Joliet Prison. Issue #2 has hilarious news from inside the walls and out, and a horoscope. #4 gets even better, with a short fiction piece on "humor"; confessions of a cockroach torturer, etc. \$1 per issue. (TK)

Jersey Anarchist #13/Nov.'93 thru #16/April '94 (NJAF, POB 8532, Haledon, NJ. 07508) is the 4-page newsletter "Voice of the North Jersey Anarchist Federation." Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Cyclists' Cyclical unnumbered/undated (Section of City Cyclists, c/o Patyczak, SP 20, 61-660 Poznań 31, Poland) is a little 4-page bicycling newsletter with a slightly libertarian slant. Send a contribution for a sample.

Whine #2/Fall '93. (Selena, POB 1545, Niland, CA. 92257) an eight page xerox zine of reprints and poetry. This issue includes a reprint from Riot Grrrl zine and a few zine reviews. Two stamps. (TK)

Angry People #6 (POB 183, Waterloo, N.S.W. 2017, Australia) is a ten page militant anarchist zine with a heavy Class War influence. This issue is lots of fun with articles on "tackling unemployment" destroying power, and crime. A highly confrontational read. \$2. (TK)

A.B.C. Discussion Bulletin #1/Jan.-Feb.'94 (Nightcrawlers ABC, POB 20181, NYC, NY. 10009) is a new xeroxed networking magazine for Anarchist Black Cross groups in North America and internationally. In this issue are letters and proposals from various groups in the loose network- published, it seems, in an attempt to draw these diverse groups into a bureaucratic structure with a "charter". \$2. (TK)

Animadverse #10-#11 (P.O. Box 57464, Jackson Station, Hamilton, ONT., Canada L8P 4X3) "...produced at will for anarchist/autonomist struggle". This issue includes prisoner support news, communiques from Mexico, an article on rape, ALF news, zine reviews, and a discussion of police brutality. \$2. (TK)

B Journal #4 (Old Erie Press, 822 Nold Avenue, Wooster, OH. 44691) "The Unofficial Vehicle of the Great Lakes Alternative Arts Alliance" poet-

ry, news, short fiction and reviews from "an anarchical point of view" \$2 an issue. (TK)

Black Fist Vol.1,#4 (15110 Bellaire, Box 317, Houston TX. 77083) "Houston's anarchist zine" is a highly militant, confrontational 16 page zine, including; A Moorish Orthodox Bulletin on the Zapatista uprising, an article on the "gang war" being carried out by the Houston police, some info briefs, and reviews of various firearms. Lively, fun stuff. \$2 per issue. (TK)

Little Free Press #93/Nov.'93 thru #104/May '94 (714 Third St. SE, Little Falls, MN. 56345-3510), is a long-running 4-page newsletter of ideas for living freely in a "priceless economic system." Each issue includes thoughts on living freely (and other topics like crime, welfare, psychopaths and war) by publisher Earnest Mann. Subscriptions are now \$2 (subscription length as yet undetermined).

A Infos #13/Sept.'93-Jan.'94 (c/o Int. Secr. LAS, POB 61523, 2506 am Den Haag, Netherlands) is a 12-page photocopied information bulletin covering recent events in the Netherlands. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

The Blast! #1/April-May '94 (POB 7075, Mpls, MN. 55407) is a brand new 28-page tabloid bringing an "activist" anarchist perspective to Minneapolis. This first issue includes a long "Political statement for the Agitator Index Collective" (publishers of the paper), and an interview with "Lorenzo Komboja Ervin: Black revolution in the 1990s." Cover price is \$1; subscriptions are \$9/6 issues.

The Harbinger #2/undated (POB 127, 39120 Argonaut Way, Fremont, CA. 94536) is a 24-page punk-anarchist tabloid with a graphically presented theme this issue of "No Penis Culture." Articles include "He speaks: The state's assault on abortion and declension of the women's movement," "Christian republic near you," and "We kicked O.R.'s ass in San Jose, kind of." Send a donation for a sample copy.

MuseLetter #25/Jan. thru #28/April '94 (Richard Heinberg, 1433 Olivet Rd., Santa Rosa, CA. 95401) is a very readable 4-page monthly comment zine. Each issue includes one essay or review. The January issue asks "Is money evil?" The March and April issues share two parts of one essay titled "Toward a rebirth of culture," arguing that civilization must be placed in critical perspective. Subscriptions are \$15/year.

No #10/undated (POB 175, Liverpool, L69 8DX, U.K.) is probably the last issue of this 14-page "Project of the Museum of Modern Alienation." This issue includes short pieces on "Librarians with attitude!" and a

reformist diatribe titled "What the hell does 'To achieve zero work' mean?" Send at least \$1 or \$2 for a sample copy.

FAU International News Flash Vol.2,#1/Jan.'94 (International Secretariat, Freie Arbeiterinnen Union Geko, c/o Buchladen Le Sabot, Breite Strasse 76, D-53111 Bonn, Germany) is a 6-page English-language summary of the German-language anarchist-syndicalist tabloid **Direkte Aktion**. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

An-Press #1/Dec.'92-Mar.'93 (194018, Russia, St.-Petersburg, 33 Parhomenko pr., apt. 76, Alexander V. Malshev) is the first issue of this 8-page "Review of [the] Russian Anarchic Movement" from the "Information Publishing Agency of Anarchists." Copies are \$3.

The Connection #193/Nov.'93 thru #196/May '94 (Box 3343F, Fairfax, VA 22038) is a 48 to 56-page apa, formerly titled **The Libertarian Connection**, featuring page upon page of tiny-print discussions, all originating from reader-participants. Sample copies are \$2.50; subscriptions are \$20/8 issues (checks to E. Strauss).

@ News #4/Oct.-Dec.'93 (POB 30557, 10033 Athens, Greece) is a 4-page "Informative Bulletin" published in concert with the Greek-language **Anarchic Intervention**. Send a contribution for a sample.

Viscosity Breakdown #1/Nov.'93 (515-916 West Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5Z 1K7, Canada) is a nicely done 20-page zine in an unusual format (5½x8¼). This first issue includes the publisher's journal entries, along with lots of short pieces (including "The dinner party" and "In defense of welfare") and quotes from a variety of authors. Sample copies are \$1.

No Nation Bulletin #16/Winter '94 (People to People Friendship Ass., c/o Sören Groth, Ådalen, Saltå Arb. Skola, 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).

Tensor #1/undated (POB 1311, Carbondale, IL. 62903) is a new, bizarrely paginated (ending on page 3,659!) little Deleuzian zine (for Deleuze and Guattari tensors "deteritorialize language"). Single copies are \$1.

P.C. #1, Winter '93 (P.O. Box 664, Str. C., Toronto, Ont. Canada) is a new 44-page leftist anarchist journal. This issue: Interviews with one of the Econmedia folks and punk band Ignatz, articles from the last (unpublished) issue of **Reality Now**, and on Anti Racist Action round it out. \$3 anywhere. (TK)

Alternative Media Review

Contra Flow Sept.'93 (c/o 56a info shop, 56 Crampton St., London SE17, England) Xeroxed news and information from anarchist contacts around the world. Informative. (TK)

Digital Revolution #2 (Brian Crabtree, 1227 Ranch Valley Drive, DeSoto, TX. 75115) Spunk Press, "How to build your own TV transmitter using commercially available parts", Randy Weaver, flag desecration, it's all here in 20 xeroxed pages. \$1. (TK)

NON-ENGLISH-LANGUAGE PERIODICALS RECEIVED:

Action #9/Jan.-Feb.'94 (FAM c/o Antonio Grozdev, 18 Nikola Slakov St., ET.1, AP.6, Sofia 1463, Bulgaria) is the 8-page "Information Newsletter" of the Federation of Anarchistic Youth in Bulgaria (FAM). FAM is actively seeking to establish contacts and periodical exchanges. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Gratis unnumbered/Nov.'93 (CP 2259, 50100 Firenze F, Italy) is a professionally produced new 32-page, Italian-language "Catalogo in Rivista," including reviews of 12 books covering anti-tech to surrealist themes. Copies are free.

Tesão #1/Nov.'93 (C.P. 70513, CEP 05013-990 São Paulo-SP, Brasil) is a new Portuguese-language newsletter, including a short piece on Capoeira in this issue. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Umanita' Nova Vol.73, #34/7 Nov.'93 thru Vol.74, #10/27 Mar.'94 (c/o G.C.A. Pinelli, via Roma 48, 87019 Spezzano Albanese [CS], Italy) is the 8 to 16-page, Italian-language weekly newspaper of the Federazione Anarchica Italiana. Subscriptions are US \$55.00/year.

Le Libertaire; Revue de Synthese Anarchiste #140/Nov.'93 thru #145/Avril '94 (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).

Schwarzer Faden #47/late '93 & #48/Feb.'94 (Postfach 1159, 7043 Grafenau-1, Germany) is a very solid and well-produced 72-page, German-language magazine, subtitled "Vierteljahresschrift Für Lust und Freiheit." Issue #47 includes Chomsky on "Das Jahr 501," and Markus Mathyl on "Kropotkin und der postsowjetische Anarchismus" (on the recent conference on Kropotkin in Russia). Subscriptions are 60.-DM/8 issues.

CNT #155/Nov.'93 thru #157/Enero'94 (CNT-Periódico, Apartado de Correos 2.271, 18.080 Granada, Spain) is the 24-page, Spanish-language newspaper of the anarcho-syndicalist Confederación

Nacional del Trabajo (National Confederation of Workers union). Subscriptions are 2,500ptas./year (12 issues).

Solidaridad Obrera #242/Oct.'93 thru #244/Enero '94 (Ronda de San Antonio, 13 pral 08001-Barcelona, Spain) is the 8-page Spanish-language regional newspaper of the anarcho-syndicalist C.N.T. in Catalonia. The front-page stories headlined in the September issue is "Contra la crisis anarcosindicalismo," and announcements of the Sept.-Oct. anarcho-syndicalist "Exposició Internacional" in Barcelona. Sample copies are 100ptas plus 20ptas postage.

Telegraph Vol.4, #11/Nov.'93 thru Vol.5, #2/Feb.'94 (Schliemannstr. 22, Berlin O-1058, Germany) is a 44 to 52-page German-language publication from East Berlin covering the current situation in Germany. Subscriptions are 34DM/year.

Perspectief #33/Okt.'93 & #34/Jan.'94 (Libertaire Studiegroep, Dracenastraat 21, 9000 Gent, Belgium) is a 64f to 80-page Dutch-language journal of libertarian perspectives. Issue #33 includes articles on "Ex-Joegoslavië," "Corrupt socialisme," and "Legalisering van drugs." Issue #34 includes a piece on "Een libertaire ethiek." Subscriptions are 300 Belgian fr or 20 Dutch fl/year (4 issues).

Rojo y Negro #49/Oct.'93 thru #52/Enero '94 (Sagunto 15, pral., 28010 Madrid, Spain) is the 16-page, Spanish-language newspaper of the reformist anarcho-syndicalist C.G.T. (Confederación General del Trabajo—a split from the anarcho-syndicalist C.N.T. in Spain). Subscriptions are 1,000ptas./year (12 issues).

De Nar #86/Nov.'93 & #90/Maart '94 (V.Z.W. De Nar, Postbus 104, B-1210, Brussels 21, Belgium)—which translates as "The Fool"—is a 4 to 10-page Dutch-language "monthly anti-authoritarian newspaper." Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Brand #57-58/undated & #60/Feb.'94 (Box 150 15, S-104 65 Stockholm, Sweden) is a lively, 32 to 40-page Swedish-language magazine, with consistently good photography and a fairly activist slant. Issue #60 includes articles on Emma Goldman and the Zapatista rebellion in Chiapas. Each issue includes an English-language summary at the back. Cover price is 20KR.

Anarchic Intervention #9/Nov.'93 (POB 30557, 10033 Athens, Greece) is an 12-page tabloid published in collaboration with **Angels Mutiny**. Send a contribution for a sample. Cover price is 200 drachmas.

Social Harmony #9/Feb.'94 (POB 76148, Nea Smirni T.K. 17110, Athens, Greece) is an 8-page, Greek-language anarcho-communist/com-

munist bimonthly. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Buiten de Orde Vol.4, #4-Vol.5, #1/Oct.'93-Jan.'94 [double issue] (Vrije Bond, Postbus 1338, 3500 BH Utrecht, Netherlands) is a 40-page Dutch-language magazine of local and international anarchist news and reviews. Subscriptions are 10 guilders/year.

Hors d'Ordre #4/Fev.'94 (Collectif Hors d'Ordre, 64, rue de Maisonneuve, app.4, Québec, Québec G1R 2C3, Canada) is a 24-page French-language publication, subtitled "Bulletin de Reflexions Libertaires." This issue features a cover story on "Mouvement étudiant: Contestation ou intégration?" Send \$2 for a sample copy.

Ekintza Zuzena: Revista Libertaria #14/Negua '94 (Ediciones EZ Argitaraldiak, Apdo. 235, Postakutxa, 48080 Bilbo, Bizkaia, Spain) is a nicely-produced, 64-page Spanish-language "libertarian review" from the Basque country. Subscriptions are \$15/4 issues).

Libera Volo #54/Okt. thru #56/Nov. '93 (A.R.P., PO Box 57, Sakyo Yubinkyoku, J-606 Kyoto, Japan) is the 6-page Japanese-language newsletter of the Federacio Anarkiista of Japan. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

W@rrior #5/Dec.'93 (A.R.P., PO Box 57, Sakyo Yubinkyoku, J-606 Kyoto, Japan) is an 8-page Japanese-language newsletter "published mainly by young anarchists who are involved in several movements." It includes a back page in English summarizing recent Japanese anarchist activities. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

CIRA Bulletin #50/Fev.'94 (avenue de Beaumont 24, CH-1012 Lausanne, Switzerland) is a 34-page French-language bulletin of the library of the International Center for Research on Anarchism (C.I.R.A.). Subscriptions are \$25.00/year (including library loan privileges).

Ektos Nomoy (Against The Law) #17/Jan.'94 (POB 11251, 541 10 Thessaloniki, Greece) is a slickly produced 16-page, Greek-language newspaper. Sample copies are 300 drachmas plus postage.

Libera... #31/Dez.'93 & #32/Jan.'94 (C.E.L., CP 14576, CEP 22412-970, Rio de Janeiro-RJ, Brasil) 2pp. Portuguese-language information bulletin by the publishers of **Utopia** magazine. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

De As #104-105/Summer '93-Winter '94 [double-issue] (Postbus 43, 2750 AA Moerkapelle, Netherlands) appears to be an academically-oriented, Dutch-language, 94-page anarchist journal. This issue includes "Hedendaags anarchisme in België"

by Frances Faes. Subscriptions are f34/year.

Enciclopèdic Noticiari #2/Oct. & #3/Des.'93 (Apartat de Correus 22.212, 08080 Barcelona, Spain) is a 12-page Spanish-language publication of the Ateneu Enciclopèdic Popular. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Mordicus #11/Hiver '93-94 (BP 11, 75622 Paris Cedex 13, France) is a 22-page French-language tabloid which tries to bring a sense of humor to radical journalism. This issue includes a discussion on the journal by those who produce it, along with articles like "Y a-t-il une Yuogoslavie apres la mort?" and "Situ... l'imagines!" (a short critique of the post-situationist milieu). The cover price is 20F; subscriptions are 100F/? issues.

Liberecana Ligilo #77/Unua '94 (Pelle Persson, Svartviksvägen 14, S-123 52 Farsta, Sweden) is the 4-page bulletin of the libertarian/anarchist faction of the Esperanto-language workers' organization S.A.T., headquartered in Paris. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Ide@ccion #19/Dic.'93 (Casilla de Correo 984, 2000 Rosario, Argentina) is the 16-page, Spanish-language, libertarian socialist newsletter of the Grupo Impulso Libertario. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

A Voz do Trabalhador #7/Nov.-Dec.'93 (LTOV-Belém, CP 1206, CEP 66017-970 - Belém/PA, Brasil) is the 4-page newspaper of the Núcleo Pró-COB-AIT which seek to reconstruct the Brazilian Workers Federation as a section of the international anarcho-syndicalist AIT. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

L'anarchie #204/Nov.'93 thru #206/Jan.'94 (A.O.A., BP 85, 72004 Le Mans, France), subtitled "Journal de l'Ordre," is the 4-page newsletter of the Alliance Ouvriere Anarchiste. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

A-Kontra #63/93 (POB 552, 17000 Praha 7, Czech Republic) is a special 8-page issue of this "anarchist zine, published by people from Č.A.S. (Czechoslovak Anarchist Union)" covering the murder of a punk band singer/ bass player by fascists. Send a contribution for a sample.

A Infos #36-#38/Juillet-Sept.'93 (Humeurs Noires [F.A.], BP 79, 59370 Mons en Baroeul, France) is a 4-page triple-issue of the French edition of the **A-Infos** international "Bulletins d'information"—meant for spreading news for publication in anarchist periodicals. Send a contribution for a sample copy; subscriptions are \$16/year (IMO payable to ALDIR).

Bad Boys & the Badge on Prime Time

A preoccupation with "realism" has long been the province of the television cop show. *Dagnet*, one of the pioneer police dramas, chronicled the days in the life of L.A.P.D. officer Joe Friday in his own words. In the sixties, the stark, stalwart N.Y.P.D. was a show praised for its no-nonsense depiction of cops, crime and criminals in America's largest city. More recently, the Reagan-era's *Hill Street Blues* was seen by some-or at least marketed by its network-as presenting an "accurate" rendering of good guys and bad.

These days, the Nintendo generation demands more. Or so we are led to believe by the ever-inventive, ever-deceptive denizens of Big Media. The fictional cop show may be going the way of the TV western, with all the Joe Fridays, Baretts, T.J. Hookers, Starskys, Hutch's, and McGarrets fading behind the gunsmoke. A new style of depiction replaces the old character/storyline approach. It is an "in-depth", "on-the-scene" documentary chronicle of the "real-life" cops and criminals. We are seated beside officers in their squad cars, run alongside them in pursuit of (usually black, hispanic or working-class white) perpetrators. Their faces are "protected" through a scrambling of the footage, to bring in a modicum of authenticity.

I made occasion to witness this travesty with *Cops*, which airs on Thursdays at 7:00 p.m. The episode of May 6 began with a reggae band intoning "Whatcha gonna do when they come for you?..." interspersed with the stenciled white-on-black *Cops* logo. The effect was eerie; just short of surreal. Prior to this I had been given the proverbial disclaimer: "Cops is on location with the men and women of law enforcement. All suspects are innocent until proven guilty." [As the veiled festivity of the reggae fades, the words "Broward County Florida" flash upon the screen. I was now in the company of Sgt. Ralph Capone, explaining from his moving squad car what would soon transpire. Two plain-clothes men will affect a cocaine purchase from a suspected dealer. "We know this bunch," Capone says, "They couldn't come up with any real weight, but an ounce will still get 'em three years in the system." A digital time flashes upon the screen.

Next it is a parking lot and a bewildered hispanic woman at the wheel of a parked car being told to "freeze" as a plain-clothes cop puts a .38 to her head. Our friend and humble role-model, officer Capone, with standard paunch and bottle brush mustache, arrives on the scene. He tells the woman, grimacing, on the verge of tears, lowers her head upon the roof of the car as she is handcuffed.

An abrupt and frenzied edit follows, with the woman struggling free from the plain-clothes man's grasp as he attempts to recite her "rights". I wondered, at this moment, why the officer's litany did not include a clause such as: "You possess the reproduction and distribution rights to the film now in progress." Anyhow, the woman is now unceremoniously smashed backward onto the hood of the auto by the other plain-clothes man who, with his finger in

her face growls, "Stay still and you won't get hurt." The camera zooms to her face as she nods sheepishly (there is barely room for her to



do so, he is so symmetrically over her that the motive appears pornographic.) Indeed, there is some sort of twisted psycho-sexual subtext. We next learn that the auto belongs to her lover-a woman. I couldn't help but wonder: Is this the lead-off segment of the program deliberately because certain men may be titillated by the image of a lesbian being roughed up?

A commercial for Coors beer follows. Three virile business men sit with loosened ties at a table in a luminous honky-tonk. Their mission: The Coors versus Miller taste test. Coors wins, of course. Not merely because it is Coors sponsored, mind you. These men are white, middle-class and just after a busy day at the helm of corporate America. When they settle down to a beer, they want a beer that excludes blacks, women and homosexuals. They want a MANLY beer. A beer that knows whom its constituency is and what they'll raise a toast to. "A lesbian got battered by a cop? Hey fellas, I'll drink to that."

We return to *Cops* and an aerial view of a seaside metropolis. As we loom closer there are palm trees. Miami, Florida is flashed on the screen. A disembodied voice intones, almost elegiacally, "I treat people good... I try to give 'em a chance..." It is officer Bob Dorigo of Miami's Finest, with his partner on their way to a domestic dispute. A woman placed an emergency call. Her common law husband is beating her-again. As they arrive at the garden apartment complex, the man, who is hispanic, intercepts them. He addresses himself to Dorigo, himself hispanic, explaining in spanish his side of the story. "Please", Dorigo says, "I prefer english." "She don't respect me", the man begins, "and in my country, we don't stand for that. She stay out all day, and I come home and there's nothing to eat." An edit brings us to the man being informed by Dorigo he is under arrest. The woman has visible bruises from her most recent beating and an eyewitness-a neighbor. The man is handcuffed peaceably. Sorry viewers, can't win 'em all. The officers enter the apartment to inform the

woman of the arrest. The woman is four months pregnant, we learn, in addition to two children who are visible to the camera and refer to her as "mom". "We placed your husband or boyfriend or whatever under arrest so everything should be o.k. now". "Boyfriend", the woman says to the officer as she sorts through a pile of clothing on the floor. There is a nasty blotch across the bridge of her nose and additional bruises on both arms. "He deserves it. I hope he rots in jail", she says. She launches into an invocation regarding men like her boyfriend; situations like her own: "I'd like to tell any other woman who is living with this [censored] will go on and on 'til eventually you'll either go to jail for killin' the guy or he'll kill you."

Officer Bob Dorigo reflects as he exits the grounds of the garden apartments. "It is really impressive that she came forward and blew the whistle on this guy. I mean, he was there handing me that crap about how things are done in his country...it's good for him to find out hi is here now, and that behavior is unacceptable." His caucasian partner saunters beside him, a blonde with a paunch and (of course) a bottle-brush mustache. The cautionary lyric of the reggae tune "Bad Boys, Bad Boys, whatcha gonna do..." plays as the footage fades. The commercial is for an upcoming NBC special called "Good Cops".

The speech given by the battered Columbian woman was seemingly adventitious, therefore it was rousing and engaging. But was it really spontaneous-impromptu, as it were? In determining whether it was or not, we are merely determining two shadings of the same exploitation. To begin with, the woman's mental and physical privacy has been compromised and trivialized by the camera-a technological, technocratic voyeur. Millions of viewers are made privy to the lay-out of her living quarters through TV's shabby, truncated vision of aesthetics. There are many dangers in this, not the least of which is that the short-sighted, ignorant sorts will have little concern for her bruises but much for the way she keeps house. In this sense, the camera becomes a brute arbiter of class distinctions and sometimes, racial equivocations. It is a conceivable that white working or middle-class viewers would draw prejudicial conclusions from such scant information-predominantly visual, at that. The nature of visual "information" is such that it abjures rational judgement in favor of the titillating, the tawdry, the obfuscating. It is far less the concern of a program like *Cops* to depict a battered working-class woman seeking justice for the abuse she has suffered, than it is to simply show a battered working-class woman. *Cops* does not address itself to those who are outraged by what repression and inequality lead to, but to those who just like to ogle the misfortunes of others. In the end it is not the Columbian woman who is heroic, either for the cogency of her speech or the atrocity of her scars, but the police, the noble Knights in Blue on the tube, and Rodney King but a real-life apparition.

-J. Donnelly

Poll Tax Rebellion

Reviewed by John Zerzan

Poll Tax Rebellion by Danny Burns (AK Press, 3 Balmoral Place, Stirling, FK8 2RD, Scotland; and Attack International, BM 6577, London WC1N 3XX, England, 1992) 202pp. \$12.00 [post-paid] paper.

Throughout the '80s the reactionary policies of the Conservative Party, headed by Margaret Thatcher, reigned in Britain. Retrenchment was the order of the day and the average person was forced to bear a large burden of sacrifice for the benefit of a declining British capitalism. Toward the end of the decade, in Thatcher's third term of office, the Tories redoubled their squeeze on the mass of the population by announcing a flat tax, in which all, rich or poor, would be forced to pay equally. This grossly regressive tax, which was to take effect beginning in 1989 and 1990, was quickly dubbed the Poll Tax due to its likeness to a head tax introduced in 1381. The right wing of capital, seriously overreaching itself, should have heeded the parallel. 600 years earlier the levy provoked a peasant revolt of epic proportions.

Burns' story of the campaign of popular resistance to the poll tax is accessible, well-organized, and accentuated with scores of photos and other graphic illustrations. Written as "a tribute to a mass movement which defied the state and won," it is a field study of how that movement progressed, by one of its organizers. As such, it must be said that it embodies some of the biases of an organizer.

A rising current of hostility to the tax and outright refusal to pay found marvelous expression in Trafalgar Square on Easter Sunday, 1990. On that sunny day, 200,000 formed a protest march to the center of London, culminating in a full scale battle with authority. The cops were routed (542 police injuries), the Square liberated, and considerable looting of posh stores throughout the West End accomplished. This was the high point of the developing resistance, and as Burns points out, the number of local anti-Poll Tax groups trebled within weeks of the Easter explosion; within a year Thatcher had resigned, and the projected tax had been withdrawn. And yet the book minimizes the occasion, betraying, I'm afraid, the all-too-typical leftist organizer's fear of spontaneity and triumphant "excess." Instead of glorying in what transpired, the author mainly points to certain cases of police violence, as if this popular outpouring needed to be excused or justified by reference to improper police conduct.

It is also possible to see Burns' account of the long campaign of organized resistance to the Poll Tax as introducing a basic question or two about the role of organizing. For one thing, it may be well to remember that the hated tax was not defeated by building up formal organizations across Scotland, Wales, and England, but by non-payment. The latter was not necessarily a simple effect of the former. In fact, as the author admits, "it was sometimes in the places where the anti-Poll Tax Unions were

weakest that resistance was strongest," such as certain inner city areas that had none at all.

Organization itself may even be subject to examination. Burns speaks of the challenge to find ways to keep ordinary people involved, to make them feel as if they were being effective and making decisions (p.191). Issues of manipulation and lack of transparency arise, especially when it is remembered that Burns and his comrades are committed leftists. When he refers to "building on the success of this campaign," one is reminded of the larger agenda in mind, unlikely to have been fully disclosed to those ordinary people being organized.

My own bias lies with critique, as thorough and public as possible, but it is impossible not to also accord at least critical respect to those, like Burns, who struggled for years against the threat of a severely onerous tax scheme in the U.K.

The Transparent Society

Reviewed by John Zerzan

The Transparent Society by Gianni Vattimo (Johns Hopkins University Press, 701 W. 40th St., Baltimore, MD. 21211, 1992) 129pp. \$12.95 paper/\$32.50 hardcover.

Vattimo, a professor of philosophy at Turin University, celebrates the ascendancy of mass media and industrial culture. This ascendancy is not a degeneration, he insists; rather it represents a "fateful opportunity" to realize a transparent society. High-tech mass culture is also the essence of the postmodern condition, in his valuation.

Contrary to Adorno and others, "standardization, uniformity, the manipulation of consensus" etc. "are not the only possible outcome of the advent of generalized communication, the mass media and reproduction." In this asser-

tion Vattimo enlists the crude marxism of Walter Benjamin's "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," which claims that technology offers a rejuvenation of the aesthetic experience. He also attempts to bring Heidegger to his aid, by means of thoroughly "updating" the only important insight Heidegger offers. If the latter tended to see modernity as universal technological domination, Vattimo says that the newest advances of technics have begun to usher in a new day.

"It is not in the world of machines and engines that humanity and being can shed the mantles of subject and object, but in the world of generalized communication." You see, computers have somehow changed everything, as if the "generalized communication" is not a direct expression of the horrible "machines and engines" he'd like to forget.

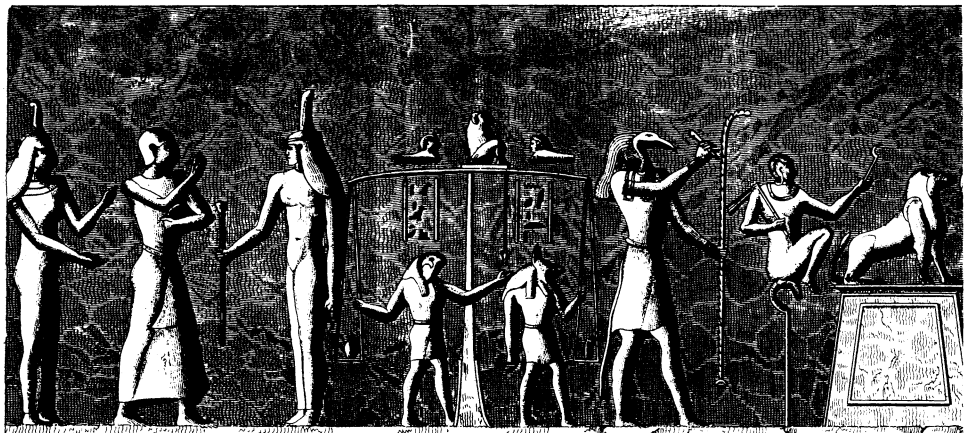
Earlier in the book Vattimo explains, in a most telling passage, how this wonderful qualitative leap can be understood:

"The technology that shapes the world we live in is indeed made up of machines, in the traditional sense of the word, which provide us with the means to 'dominate' external nature. But it is primarily and essentially defined by systems collecting and transmitting information."

One quickly sees the advantage of getting rid of technology "in the traditional sense of the word" and disposing of the rampant destruction of the natural world by putting the word *dominate* in quotes. Also to employ the word *information* in such a sanguine and innocent way, forgetting the erasure of meaning that defines its contemporary use.

As if there were no Adorno, no Ellul, no sickening of the planet and the psyches inhabiting it, our postmodern professor assures us that it is only the possible "wrongful application" of technical advances that should cause us worry. Much like a spokesperson for Exxon or Union Carbide: all is basically well and getting better via technology.

Faithful to the guiding, anti-critical spirit of his philosophy, Vattimo urges us to embrace the dance of death that is visible to all. We must "be faithful to the modern legacy of disenchantment," to its inevitable unfolding in the age of mass media. His contribution at least does us the favor of spelling out, with shocking transparency, the postmodern spirit.



Alternative press books

Short reviews by J. McQuinn

I, Claudia

I, Claudia: Feminism Unveiled by Claudia (BM Claudia, London WC1N 3XX, England, 1993) 60pp. booklet \$6.50 (including p&h directly from the publisher by airmail).

The Rebel's New Clothes by Claudia (BM Claudia, London WC1N 3XX, England, 1992) 36pp. booklet \$5.25 (or \$5.00 cash/£3.25 IMO from the publisher incl. p&h).

These two booklets can only be inspiring for those who take their rebellion seriously. For poseurs, ideologues and self-identified victims, the messages they relate may well be painful to read. The author, Claudia, refuses to hide behind or take any comfort in the usual illusions of feminism, leftism or anarchism. For this she will surely be condemned by all who feel they require the ideological props of groupthink to sustain their fragile egos in the highly competitive PC-identity market.

I, Claudia: Feminism Unveiled is a newly revised and combined reprinting of Claudia's first two pamphlets (*I, Claudia* and *Love Lies Bleeding*), both of which mount a sustained attack on feminism for its messages (hopelessness, passivity, prudery), its hypocrisies (lesbian-identified feminists with hidden boyfriends, etc.), and its class basis (most often college-educated middle and upper class women who do not shrink from exploiting lower class working women). In the essays that make up this reprinted collection Claudia highlights the myths of romantic love and self-sacrifice that underpin domestic violence, explores the economic components of gender relationships which are almost universally ignored or denied, emphasizes the controlling functions of feminist theory and practice, and exposes the conservative aims of feminist activism and scholarship. She does all this largely through anecdotal accounts of both her own and others' personal experiences, making her presentation entertaining as well as illuminating. She also has a knack for creatively confrontational formulations: "...feminists wear their politics as armour against criticism." "Romantic love is the delusion that intimacy with another will act as an antidote to personal malaise." "It is far easier to fulminate against half the human race than to examine one's own motives for tolerating ill-treatment." "Our society may be ruled with the ultimate sanction of force but its day-to-day operation is carried out by a population industriously engaged in forging its own chains."

The essays that make up *The Rebel's New Clothes*—Claudia's latest collection—extend these criticisms into related Trotskyist, anarchist, squatting and pacifist milieux, where moralism often substitutes for theory and maintenance of a coherent role is always more

important than any ostensible social or political goals.

Unfortunately, whatever validity radical theory and practice can attain in reality is almost entirely lost in the face of the general, corrosive cynicism with which Claudia (accurately) confronts all the false pretenses and empty myths of contemporary "rebels." But given the massive illusions of our time, this type of critical house-cleaning of the radical milieu is undoubtedly vastly more important than any "positive" theoretical contributions could be. If only more of us were willing to be so cruel with our own pet reifications, our times might become a bit more interesting. -J.M.

Two Lies that Shook the World

Two Lies that Shook the World (Kate Sharpley Library, BM Hurricane, London WC1 3XX, England, undated) 21pp. pamphlet, no price given.

The two lies referred to in the title of this pamphlet are those of the infamous Russian forgery titled *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* and the lesser known, but equally pernicious, decree of "The Nationalization of Women." Both would merely be laughable if they had not been taken as gospel truth by thousands of gullible reactionaries, and led to tragic consequences in many situations.

The Protocols of the Elders of Zion was originally conceived as an anti-Jewish (as in the Jewish religion) tract, based on an earlier literary satire written to discredit Napoleon III of France. It was used to marshal the credulous into participation or toleration of harassment, attacks and pogroms against the Jewish population in Russia marshalled by Orthodox Christian, Tsarist and other counter-revolutionary forces. Later versions of the *Protocols* were circulated with strictly anti-semitic (racist) intent.

The Nationalization of Women decree was formally modelled on other Soviet decrees and originally distributed in the Russian city of Saratov. It declared that the "private ownership" of women would end and that women would become "the property of the people" (meaning working men). The decree was actually issued by Mikhail Uvarov, a member of the Union of Russian People, a right-wing organization. However, it specified that the decree would be put into effect by the Saratov Anarchist's club, which led to the sacking of the club by a mob of irate women who didn't understand that it was all a hoax. The author of the forgery was found, shot and killed as "an act of vengeance and just protest" by some of the anarchist victims of the hoax. Later the decree was reprinted in newspapers across the Soviet

Union for a variety of reasons—from anti-anarchist or anti-Bolshevik, to pure humor—eventually becoming a standard anti-Bolshevik libel, which even found its way into the testimony given at an official U.S. Senate Commission's hearings in 1919, as well as being printed in full in its minutes.

Two Lies that Shook the World is a short, entertaining (and unfortunately somewhat incomplete) description of these two hoaxes worth reading for those like me who had never been exposed to some of the historical details of their conception, distribution and results.

-J.M.

Other titles received

Free Love: 38 Essays in Libido Liberation by S. Colman (Dawn Press, POB 02936, Detroit, WI. 48202, 1987) 245pp. \$19.95 8½x11 photocopied.

The Trial of Gilles de Rais by George Bataille (Amok Books, POB 861867 Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, CA. 90086-1867, 1991) 279pp. \$12.95 paper.

L'Unique et sa Propriété by Max Stirner (Édition du Libertaire, 25 rue Dumé d'Aplemont, 76600 Le Havre, France, 1993) 38pp. pamphlet, no price listed.

Ex Jugoslavia: Terrorismo di Stato by Gruppo Anarchico Germinale di Trieste (Edizioni BFS, Biblioteca Franco Serantini, CP 247, 56100 Pisa, Italy, 1993) 60pp. 5,000 Lire pamphlet.

The Scorpion's Dark Dance by Alfredo de Palchi, translated by Sonia Raiziss (Xenos Books, Box 52152, Riverside, CA 92517, 1993) 130pp. \$9.95 paper.

L'Ennemi, C'est l'Homme by Bertrand Louart (Bertrand Louart, 6 place Jean de la Taille, 45300 Pithiviers, France, 1993) 24pp. pamphlet, no price listed.

The Global Arms Trade by Gary McCuen (McCuen Publications, Inc., 502 Second St., Hudson, WI. 54016, 1992) 128pp. hardcover no price given.

Poison in the Wind by Gary McCuen (McCuen Publications, Inc., 502 Second St., Hudson, WI. 54016, 1992) 144pp. hardcover no price given.

Street Lives by Steven Vanderstaay (New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA. 19143, 1992) 240pp. \$14.95 paper.

Addicted to War by Joel Andreas (New Society Publishers, 4527 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA. 19143, 1993) 64pp. no price given 8½x11 paper.

Anarchy in the Mendocino Forest

The West Coast Anarchist Campout in the Mendocino National Forest on Sept. 17-19 was attended by 70 or 80 or so anarchists at an overlook of Clear Lake in Northern California. The site was a bit far out and hard to find, but was quite beautiful and there were none of the usual anarchist gathering problems with cops and nearby residents. Although the site was very popular with hunter thugs who seemed to be shooting in every direction around the campsite.

I was a bit worried by some of the information regarding the gathering that I received in the mail thinking it might be an overly serious gathering of political organizing and networking, and that perhaps a vision of what we're organizing for, new, inspiring ideas regarding actions and also playful fun and tomfoolery in the forest might be left out. This was not the case. The gathering was made up of many seasoned activists involved with many various struggles that were hungry for meeting new people, trying new things, and working together to create a freer happier world for the whole mess of us.

Fabulous, free food was provided from Food Not Bombs! folks from all over and most everyone participated in cooking it as rumour circled the camp that the tub of guacamole that was particularly addictive and most yummy was laced with acid. On the first evening we were put into a trance-like state banging on drums and cowbells until nearby bears came over to tell us to "quiet it down" 'cause we were waking up the forest. None of the deer or squirrels called the authorities however.

We broke up into men's and women's groups on Saturday. The men's group that I participated in I believe was a first for all those that attended. We discussed sexist attitudes, but barely mentioned our own personal sexist attitudes. Robert Bly was roundly denounced. The discussion was a bit too theoretical, like "what should we do when someone makes a sexist comment?" Some personal stories and problems were related including rejecting or accepting pornography, our extreme attraction for women's bodies and good looks, and also usually unmentioned economic responsibilities placed on men even in radical circles such as women still expecting to be supported financially even though they're involved with a poor anarchist who can hardly support himself. I was inspired to organize men's meetings when the women break off and do their thing at future gatherings. Thankfully the issue of separatism was not brought up for the umpteenth time. From what I've heard women seem to get a hell of a lot out of these meetings and they are often revolutionary as far as disclosing personal horror stories before a group, finding out that you're not alone, that many women have gone through what you have and can provide solidarity.

I did a workshop on masturbation as we hiked to the sunset over Clear Lake. First times, weird places, lubricant, sex police parents and teachers, a few tips and boners in school were discussed and turned into a discussion of

sexual liberation through masturbation or otherwise. Most agreed that while sex might be preferable, that you don't often have bad spanking the bunny sessions and that a healthy combination of both was a must. We also discussed other things that got us off like beautiful sunsets or bass guitars. I noticed that the talk gave a lot of people a sort of worked up, horny look about them.

The organizing and networking workshops were a bit tiring, but necessary. There was a time when I was 18 and thought I was the only person who shared my beliefs in the whole L.A. area. The anarchists in Southern and Northern CA are very organized. There are infoshops in Berkeley, Santa Cruz, and Arcata as well as one that we're attempting to put together in L.A. There are Food Not Bombs! organizations everywhere providing food more and more regularly and in San Francisco and Santa Cruz being jailed regularly for it. People seemed to think that very little was accomplished at the Portland and Vancouver gatherings over the summer. People had very little to say that was positive about Love and Rage, and only three people were interested in having a workshop on it at the general meeting. Who came up with the term "workshop" and how did it stick? How about "discussion" or "grouptalk" or anything that doesn't remind me of high school or menial labor. Future gatherings were discussed in great length, in such great length that I didn't stick around to find out what they decided. A lot of computer nerd anarchists were dying to get us all to more quickly network by e-mail, but I still see nothing revolutionary about star-

ing at a computer screen, and can handle waiting a few days to get a letter in the mail, when I can't afford the new technology on the market that when properly realized will destroy the government. Not. Cyberpuke.

The best discussion I attended was Ander's political assassination and violence talk around a late night campfire. I couldn't be any less interested in the violence/non-violence debate and thankfully most people agreed that it would depend on the particular incident when and if violence is justified. There were no devout pacifists among us so we went on to debate effective and ineffective violent tactics used by the Black Panthers, AIM, SLA, the Weathermen, the Branch Davidians and during the L.A. riots, and also alternatives to violence. A black woman discussed the entrenched, extreme violence of her community and wondered how so many in the group could discuss violence theoretically. I brought up that we'd all been involved in violent incidents in protests and riots and we went on to discuss our more personal experiences. No one could think of any violent act they'd participated in that they later regretted. This was a damn good discussion that kept everyone's mind reeling and kept people arguing to well after midnight.

Max did a Chumbawamba Karaoke and Sandcastle Building discussion up in some thick, sap covered pine trees. The amoeba, a group of people wrapped in a huddle like position making monster noises and swallowing up unsuspecting innocents premiered at the gathering and was suggested for future demo tactics, but it was eaten by a larger amoeba.

The anarchist scene

Compiled by Jason McQuinn

OZARK SUMMER '94 will be a "gathering for a summer of community building, personal development and political change...In support of ongoing local grassroots struggles." For information contact: Ozark Summer '94!, 313 N. 8th St., Columbia, MO. 65201; or 314-449-3857.

PERENNIAL BOOKS (POB B14, Montague, MA. 01351) has released the fifth edition of its thick and very worthwhile "Catalog of Anarchist Books, Journals & Essays," including sections on Theory, History/Biography, Classics, Literature/Art, and Autonomedia/Semiotext[e], along with a final section on Journals and Magazines.

THE DIRECT ACTION MANUAL PROJECT based in San Francisco (and announced in past issues of *Anarchy* and other anarchist periodicals) has folded due to insufficient participation.

AUTONOMOUS OCTOPUS, 370 Marie-Anne East, in Montréal, is open 7 days a week from 1 to 9 with collective meetings on Sunday's at 3PM. The space has a free kitchen, a food and clothes depot, library, and features speakers and musical events. We need back issues of anti-authoritarian journals for our library and literature to give out in our free section. Phone: [514] 843-4528.

CROATAN IS A NEW COLLECTIVE SPACE opening at 1237 Hollins St., Baltimore, MD. 21223 which aims to "amass information concerning radical and autonomous projects throughout the world," to "establish a center for the bartering of goods and labor," and to become the center for other projects.

LOOMPANICS UNLIMITED (POB 1197, Port Townsend, WA. 98368) has released a new 280-page *1994 Main Catalog*, along with a 24-page *1994 Spring Supplement* that, as always are worth checking out for at least a few of their offerings. Copies of the *Main Catalog* are available for \$5.

COLLECTIVE ACTION (POB 22962, Baltimore, MD. 21203) has reprinted two pamphlets, *The New Movement* by Henri Simon (first published in English by Solidarity) and *The Maryland Freedom Union* (first published by News & Letters in 1966).

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.

Some people said this chaotic, cretinous animal was the highlight of the gathering. Others remarked that there could have been more playful silliness. I'd hoped we'd be attacked by bears, but no luck. The Wingnuts who organized the campout did a fine job and hopefully more people will be attracted to the next one. After the gathering it occurred to me that a goal of the anarchists in their various areas might be to somehow go about acquiring rent-free land and property and turning it into gardens, info shops, living quarters and entertainment spaces and start building autonomous zones with security in every city. Big dreams. -Adam Bregman

Guerrilla Information Warfare

On October 5, 1993, an Associated Press wire-service story flashed across the U.S. media: a group of unknown "guerilla artists" or "information terrorists" have sabotaged a number of New York City traffic signals so that the pedestrian crosswalk lights spell out strange alternative messages instead of the traditional "WALK/DON'T WALK".

A mid-town Manhattan light flashes "CONFORM/CONSUME" to the hordes that pack the streets, while one near the Cathedral of St. John the Divine now says "Repent/Sin". Another in Greenwich Village waxes philosophical with alternating messages of "WHY" and "WHY NOT TRY?"

The A.P. article helpfully spells out the methods the new guerrillas are using in this new and exciting form of subversive counter-conditioning. First, the participant climbs the light-pole; then the metal grille that covers the signal light is removed by extracting a few screws, and the colored plastic lens is removed. Inside, there is a stencil cut-out with the "WALK" or "DON'T WALK" message lettered on it; this is removed and another stencil is inserted. The screws are replaced, and, voila! a subliminal wake-up signal is flashed to the entranced masses.

As with the more traditional types of guerilla information warfare, like billboard revision, graffiti, postering, etc., the sport of signal-light editing is most effective as a team effort. One pole climber and two lookouts with whistles is a good arrangement.

Ideas for new signal light slogans immediately flood the minds of aspiring info-warriors who contemplate this new art form. The challenge is to express the maximum amount of psycho-catalytic impact with the minimum number of letters. To those of meditative inclination, the signal light message may be interpreted as a sort of two-word haiku based on the bi-polar Yin/Yang concept, where complementary opposites formulate the holistic Tao. In this connection, a "Yin/Yang" signal would be interesting. However, more linear-westerners might be more inclined to invoke the tenor of the times with a "SUBMIT/RESIST" signal. Of course, other

artists will have other moods and modes of expression; thus, an Existentialist might program a signal to read "SEX/DEATH", while a Dada/Surrealist might go for "GOD/DOG".

It is probably only a matter of time before the Guardians of the State contrive counter-measures to prevent signal alteration, so inspiring info-guerrillas who would like to get a word in should "strike while the iron is hot", as it were. They should also bear in mind that this form of creative civil disobedience will tend to



arouse the ire of the constabulary, so it would be wise to remember the Boy Scout Motto and "be prepared".

This tactic appears to be part of an emerging, yet nameless, neo-psychedelic post-punk culture mutation of the 1990s, a generational renaissance/resurrection that many are calling the pendulum-swing of the 1960s. This innovative technique provides a tantalizing foretaste of the creative acts of resistance that a generation of high-tech social-revolutionary hackers, cyber-pirates and info-guerrillas will wage against the State/Corporate information monopoly and its all-pervasive web of hypnotic slave-conditioning.

Every mind jarred momentarily awake is a spark of public illumination and a blow struck against the empire whose law is psychic enslavement of the masses for the profit of a tiny ruling class. -Dale R. Gowin

Revolutionary Shoplifters

In late 1992 six people bored with consensus reality met in a Carbondale safehouse to plan disruptive acts. After some brainstorming our target became clear: the bastion of consumer culture, the University Mall

We designed T-shirts that read "I am a shoplifter" and "RSA", the initials of the Revolutionary Shoplifting Army, in bold letters. We wore hats, dark glasses, gloves and carried shopping bags filled with rubbish to confuse the mall security and other interested parties. We wanted to unleash a playful subversion upon the regular patterns of spectacular consumption and push things as far as we could before we were thrown out.

When we arrived we were immediately disruptive simply by our appearance. We began to play and sing and chant, at one point marching in mock cadence to the rhythm of "five finger

discount" and "all the way with the RSA." We acted like we were dropping items into our bags and ran about, encouraging people to steal. It was great fun to cut loose in such a controlled environment. We called each other code names like Lefty, Fingers, etc.

A highlight of our tour was Victoria's Secrets the lingerie shop. A woman working there seemed eager to engage in some interaction that was out of the ordinary and was real friendly. Amazingly, with no security guards in sight, we made the rounds and had a nice time in the Foot Locker. When one of our members was explaining to a worker what we were doing, a comrade and I approached and started doing jumping jacks. It was difficult to keep a straight face during such lunacy. We soon moved on only to encounter a female security guard who stopped us, and seeming surprised and confused, inquired as to just what the hell we thought we were doing. She called another guard on her walkie-talkie who, upon arrival and after looking us over, said "This isn't funny!" We pointed out that she was smiling and we all laughed together - even the security guards. Our humorous tactics revealed the truth and at that moment there was no hierarchically induced separation between us.

But the mood soured when some less than conciliatory remarks and he was threatened with excommunication from the mall. We patched things up, and after telling us not to bother the shoppers they let us go on our merry way.

After more fun, a few photographs and lots of funny looks and smiles from shoppers and employees, we descended on Walgreens because it had lots of small items and many aisles in which to play. Uh-oh! Here comes a security guard looking very displeased, a white male with a confederate flag pinned to his uniform. He was very stern and requested that we get together so he could talk to us. He said a shopper had complained, and indeed, I found that there had been a rude remark directed at a shopper by a comrade in response to some situation I know little of. It was disappointing, and for me, less than desirable to create that kind of interaction. But we had a lively discussion with the guard- the head of mall security- and touched on topics like consumerism, capitalism, the nature of malls, and of course, shoplifting. He seemed unable to grasp the nature of our activity. At one point he asked if we were doing a fraternity prank. I told him he could follow us around if he had nothing to do and received a sharp negative response. Surprisingly, he didn't escort us out but did warn us that he would call the Carbondale police if there were any more problems. Having most of the wind knocked out of our sails by these encounters, we left shortly after in a dramatic mad dash for the doors.

Hopefully some others were able to engage in "proletarian shopping" while we created our diversion. Despite one or two negative aspects it was an empowering and humorous experience. We plan on returning to the mall and other select institutions either as the RSA, mud people or streakers. We encourage the formation of other RSA chapters around the world, and highly recommend the unleashing of the insurgent imagination in all official temples of consumption. -Mary Mary

NEITHER EAST NOR WEST NETWORK FORMING

(As we've written this history keeps shifting. No matter, the integrity of our proposal remains intact. This is as of 3-30-94. For those unfamiliar with us you can send a \$1 for info—address below)

"Hitler came to power when the conditions in Germany were like they are now in Russia. The conditions for someone ultra-right to come to power now are here."—Vladimir Zhirinovsky

Neither East Nor West-NYC (NENW-NYC), around since '86 and with predecessor groups since '80, who networks alternative oppositions in east and west for mutual solidarity, is calling for the formation of a continental network. This is in response to our growth, the growing interest in us, and dangerous reversals in Russia. (Previously was the North American East/West Network launched in '88 and which faded sometime later.)

In a bit over a year we've tripled (to 20) the amount of people working locally with us who if not regularly coming to meetings are involved in other support work. Our *On Gogol Boulevard News Service*, carrying alternative news mostly from the east, now has regular sections in **Fifth Estate**, **Anarchy**, Mexico's **Amor Y Rabia**, and a *de facto* section with much of our news in Canada's **Kick It Over's** "Global Village" pages. We had a one shot section in **Profane Existence**, and offers from other publications like **Black Fist** who'll run a section. We'll be in the e-mail Internet universe in the near future. We do regular mailings of many of the above to 170 of our key international contacts. We also include other timely items like the Polish Anarchist Federation's **News From Poland**, **Love and Rage**, petitions, etc. For the past year we've been busy with many things such as: an international campaign (along with the Workers Solidarity Alliance) for Nigeria's anarchist Awareness League prisoners; solidarity with repressed workers in Belarus; support for Polish draft resisters; the twinning and support of anti-racist/fascist organizing in Chattanooga with similar and anti-war work in Serbia's "Zitzer Spiritual Republic" (we're their "U.S. Embassy!"); and we joined and work with the Network of East/West Women, among many other projects.

A number of people and groups across the country have asked to be involved with us, so we think it's time to launch a network.

We believe a counterweight is needed against those western radicals (including many

anarchists) who have blinders on vis-a-vis the East wrongly treating Soviet-type systems as over, or at best secondary concerns. This is apparent for instance in the way one U.S. anarchist network deleted mention of Soviet (Russian) imperialism in their statement of principles (way too early as Russian imperialism is reasserting itself in many of the former republics of the Russian empire—we promise a future article). A second example is another U.S. anarchist group (newly formed with a large circulation newspaper) who in their political statement seriously claim that "The United States is an imperial power unmatched by any in the twentieth century...." implying the rehashing of left chauvinist dogma that imperialism is only a creature of the west and capitalism (neglecting simple history) and turning a blind eye to the utter vastness of the Tsarist or Soviet *literal* empire (neglecting simple geography) which is on the remake (neglecting current events).

Our work remains valid because (see **Anarchy** Fall '93 for a much fuller examination of this):

1. With all we've accomplished (alot), it'd be dumb to just walk away from it.

2. To the extent that ex-Communist countries are trying to mimic western ones is to the extent that eastern and western problems are becoming similar—that gives us even more of a reason for being and a more exact shared community of interest. A most obvious nexus of shared east, west, and third world problems is the austerity being imposed everywhere with the World Bank and International Monetary Fund being the central enforcers. (The same financial/corporate/state milieu enforce in the western countries. The IMF/World Bank throw their opinion and weight around in the west additionally.)

3. Communism is *not over* as a phenomena. (China etc. The former has by no means gone capitalist/western.) Important remnants in all degrees remain in all the ex-nations. The special needs of those in such situations is unchanged. Other "Shining Paths" could spring up.

4. "East vs. west," "Russia vs. the U.S.," "Nuclear war/WW3"; It's way too early to call it over. The rift between Russia and the west is front page news now. Russia has said "no" to the idea of central/eastern European countries joining NATO, and the west has heeded this. It's "former" Communists—now present day leaders of Serbia and Croatia, Milosevich and Tudjman—who are mainly responsible for the war in the middle of Europe, in ex-Yugoslavia. NATO and Russia are on opposite sides of this with Russia siding with Serbian imperialism. As of this writing things have chilled somewhat in Bosnia due to NATO threats and Western and Russian Yalta-type brokered agreements leaving Bosnia broken up into Russian and western zones of influence, leaving Serbian conquests intact. Nonetheless, this is one of the most explosive flashpoints—among plenty in Europe and the ex-U.S.S.R.—that could blow into world war.

All parts of the political spectrum are predicting as a strong possibility the return of open dictatorship in Russia and renewed violent Russian expansionism. (After Yeltsin's Oct. '93 crushing of the Parliament the military junked

the promise of massive troop reduction and announced "a new military doctrine" proclaiming the right to intervene in what they're calling "the near abroad.") It could be headed by Vladimir Zhirinovsky, Russia's "nazi," who's supported by Russia's not inconsequential "red/brown" Communist/fascist alliance. (The KGB helped set up opposition parties beholden to them to retain influence, one of which was Zhirinovsky's Liberal Democratic Party. Before entering politics Zhirinovsky held exclusively KGB-related positions or posts controlled by the Communist Party apparatus.) He's openly in favor of expansionism and war, promising for instance 300,000 troops for Serbia. A contest between him and the west will make the cold war look idyllic—especially if the west is led by Clinton or a similar U.S. Democrat having to prove themselves, or else an Oliver North or Colin Powell (yes, both are strong contenders for the next U.S. presidency—they could also be on a joint ticket).

East and west nukes remain intact...

If the above (worst case) scenario comes into play, what will the "left" do? (The bulk of the left's silly U.S. "peace movement," almost entirely Soviet influenced or controlled [literally—the book is yet to be written] has folded. We're still here...) Much of the left will treat it as a WW2-type situation with Zhirinovsky as Hitler, necessitating leftists to get behind U.S. militarism. But again, we'll still be here as a real alternative.

Even without Zhirinovsky or someone similar, with the supposedly "moderate" Yeltsin (on very thin ice now with little support), or even a "centrist," Russia is extremely unstable with its rebellious ethnic republics (21) and territories therein (88) and an overly complicated monolith of an economy continuing to come apart, plus a parliament and president in opposition. The ex-U.S.S.R. never totally shed its repressive apparatus and Yeltsin has increased authoritarian rule. Russia is reasserting colonial control again in the former Soviet republics. The economy is in a free fall with production dropping to 60% between '90-'93. Enterprises continue to shut with nothing productive taking their place—there's only non-producing increased trade, much self-cannibalistic, many people on the street are selling everything they own (in one famed photo a woman is selling her freshly cut pony tail)—and parasitic speculative practices and swindling (a giant mafia) all grafted onto the pre-existing state-command system. Unemployment and inflation (2600% from '90-'93) continue to spiral. There is mass impoverishment with no let up in sight—90% of workers earn less than the official subsistence wage. And in the absence of a serious working class opposition, it can only remain that way—and get worse. What's normally predicted to possibly follow such a situation is violent dictatorship and war. If so, the regime will be a terrifying fusion of nazism/Stalinism and Russian nationalism.

Lookout...

5. Regardless of future developments in the ex-Soviet bloc and remaining Communist countries, they constitute half the world and we're well situated to deal with it.

6. The soviet-type system—actual, in transition to capitalism, or future (?)—is a mode of production as different from capitalism as is

On Gogol Boulevard (OGB) is the bulletin of New York City Neither East Nor West, networking East and West alternative oppositions and printing news and documents unavailable in the corporate or "left" media. We also bring Third and Fourth World activists into these efforts.

This regular OGB section in *Anarchy* will serve the same function. We encourage all those involved in "Neither East Nor West" type activity to regularly contribute to this section. Please address letters, reports, documents, debates, graphics, photos, etc. directly to OGB. This is not a section for anarchists only. We are interested in all things promoting freedom, such as workers', women's, minority, and gay rights, environmental and anti-militarist issues, and anything pursuing paths other than the capitalist and state bureaucratic models.

By the way, Gogol Boulevard is a noted hang-out for Moscow's counter-culture—see you there!

On Gogol Boulevard/Neither East Nor West
528 Fifth Street, Brooklyn, NY. 11215 (718) 499-7720



Anti-war vets march against the Republican National Convention during the Vietnam War.

feudalism, and deserves its own special consideration.

WHAT WE PROPOSE

A. That we call ourselves The Neither East Nor West Network. (Any local group/individual can take on the NENW name with reference to their own locale (i.e., Mexico City-NENW) as others have done in the past or are continuing to do so in the present.)

B. That for now we confine it to North America for simplicity and consolidation.

C. The purpose of the Network is to coordinate east/west activities, such as circulating a petition for the release of Lithuanian anarchist political prisoners (yes, they exist). It's meant to supplement, not replace, already existing activity.

D. NENW-NYC volunteers to be the mailing address and volunteers to periodically mail out updated Network contact lists. We'll also cover relevant Network activities in *On Gogol Boulevard*.

E. Anyone can propose something. It's up to them to circulate their proposal to the Network, coordinate it, and inform us all as to its progress. If the Network would like to get more formal and have its own bulletin, continental meetings etc., again anyone is free to volunteer to suggest it or initiate it.

Just a couple/few simple campaigns a year is sufficient. We all have plenty of other things to do already.

F. To not over extend ourselves let's basically confine our activities to the realm of east/west, and that includes, since we are bilateral, proposals to easterners, say for the release of a U.S. political prisoner. Easterners can't be overloaded with too many campaigns either.

Obviously the connections we've made with something non-eastern, like Nigeria's anarchist Awareness League, should continue. NENW-

NYC has always been open to anything, but we believe it's important to keep the specialty of east/west.

G. The Network is open to anyone truly in opposition to both east & west systems. Though traditionally it's been mostly anarchists attracted to NENW-type activity, there's no reason to be exclusionary. (Leninists of course shouldn't even *think* of trying to get involved.)

H. *This is a working, not paper, Network. Those joining are expected to be part of it. Otherwise it has no reason for being.*

That's it. Very simple. It may or may not fly. The prior North American East/West Network died because too many who signed on didn't do shit. We're serious about this—**PLEASE DO NOT SIGN ON UNLESS YOU'RE GOING TO BE PART OF IT.**

If our proposal is acceptable let us know ASAP. If not, likewise let us know ASAP so we can notify others interested as to the objections/suggestions and let's see what can be worked out.

Send in yays, nays, comments, whatever to us and if and when something coherent and agreeable takes shape we'll immediately send out the Network contact list (and no doubt a proposal).

Please include your phone # too.

Over and Out,

Neither East Nor West-NYC, 528 5th St., Brooklyn, NY 11215, U.S., 718-499-7720

ON LIFTING THE TRADE EMBARGO AGAINST VIET NAM

By the Clarence Fitch Chapter of Vietnam Veterans Against the War (the New York/New Jersey branch of VVAW—Clarence Fitch was a dedicated member of the branch who has passed away)

We believe that the United States war in Indochina was a turning point in American history. We believe that the conduct of that war

exposed to us and to the American people the contradictions and hypocrisies which lie at the very foundations of American foreign and domestic policies. We believe that the failure to understand and clarify these true lessons of the American experience in Indochina continues to fester in the American body politic. This failure has led directly to such dishonorable and disgraceful episodes and activities as: an embargo which punished the Vietnamese people for successfully defending their homeland, and which prohibited American scientists and veterans from studying the health effects of exposure to herbicides which afflict so many of our own brothers and sisters; our government's political and military support for the genocidal Khmer Rouge in Cambodia [OGB note: *During the Indochina War (what the Vietnamese call the American War) the U.S. terror-bombed Cambodia, murdering 1/6 of the peasantry. This helped drive the peasantry into the arms of Pol Pot forces.*]; and the long cruel hoax on the families of the Americans missing in action played by our government and by unscrupulous POW [prisoner of war] activists. This failure has contributed indirectly to both covert and open U.S. intervention in Latin America, Africa and the Middle East, and contributes even now to American policy failures in Somalia, Haiti and Bosnia.

We believe that our failure as a nation to come to terms with the American experience in Indochina is a contributing factor in the continuing isolation and alienation of Vietnam veterans. We believe that this alienation represents a failure to reconcile ourselves to the country which enlisted and drafted us, to the people we tried to destroy, and to our own experiences. We believe that one part of this reconciliation process requires that we recognize, understand, help heal and rebuild, and finally forgive the people who became our enemies by fighting for their independence.

We welcome the end of the embargo. We support the complete normalization of relations between our government and the countries of Indochina. We urge generosity in aid for reconstruction, especially funding and logistical support to clean up the deadly artifacts of war we left behind [Land mines, unexploded shells and defoliants. The Pentagon refuses to provide Vietnam with maps of U.S. mine fields. -OGB], which even now maim and kill Vietnamese, some not even conceived when we left Saigon nearly twenty years ago.

We hope that by all this and more we can begin to complete the process of reconciliation. We have already spent half our lives on this journey, and we have a long way to go.

[Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW) is a national veterans organization that was founded in 1967 that fought to end the war and supported the Indochinese right to independence. It gave voice to the tremendous amount of resistance to the war among U.S. troops and helped expose systematic U.S. atrocities. It grew to a membership of 30,000, and led much of the anti-war movement. President Nixon included them on his "enemies list" and their leadership was victim of an enormous political trial.

VVAW continues to fight for veterans rights against massive neglect, and continues to fight U.S. military invasions and policy. They are a group by, for, and of veterans and aren't affiliat-

On Gogol Boulevard

ed with any political group or party. -OGB]
VVAW, Clarence Fitch Chapter, POB 74,
Brooklyn, NY 11215, U.S., 718-826-1789
VVAW National Office, POB 408594, Chicago,
IL 60640, U.S., 312-327-5756



THE MYTH OF THE CUBAN REVOLUTION

I was in Cuba for the first time in my life last April '93. I'm the descendent of Cuban exiles. I couldn't believe I was in the same pueblo (small town) my parents lived in. My two cousins who I stayed with owned one of those classic Chevy's. They drove me around and at one point pulled over to the church my mother used to go to as a child. I left the car and saw these words that were freshly painted on a factory wall across from the church. Those words put chills down my back: "Comandante en Jefe Ordene." The translation is "Commander in Chief Give us your Orders." I saw other billboards and graffiti like "Socialism or Death" around some bus stops. When I saw these writings I really got a feel for the dogmatic atmosphere which I heard exists in Cuba. I was doubly amazed when I returned back to my cousins to see on television a little propaganda about the triumph in Playa Gicon (Bay of Pigs). I was amazed again when for the third time I heard this loud noise. My cousin told me the noise was an alarm signal they were testing to warn Cubans of another Yankee invasion.

The culture in Cuba was rich with their Santeria dances which I thought were exciting along with the language and mannerisms. I was feeling the sense of dignity the revolution has given the people. But along with the good came the machismo which I know exists with Cubans in the U.S. I didn't think it existed in Cuba but my female friends were telling me how the male Cubans would ignore them sometimes when they spoke, and didn't talk to them much and would wink at them alot. That I found to be a shame—I was told that sexism didn't really exist in Cuba.

They talk about freedom in Cuba, like freedom from colonialism. It's true that Cuba isn't influenced by anyone and is independent. It's also true that in Cuba there isn't a big police presence, but that's because they're in plain clothes. The Cubans can talk about the above type of freedom. Well, so there's alot of freedoms we can talk about in the U.S. also. Cubans cannot criticize the government or express differences of opinion.

There is always someone who'll be an informant of the government. When you want to talk even in your own home you must be careful the

neighbors aren't listening. This I have experienced. The other freedom I want to talk about is freedom of privacy. There's the Committee for the Defense of the Revolution (CDR). This committee has several responsibilities. They have an assigned person to every block who's usually called the block president. Their responsibility is to form social programs for education, health, and child care. The other responsibility, which isn't talked about, is that they keep files on the people of their assigned block. They maintain information that becomes useful for when the authorities need to know the actions of an individual(s).

There was also a slight imbalance of who were representatives in institutions—they were usually white and in charge. I didn't see many black doctors in the hospitals. Women played a role in many institutions, but the majority were men.

Long live the revolution—but its way must change.... -a Cuban-American anarchist (reachable via NENW-NYC)

For a detailed report on current repression in Cuba and opposition groups send \$3 for *Cuba: Stifling Dissent in the Midst of a Crises*, to Human Rights Watch/Americas, 485 5th Ave., NY, NY 10017-6104

CUBAN WANTS CONTACTS

Because of U.S. and Cuban policies it's very hard to contact Cubans. Now we have someone, who after receiving a copy of the anarchist *Love and Rage* newspaper, is asking for letter writers.

Because of the Cuban dictatorship, we ask people to be cool in what you say and what you send. *We'd suggest asking him first if he'd like anarchist zines, etc.*

David del Pino R., calle: Julio A Mella #53, Reparto flora, Antilla Holquin, Cuba C.P. 82400

RIGHT TO LIFE GOES EAST

By Lena Holub

The fervor of anti-abortion activism has reached the shores of the former Soviet Union. The Russian style pro-life agenda is a fierce combination of American dollars, and most disturbingly, Russian nationalism.

The movement toward nationalistic tendencies, most evident by the recent parliamentary election, is the perfect feeding ground for American anti-abortion groups. "Their ideas about morality and family values—especially as these coincide with a resurgent nationalism that relies on traditional notions of women and the glorification of motherhood—are highly appealing to Russians in flux between discarding an old identity and creating a new one." (Vanden-Hauvel, Katrina; "Eastward Christian Soldiers!: Right-to-Lifers Hit Russia", *The Nation*, Nov. 1, 1993.) The largest and most organized of these groups according to Vanden-Hauvel, is the International Right To Life Federation, which staged the three day Right To Life Conference in Moscow last year. Its sole purpose was to make connections with various American Christian rights groups and leaders of the Russian pro-life movement. So successful was this conference that an American group calling itself Focus On The Family (annual budget 77 million dollars!) now broadcasts its pro-life, anti-homosexual rhetoric over 2,500 Russian radio stations.

A prime example of this dangerous combina-

tion of nationalism and the U.S. dollar, is Dr. Igor Guzov, the director of Russia's Support Of Motherhood. He states, "the demographic crisis in our country has grown into demographic catastrophe. We realize that we had to do something to prevent the total depopulation of our country. Entire Russian villages are dying out, while the Muslim population explodes. We need to salvage Russian purity." The support for Dr. Guzov's cause comes straight from American groups such as Human Life International and Chicago's Pro-Life Action League, which donated to the good doctor his fax machine, video player and television. Dr. Guzov recently traveled to America where he lunched with anti-abortion lobbyists. So successful was his trip that upon returning to Russia, he opened hard-currency accounts with Lloyd's Bank of London and the Republic National Bank of New York.

The enterprising link to American dollars and Russia's growing movement is embodied in one man, Mikhail Matskovskii, director of The International Center For Human Values, which publishes Christian Right material. He was appointed last March to The Presidential Commission on Women, Families and Children. His publications which sell in the hundreds of thousands include the key publications of the American pro-life movement. For example he is to publish the "bible" of the American anti-abortion movement entitled *Abortion; Questions and Answers*, sure to out-sell them all. Interestingly enough, some Russian pro-lifers are aware of his scheme, "he'll publish anything as long as it makes money," one-recently said. Case in point, he has published two sex manuals under his American contributor's noses.

Needless to say the likes of Focus On Family and The International Right To Life Federation have found a friend in Matskovskii. They are able to promote and distribute their propaganda throughout Russia via fledgling Russian groups hungry for material and cash. As Vanden-Hauvel states in her article, "the Russian anti-abortion movement seems driven as much by pragmatic opportunism as by religious fervor or ideological fanaticism. Although



Pro-choice demo at U.S. embassy in Moscow.

many of the Russian activists I met seemed sincere, ever obsessive, others are undoubtedly attracted to the possibility of receiving fax and video machines, as well as hard currency, contributions and travel to the West." More dramatically however, some Western religious organizations only contribute equipment and money to those Russian hospitals who promise not to perform abortions.

Where does the Russian government fit into all this? Again we can see hand in hand collaboration of American pro-life groups with that of the Russian government. For example, Yeltsin's Office On Family Affairs and the Moscow city government have consistently used Focus On The Family videos, John Willke's (of The International Right To Life Federation) books as the source and the authority on reproductive health, sexuality and child-raising. These materials have found their way into secondary schools, teaching colleges and institutions.

Such right-wing sentiments as outlined, are not hard to find among the parliamentarians and with the victory of right-wing members, that sentiment will be sure to flourish. It is also important to recognize the economic opportunism that propels American anti-abortion groups onto Russian soil. This is not to minimize the grassroots movement that is growing in Russia without the American dollar, for its reliance on right-wing ideology to further their anti-abortion agenda I feel, is much more dangerous than the American "fetus rights" ideology. Regardless of the agenda, the combination that I outlined between the two movements is something to take very seriously.

CZECHS PLANNING ANARCHO-SYNDICALIST CONFERENCE

The Czech Republics' Anarcho-Syndicalist Initiative (ASI) is planning an international gathering in Prague during late June or early July '94.

For more info: Andrej Funk, Druzstevni Ochoz 25, 14000 Praha 4, Czech Republic

LETTER FROM UKRAINE— SAME OLD SHIT

(A number of requests are made in this letter and we can't handle them all. If you'd like to help please contact OGB).

March 28, Lvov, Ukraine

Dear Neither East Nor West,

What is up? How is your life?

Thanks a lot for *Anarchy* and for the article about Frank Zappa. We are translating it to Ukrainian and probably will use it on our new FM-station "Luks"—it is independent, cool, alternative and good. We will try to give more information about American anarchists in our alternative press, so people will know more about it.

You asked to write what kind of help we expect from you. It is this way:

As you know Ukraine is in very deep... our economy sucks, the political situation is even worse. The Communists are still in power, but the bad thing is the system. It is impossible to change it. Even the democrats and nationalists in 6 months have lost their common sense. The wages are around \$10, but the prices are very, very high (for some products it is even higher than in the U.S.). Some factories have stopped. Barricades might help us, but who knows. The people don't know what to do. They don't believe in God, in Communism, in anything. Our life is almost like it.

In Amnesty International (AI) we are doing different actions; we write letters of protest, we organize concerts...

Maybe you can write in your press about our

horrible situation and ask for some help for us. People can send us products (coffee, cigarettes, medicine), second-hand clothes, that we can use. Even a couple of bucks in the post might help us. (It would be better to send them in special envelopes, because the post office people rip envelopes and look for money there. Before the KGB used to do it—now the people).

Also, maybe if it's possible, if you can find some funds, and some of us can go to the U.S.A. and work for awhile there. It's very hard to get an American visa for us, the U.S. government doesn't want to take more foreigners inside. So if it's possible, we can send information about 2-3 of us, so you can send us invitations.

Also, we hope that *Anarchy* will get our letter where we can thank them that they print "On Gogol Boulevard," because it's very important for us. We need people all over the world to know about us, about our activities, and "On Gogol Boulevard" does it.

Tomorrow we have an election to the Verhovna Rada (Parliament). Probably the communists and nazis will be elected. One of our members is running also. He is an anarchist, and hopefully he will get through it. So, it's kind of fun to watch it. Our newspaper *European* (see *Anarchy* Spring '93), which was founded 2 years ago, is out of business. The paper is too expensive, and we need a sponsor, who will give us some money. So, people should write not to *European*, but to my place.

We hope that you understand our situation, and that you will help us. Say "Hi" to anarchists in the U.S. from the former Trust Group and now AI.

Good Luck! Take care! *Alic and Co.*
Alic Olisevich, 290068 Lviv 68, Ulitsa Zamarstivivska 270/3, Ukraine

WRITERS/EDITORS WANTED

We are looking for writers for *On Gogol Boulevard*. We need analysis of current events in the east plus editors to do synopses of large text. Interested?

NENW-NYC, 528 5th St., Brooklyn, NY 11215, U.S., 718-499-7720

TRANSLATORS NEEDED

On Gogol Boulevard needs translators in all East/Central European and ex-USSR languages for our texts. Only the serious should volunteer—too many in the past have flaked out and fucked up on us. If you're serious please write. Thanks!

HUNGARIAN ANARCHISTS REORGANIZE

In June '93 Hungarian anarchists had a national gathering and reorganized themselves.

Anarchist Federation of Hungary, Budapest 1399, PF. 701/800, Hungary

BELARUS WORKERS CALL FOR AID

—SAME OLD SHIT

(protest letters are called for—these aren't a waste of time—they often work!)

Appeal by SMOT [Free General Union of Workers]-Belarus to the workers and all people of good will in the West

At the present time, where a pro-Communist parliamentary majority (96%) has elected the Chief of Police, Mecheslav Grib, as its Speaker, the government of our Republic is making great efforts to put down the free union and independent workers' movement in Belarus. The recent wave of repression against a small number of worker activists is just the beginning of the pro-Communist government's plans to destroy workers opposition. Both the Byelorussian and Russian rulers are hoping to strengthen their power and maintain the current brutal methods of production in the waning economy with the help of Western capital. There are many examples of Western industrialists and politicians going for cooperation with

the governments of the ex-USSR in order to secure super-profits and preserve their own monopoly of power, and thus helping the Communists rub us out. Therefore SMOT-Byelorussia issues the following appeal, not to the governments of Western states, but to the workers and all people of good will living on the other side of the border:

"Friends, we ask you to do all you can to publicize the known cases of repression against our workers fighting for their human rights and a decent life. Do all in your power to prevent your countries aiding the pro-Communist regimes of the ex-Soviet republics. Don't let your governments spend your tax-payers' money to prop up the anti-environmental and inhuman regimes in power in the CIS. Stop the creation of joint ventures between Western firms and enterprises of the ex-USSR whose managements' hands are stained with extensive repression of the workers. The implementation of such joint ventures to create mixed production will only bring joint rightlessness and destitution to the workers in different countries—and unlimited power to the multi-nationals and neo-Bolsheviks." -SMOT-Byelorussia

CASES THAT NEED SUPPORT:

(This is a synopsis of SMOT's report. For the full version send stamps to Neither East Nor West, 528 5th St., Brooklyn, NY, 11215, U.S.)

1. The Zenith factory in Vileyka had 14 workers put on trial for participating in a wildcat strike 1/12-1/14/94. They were demanding the government dissolve, early elections, "and a government of the peoples' confidence be formed."

2. The Transistor factory fired the President of the factories' Free Union, Nikolai Grinchik. In January he'd organized a "strike demanding that the laws of the Republic... be observed at the enterprise," and also organized a mass union meeting. Other workers subject to harassment by the management are: Vladimir Strelyenko, Mikhail Kolyesen, and Vladimir Dimitrovich.

3. In Mogilyov, Vladimir Sharapov the President of the local Workers' Committee, and Sergei Obodovsky of the Free Union of Belarus, are under prosecution for organizing mass workers meetings and demonstrations in Jan./Feb. '94.

Protest letters for the above 3 cases go to:
Respublika Belarus', 220049 Minsk, ul. Internatsionalnaya 22, Public Prosecutor, Vasily Shalodonov, Ph. +70172-264166

4. In Minsk at the factory Integral, Igor Azarko, President of the factories' Free Union and SMOT member, was severely reprimanded for organizing a union meeting, and for distributing leaflets, SMOT's paper *Basta!*, and a model collective agreement drafted by SMOT. Other workers in the Free Union being intimidated are Sergei Skameyko, Vladimir Khokhlov, and Nikolai Kazakievich.

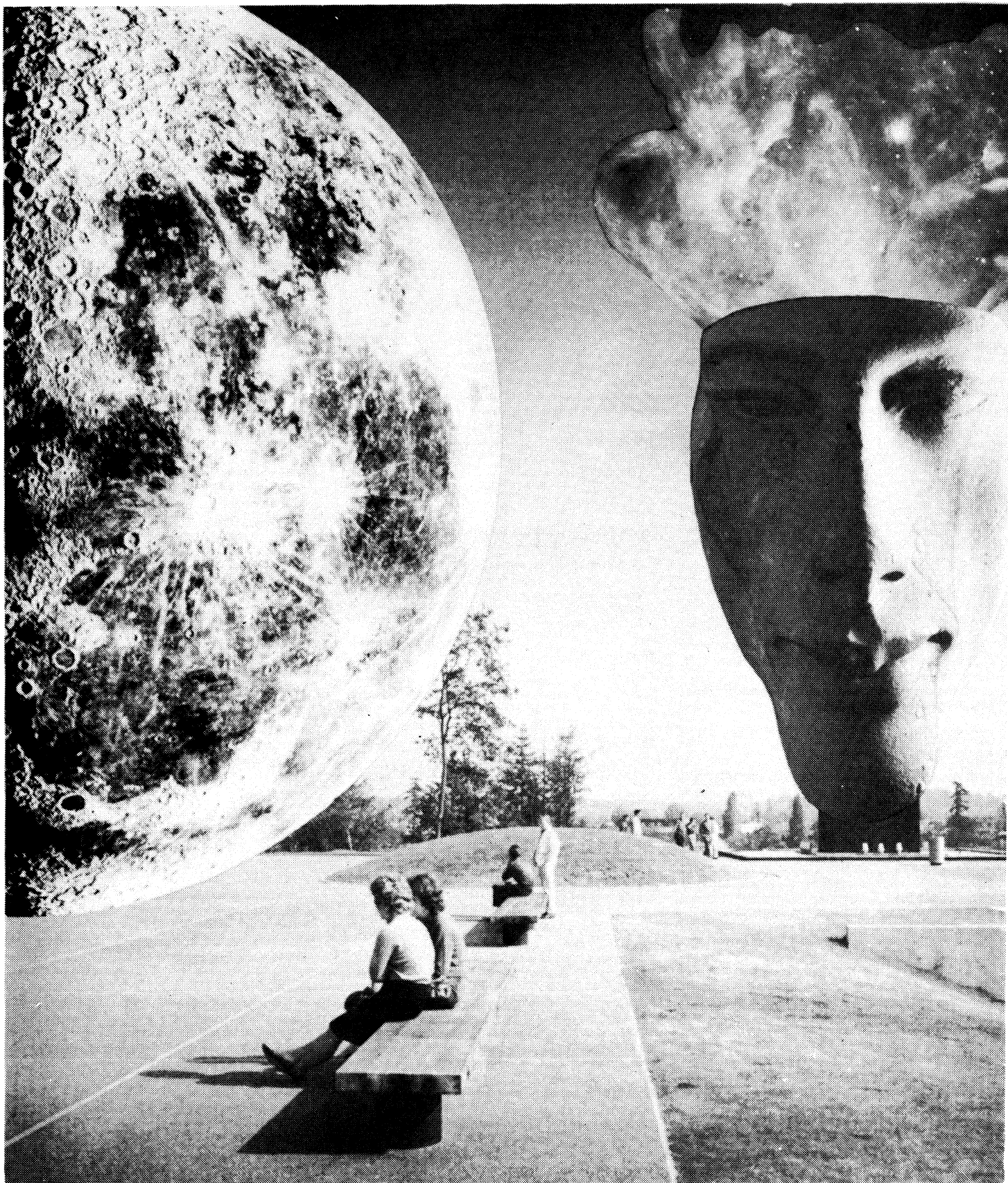
The increase in repression is due to Integral becoming a joint venture with German firms. A condition set by the latter is *no unions*.

Protest letters go to:
Respublika Belarus', 220600 Minsk, pl. Kazintsa, NPO "Integral", General Director, Viktor Yemelyanov, Fax. +70172-787980

5. On Feb. 28, '94 Valentin Vayev of the Minsk complex Belvar was detained and interrogated by police for setting up a strike committee and handing out their appeal, plus distributing SMOT's *Basta!* Belvar also completed their 8-year effort to fire Anatoly Matveyenko, a long time activist and strike leader. He's the President of the factories' Free Union and Coordinator of SMOT-Belarus. Workers at Belvar are fighting for his reinstatement.

Protest letters for them go to:
Respublika Belarus', 220049 Minsk, pr. F. Skaryny 50, PNO "Belvar", General Director, Nikolai Yerokhov, Fax. +70172-310689

Please send copies of all letters to:
Respublika Belarus', 220049 Minsk, pr. Rokossovskogo 12-1-550, Anatoly Matveyenko, Ph./Fax. +70172-481781



Collage by Johann Humyn Being

The
Revolution
of Everyday Life

Chapter
19

by
Raoul
Vaneigem

One day Herr Keuner was asked just what he meant by “reversal of perspective,” and he told the following story. Two brothers, who were deeply attached to one another, once adopted a curious practice. They started using pebbles to record the nature of each day’s events, a white stone for each moment of happiness, a black one for any misfortune or chagrin. They soon discovered, on comparing the contents of their jars of pebbles at the end of each day, that one brother collected only white pebbles, the other only black. Intrigued by the remarkable consistency with which they experienced a similar fate in a quite different way, they resolved to seek the opinion of an old man famed for his wisdom. “You don’t talk about it enough,” said the wise man. “Each of you should seek the causes of your choices and explain them to the other.” Thenceforward the two brothers followed this advice, and soon found that while the first remained faithful to his white pebbles, and the second to his black ones, in neither of the jars were there now as many pebbles as formerly. Where there had usually been thirty or so, each brother would now collect hardly more than seven or eight. Before long the wise man had another visit from the two brothers, both looking very downcast. “Not long ago,” began the first brother, “my jar would fill up with pebbles as black as night. I lived in unrelieved despair. I confess that I only went on living out of force of habit. Now, I rarely collect more than eight pebbles in a day. But what these eight symbols of misery represent has become so intolerable that I simply cannot go on living like this.” The other brother told the wise man: “Every day I used to pile up my white pebbles. These days I only

The Reversal of Perspective

The light of Power is on the wane. The eyes of the illusion of community are holes in a mask, holes through which the eyes of individual subjectivity can see nothing. The individual point of view is bound to prevail over the point of view of false collective participation. With the totality as our starting point, the social realm must be attacked with the arms of subjectivity and everything rebuilt on the basis of the self. The reversal of perspective is the positivity of negation—the swelling fruit about to shatter the husk of the Old World.

get seven or eight, but these exercise such a fascination over me that I cannot recall these moments of happiness without immediately wanting to live them over again, even more intensely than before. As a matter of fact, I long to keep on experiencing them forever, and this desire is a torment to me.” The wise man smiled as he listened. “Excellent, excellent,” he said, “Things are shaping up well. You must persevere. One other thing. From time to time, ask yourselves why this game with the jar and the pebbles arouses so much enthusiasm in you.” The next time the two brothers visited the wise man, they had this to say: “Well, we asked ourselves

the question, as you suggested, but we had no answer. So we asked everyone in the village. You can see how much it has upset them. Whole families sit outside their houses in the evenings arguing about white pebbles and black pebbles. Only the elders and notables refuse to take part in these discussions. They laugh at us, and say that a pebble is a pebble, black or white.” The old man could not conceal his delight at this. “Everything is going as I had foreseen. Don’t worry. Soon the question will no longer arise; it has already lost its importance, and I daresay that one day soon you will have forgotten that you ever concerned yourselves with it.” Not

long thereafter the old man's predictions were confirmed in the following manner. A great joy seized the people of the village. And as dawn broke after a night full of comings and goings, the first rays of sunlight fell upon the heads of the elders and notables, struck from their bodies and impaled upon the sharp-pointed stakes of a palisade.

2

The world has always been geometrical. The angle and perspective from which people were supposed to see each other, speak to each other, and represent each other, were once sovereignly decided by the gods of the unitary systems. Then men—the men of the bourgeoisie—played a dirty trick on these gods: they put them in perspective, situating them within an historical process in which they were born, matured, grew old and died. History has been the twilight of the gods.

Once historicized, God became indistinguishable from his material nature, from the dialectic of master and slave, from the history of the class struggle and of hierarchical social power. Thus in a sense the bourgeoisie instigated a reversal of perspective, only to restrict it immediately to the plane of appearances: God has been abolished but the pillars which supported him still rise towards an empty sky. The explosion which demolished the cathedral of sacred values must have produced very slow shock waves, for even today, two centuries later, great chunks of the mythic facade are still in the process of being ground to powder in the spectacle. The bourgeoisie presides over one phase only of the dynamiting of a God whose absolute disappearance is now in the offing; so completely will he disappear, indeed, that every trace of his material origins—*i.e.* man's domination by man—will disappear along with him.

The mechanisms of the economy, the control and power of which the bourgeoisie in part mastered, revealed Power's material basis while enabling Power to dispense with the divine phantom. But at what price? God, that grand negation of humanity, offered the faithful a sort of refuge where, paradoxically, they found a justification for rising up, as the mystics so often did, against temporal authorities, invoking the absolute

power of God against the "usurped" power of priests and leaders. Today, Power comes down to men, tries to seduce them, proffers itself as something to be consumed. It weighs more and more heavily upon them, reduces the span of life to mere survival, and compresses time till it has no more substance than that of the role. Rather schematically speaking, Power might be compared to an angle—an acute angle, to begin with, its point lost in the heavens; then gradually widening as its tip descends and emerges from the clouds; and eventually becoming so wide that it disappears altogether and we are left with a straight line amounting to no more than a series of equivalent and feeble points. Beyond this line, which represents the moment of nihilism, a new perspective emerges which is neither a reflection nor an inversion of the earlier one. Rather, it is an ensemble of harmonized individual perspectives which are not in conflict with one another, but which successfully construct a coherent and collective world. All these angles, though different, open in the same direction: individual will and collective will have become one.

The function of conditioning is to assign and adjust people's positions on the hierarchical ladder. The reversal of perspective entails a kind of anti-conditioning. Not a new form of conditioning, but a new game and its tactics; the game of subversion (*détournement*).

The reversal of perspective turns knowledge into praxis, hope into freedom, and mediation into a passion for immediacy. It enshrines the victory of a system of human relationships grounded in three indivisible principles: participation, communication and self-realization.

To reverse perspective is to stop seeing things through the eyes of the community, of ideology, of the family, of other people. To grasp hold of oneself as of something solid, to take oneself as starting point and center. To base everything on subjectivity and to follow one's subjective will to be everything. In the sights of my insatiable desire to live, the whole of Power is merely one target in a wider horizon. Power cannot spoil my aim by deploying its forces: on the contrary, I'm able to track its movements, gauge the danger and calmly observe its parading. My creativity, no matter how poor, is for me a far better guide than

all the knowledge with which my head has been crammed. In the night of Power, its glimmer keeps the enemy forces at bay. These forces are cultural conditioning, specialization of every kind, and imposed world-views—all irretrievably totalitarian in nature. In creativity, then, everyone possesses the ultimate weapon. But, like a talisman, this weapon has to be used wittingly. Where creativity is mobilized against the grain, in the service of lies and oppression, it turns into a sick farce: the consecration of art. Furthermore, there is a distinction between acts designed to destroy Power and acts designed to build individual free will: their form is the same but their range is different; as any good strategist knows, you prepare in different ways for defense and attack. We have not chosen the reversal of perspective out of some kind of voluntarism. It has chosen us. Caught up as we are in the historical state of *nothing* the next step can only be a change in *everything*. Consciousness of total revolution—or rather, of the necessity for it—is the only way we have of left of being *historical*, our last chance to undo history under willed conditions. The game we are about to join is the game of our creativity. Its rules are radically opposed to those which govern our society. It is a game of loser wins: what is left unsaid is more important than what is said, what is lived is more important than what is shown on the level of appearances. And it has to be played out to the end. How can anyone who has suffered oppression till his very bones rebel turn down the life-raft offered him by his will to *live without reservations*? Woe betide those who abandon their violence and their radical demands along the way. As Nietzsche noted, murdered truths become poisonous. If we do not reverse perspective, Power's perspective will succeed in turning us against ourselves once and for all. German fascism was spawned in the blood of Spartakus. Our everyday renunciations—no matter how trivial—lend fuel to our enemy, who wants nothing short of our total death.

The complete text of the Left Bank/Rebel Press edition of Raoul Vaneigem's Revolution of Everyday Life has just been reprinted and should be obtainable soon. Contact Left Bank Books (4142 Brooklyn Avenue NE, Seattle, WA 98105) for information on price and availability.

THE ECOLOGY MONTREAL PARTY:

A "Libertarian" Frankenstein

by Michael William

Shortly before the last Canadian elections, the head of the ruling Conservatives, Brian Mulroney, resigned. Enormously unpopular, his approval rating approaching 10%, Mulroney was visibly damaging the party's already slim chances of winning the upcoming elections. Replacing Mulroney at the party helm was Kim Campbell, a one-time member of the Social Credit Party, a right-wing populist party which is now defunct except in one province.

During the elections any mention of Mulroney by the Conservatives was predictably avoided. Their campaign, though, went further. The party, incredibly, attempted to present itself as outsider, as anti-establishment. It was almost as if the party in power was running against itself.

This desperate reality-bending was ultimately more amusing than effective. The Conservatives were virtually wiped out, going from a comfortable majority to two seats. Such events, however, eloquently reflected a climate in which politicians and parties are despised as never before.

The response of the parties to what negates them—their attempt to integrate and neutralize it—is populism. Significantly, when the Conservatives were elbowed out, they were displaced on the right by the populist Reform Party, which went from three seats to fifty-two. The Party is run almost single-handedly by Preston Manning, an evangelical Christian who presents himself as an anti-politician, ostentatiously refusing a few of the perks of office, but is in fact the son of a former premier and a consummate politician.

Ross Perot, a paranoid, unvarnished authoritarian, evokes electronic town halls while running essentially a one-man show. Demonstrated by Perot is populism's ability to transcend traditional political categories and draw support from both the left and right.

In Russia, a potent nationalist-populist brew allowed a ranting buffoon, Zhirinovskiy, to gobble a quarter of the parliamentary vote.

Today populism is ubiquitous, seemingly obligatory. Above all, it is a sure-fire indicator of demagoguery.

* * *

One of the newest kids on the populist block is the libertarian municipalism-inspired Ecology Montreal Party. If "Vote for me, and the people will be in power" constitutes populism's usual refrain, libertarian municipalism's spin might be phrased: "Vote for me, and the state will eventually wither away."

Uh huh.

Montreal is a major centre of libertarian municipalism. Ecology Montreal in effect was initiated primarily by one person, Dimitri Roussopoulos, a self-described anarchist who was a candidate in the last elections, in which more than one "anarchist" ran. Ecology Montreal's members take "their inspiration from the social ecology and urban theories of Murray Bookchin," according to Phillip Chee, a party militant, and many libertarian municipalist books, including Bookchin's, emanate from Roussopoulos' Black Rose Books/*Our Generation* magazine operation. Bookchin himself was brought in to address an Ecology Montreal policy conference. An international social ecology conference with libertarian municipalism as the featured topic will take place in Montreal in 1994....

Until recently, libertarian municipalism has been primarily confined to institutes and academia. Now that it is generating actual political parties and is acquiring a history, it is useful to look at how that history is being represented by the ideology's adherents.

In its "Living in the City" special issue (Fall 93), the Murray Bookchin-influenced Toronto journal *Kick It Over* published an excerpt from a text on libertarian municipalism by Bookchin and an article on Ecology Montreal by Phillip Chee. A one-two, the Bookchin reprint theoretically softens us up for Chee's Ecology Montreal sucker punch.

In his piece Bookchin encourages anarchists to become politicians and to run for office, and drools over "cybernetic devices," making clear his desire to mediate experience through them.

Central to libertarian municipalism is drawing a dubious distinction between the nation-state and the municipal state. Libertarian municipalism legitimizes the city-state but turns up its nose at the nation-state (although Ecology Montreal is clearly willing to coexist with it). Differences between these states, however, are far outweighed by what they have in

common: the omnipresence of the money/commodity economy, the existence of politicians, the laws they impose and the cops and courts that back them up, and the reign of the technocrats necessary to run modern industrial capital. We deal with municipal cops, not the army, on a daily basis.

Chee's article about Ecology Montreal is a classic illustration of Party Thinking eclipsing autonomous thought—of the political organization imposing its own logic and imperatives. Once set in motion, a party rapidly takes on a life of its own. For the party militant people are either inside or outside the party and those on the inside, having internalized the party's imperatives, view those on the outside in a reified, manipulative way (ultimately principally as vote fodder). Thus Chee reels off the banal facts of party life, seemingly blissfully unaware of how it sounds to the unconverted, that Ecology Montreal, rather than a radical departure, is actually more akin to partyism-as-usual: choosing candidates, counting voters, setting up party structures, putting out position papers, making deals with other parties etc. *ad nauseam*—these staples of party "life" provide a structure, a bureaucratic playpen to keep the militants' hands occupied. Psychologically the militant needs to assign the party and his or her activities a key role—to be convinced, in Chee's words, that Ecology Montreal "has the potential to ignite a movement." Also key is the moral superiority which justifies the militant's leading role. For Chee, the party becomes the model of the future society; it is the very purity of the militants' lives which justifies handing them state power.

For the militant the organization becomes the beacon. Thus Ecology Montreal presents itself as an "educational organization," and puts on "educational events." Having come up empty-handed in the most recent elections, libertarian municipalists in Syracuse are presently producing and distributing a journal in order to "educate the public." This vanguard aspect is crucial to Bookchinism. In a recent issue of *Green Perspectives*, for example, editors Murray Bookchin and Janet Biehl defend an "educational" approach, and specifically advocate vanguardism, attempting to put an innocuous, cultural spin on the concept: "The word *vanguard*, we should add, does not throw us into a panic. An avant-garde teacher (or artist) is still a teacher (or artist), and there is no point in pretending otherwise." Present-day anarchists who question vanguardism are referred to with the word anarchist in quotation marks, implying that being an anarchist and questioning vanguardism is incompatible, as the duo pines after the good old days, *i.e.* the "nineteenth and early twentieth centuries," when anarchists and "their organizations" adopted a vanguardist posture. Displayed here is how much Bookchin and Biehl have in common with the foibles of the nineteenth century anarchists—their Enlightenment-based religious belief in techno-rationalism and the ideology of progress, which finds its natural culmination in Bookchin's "cybernetic devices." Also key here are specialization and division of labour: the student/teacher dichotomy and its institutionalization become the initial hierarchy on which all the others are built.

If academia-drenched, this is not simply an academic question. In the early '80s an attempt took place to put this outlook into practice with the creation of the briefly very active and now moribund Anarchos Institute. Initiated in large part by Bookchin and Roussopoulos, the Institute epitomized their vision of a coterie of academics implementing a top-down

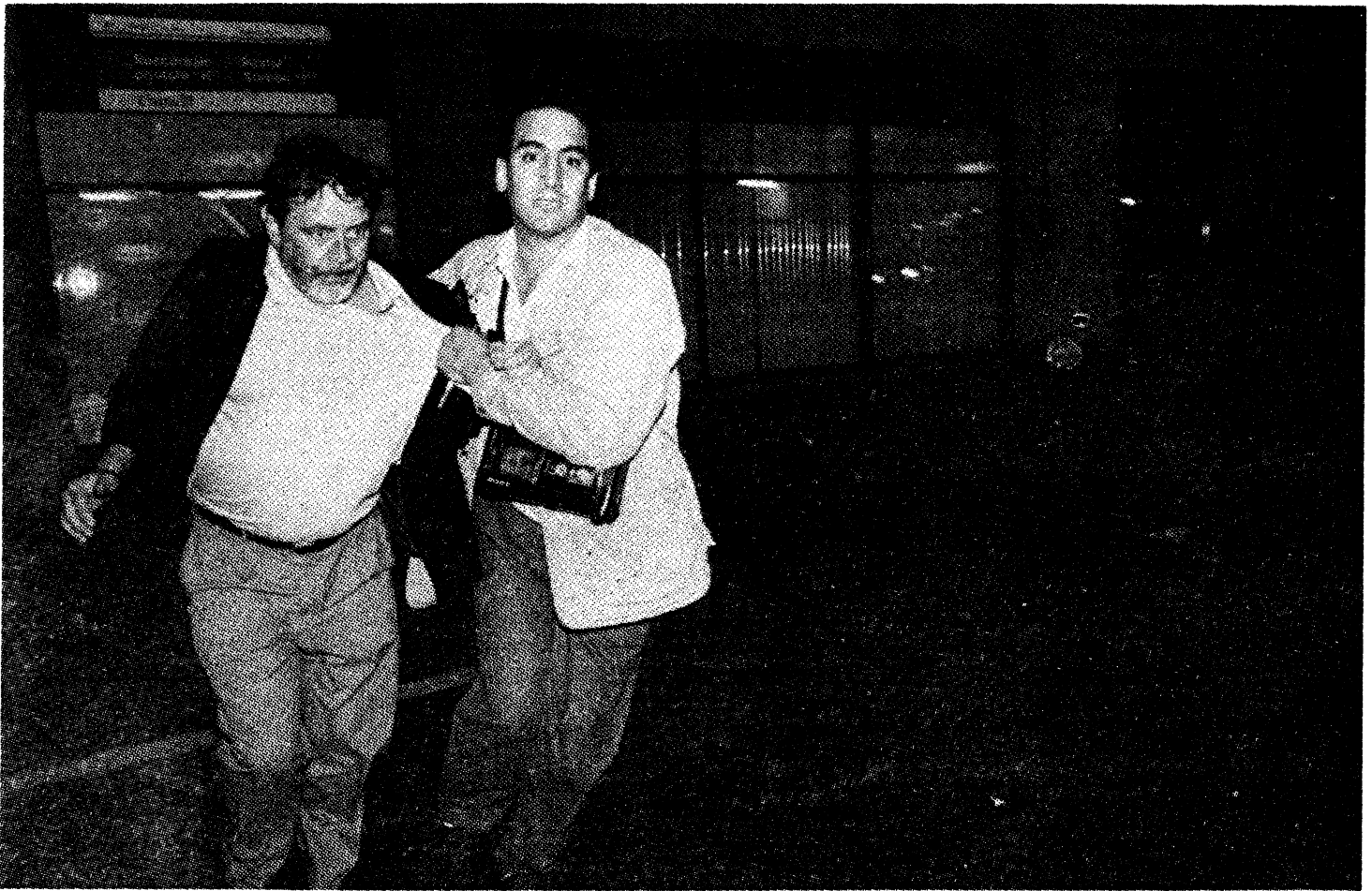
relationship vis-a-vis non-academic anarchists initially, and, presumably, eventually a broader milieu. In Bookchinist discourse this is theorized as the "indispensable radical *intelligentsia*" without which "a libertarian movement" will be unable to "emerge." This, however, was not the approach of everyone involved in the Institute. Rapidly a crisis took place, triggered off by Roussopoulos' authoritarianism and unilateral decision-making. When the non-academics in the local Montreal group objected, they were purged by the profs in a clear instance of *academic class* solidarity. (If they don't support Roussopoulos, where are they going to publish?) At a key meeting Bookchin was parachuted in to lend his authority to the purge exercise. In the resulting scandal the Institute rapidly became a ghost of its former self, as the academic rump group implemented classical sleaze techniques like refusing access to the mailing list to the non-academics so they couldn't inform the membership about what was going on. This is just one in a long string of similar incidents involving Roussopoulos, including firing two anarchists at Black Rose Books when they attempted to collectivize the project.¹

* * *

Despite abundant talk about triggering off "participatory, face to face" activity, no examples are provided by Chee of Ecology Montreal causing anyone to do anything. On the contrary, as he acknowledges, "By far the most publicly visible activity Ecology Montreal has engaged in has been its electoral efforts." Chee's account is a classic case of electoralism imposing its logic and priorities. "During the election campaign," he recounts, "the fundamental disagreements about the movement's structure were pushed below the surface. The crux of the matter was what type of leadership the party should adopt." And, Chee informs us, presently Ecology Montreal is "putting considerable effort into creating an electoral strategy for the 1994 elections."

Chee goes to considerable lengths to distance Ecology Montreal from other parties, especially the social democrats. Evoked by Roussopoulos in Chee's piece is the term "anti-party party," using the German Greens as a model(!). But Ecology Montreal's main concern is clearly grabbing parliamentary power (entirely understandable from an electoral viewpoint, seeing that no Ecology Montreal candidates won in the last election). Thus the party is currently hammering out a "common platform" with "independent city councillors" and other "progressives." This is only more of the tired leftism that has been discredited worldwide, notably, in Canada, with the arrival in power for the first time in the province of Ontario of the New Democratic Party (social democrats). Within a year the popularity of the party plummeted; few retain any illusions about "really-existing" NDPism. Ecology Montreal's desperate attempt to elect a candidate or two also involves an infusion of traditional political horse-trading, as "Alliance 94" proceeds to "divide up the electoral map so as not to run alliance candidates against each other."

Another example of opportunist tinkering with the system is the party's reaction to a proposal to reduce the number of politicians from the current 51. Instead, Ecology Montreal proposed that "Montreal adopt a partial system of proportional representation. Thirty-one seats would remain single



John Gardiner, an executive member of the ruling municipal MCM party, flees as rioters clash with the cops during the Stanley Cup hockey riot last year.

member constituencies with election by direct majority, and 20 seats to be distributed among representatives of the municipalities proportionally to the percentage of the popular vote gained by each party to the city as a whole." Demonstrated here is that despite obligatory complaints about "impersonal bureaucracies and professional politicians," Chee *really believes* in representational democracy—that politicians are legitimate, that parties represent people, that people can be represented by politicians. Thus Ecology Montreal's pathetic solution becomes sprinkling in a few councillors from presently marginalized parties, or otherwise slightly shifting the final party tallies. These token councillors of course would probably be powerless. Disappeared here is that its totalitarian nature is what most defines representative democracy: even when most people don't vote (often the case), politicians get in, backed by the entire state/police apparatus.

Another bureaucratic horror story, to go by Chee's account, has been Ecology Montreal's internal functioning, including factions exiting the party, periods where people weren't talking to each other, and a tendency for power to accumulate in a coordinating committee. At one point, for example, a coordinating committee had to "'clean up' the movement" (what movement? Ecology Montreal is a groupuscule, not a movement). In another example of centralization of power, it is also the coordinating committee which is discussing the agreement with other opposition groups not to run candidates against each other. In fact, Ecology Montreal is presently dysfunctional with respect to the structure it has set up, which

invests some power in "local associations." However "Ecology Montreal currently does not have any local associations in existence," Chee informs us, so the ubiquitous coordinating committee is presently acting as the "principal coordinating council." Which is hardly surprising: these municipal parties are basically empty shells which only come "alive" at election time.

An Ecology Montreal program was produced by the coordinating committee and adopted by the membership in 1992. Dense fog and rhetoric render navigating this document a perilous undertaking. Much is clarified though when we learn that the ruling MCM party "can no longer be considered an instrument for progressive change." In other words the MCM *once was*, to use Ecology Montreal's Old Left terminology, "progressive." Ecology Montreal is in large part a back-to-the-roots MCM (a party in which Roussopoulos was once a militant).

Instead of abolishing money, Ecology Montreal intends to preserve the law of value, wage labour and the commodity economy, ensuring that people will continue to buy and sell each other as before. The party's call for full employment makes it clear that they wish to retain high levels of production, and talk of "hiring and promotion practices" underlines that bosses and hierarchy will endure.

Ecology Montreal's call for "the application of a user-pay system on all highways" typifies the Band-aid solutions to be expected on an ecological level. Thus the party is reduced to grumbling about the "excessive use of the automobile," and

vaguely wants to “reduce pollution from industrial sources.” These people obviously intend to keep the techno-grid fundamentally intact.

Also of note is a section on non-violence. Here we learn that Ecology Montreal is “simply opposed to the use of force.” They certainly don’t want non-pacifist hordes of uncontrollables dislodging *their* politicians. The document explicitly rules out going on the offensive against the cops (e.g. riots), and advocates a “weapons-free zone,” disarming people against fascists and Stalinists, who are hardly in the habit of beating swords into plowshares.

Concerning elected candidates, the Party’s approach is democratic centralism. Once arrived at, in other words, the party line must be toed. “Defending and promoting the programme and strategy” is obligatory, the party statutes outline, and “the final decision of Ecology Montreal on any matter must be accepted.” Mindless obedience is of course the very definition of the party hack.

Lumping libertarian municipalism in with other strains of populism will elicit objections from some, no doubt. After all, Bookchin and Chee often *sound* anti-authoritarian, even anti-statist. However, implementing change top-down through the state is clearly not anti-statist: it’s leftism. Roussopoulos’ idiotic position papers which hope “to unite the left” demonstrate that, despite the anarcho-rhetoric, he’s just a leftist. Libertarian municipalism is a form of left populism because instead of locating all legitimacy in autonomous activity, it posits political parties which claim to *represent* widespread disgust with “impersonal bureaucracies and professional politicians” (in Chee’s words). People, however, can only represent themselves; the party has no role to play. The role of the party in other words is to immediately abolish itself.

Ecology Montreal wishes to recuperate our disgust and to channel it towards electoralism, the reformist Ecology Montreal racket, and leftism—“... so unpopular is the MCM that the 1994 election may reflect enormous political ferment, according to Phillip Chee,” we learn for example in *Green Perspectives*. At the same time Chee fears that Ecology Montreal “will fall on the deaf ears of a people fed up and increasingly cynical of the current political system”—in other words that his gang will get the boot along with the rest. Cynicism is corrosive and a double-edged sword to be sure but it is also an antidote to false hopes. Unfortunately there are always new parties popping up, propping up a more and more discredited system. With enough negativity, however, there might just be a qualitative leap...

* * *

Ecology Montreal, Chee, and Bookchin also exalt “the citizen,” a term which, like “the proletariat” of yore, becomes the defining role—the role we are all expected to play. Max Stirner notes this term’s relation to the (anti-monarchist) bourgeois revolution, whereby everyone is “raised or lowered to the dignity of the citizen: (...) the *third* estate becomes the sole estate, namely, the estate of—*citizens of the state*.” Or, in Ecology Montreal’s words, citizens “must be aware of their duties and rights as citizens.” As Stirner notes, “... few qualms are felt about changing existing laws. But who would dare sin against the *idea* of the State, or refuse to submit to the *idea* of law. So people remain ‘law-respecting’ loyal ‘citizens.’”

Libertarian municipalism proposes to decentralize the state, to create a profusion of mini-states. Thus “neighbourhood councils should be empowered to enact laws,” according to Ecology Montreal. With laws of course come the cops to back them up (green-uniformed, no doubt). Hardly surprisingly the police question propels Ecology Montreal to new heights of Orwellian obfuscation: in Ecology Montreal-speak, the police become yet another brand of *coordinator*—they “coordinate ... efforts to enhance and protect public safety.” How sweet.

Instead of using the ever-changing desires of unique individuals as a starting point, Chee imposes a pre-fab, abstract, all-purpose councilism. “Mandated and recallable delegates” become the theoretical antidote to bureaucratization. But as John Zerzan notes, “delegates and recall have always been, in practice, direct routes to bureaucratization and the rule of experts (consult all trade union history).” In an industrial economy these so-called mandated and recallable delegates become mouthpieces of the desires of the megamachine, which are relayed back to the base *as necessities*.

Ecology Montreal’s role is to legitimize the present municipal state through their participation and to legitimize the cybernetic state to come. Ecology Montreal wants us to internalize—to self-manage—the state. With our resistance to it weakened, authority will circulate more freely through the pyramid of power. As opposed to a Japanese-style implanted technobureaucracy, Ecology Montreal proposes a more participatory self-alienation where we choose our technocrats more directly (if we vote for them, they must be ours). Integral to this approach are the “cybernetic devices,” “mass technology” and “sophisticated technology” marketed in Bookchinism. I have already discussed this aspect in a previous article in *Anarchy* in a passage which began with a quote from Bookchin:

“I believe that science and technology should be used in the service of refurbishing and rehabilitating a new balance with nature.”

But Bookchin’s vision of a high-tech apparatus passively “in the service” of humanity—a discourse he shares with all the technocrats—denies the qualitative leap, the autonomization of technology which occurs with the implementation of mass techniques in the metropolis. Later, Bookchin backhandedly acknowledges this autonomization, when the underlying techno-determinism of his discourse makes “sophisticated technology” a universal given: “...the very things we are using presuppose a great deal of sophisticated technology. Let’s face the fact that we need these technologies.” Rather than presupposing a great deal of sophisticated technology, isn’t it more appropriate to question “the very things we are using”? When Bookchin says “we need” these technologies, he is speaking only for himself.

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Not surprisingly, anti-civilizationists are the object of particular scorn in the Bookchin organ *Green Perspectives*, where “anarcho-primitivism” is termed a “pathology.” That civilization thinks it needs to cure us is par for the course. It is more and more obvious, though, that it is civilization which is the problem.

* * *

Once parties and the municipal state are swallowed, accepting the nation-state is only a short theoretical step away,



Over 40 cop cars were damaged or destroyed during the Montreal Stanley Cup riot in 1993.

as demonstrated by anarcho-nationalist Serge Roy's call for Quebec separatism in the Bookchin-oriented Quebec City journal *Hors d'Ordre*.

Meanwhile, Bookchinism continues to spread. The most recent issue of *Green Perspectives* lists works by Bookchin translated into Norwegian, Dutch, German, Greek, Italian, Japanese, Portuguese, Spanish and Turkish. This interest in effect is hardly surprising. Apart from its academic appeal, Bookchinism can be very attractive to a wide variety of middle-of-the-road anarchists who are searching for simplistic, seemingly squeaky-clean solutions.

This essay is not intended as an over-all critique of Bookchinism, which hopefully someone will undertake. In the meantime, John Zerzan's brief but pointed review of Bookchin's *The Rise of Urbanization and the Decline of Citizenship* remains the most incisive critique to date.²

Update

On February 24, Alliance '94 made its first public appearance in the form of a forum on the role of the opposition at City Hall. The event was a complete flop; as many journalists showed up as members of the public. Four Alliance hacks gave pep talks, followed by a discussion/question period. It quickly became apparent that yet another coordinating committee was running the show; people could offer comments but had no real input in decision-making. One person called for a debate about what is apparently a major feature of the Alliance—running a candidate for mayor. Roussopoulos immediately squelched the idea of a debate. Running a mayoral candidate

was the “center,” the “heart” of the Alliance, he enthused, waxing lyrical, a necessary “symbol of unity.” Besides, the question had already been dealt with by the coordinating committee.

Much hand-wringing took place over the fact that there was no chance that anything approaching 50% of the electorate would vote. Figures were tossed around as to what would be a reasonable Alliance tally. Marcel Sevigny, a leftist councillor, said that winning six or seven seats could be counted a success.

The evening was co-chaired by Bernard Bourbonnais, who also gave a talk as the Ecology Montreal rep. At one point he excused himself after making a clumsy statement, joking that he “wasn't enough of a politician yet.” Not to worry, chump, you're learning fast. Also at the presiding table were three people from the *Our Generation* crowd. In effect the Alliance apparently consists of Ecology Montreal, two leftist councillors and a handful of academics and hangers on. The few people who showed up to check out the event seemed primarily wary. One man who had been sent an invitation complained bitterly about being confronted with a “*fait accompli*” concerning process and decision-making. “The community isn't here,” another man noted, injecting a refreshing breath of reality into this stale, tedious non-event.

April 19 Update

Alliance '94 has now collapsed. Ecology Montreal and the DCM (a small leftist party) are presently courting each other

Continued on page 33

Nonmonogamy

Interview conducted by Anders Corr

Leni Papatestas and I have been friends since we met in the anti-nuclear movement in 1989. I have been interested in nonmonogamy for about a year since I first experimented with it and Leni will tell you her stories below. She is twenty-two and in her third year as an undergraduate at the University of California Santa Cruz where she majors in Biology/Psychology. I am twenty-three and spend most of my time in self-education about radical politics.

The use of the word nonmonogamy in this interview is problematic in that it means "more than one wife," non-monandry meaning "more than one man." A term I prefer is "polyamorous."

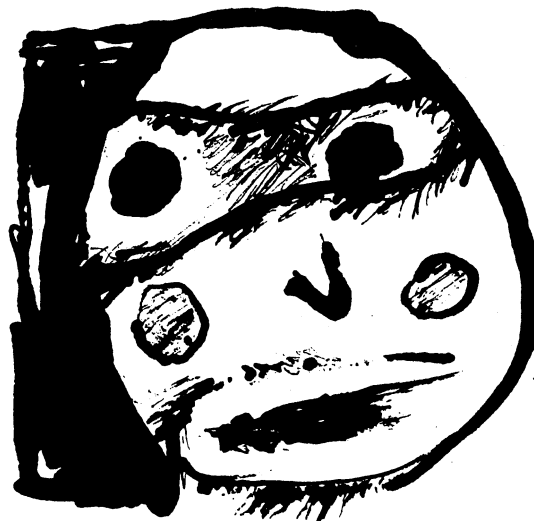
Anders: How would you describe nonmonogamy to a potential lover?

Leni: I have more than one friend, why shouldn't I have more than one lover? Why should I limit myself to one person? I don't feel like you limit me, but I feel like I get my input from the outside world from many different sources, and yes, I may love you, may be in love with you, but that does not mean that I may not fall in love with someone else at the same time. I love my friends, at times more than I love my lovers, so, why the hell can't I end up with them? Some of my friends I am much closer to than some of my lovers, but that supposedly is not an interference. Why not? Because I am not their lover, I am just their friend, that I tell every single thing to. I am telling them all the shit that I am not telling you, because they are my "friend." I don't like the whole definition. It is hard for me to say what a nonmonogamous relationship is because I don't like definitions. I basically think that you are in a relationship with every single person you meet, and there are different levels of it, and you feel differently about certain people. The basic thing is that you limit yourself by saying you are in a monogamous relationship. You can care about someone else more, or just as much and it doesn't take away from your other friends. I think that is why people are scared of nonmonogamous relationships, because they think that it is a threat to them, and to their relationship with you, but it isn't a threat. Maybe you should interview people as to why they are scared of nonmonogamous relationships.

Anders: Who do you call a "lover" and who do you call a "friend"?

Leni: I guess under the terms of society you call a lover someone you are sleeping with as well as doing more than just hanging out. I

don't know. I don't necessarily call anyone a lover. I just think "I kiss this person as well." I guess that is what makes them a lover. Once you are in a relationship, say you have been



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seeing this person...or doing... kissing this person for longer than you have been kissing anyone else. (laughter) Really, I think it is that vague sometimes for me, maybe it is not for other people. I really have problems labeling it. At first, it is someone who you think about a little more. You spend more time with them, perhaps, but not all the time. You probably sleep with them. I really don't define any of that stuff though.

Anders: Are you in a nonmonogamous relationship now?

Leni: I don't know what I am in now. (laughter) I am kissing somebody right now, but we haven't defined it, and we are probably not going to. If I started sleeping with someone else, I would probably tell him, if it happens to be a him, that I am seeing another person. He knows that I hate the definitions. He happens to be one of my really good friends and we just ended up getting together one night, so now I guess something could be construed, but he knows that I am not monogamous. You just explain to someone that you care for them, and you will call them when you are going to call them, and you are going to think about them sometimes. I don't stay in relationships that I necessarily have to explain to this person, because then they feel threatened all the time.

In fact I got out of one. I was seeing a woman before this and she did not want a monoga-

mous relationship necessarily, she never said that, but I knew if I saw someone else, or if she found out that I had kissed somebody else, or whatever, that she would freak. So I said "Look, I need my freedom." Part of me having my freedom is that I call you when I want to call you, all these things, and so we ended the relationship.

Anders: What is the longest you have ever been in a relationship that was nonmonogamous?

Leni: Two years.

Anders: How was that?

Leni: It was one of my best friends. It was easy, because it was understood. Partially because it was never defined as a relationship. It was a relationship if you start defining it using terms that were set up in a monogamous society. I think the word "relationship" is set up from a monogamous society. If I am going to be in nonmonogamous relationships, then I can't even label the relationship necessarily.

It was clear throughout the relationship that that person was a person that I was seeing. It wasn't just someone I was sleeping with. It is more than that, because you care about them, think about them, spend time with them...you do whatever you are supposed to do in a relationship, but we never really said, "We are in a relationship." We did talk about our relationship, as in how we were relating to each other.

A relationship is a separate entity. You would have these two people and then there is this relationship, but that is bullshit. You just have the two fucking people. You talk to the other person about what you are doing with them. So that was a couple years. I am not the jealous type, that makes it easy too. Because I figure I am going to do what I want to do, but I didn't end up with lots of other people.

Anders: How many in that two year period?

Leni: He was away, so there was a bunch while he was away. (laughter) There were probably at least six.

Anders: He was away for how long?

Leni: Six or seven months.

Anders: So you only saw people when he was away?

Leni: Yes, but I started seeing people when he came back too. I saw two people while he was around.

Anders: How many people did he see?

Leni: Maybe one or two. Not as many as me. (Laughter) I don't know what he did when he was away.

Anders: How did you deal with telling him? When you saw someone else, was there a protocol for breaking the news?

Leni: I just told him.

Anders: How did you take it when he told you?

Leni: I was worse than he was, but we were never really cheating on each other because we never *said* we were going to be monogamous, so it was no big deal. I am thinking now "Ooo, I cheated on him." But I didn't cheat on *shit*. I cheated on some term I don't use. How did I take it? I would ask him how it was, and whether he liked her, and how he felt about it, just like I would ask a friend. I like to be told in person, and I always ask for details. Roderick went with two people, and I asked "What was it like? How do you feel about her?" I guess I detach myself. I stand back and I say, this is my friend and this is what they are telling me. I am interested in what in the hell is going on in their life. I am not saying it doesn't make me sad, to a certain extent I feel "What about me?" There is that, it is there, but I don't dwell on it. I guess you just have to be self-confident.

Anders: Did you feel jealous at all?

Leni: Maybe a little bit sometimes. I would feel jealous because I would think that he would care about...like there was this one woman and I felt "Oh, he cares about her more than he cares about me." You want to feel cared about, so I guess that is jealousy. I was never angry. I never thought he was doing something wrong, and I hope he felt the same way. What happened was, we eventually ended the relationship because I just needed even more freedom, to be seeing whomever I wanted to whenever I wanted, and I felt a little limited by the relationship. I did not want to be in a serious relationship and so we ended it because I was starting to go off and be with whomever, whenever, and do whatever I wanted. (Laughter) I went into a very bad period from then on. I mean, it wasn't *bad*, it was just...rampant. (laughter) Let's put it that way.

Anders: Why did you make the decision to be in a nonmonogamous relationship with him?

Leni: I don't like the definition. What happens if I walk down the street and I see someone, and I want to sleep with her, or I walk down the street and I run into a friend who I haven't seen in a long time, and then I end up going out with this friend, and then I keep going out with this friend and then all of a sudden...see, someone can be a lover even if you aren't sleeping with them. You just care about them a shitload. When that happens, you never have to explain it, because *they* are not a threat, because you aren't *sleeping* with them. It is only when you sleep with them that then...it's bizarre. The last woman I went out with, we never slept together, but shit we saw each other for six months, I would call it a relationship. I wouldn't have called it just a "simple friendship."

Anders: Were you in love with the person you had a two year nonmonogamous relationship with, or do you even use that terminology?

Leni: Yes, I was in love with him. I do not use that terminology, but I would say that I was in love with him. It was even worse then, because I was all gushy for a while, all that stupid shit. (laughter) I get bad when I am gushy, I don't like it. It is fun, but it is like, you are thinking about the person and it is just stupid. (Laughter) You can't control it. It is true. You start baking shit, and bringing them flowers...I do it! I am doing it for this person I am seeing now,



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and we are not seeing each other. (laughter)

Anders: Have you been in other non-monogamous relationships where you've been in love with the person?

Leni: No. That was the only one.

Anders: You say you are not the jealous type, but that is very different from a lot of people I know who have really strong feelings of jealousy. Why do you feel you aren't jealous?

Leni: Because I told myself a long time ago that if I want to live my life the way I like to live my life, which is very free, I would not want anyone to be jealous of what I was doing, then I can't be jealous of other people, and it has just become something that I am not anymore. I think there was a time when I felt jealousy. The same guy I was in love with in high school, we were friends then, and *he* was going out with *somebody else*. And I felt "Oh, but I care about you." At that point when I was in high school I still felt jealousy and then later I realized that I want to make my lifestyle so that I can do what I want when I want to and I do not want people to be offended. On the same hand, I don't feel like I should be able to restrict someone else from living their life in whatever way they wish. At one point it was hard, but not now, seven years later. That was my junior year in high school.

Anders: So it was a conscious decision.

Leni: Yeah, but I don't think it was hard either. I think maybe if I had been a more jealous type, it would have been harder to switch. It was just like (snap) okay. But it was a conscious awareness.

Anders: Previous to your decision not to be jealous did you already tend towards that direction?

Leni: Yes.

Anders: What was the reason you were headed that way?

Leni: You are jealous because you are judging somebody. You are judging their actions. You are jealous because you are feeding into something you don't even know exists usually. Probably the definition of jealousy is you think someone else cares more about someone than you, or they are paying more attention to somebody else. I am jealous because they are not paying attention to me. *They have every right not to pay attention to you!* Why the fuck should they pay attention to you? You are probably sitting around being jealous. Why would they want to pay attention to you? You are going to whine all the time. I like to let people do what they want to do and so they do what they want to do and I do what I want to do, and nobody is jealous. I don't feel like you can judge another person, and you can't project, and I think that is what jealousy is about. It is projecting something. You usually don't ask the person "Do you care about that person?" People don't do that, because if they did that they wouldn't be jealous. The whole thing is that just because you are with someone else or you care about

someone else, it is no reflection on your relationship. Every relationship with every person is different. My interaction with you at this moment has no reflection on my interaction with my friend Bryan yesterday. Sure, I am the same person, I am connecting with both, but I am not talking to you because I want to spite Bryan. I am talking to you because I am interested in what you have to say, or what I have to say. You are interested in what I have to say. (Laughter)

Anders: You mentioned earlier the "package of monogamy." What do you mean by that?

Leni: The package of monogamy: you talk about them as your lover, or your *boyfriend*. God, that word is sooo gross. You spend all your time with them, you think about them when you are not spending time with them, and whatever goes with that. I think in all my other relationships, sure I really cared about them, and Roderick I was even in love with, but spent time doing other things, I thought about other things, I did not think about them all the time, and I told them what was up in my life, but not necessarily immediately.

You communicate more in nonmonogamous relationships. I do. I did not communicate in my last monogamous relationship. I did not communicate because there are all these *things* in monogamous relationships. Because you are *not* supposed to be thinking about other people, you are not supposed to be doing other

things, so you don't tell them you are. You don't tell them "Oh, I saw so-and-so." You don't even joke about it. In nonmonogamy you can joke about it "Oh, and I might be sleeping with...." just joking about it, not that you are going to do it, but you can joke about it and it is OK.

Anytime I try to limit myself to a monogamous relationship, I have been scared that I am not calling this person enough, because they want me to be calling them, and I am not. Because I just don't work that way. It is not because I don't care about them, but I just don't call people all the time necessarily. So I get all worried that I am not calling them enough, or that they like me more than I like them, and that is a problem in monogamous relationships, and I don't think it is a problem in nonmonogamous ones.

The way I have always set up my nonmonogamous relationships is that you just are a person, and you happen to care about somebody else. You care about some other people too, if you happen to, and you don't always. I don't think you will necessarily sleep with someone else just because you are in a nonmonogamous relationship, but you have that freedom. In general, I have a problem with definitions, and if I even define it as a relationship, then it gets all screwed up for lots of reasons.

Anders: Do you think that you will ever be in a monogamous relationship again?

Leni: I think I might be with one person for a long period of time and not be with somebody else, but I do not think it will ever be defined as a monogamous relationship—but it might be a "monogamous" relationship if you look eight years down the road and it is the only person I have been with.

Anders: But you will never make that commitment?

Leni: No. I don't think I can make that commitment.

Anders: What if you really really really like someone? Do you think you would want to be monogamous with them?

Leni: I want to be with them, but what is wanting to be monogamous? Define it.

Anders: Being sexual solely with them and having them be sexual solely with you.

Leni: No, but that might just happen. Sure, I want that to a certain extent, but not an overriding power in the relationship. It is not the defining factor. Yes, that is maybe what I want, but if it doesn't happen, it doesn't happen. Keep your options open. With this last woman I was seeing, I did not want to see anyone else necessarily, for a while I was really into it, but that doesn't last forever necessarily. There was a time when I didn't want to sleep with other people but we didn't define it as a monogamous relationship. If you really like somebody, sure you only want to be sexual with them, because you really like them, but there might be a time when you don't.

Anders: Are lesbian nonmonogamy and heterosexual nonmonogamy different from

each other?

Leni: The lesbians I have been with have wanted to be more monogamous rather than less. They totally become one person. I can never do this joke right, but what does a lesbian bring on her second date? A U-Haul truck. They always want to move in with each other—"They." Me. Us! Whatever—which has actually been a problem, because I will admit, I like women just the same way as I like men and sometimes I am more interested in being with a woman, and sometimes it is like, God, why do you have to want to move in with me? I don't think



everyone is that way.

Anders: So all of your relationships with lesbians have been nonmonogamous?

Leni: I did not sleep with anyone else during the period of time, but there are also men who I did not sleep with other people. I never made the agreement that I would not go off and sleep with someone else. I never said "this is monogamous." I am really good at not defining it for long periods of time. Sometimes I avoid it, which I think is shitty, but sometimes it is just easier to avoid the definition and just skirt around it, not talk about it. It is much nicer when you talk about it, but that is true with everything.

Anders: You were never in one of these relationships where you were restricted. Maybe the definition of monogamous is "you are restricting your activity outside of a relationship." Self restriction, even unrecognized self restriction, is monogamy.

Leni: Yes, definitely. The last woman I was with was undefined, but I definitely felt like I did not have the freedom if I wanted to care about somebody else, to do so freely, and I talked with the woman so much, that I felt like it would suck if I did that, so I better get out of the relationship and then I can talk to her just as much as I talked to her about anything I want.

Anders: That is why you left the relationship, because you felt restricted.

Leni: Yes.

Anders: Is there anything you think you lose in a nonmonogamous relationship?

Leni: No.

Anders: Nothing?

Leni: No.

Anders: There is no tradeoff, it is just one hundred per cent better to be nonmonogamous.

Leni: If you don't make definitions, yes. I don't think there is anything I lose. [Laughter] The only thing I would be losing is, "Oh my God, they might sleep with somebody else," but I don't care! Sure, let them go sleep with someone else, so might I. If you are losing how they care about you, you are going to lose that anyway. I think you leave the communication channels more open in a nonmonogamous relationship because you can do whatever you want. If you do, then you can tell them about it because it is okay instead of "Oh my God, I just cheated on them," or whatever.

With this woman, I was thinking about this guy all the time, and I could not tell her that, but he happens to be one of my really good friends, and I think about him all the time anyway but I could not tell her "I have been thinking about Bryan all the time lately, it is really weird, I have been having these dreams about him." She didn't want to hear that. With a nonmonogamous relationship you could say that, hopefully, if it is a communicative relationship.

Because nonmonogamous relationships are not as prevalent, there are less expectations for them because society is not set up for them, and I like having less expectations. I think expectations are bullshit, I really do. You don't know what will happen tomorrow, I might drive away and die. This might be our last conversation. You still treat people with respect and care about people. A friend of mine put it really succinctly, they were telling me how I act and they were saying "You do what you want but you are still there for people." I think that is the ideal thing. You do what you want but you are still there for other people. You are not wrapped up in their lives.

Anders: Do you feel like you have a lot of self-confidence?

Leni: I think so.

Anders: What about your sexuality and feeling like you are a desirable person. Do you feel like you are a desirable person?

Leni: Yes, but I don't know with this haircut. I just got it cut yesterday. I have never had short hair in my entire life. Haircut aside, yes, I think I am a desirable person because I have already played that game. I went out and basically found out whether I was desirable or not. I could sleep with a person every single night if I wanted to, and it was gross, but it was fun. Sexuality is easy. [Laughter] If you want it to be, or else it is bad, just teasing and fun. I like that part too. I am relatively confident.

Anders: Say you were not confident about yourself....

Leni: I would want to be in a monogamous relationship, not to say that everyone in a monogamous relationship is not confident—you can't say that, but to a certain extent I think monogamy helps you know someone is going to be there for you. But that is bullshit. It is an expectation that they will be there for you just because you define it as a monogamous relationship. They might not be there for you. They might be sitting on the couch reading the paper saying "Duh, have you seen those stupid movies?"

People are going to be there for you if they are going to be there for you, regardless of how you define a relationship. They are not going to be there just because they are supposed to, or if they are, they might not be happy. It is as if you go over to someone's house, you are supposedly in a relationship and you don't want to be there that day. You might want to be there the next day, but why go over there if you don't want to? You shouldn't have to, but it is expected that you go. It is expected that you call them, it is the whole expectation thing.

Anders: Sometimes you are really good friends with someone, and you just sleep with them once, it is really good to do that, because it takes all that sexual tension away that you have had with this person a long time. You do that, and then you are friends again. With Lucile, that is what happened. Afterwards we were much more cuddly, every time we wanted to be cuddly together it wasn't necessarily a come-on. You didn't have to think, "Oh shit, she is going to think I am coming onto her because I want to hold her." Once you come-on to someone and then consummate it, it is not a come-on anymore, it is friendly.

Leni: I think it is more accepted for men to be sleeping with more people than it is for women.

Anders: Tell me about social acceptance and your nonmonogamy.

Leni: It is totally unaccepted. You are called a slut, you really are. I used to work at Pizza My Heart. You know when I worked there, and I had a reputation. I didn't even sleep with a lot of people from there, because I knew if I did it would be bad, but I had a reputation as a slut, but oh well. To a certain extent I had to say I am not going to stop sleeping with people just because I have a stupid reputation. I still want to sleep with them, so I will sleep with them and have a reputation. I don't think it is very socially accepted. I think it is more accepted for

men, but I am not a man, so I don't know.

Anders: Yea, I think it is much more socially acceptable for men.

Leni: Guys go out, a night on the town....

Anders: When I say I am nonmonogamous, no one says, oh that is horrible, they just get a smirk on their face.

Leni: Or you are one of those. You are a dog. That is what me and my friends always used to call guys who slept around. Guys are dogs, a bunch of dogs.

because I tend to sleep with lesbians who are not bisexual and then they don't even like it when I sleep with guys. That is another nice factor in my life. The heterosexual female friends that I have never talk about nonmonogamy. Every once in a while it comes up that you've slept with a lot of people, but most of the time everyone is supposed to assume nobody has slept with a bunch of people, which is bull.

Anders: How does AIDS and venereal disease affect a nonmonogamous person?

Leni: The simplest answer is that nonmonogamy is not dangerous if you use safe sex practices, also if you know the people you are with. Nonmonogamy doesn't mean that you are sleeping with just random people necessarily. I don't think people who are monogamous are always safe. That is a myth. You don't always have to be sleeping with other people to be in a nonmonogamous relationship. You can have the freedom to sleep with

other people but you don't, or you can become emotionally involved with more than one person but not sleep with more than one person. If you are sleeping with more than one person, you use safe sex.



Anders: When a man sleeps with more than one woman there is an edge of admiration you get from other men. That is what I get.

Leni: But it is not cool at all for women. Especially not among lesbians, but that is also

A "Libertarian" Frankenstein

from page 29

with an eye to stitching together a "federation" for the election campaign. "Our hope is to form a federation, meaning there would be a single party, but membership in the party would be limited to associations [Ecology Montreal and the DCM]," Ecology Montreal spokesperson Andrea Levy is quoted as saying in *Hour*, a local cultural/news-weekly.

"There is considerable interest and enthusiasm on both sides at this point," chirped DCM leader Sam Boskey. O the mating rituals of marginalized leftist groupuscles!

Meanwhile, the international social ecology conference on libertarian municipalism will take place on May 7

and 8. Bookchin will be the predictable featured speaker and Andrea Levy will give a talk as the Ecology Montreal rep. Some local anti-authoritarians are contemplating showing up to protest the libertarian municipalism racket and to distribute this text.

Notes

1. I was not a member of the Anarchos Institute, but followed events closely. Documents about the Institute and the Black Rose firings are available by writing to: Michael, C.P. 1554 Succ. B, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3B 3L2.

2. Appeared in *Anarchy*, *Demolition Derby* and *Interrogations Pour La Communauté Humaine*.

FLORES MAGON AND THE MEXICAN LIBERAL PARTY

by Brian Morris

Ricardo Flores Magon has been described as one of the intellectual precursors of the Mexican revolution. He is little known outside Mexico, and even within anarchist circles and texts his name is little encountered—apart from the pioneering study on him edited by David Poole (1977). But Flores Magon was an important and influential anarchist whose writings and activities had a crucial impact on the Mexican revolution. The Mexican Liberal Party, headed by Flores Magon, was closely implicated in the industrial strikes at Cananea and Orizaba.

Flores Magon was born on September 16, 1874, in San Antonio Eloxochitlan in the state of Oaxaca. His father was a Zapotec indian and a firm believer in the communal ownership of land; his mother a mestiza. While still young his family moved to Mexico City where Ricardo and his two brothers Jesus and Enrique attended school. It was while at the Escuela Nacional Preparatoria that Flores Magon took part in his first protest against the Diaz dictatorship. He was charged with sedition and sentenced to five months imprisonment. The following year, 1893, he joined the staff of an opposition newspaper, *El Democrata*. But within a few months the paper was banned by the government and its staff arrested: Flores Magon was lucky to escape. In 1895 he qualified as a lawyer, but he decided not to practice law but instead to devote himself to political activities and to the struggle against the hated Diaz regime. Having become acquainted with the writings of Row, Malatesta and Kropotkin, Flores Magon, together with his brother Jesus, founded the newspaper *Regeneracion*, the first

issue appearing in August 1900. Initially a law journal, *Regeneracion*, by the end of the year, had become much more radical, openly attacking the Diaz government.

In February 1901 Flores Magon attended the first congress of Liberal Clubs, held at San Luis Potosi, and it was there that he first met Librado Rivera. On the initiative of Camillo Arriaga, whose father owned one of the largest silver mines in the area, Liberal Clubs had been formed throughout Mexico. Arriaga was a mining engineer and a former senator who had been dismissed by Diaz. The aim of these clubs was specifically to combat the growing significance of the clergy in this country. But while other delegates at the congress were content to spell out their anti-clericalism, Flores Magon made his first open attack on the Diaz dictatorship. He denounced the government as a “den of thieves.” It wasn’t long before the government responded, for in May he was arrested along with his brother Jesus and sentenced to twelve months of imprisonment for “insulting the president.” The Liberal Clubs too were broken up by the police and their members imprisoned. His younger brother Enrique however, continued to publish *Regeneracion*, Ricardo managing to smuggle articles he had written in prison to him. It was printed clandestinely. On his release from prison in April 1902 Flores Magon took over an anti-Diaz and satirical weekly, *El Hijo del Ahuizote*. But this popular paper was also soon suppressed by the government and Magon was again arrested—along with Librado and his brother Enrique—this time for “ridiculing public officials.” He was to spend a further five months in Belem prison. In June 1903 the supreme

court of Mexico passed an edict forbidding the publication of any article written by Flores Magon. Realizing that it was no longer practical to stay in Mexico amid the mounting repression, at the end of 1903 Flores Magon left Mexico to seek refuge in the United States, where many liberals had already fled. In exile he was joined by a handful of close comrades; Enrique, Librado Rivera, Juan Sarabia, and Antonio I. Villarreal. By this time his elder brother Jesus had given up the anti-Diaz struggle and had gone to Mexico to open up a law office.

After working some months as a laborer in order to raise funds, Flores Magon was able to resume the publication of *Regeneracion*. This was in November, 1904. Three months later he moved from San Antonio to St. Louis, Missouri, continuing to publish the weekly newspaper with the help of Librado Rivera. In September, 1905, along with Sarabia, Villarreal, Rivera and his brother Enrique, Magon formed the *Junta Organizadora del Partido Liberal Mexicano*—the group motto being “reform, liberty, and justice.” While in St. Louis Magon and his associates established close links with the Western Federation of Miners, the organizers of the Industrial Workers of the World, and such anarchists as Emma Goldman and Florencio Bazara, the latter being a former comrade of Malatesta. Flores Magon attended the lectures of Goldman and the two anarchists became firm friends. Copies of *Regeneracion* were posted by the group to Mexico and they travelled from hand to hand within the Republic. Even Zapata is said to have been influenced by it. The Liberal Party of Mexico was less of a political party than a coordinating center for radical activists, and it

remained as such until 1918 when it was disbanded owing to the imprisonment of Flores Magon and Rivera.

But within a month of the founding of the party, Flores Magon and his comrades were again being harassed—this time by Pinkerton detectives who raided the offices of Regeneracion and took the presses and office equipment. Flores Magon and Juan Sarabia were arrested, released on bail and fearing that the United States government would extradite them to Mexico, they decided to flee to Toronto, Canada. A reward of \$20,000 was offered for the capture of Flores Magon. While he was in Canada the program of the Mexican Liberal Party was published in July 1906.

Although somewhat reformist in tone, for its time this program was extremely radical, and indeed went much further than the Mexican constitution of 1917. Drawn up by the extreme left wing of Mexican liberalism, it represented, as Gilly writes, “a milestone in Ricardo Flores Magon’s evolution towards anarchism and an understanding of the need for an armed social revolution to expropriate the capitalists and big landowners” (1983: 57).

Among its many clauses the program included: the abolition of the death penalty, the suppression of compulsory military service, complete secular education for children, a maximum working day of eight hours, a ban on child labor, cancellation of all peon-debt to the landowners, the restitution of communal lands to the villages and the protection of the indian peoples (Flores Magon 1977).

In September that same year Flores Magon moved secretly to El Paso and began to organize armed uprisings against the Diaz government. The first of these took place in the town of Jimenez, Coahuila, when a group of thirty liberals took control of the main plaza before being forced to withdraw by federal forces. Four days later three hundred liberals attacked Acayucan Veracruz, but again were forced to withdraw through lack of arms. Several other small-scale actions took place in the north of the country. By this time the PLM had forty-four clandestine guerilla units, comprised mainly of working class volunteers, and Liberal Clubs were active throughout Mexico. And, as we have noted, there was widespread labor unrest throughout the

country. The circulation of Regeneracion within Mexico, though underground, was reckoned to be between 20,000 and 30,000 copies. Both Diaz and the American state department were alarmed at these events and the American Ambassador to Mexico wrote to the department that the PLM “worried” Diaz, “harmed United States” business interests and advocated “anarchism” (Cockcroft 1968: 137). The uprisings and strikes shook Diaz. The people who had been silent for so long were now beginning to speak for themselves. He began the systematic repression of liberal and working class organizations throughout the country. The United States authorities did the same and began the hunt for Flores Magon and his associates. After narrowly avoiding arrest several times, Flores Magon finally settled in Los Angeles in the spring of 1907, to be joined by Antonio I. Villarreal and Librado Rivera. In June, working clandestinely, they brought out the first issue of *Revolucion*. In August the three men were arrested without warrant by “detectives” of the Furlong Detective Agency who were employed by the Diaz dictatorship and whose sole aim was the tracking down of PLM activists. They were placed on trial the following month and were eventually found guilty of violating the neutrality laws and sentenced to be deported to Arizona where the alleged offense was supposed to have taken place. While in prison Flores Magon smuggled out plans for a second uprising and in June 1908 insurrections by PLM groups occurred in the states of Baja California, Coahuila and Chihuahua. As in 1906 the revolt failed and was followed by the usual repression. At this time Flores Magon, Villarreal and Rivera were still in jail in Los Angeles, but they also managed to smuggle out a “Manifesto to the American People,” explaining their objectives and the reason for their persecution by the American authorities. It was published in *Mother Earth* in February 1908:

“What do we want? The program of the Liberal Party issued on the first of July of the year 1906 is the sum and substance of our aims and aspirations... We want bread for all. We consider it absurd that a few people should possess the earth, and the many not have a place to lay down their heads for rest. We want, then, that the land be accessible to all, just the same as the air, the

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the expense of
those who till and
toil and have a life
of misery...**

light, the warm sun rays are there for all creatures on earth. We consider it absurd that those who neither toil nor produce should enjoy all at the expense of those who till and toil and have a life of misery...

We think that political liberty is a beautiful lie so long as it has not for its basis economic liberty and towards the conquest of that liberty our steps are directed... We demand that the proletariat of Mexico organize and by doing so enable itself to take part in the tremendous struggle that alone will liberate the proletariat of this world, the struggle which someday—maybe in the near future—will place all the goods of this earth within the reach and power of all human beings” (Flores Magon 1977: 16).

It was evident that within the PLM only Flores Magon, his brother Enrique and Librado Rivera fully endorsed anarchism; Juan Sarabia, Antonio I. Villarreal and Camillo Arriago being essentially liberals. Villarreal later became a stalwart of the constitutionalists. Although describing himself as a liberal, Flores Magon was fully aware that his own basic philosophy and political credo was anarchist. In a letter to his brother and Praxedis Guerrero written from prison in 1908, he wrote:

“...If we had called ourselves anarchists from the start, no one, or at best a few, would have listened to us. Without calling ourselves anarchists we have fired the peoples’ minds with hatred against the owner class and the government caste.

No liberal party in the world has the anti-capitalist tendencies of we who are about to begin a revolution in Mexico and we would not have been able to achieve this had we merely called ourselves socialists instead of anarchists. Thus everything is a question of tactics.

We must give lands to people during the course of the revolution; thus they will not be deceived. We must also give them possession of the factories, mines, etc. In order not to have everybody against us, we should continue to call ourselves liberals during the course of the revolution, and will in reality continue propagating anarchy and executing anarchist acts” (Flores Magon 1977: 17).

Whereas the Bolsheviks in the Russian revolution proclaimed: “All Power to the Soviets” and land for the peasants in order to obtain working class support, only to institute state capitalism and a

one-party dictatorship, Flores Magon proclaimed liberalism but was intent on establishing libertarian socialism.

On their release from prison in Arizona, where they had served an eighteen month sentence, Magon, Rivera and Villarreal returned to Los Angeles, arriving there in August 1910. they immediately began making plans for a third armed uprising. Already peasant discontent had manifested itself, for in May around 1500 armed peons had taken the town of Valladolid, Yucatan, and had held it for four days, before being overwhelmed by the federal army. The following month several other uprisings occurred, all in the name of the PLM. In October 1910 the motto of the party was changed to “Tierra y Libertad”—land and liberty. As Magon declared in an editorial in *Regeneracion*: “The Land! shouted Row, the Land! shouted Ferrer, the Land! shouts the Mexican revolution.” In the following month a liberal landowner from Oahuila, Francisco Madero, called on Mexicans to rise up in arms against the hated dictator. this is seen by many historians as the signal which heralded the beginning of the Mexican revolution. From the outset Flores Magon realized the kind of political revolution that Madero envisaged was a limited one. As he wrote:

“...Governments have to protect the right of property above all other rights. Do not expect then, that Madero will attack the right of property in favor of the proletariat. Open your eyes. Remember a phrase, simple and true and as truth indestructible, the emancipation of the workers must be the work of the workers themselves” (*Regeneracion*, December 10, 1910).

In a circular sent out by the PLM to all its members a month before, the party made it clear that it wanted no pact or alliance with the supporters of Madero. The Liberal Party, it argued, “wants political and economic freedom by handing over the land to the people, the raising of salaries and the lowering of hours of work, and stopping the influence of the Church in government and the family. The anti-re-electionist party (of Madero) wants only political freedom leaving the land to the capitalists, the workers as beasts of burden, and the clergy to continue to brutalize the people” (Flores Magon 1977: 18).

Magon was convinced that a political

revolution alone was a sham, and would bring nothing but another tyrant. Putting an end to the despotism of Porfirio Diaz was insufficient; a social revolution also had to be instigated. He wrote:

“Political liberty requires as an adjunct another liberty to be effective, and that is economic liberty. The rich enjoy economic liberty as well and for that reason, in reality, they alone are benefited by political liberty” (*Regeneracion*, December 24, 1910).

It was then with sadness that Flores Magon learned that both Villarreal and Juan Sarabia had deserted the PLM and joined the supporters of Madero. He was equally saddened to learn of the death of Praxedis Guerrero. A poet and anarchist, only in his late twenties, Guerrero had been mainly responsible for directing the armed insurrection. But in December 1910, while leading a group of liberals in an attempt to take the town of Janos in the state of Chihuahua, Guerrero was killed (Poole 1978).

In the early part of 1911 PLM forces were particularly active especially in the northern states of Baja California and Sonora. But in May 1911 events took a different turn when a peace treaty was signed between Diaz and Madero. With Diaz’s resignation on May 25th the revolution as far as Madero was concerned was over. But for Magon the revolution was just beginning. Inevitably a struggle ensued between the PLM and the Maderist forces. The situation was clearly outlined in a letter that Magon wrote to E. E. Kirk that month:

“...The Mexican Liberal Party has no compromise to make with either Diaz or Madero. The proposed peace treaty between Diaz and Madero will not stop the revolutionary activity of the Liberals, nor the activity of the other revolutionary forces independent of Madero... Madero is not the revolution. Madero is simply a leader of forces at present under his command.

The Mexican Liberal Party has armed forces in all the states of the Mexican republic, and has the northern portion of Lower California in complete control.

The revolution of the Mexican Liberal Party is not a political but a true economic revolution” (Flores Magon 1977: 21).

Madero sent Juan Sarabia and Flores Magon’s elder brother Jesus to Los Angeles hoping to induce the anarchist to call off the armed insurrections. But

We think that political liberty is a beautiful lie so long as it has not for its basis economic liberty and towards the conquest of that liberty our steps are directed... We demand that the proletariat of Mexico organize and by doing so enable itself to take part in the tremendous struggle that alone will liberate the proletariat of this world...

Flores Magon refused. Only when the social revolution was complete and the peasants and urban workers had control of the means of production would he give up the struggle.

Almost immediately Madero launched a campaign against the PLM forces within Mexico. At the end of June Madero's forces in Sonora captured and shot 28 PLM partisans, and soon afterwards the federal army was sent to Baja California to put down the revolutionary movement there. Because the Magonistas advocated the destruction of private property Madero is said to have distrusted and detested these social revolutionaries (Ruiz 1980: 144). Many members of the PLM throughout the country were being jailed in 1911 by the successor of Diaz.

In April 1911 the leading figures of the PLM still in exile in Los Angeles—Ricardo and Enrique Flores Magon, Antonio de P. Araujo, Anselmo L. Figueroa and Librado Rivera—issued a "Manifesto to the Workers of the World." It explained that the people of Mexico, under the banner of the Red Flag, had for four months been in open rebellion against their oppressors. And taking part in the insurrection in support of the people are "those who know that the emancipation of the workers ought to be accomplished by the workers themselves, those convinced of direct action, those who deny the 'sacred' right of property, those who do not take up arms for the purpose of raising any master to power, but to destroy the chains of wage slavery." Such revolutionaries were represented by the Mexican Liberal Party group. They were not engaged in struggle merely "to destroy the dictator Porfirio Diaz in order to put in his place a new tyrant. The Mexican Liberal Party is taking part in the actual insurrection with the deliberate and firm purpose of expropriating the land and the means of production and handing them over to the people, that is, to each and every one of the inhabitants of Mexico, without distinction of sex."

The Manifesto repudiates the party of Madero, a millionaire who has seen his fabulous fortune grow with the sweat and tears of the peons of his haciendas. His party is a purely political and conservative party, interested only in establishing a bourgeois republic and protecting private property. It calls for political and material support for the social revo-

lution in Mexico.

In September 1911 a second manifesto was published by the same organizing group, and it might be useful to quote a few extracts as it gives a cogent outline of the libertarian socialist tendency of the PLM.

"But for the principle of private property there would be no reason for government, which is needed solely to keep the disinherited from going to extremes in their complaints or rebellions against those who have got into their possession the social wealth. Nor would there be any reason for the church, whose sole exclusive object is to strangle in the human being the innate spirit of revolt against oppression and exploitation, by the preaching of patience, of resignation and of humility... Capital, Authority, the Church—there you have the somber trinity that makes of this beautiful earth a paradise for those who, by cunning, violence and crime, have been successful in gathering into their clutches the product of the toiler's sweat, of the blood, of the tears and sacrifices of generations of workers; but a hell for those who, with muscle and intelligence, till the soil, set the machinery in motion, build the houses, and transport the products. Thus humanity remains divided into two classes whose interests are diametrically opposed—the capitalist class and the working class...

Mexicans! The Mexican Liberal Party recognizes that every human being by the very fact of his coming into life, has a right to enjoy each and every one of the advantages modern civilization offers, because those advantages are the product of the efforts and sacrifices of the working class from all time...

Expropriation must be pursued to the end, at all costs, while this grand movement lasts... Expropriation must not be limited to taking possession of the land and the implements of agriculture alone. There must be a resolute taking possession of all the industries by those working in them, who should bring it about similarly that the lands, the mines, the factories, the workshops, the foundries... shall be in the power of each and every one of the inhabitants, without distinction of sex...

Liberty and well-being are within our grasp. The same effort and the same sacrifices that are required to raise power to a governor—say a tyrant—will achieve the expropriation of the fortunes

the rich keep from you. It is for you, then, to choose. Either a new governor—that is to say, a new yoke—or life-redeeming expropriation and the abolition of all imposition, be that imposition religious, political or of any other kind. Land and Liberty!” (Flores Magon 1977: 97-103).

In that same month—September 1911—responding to the criticism of former colleagues that Mexico was ill-prepared for either anarchism or socialism, Flores Magon was to write that the Mexican people instinctively hated authority and the bourgeoisie and that mutual aid and communal property was the rule among Indian communities in Mexico, until the “political and money bandits impudently robbed people of lands, forest, everything” (Regeneracion, September 2, 1911).

By the end of 1911 the PLM were in open opposition against Madero, who in October had become president. The following month Emiliano Zapata also rebelled against Madero and in November issued his plan for Ayola. Zapata adopted the slogan of the PLM “Land and Liberty” and many of his ideas were clearly derived from Flores Magon. Of all the revolutionary groups within Mexico it was only the Zapatistas with whom the PLM had any connection. As Enrique Magon put it:

“...These Agrarians (Zapatistas) and the Liberals work together owing to the fact that the former are direct actionists, although they still think a government is needed. They too, as the Liberals, have burned to ashes the private property deeds as well as all official records; have thrown down that marked private properties... So Liberals and Agrarians work together in conjunction and good harmony” (quoted in Poole 1977: 83).

Although Zapata was an agrarian socialist, he was not as we shall see, an anarchist.

In June 1912 Flores Magon and three of his associates were again arrested for alleged violation of the neutrality laws. They were sentenced to twenty-three months imprisonment. When the sentences were known there was a mass demonstration outside the courtroom. It was broken up by the police who made several arrests. While the PLM group were imprisoned, Regeneracion continued publication, edited by such people as Antonio de P. Araujo, Alberto Tellez, Teodoro Gaitan and the English anar-

chist W.C. Owen. While Magon was in McNeil Island Prison land expropriations continued to take place in Mexico.

On his release from prison in January 1914 Flores Magon again threw himself into the struggle. His brother Enrique and Librado were also freed from the McNeil Island Prison. For a while the junta of the PLM lived in a commune on a small farm on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Towards the end of the year the publication of Regeneracion had to be suspended because of lack of funds. In February 1916 Flores Magon and his brother were again arrested—this time accused by the United States’ Postal authorities of sending material through the post that incited “murder, arson and treason.” They were released on bail, put up by Berkman and Goldman. By this time Madero had been assassinated, and another wealthy *acendado*, Venustiano Carranza, had become president of Mexico. The publication of Regeneracion was resumed in 1916 and Flores Magon wrote scathing articles criticizing the Carranza regime, particularly its use of the urban workers, the “Red Battalions” to crush the Zapatistas. Flores Magon appealed to the workers:

“By taking arms against the workers of the fields,” he wrote, “you have taken arms against your own interests, because the interests of the exploited are the same whether they use the plough or the hammer. You have shot down your class brothers, the Zapatistas and the anarchists of the Mexican Liberal Party with impunity, but in this way you have strengthened the enemy, the bourgeoisie” (Flores Magon 1977: 27).

Despite increasing ill health, for he suffered from diabetes and failing eyesight, Flores Magon continued to address meetings and with the help of Enrique and Librado to keep Regeneracion going on an intermittent basis—in spite of the repression. In March 1918, together with Librado, he published a manifesto to the Anarchists and Workers of the World suggesting that the demise of the “old society” was at hand, and encouraging everyone to fan the flames of discontent that had been lit by tyranny. Charged with violating the Espionage Laws Flores Magon and Librado Rivera were again arrested in March 1918. Magon was given a savage sentence of twenty-two years imprisonment. After a period in McNeil Island Prison, He was sent to Leavenworth

Prison in Kansas. His health rapidly deteriorated due to a lack of proper medical attention. In 1920 he was offered a pension by the Mexican government but this he declined. Two years later with the founding of the anarcho-syndicalist Confederacion General de Trabajadores (CGT) a campaign was launched in Mexico calling for the release of Flores Magon and Rivera, and the boycotting of US goods. But the action came too late, for Flores was found dead in his cell on November 22, 1922. It was alleged that he died of a heart attack, but according to Librado Rivera he had been murdered by the prison authorities. He was forty-eight. Workers from the Confederation of Railway Societies transported his body back to Mexico. At every town where the cortege stopped, thousands of workers gathered to pay their respects, waving black and red flags. In Mexico City around ten thousand workers attended Flores Magon’s funeral. For years his brother Jesus, who became a prominent lawyer and a member of Madero’s government, had tried to persuade him to give up politics and return to Mexico, but Flores Magon always remained fanatically loyal to the anarchist cause.

The following year his brother Enrique and Librado Rivera were released from prison (Poole 1977: 83). Rivera settled in Mexico and continued to spread anarchist propaganda, editing the anarchist periodical *Sagitario*. He was imprisoned several times and was killed in an automobile accident in 1932. For more than twenty years he had been a close friend and colleague of Flores Magon....

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GREAT GRUNTING GROANS

by Lorna McLaughlin

Colleen wanted to end *that life*, and it wasn't before, after, or during her period. Wanted to, wanted to, and didn't know why. She sat in a

straight backed chair with her feet caught in the cross bar. Her body was arched back; her feet were arched and bent torturously forward. She rocked the chair back and forth, holding onto the desk, and she stared intently at the screen.

"I hope zoology isn't the last entry in the encyclopedia," Colleen said to William, her blonde lover.

"It can't be," he said.

"Why not?" Colleen said.

"There's Zurich, Switzerland, for one," he said.

"And Zoroaster," Colleen said as the screen changed.

"Zwingli," she said moments later, as if hushed.

"And it's only taken us all day and all night," William said from the bed beside her desk and bookshelves. His head lay at the wrong end and was propped by five pillows from which he comfortably watched her, studied her body moving with the chair, her small white hands holding onto the desk. She could do things with her hands.

"Unlike the rest of mankind, we travel at a speed faster than the brain's impulse," she said, and turned to see if he was listening.

"Mind if I change the song?" he said. "Three hours of that is enough for me and should be for you." William stood, nude, and pushed the appropriate button on her disc player. "What are we going to do now?" he

look in real encyclopedias," she said.

* * *

"An atlas?" Scott said. He pulled away from her body and leaned against the cold wall beneath a picture of

Colleen painted in Paris; a self-portrait in deep chiar-oscuro.

"I often find sex boring," Colleen said.

"You weren't bored when we first started," he said.

"I was, but I was thinking about Russia and that made me seem less bored," she said.

Pure maid, covered with skirts,

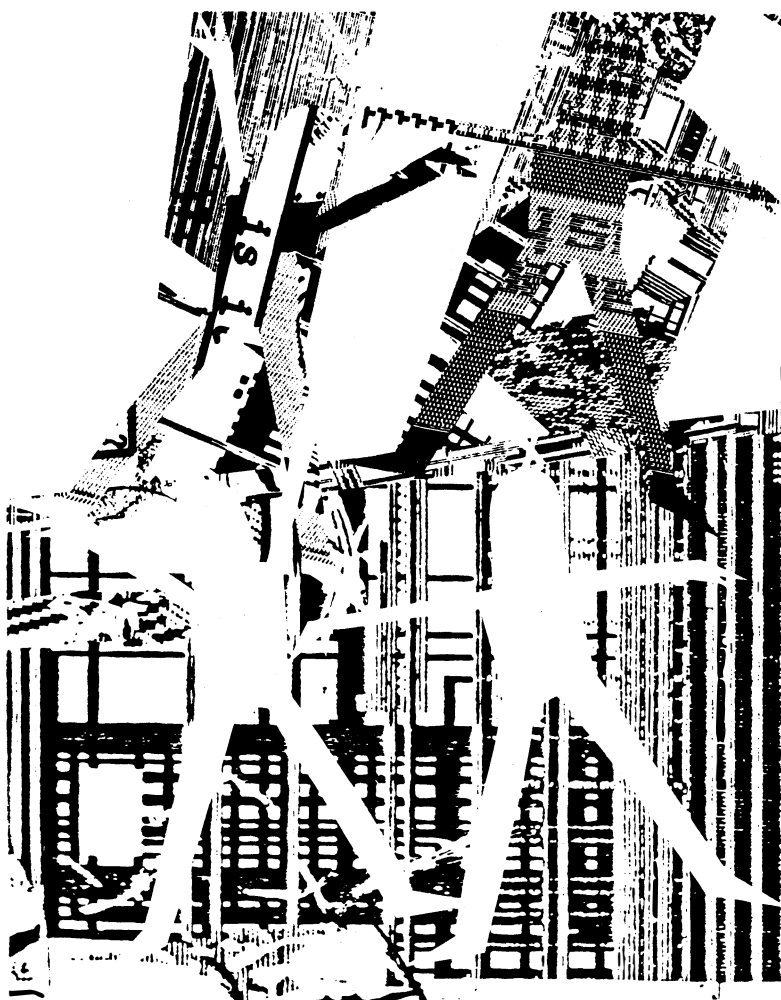
what lies have you seen perpetrated.

"I don't want to play games," Scott said. He pressed her face between his hands and looked into her green eyes; she moved her eyes down to study the map. He crawled over her body, smudging the atlas wedged between the sheet and her lap, with sweat from his knee. He gathered his clothes and went into the bathroom and came out dressed in jeans and a rugby shirt.

"I thought you cared about me," he said standing over her.

"I do care about you but you smudged the agricultural region of central Russia with your sweaty knee. Now I can't tell what they grow there."

"I'm leaving and I won't be back. I'm sorry I smudged your atlas," he said through clenched teeth.



Mark Neville

said.

She let the chair fall to all four legs and untwisted her feet. She hummed the *eye of fatima* and turned off the computer, covering it with plastic.

"Now we're going to the library to

* * *

"I'm reading Dostoyevsky," Colleen said.

"Which of Dostoyevsky," she said, motioning to a shelf that held each published work. The afternoon sun came into the room, lighting each volume with holiness and approval.

"That's good for you," William said.

"How do you know what's good for me?" she said.

"It's good that you've stopped thinking about suicide," he said.

"I haven't," she said.

"Then you need to talk to someone," he said.

Colleen frowned, looking at him through half-closed eyes.

"How do you know what I need?" she said.

"I know that if you're going to be a bitch I'm going to leave," he said.

"I won't be a bitch. I'm swearing off bitchiness right now," she said. She sat up straight and smiled weakly.

"Why do you get like this? We could be having so much fun. Do you really, honest to God, think so much about dying?" he said.

"If I talk I'll be bitchy and you'll leave. Don't make me talk," she said. He pulled her up to him, smoothing her red hair back from her face, pulling wayward strands out of her lashes.

* * *

Scott brought Colleen a book from the pink bookstore that had been a gas station; he didn't think she would always want to be reading maps or he would have purchased another atlas. He looked at several different atlases but they reminded him of her rejection. He looked at a book of Persian legends and almost bought a book of maps that illustrated where various tribal Indians had lived in North America. Then he found a book on the assassinated John Kennedy and immediately felt it was the right book to give Colleen.

It was a used book, an old book published by the Associated Press.

The Torch Is Passed... a line from Kennedy's inaugural address, graced the maroon cover of the book.

The book, once a gift of Miss Charlotte Davis to the library of her choice, now had loose and chipped pages. A librarian had written 92 KEN on the

title page, and then again on the last page across from the pocket that held the reference card.

Colleen looked on the due date sheet for her birthday, or for Scott's birthday. She found William's birthday: October 21, 1969; William's birthday and the second time the book was due back at the library of Miss Charlotte's choice.

"Thank you Scott, for this wonderful book. Do you think he really slept with all those women in the White House bed," Colleen said.

"He was a great president," Scott said.

"It depresses me to think about it. But thanks for thinking of me," Colleen said and kissed him. She made love to him and Talk About The Passion played over and over on the stereo, a theme song for their union, during which she thought over and over, desperately, that she didn't know anyone strong enough to bear the weight of the world.

* * *

"I brought this," Greg said. He pulled a bottle of tequila from the inside of his jacket. The collar of his jacket stood high around his neck, away from his neck, like a puppet's jacket held by strings.

"I brought these," William said of two perfectly green limes and a small paring knife with a black plastic handle.

"I'll get some glasses," Colleen said. Walking into the kitchen she heard William tell Greg that she had been thinking of killing herself.

They were almost drunk when they reached the nightclub on Cotton but they were among friends. As the musicians tuned their guitars and warmed up on drums, William and Greg led her to drink at the Sportsman's bar, next door, where hard liquor was routinely served. The Sportsman's bar was underground and famous in its way. Moments later Colleen followed them out of the club and down the sidewalk, through a door and down steep steps into the bar.

It was a real bar and in no way a nightclub. Here were true winos and actual hobos from the train yard a few streets over who sat in various pockets of the pool table sized room. Behind the bar was a mirror lined with bottles

and pictures of nude women. A nude Barbie, tied to a bottle of vodka, was thrust forward like a ship's ornament. Colleen was the only non-image non-plastic female in the bar. She was not as delighted the other ladies were to be there but she was more drunk.

William, then Greg, then William, then Greg, bought drinks for the three of them and also for a homeless man who sat away from the bar watching Colleen's face in the mirror. She focused on a dangling glow-in-the-dark skeleton while an elderly man at the end of the bar swung a piece of yarn for a calico cat who jumped wildly after it. Every few minutes he fed her pieces of sausage from a smelly can that made Colleen feel nauseous.

They drank scotch and water and listened to the bartender give Sportsman's bar history lessons until the band started next door. The bartender started to cuss.

It's only decadent if you're poor.

Their table had been kept for them; the drink Colleen left behind was watered down from melted ice. The band played only their own; however, when they played at home they covered a sixties song that reminded the lead singer of Colleen. Colleen was too drunk to recognize the song but her red eyes cleared inside the harmonica and she recognized his voice when he started to sing.

Greg stumbled outside and came back with a rose from a street seller. Red faced, he sat down abruptly and tossed the red flower across the table at Colleen. She laughed hysterically at the rose and swirled her fingertips in the water that stood in puddles on the table.

"I'm ready to go," Greg shouted across the table at William who had watched the presentation of the rose with mild amusement.

"What?" William shouted back. Colleen took William's arm and pulled him over until his ear was on her mouth.

"I don't want to go," she said into his ear.

* * *

Colleen got out of the backseat and walked around the front of the car where Greg met her, arms outstretched. In the brief second of her trust he knocked her into the car's

bumper with the force of his body and rubbed his genitals on the hip she twisted out; she pushed the point of her elbow angrily into his face.

"Stop it," William said. He leaned against Colleen's cold car and, laughing so hard, held his sides.

"Don't come upstairs," Colleen said, but they were already on the stairs behind her. Once inside the apartment the talk turned to books as William told Greg that Colleen was reading all of Dostoyevsky.

"Don't you think he just makes up events so he can write about weird people?" Greg said and put his arm around Colleen's shoulder.

"Don't do that," she said.

"Just let me touch your breasts and I'll leave. If not touch, then just see," he said. She called William who was looking at a magazine with his back turned to them.

When Greg said, "Your cups runneth over," William finally turned and Colleen pushed Greg across the room to him. William mumbled something and began pulling Greg from the kitchen, out of the apartment, down Colleen's front stairs. Hey yelled at her from William's car but she couldn't understand them until it became completely silent and then she heard Greg tell William in a quiet voice that Colleen had no sense of humor.

She heard the car engine start but saw them pull out of the driveway before shutting their doors and she prayed they wouldn't crash.

She went to sit on the white carpeted floor by her bed and pulled the telephone from beneath the bed. She dialed Scott's number but there wasn't an answer. She hung up and dialed his number again and then again. She finally looked up the nightclub's number and asked to speak to the lead singer.

"He's gone," the voice said. "Anyway, he was wasted. He's at a party if you want to go," the voice said.

She called William's apartment but he was not home or had already passed out. Then either a girl answered Scott's phone or Colleen had dialed the wrong number. She dialed it again and there was no answer. She put the phone away and turned on the computer, then turned it off. She picked up the book she was reading but it seemed tarnished. She looked at

every large book she had until finding the book about John Kennedy.

* * *

Last night the people who usually keep me alive were not available and so I died. But before I died I looked at a book about you. There was a big picture of you and your beautiful wife and interspersed throughout the book were pictures of your casket.

* * *

It's burnished blue around the edges of the penny; a burnished blue halo above Lincoln's head. Liberty is almost obliterated and the copper is dark and lifeless. It is 1990.

Most of the penny is dark and framed by the dark but Lincoln is in an opalescent bubble of shiny copper, though only part of Lincoln: Lincoln's chest, Lincoln's beard, Lincoln's nose.

A blue the color of turquoise sinks around the words that border the upper portion of the penny; a thick blue, like wax, but the color of stone.

Lincoln through the fire.
Lincoln in two shades of green.
Green like moss and green like powder. Lincoln with fungus on his face, or patina. Lincoln the flat sculpture, Lincoln the tiny bas-relief.

Lincoln hammered away.
Lincoln left on train tracks.
Lincoln pierced.
Lincoln pierced.
Lincoln welded.

* * *

"I called you last night," Colleen said. "When I couldn't reach you I looked at books. Then I got out my pennies and looked at all the living Lincolns," she said.

"We went to a party. Sorry Greg got so drunk," William said.

"You were just as drunk," she said.

"He doesn't even remember it. He wants to apologize."

"Oh well, it's not as if we're honorable human beings."

"You are," William said.

"I wonder what it feels like to be honorable. Maybe I should just grow

into it," Colleen said.

"You are honorable," William said, and hung up the phone.

* * *

I was trying to make myself believe the torch had been passed to me, member of a new generation of Americans, born this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of my ancient heritage. I died when I realized there was nothing extant to die for, and nothing for which to live.

* * *

"You shouldn't have let us in free last night. I wanted to pay but William said it would make you very happy to let us come in free," Colleen said to the lead singer.

"Was he just drunk last night when he told me that you want to die?" the lead singer asked. His green eyes moved from her face to the plastic container she held on her lap. Her fingers moved through the dish that had once held pimento cheese, moving the coins in a repetitive, obsessive, lift and fall.

"Then why are you giving me that cup of money?" he said.

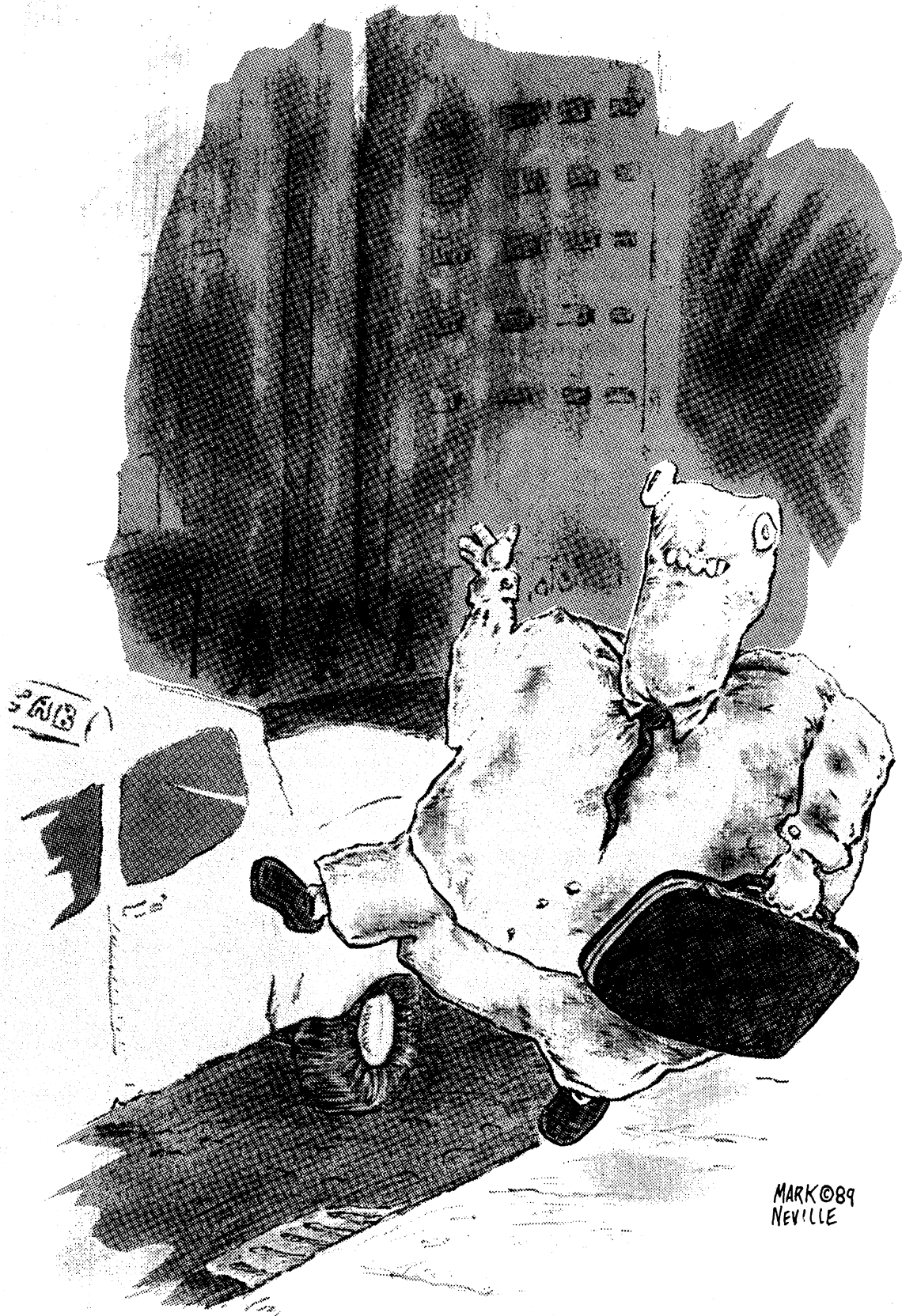
"It's blue pennies. They came from the old black men who used to buy tobacco at my parents store in Greenwood. Remember when I used to work there? I was looking at blue pennies one day and my dad saw me. He told me I'd never see anyone but niggers using money like that because only niggers dig through ashes from burned down houses."

"Why are you giving them to me? You're not giving all your stuff away, are you?" he said.

"This cup holds the National Treasure of the United States of America. Only we know, of course. And also, so you don't get bitter about being poor and I don't get bitter about being just breasts. Okay?" she said.

"Okay," he said, uncomprehending. He sat in the chair at her desk, she sat on her bed. Sunlight poured in from the sliding glass door on the opposite side of the room. He stared at her body. He had once known it very well and had even continued to dream about her body though it usually wore a different, more recent, face.

Continued on page 45



AN ENTERTAINING STORY:

A Short Corporate Fiction

by Marc L. Sherman

This is a story. A short story. An entertaining story. This story is not for thinking, and, heavens forbid, for action. Stay seated. Enjoy.

This is a story about a man. He's in his middle age, his black and blue periods, a moment of life in which time has finally caught up with him and grabbed his fleeting attention by the scruff of its neck. Ahhhh! The story is about that.

This story is about a woman. She's in her middle age, her scarlet period, a whirlwhisp of time in which life has finally caught up with her, reached out its long and withered fingers, chapped by domestic drudgery, tapped her on the shoulder and pointed her to the threshold. This story is about that. Also.

This story is about entertainment; for entertainment; your entertainment. Everyone's entertainment. A truly democratic story. It is not to make you think. It thinks. It entertains. Watch it tapdance down the marble steps, just like Mr. Billy Bojangles. It slips on a banana peel and falls on its keister. A cream pie streaks across the sky and hits it in the face while a ukulele lady twangs her rhythms.

Yes, this is a story. About hemorrhoidal horror—the horror, the horror. About acid eating at the stomach. Sizzle, tear, shred. The man's sitting at his terminal. Terminal. An end user. He punches in numbers and words and data. He presses buttons and keys to change to zeros and ones that which cannot be digitalized without losing the essence. He strikes with abandon. Symbols lost in their significance,

somewhat weary, somewhat lean, arrange themselves in syntactical battalions, ready for marching orders from somewhere off-screen. His eyes vibrate with the flashing cursor. e scratches himself upon the arm of the plastic chair, cursing the pain in his keister. Day after day, he sits there, day after day, cursing and weary and lean. One day he will leave. He thinks.

And Hollywood can't make a movie of this story, because it occurs only on the page. And no New York publishing house can make a best-seller of it, because, it is, after all, only a short story. Short-legged. Short-winded. Short-lived. Short-changed.

The woman, she wipes off her pale pink hands with a clump of paper towels. Half-dry, she dumps the load thoughtlessly into a plastic sack. Morning dishes done, kids off to school, she can think about her day. She thinks.

But this is not a story for thinking. Although the characters may. Maybe.

Now what about the corporation? "What corporation?" you think. The corporation is another character in the story. But can a corporation be a character? But can a corporation think? Do not answer such questions—that is the job of the story. Or is it the story's job just to ask them? Certainly it is its job, not yours. It thinks.

The Corporation employs the man. The Corporation entertains the woman. The Corporation enjoys the story, but it must enjoin it before it gets too far. Do not raise questions, story. Thinking must not be done by stories, that is for people to do. The Corporation thinks.

The man has worked for the Corporation over these past fifteen years. Six

at this cubicle alone. He started in the mailroom, transporting mail to those lofting high in the black glass towers. He was energetic then. Always on his feet. Running, this way and that, ever ready to please. Please the Corporation. But can a corporation be pleased? Don't think about it. That is for the story and the story's not yet enjoined.

The woman used to work for the Corporation. Now the Corporation works for her. The Corporation makes her life easier. It provides her dishsoap to soften her hands, plastic bags for her garbage, chemicals to keep her house clean, leaded make-up for her eyes, detergent gasoline for her new sportscar, freon for her air conditioner, cigarettes to keep her calm, styrofoam food for her microwave and, most important, commercials for her T.V.. The Corporation is good, is strong, she thinks as she kisses the tissue it makes to remove excess lipstick.

The story progresses into a bookstore. All the books are fiction, ten to fifteen percent off. Fiction Lite. Reads great, less filling. Nothing fancy. Simple. Symbols. No more than four-syllable words. None of that deep philosophy or social criticism stuff. Nothing to think about; don't think about it at all. The books all look alike and tell the same story. The story's story. But the story may be enjoined.

The story thinks it will take action. It complains to the bookseller. She sits behind her plastic cash register/computer. Every now and then she pushes her round wirerimmed glasses up the bridge of her patrician nose. She can't hear a thing. She is reading the story, surreptitiously.

The man's computer screen is flashing and buzzing like the Fourth of July. It seems to have found the answer. It has thought it through, using ones and zeros reduced from words and numbers and other sorted data. He has entered each complex significant. The computer, in its turn, has ignored all the nuances. Nuances only confuse. The computer simplifies all to symbols. Ones or zeros, it almost doesn't matter which. While waiting for the computer to finish his thinking the man rubs along the chair, hoping no one will notice.

He is dazed by the machine's confident brilliance. His eyes shudder back and forth, up and down. They bounce in hypnotic rhythm as the answer scrolls down the monitor, appearing for a moment, then exiting, blinking from the electric cathode eye. He wouldn't have been able to think this through. He couldn't even figure out the question. But he, not it, will get the credit. It, after all, is only a machine. He thinks.

He thinks. Maybe a raise, maybe a promotion, maybe his own office, maybe a raise. Yes, a raise, won't that make the woman happy, he thinks. He thinks!

The story takes a night off to celebrate its success—its anticipated success. Like all stories, it is confident, maybe even cocky. It must be. If it doesn't think it knows what it thinks it knows, then what does it know, it thinks, and who will read it? Without readers, no entertainment. Without entertainment, no purpose.

So the story goes to the best restaurant in town and orders lobster. It picks a live one from the tank, claws tied together with plastic twirler things. The waiter, in silk penguin suit, tie slightly askew, presents the story with drawn butter, butter made by Corporation cows in their Corporation stalls. He ties a plastic bib about the story. The story grabs the lobster with its short story appendages and twists the claws from the body, sucking out the succulent white meat. The story will not use the Corporation's butter. The lobster is delicious on its own.

The woman, household chores complete, dons her red silk dress. She shimmies into it. It clings to her lacy nylon padded bra and halfslip. A matched set. The dress hides her bulg-

es and accentuates her curves. Her black stockings encase her cellulited thighs. She's the very image of television perfection. Thank you, Corporation," she thinks, "you make my life worth living." As she starts towards the door, she balances carelessly on top of her spiked heels. Don't fall," the story warns. "Careful!" She's too full of her thoughts to hear.

The man prints off his—well, the computer's—answer. Twenty-one percent saving on an insignificant investment—petty change. Increased profits on the product line. Seventeen percent mark-up with only minimal marketing. Just reposition the product—change the label, change the color. A few new commercials and everyone will think the product is not only better, but is actually good for them, good for the country, good for the environment. It is good. Good for him, good for the corporation. The graphs look impressive, bars and numbers and pie-like circles and different colors—blue, red, yellow—no green. Heavens forbid.

He thinks: This will wow them. Finally. My big break. I am moving now. My turn. The little woman will be so proud. We'll move into a great big house. Send the kids to big private schools. Buy a big car. Go to big parties. Go on a big vacation. He thinks. Big.

The story thinks. Tries to. But it is a short story: it gets drunk easily. The waiter has been keeping the story's wine glass full. To the rim. The waiter knows which side his corporate bread is corporate buttered on. And anyway, the story has been celebrating. Tying one on. It throbs with thought. It dreams of growing up into a big story, one with its own office, its own computer. It imagines itself grandly expanded, with variations and themes, complex characters and even messages and significance. American Gothic. Now that's entertainment. It pictures itself on stage with a string of Rockettes, scantily attired, extending their lacy legs into the audience. It croons into the microphone. The audience is on its feet applauding.

But the thoughts don't seem to flow anymore. The story just flashes on visions of the woman, the man and the Corporation. Like the computer with the man's answer, the data don't fit into zeros and ones. The results don't

all fit onto the screen. They scroll past. There, then gone.

And something is missing. Nuances? Significant? Symbols? The story thinks that it is making up the story of the man finally hitting it big, the woman going out on her rendezvous and the Corporation that serves them... oh so well. It thinks the man, the woman and the corporation are entertaining.

But it is they, the Corporation, the man, the woman, who are thinking the story. It is the story, not the woman, man or Corporation, which is here to entertain. The story is not to think—it is thought. The story is not to create—it is wrought. How dare the story presume to even think it can create thought. The story is having self-doubts. Is it created by the trinity or did the trinity create it? The story feels itself vanishing. Vanishing before its own life. Vanishing before its maturity. It reaches for a drink. Yech, gasoline, dishsoap, chemicals. There is no alcohol with which it can fortify itself. It must survive, if survival is its fate, by pure perseverance. By sheer force of will. But can a story have will? Can it will its own will? Don't answer that. That is for the story, not you, to do. Will it? Stay tuned.

The woman is driving along the highway in her sportscar—a gift from the man. It is a beautiful spring day. Not a cloud polluting the sky. The canvas top's down so she can catch a bit of a tan. Poppies, fields of them, boldly poke their orange heads from amidst green shadows. Traffic is heavy; she doesn't mind. Her morning chores are done. The air, tinted with soot, breezes through her hair. She looks good in her red sportscar, sucking in her cigarette, rolling towards her rendezvous.

The man is calling up his corporate superiors. They won't be for much longer, he grins. He's pleased with himself. After all these years, he's finally made good. This wasn't even his assignment. It was extra work. He took the initiative. Stayed at work into the dirty nights of winter. He has sat for hours and hours, hemorrhoids swelling, coating his stomach with milk. The woman complained. She didn't like it. He bought her a car so she'd be happy. He told her the work, well, it was for her. And indeed it was. And indeed it will be. Won't she be proud?

The corporation is on the phone with itself, smoke rising from its cigarette—its own brand. It hacks into the phone. Excuses itself and laughs that it will have to quit someday soon. It knows it won't. Never will. Never would.

The Corporation is networking. Electrical impulses leap synapse to synapse. Digital data arrange themselves into little piles. The cleaning lady will sweep them up later. No reason to keep any records. It is all so clear, immediately. New York knows it; LA knows it; London knows it; Tokyo knows it—always had, always will. No reason to worry. The Corporation has no digestive problem and no hemorrhoids. It can eat anything and it never has to sit and rest. It is always running around, ever ready to be pleased.

The story, well, it knows too. Now. It knows when it is beaten. It has finally thought it through. Success. Success! It needs to be entertained—all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. So the story decides to take in a show. It is late. There aren't any art cine-matheques open. Hollywood pictures are all the same. So it goes downtown. The story enters a porno house. Scarlet velvet cushions, crusty seats. It watches flesh melt into flesh. It wishes it were. It sits there mindlessly and itches itself. It has sat a long time and now its hemorrhoids are acting up again. but it is here to forget, not to think about it. It takes a snort of coke it bought in the restaurant's bar and sniffs it down. That's better. Did the Corporation make this too? No. No! No more thinking. Leave that to others.

The man is in an elevator. He is on his way to the top. He has a grin—hell, a smirk—on his face. He is carrying his charts, graphs and numbers, maybe a little text. It is well organized into a spiral bound booklet. Easy to digest. Simplified. Everything is in it. He knows he can't go wrong. His tie is straight and hair in place. This is it, he thinks.

The woman is in an elevator. She is on her way to the top. She wears a nervous smile. She smooths out her dress, pulls it down on the top so more of her cleavage shows through the revealed lace. Why hide it? Why, she looks like a cover girl, made up and dressed up. Her nails are perfectly pol-

ished, the same red as the dress. Her lips are puffed into cute scarlet cusps. Behind are lily white teeth, faintly smeared by leftover lipstick. This is it, she thinks. Her blue eyes shine bright with anticipation. The elevator doors slide apart and she walks into waiting arms, which immediately peel her from her well-chosen dress and whisk her onto the couch.

The Corporation is profiting from the exchange rate today. Its trading is pre-programmed. Its profits are well assured. It knows the margins before the markets open. It consummates deals. It undertakes takeovers, mergers and acquisitions. Manufacturing plants are operating at 110%. There is no time to waste on human frivolities. Workers give their all. Their needs are met with corporate demands. Allocation of leisure time is under firm control. Entertaining diversions are well-planned and well-spaced.

Personnel is well-rested. No complaints are recorded. All divisions report fully functional. The Corporation knows it is ready to perform.

The story is watching dumbfounded. It has lost its control. Did it have any to begin with? Its eyes roll up and down. The pictures, 24 per second are hypnotic, rhythmic. It didn't think such acts were possible. Wouldn't have believed it. Such strength, such determination, such confident vitality. The naked bodies go after each other in total abandon. No words. No story. Each body knows without thinking how to please the other. Each lunges into, on top of, between, around and through the other. Each fights for control and gives in totally to the other. Such unnatural acts. The story is disgusted. It slinks into its seat. But it is entertained. Completely. It sighs in exhaustion. It does not think. Finally.

The elevator doors slide open. The man steps over the threshold with a confident gait and a self-assured smile. It drops. He slumps. The spiral bound report falls to the carpet. The woman looks over. She's oblivious to him; her eyes wild without thought.

The Corporation rises from the couch, lights a cigarette with a fluorescent green plastic lighter and speaks softly, firmly. "Good work Johnson. Knew it was just a matter of time."

The man responds instinctively. No thought. Dazed by the mellifluous

seduction of the corporate voice, he unties his tie and sheds his wool suit. Offers the corporation himself, hemorrhoids and all. He does not think. He feels. Good.

The Corporation always knew it would have its way with him. Just a matter of time. Had to wait for the right moment to grab him. It didn't think about it. The Corporation just knew.

The Corporation knows the story by heart. It knows...

The End.

Great Grunting Groans

Continued from page 41

"You want to make love, Colleen? For old time's sake," he said brightly.

"I've just given you the national treasure. How could I deny you anything else?" she said. She lifted her shirt and tugged it over her hair. When she opened her eyes he was kneeling on the floor, his hands were on her back trying to unclasp the bra.

* * *

"Listen, brain. I'm speaking to you. I want to have comical dreams tonight, something very funny. I want to laugh in my sleep. I want light-hearted dreams."

Cups overrunning, that kind of humor?

"Not like that. Humor that doesn't hurt anyone, or pick on anyone's weakness."

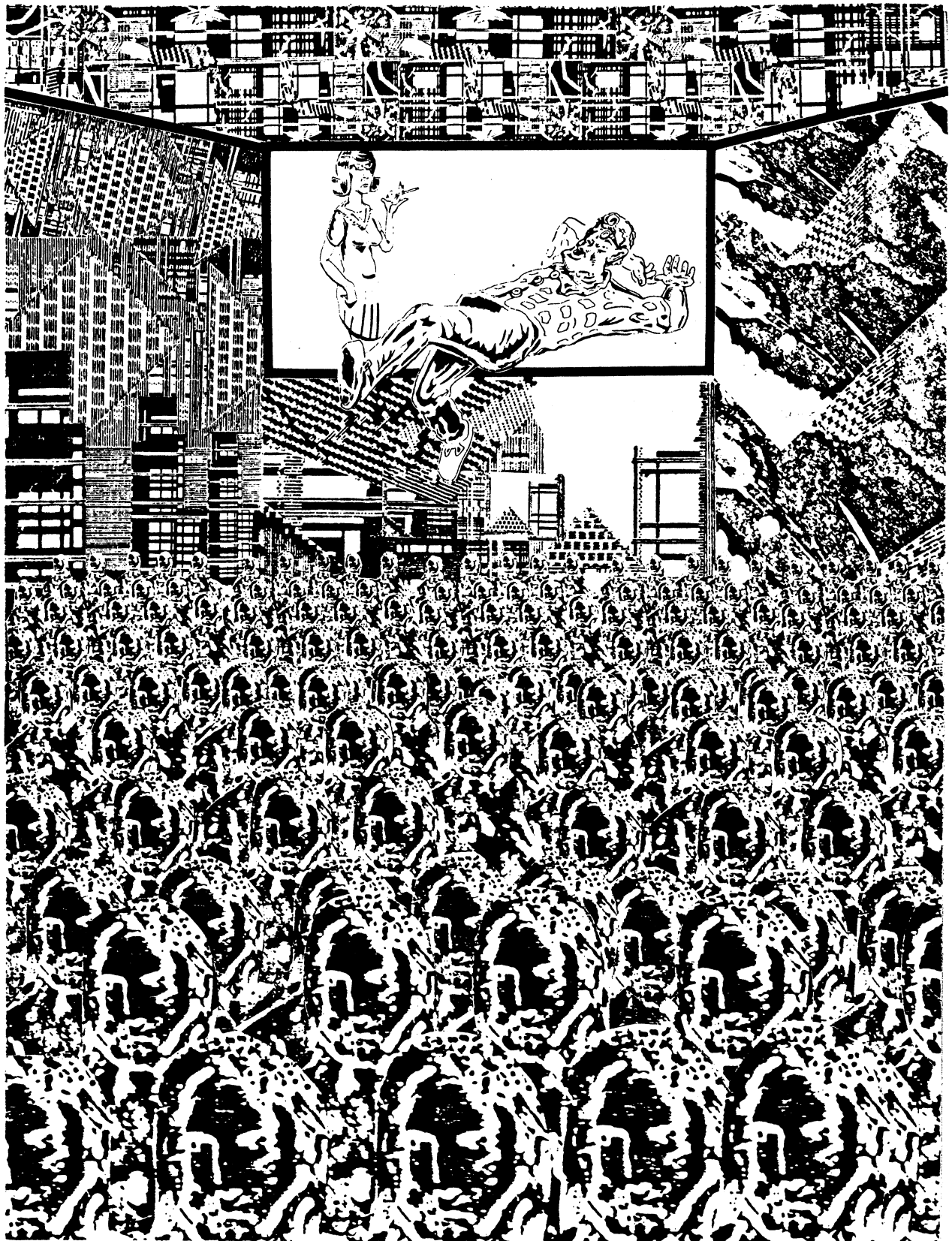
"Do you have an example? You're the brain, you find it, you create it. A kindly humor. Remembering all of man's dignity."

Satire is out then.

"Satire is out then," Colleen said aloud. "Try to remember that book about satyrs, about islands, about getting to the island on the fin of a dolphin." *About being small, a thumbelina. Going back in time, thinking. Or going forward, living. But not standing still because time does not, time cannot; the meaning of time is movement.*

Colleen dreamed about the president of the United States. Oddly, she walked anonymous streets and met him on every street corner. She would glance unknowingly and find him there. Embarrassed by the power, she would turn away, but held by the same power she would turn and look again. Sometime before each of her first and second looks the president always took off his pants. With every street corner, it seemed, he wanted more and more to know her.

Colleen woke up dazed, afraid, then she laughed the bittersweet laugh of the satirical dreamer.



Mark Neville

REFRACTIONS

by Doug Bolling

Sometimes I follow crowds. Going where they go and keeping my mouth shut. Listening to their chatter, their swelling rages and disappointments, observing the bright splashes and plaids of their shirt and blouse, mingling of button down collar and high couture with an ocean of blue jeans, a democracy of fashion. Inside a crowd I feel safe, everybody seems to be going somewhere, every cat knows his way, I am alone and nobody bothers. It is a trip that costs nothing. It teaches me the need of a society. A social fabric as they say. To be yourself and part of the people at the same juncture. To be on the team but not to have to carry the ball, have your name on the roster but not have to swing the bat. Safety if not love.

I am walking along in search of a social mass. I am strolling in London or Miami or Dallas. On a tomato crate a plump middle-aged gentleman is telling us about the horrors of the nuclear age. His face is veined and purple, he is very sincere. We are all of us no more than twenty-eight minutes from the ground zero of a nuclear missile. They are pointed everywhere, no escape. I like this man, his ardent bulging eyes, soft voice, gesture and stance. His is a truth I cannot accept, live with. I pull away to be with the crowd shuffling around him, I prefer the scenery of the people. I am turning him off and walking on down the pavement. Everywhere the leaves are falling, the crows and squirrels seem indifferent to the dying clomping feet of the populace. I throw seed and nuts to the autumn wind and sink away.

I am out again looking. In front of a Picasso bronze a young woman is talking about the New Age of Woman. She is telling us the day of the male is over. Women are in every sphere of government business industry; in two

years we may have a woman in the oval office; the male chauvinist dare no longer rear his ugly face, his rapacious intent, chortled innuendo. The National Sperm Bank of Kansas City, Kansas, has rendered the erection inutile, the penis superfluous. The locutor is ablaze with the rightness of her words, she is searching the throng of her words for an antagonist, her eyes sweep toward and over me, I am still safe. Hands are clapping around me and I join in. She points fiercely into the far corner of the mall but no voice rises to challenge. The woman next to me murmurs that the occupant of the stage is a famous cinema star taking time off from her work to spread the message. It is built into her contract that she can do this anytime the director isn't ready to shoot. She is tall and blonde and speaks the words without a script. I couldn't do this, I'd be in trouble. I imagine she is smiling at me and I find a way to smile back. This tells me something personal can sneak into a group and at the same time you can be safe. I feel good now, I am watching her exit to a sleek dark limousine with flashing blue lights. She is off to an airport a speech a liaison with Goodbar. I am moving through the coats and dresses, the umbrellas and swinging purses. At the crowd's edge I become lonely again, I hesitate. Should I return to the center of this group or break away to wave after the speeding vehicle. It is already turning into 61st street. I tell myself someday I'll see one of her movies. Everybody around me is talking about *Encore L'amour*. It is the woman's latest hit, it is playing in sixty cities.

It is another day or another year. I believe it is early fall and I am testing the beaches of South Florida. I am afraid to go in the water, but I will enjoy getting close, letting the moist sand ooze through the sandals and about my toes. I am comfortable in my

trench coat and Giants hat. I look up and down the long running beach and observe many folk conducting their vacations. There are license plates from twenty-five states parked just beyond the ropes. I am feeling good, I am a part of the people. I'm a citizen. The breakers are crashing out beyond us but I am safe here with only the tiny fingers of water sucking at my toes.

Gradually I hear a great noise in the background. It is coming this way, it is a parade, a band of marchers. They are shouting skyward, they are chanting, I begin to pick out individual faces and torsos, the rhythm of their pace and musculature. I guess there are two hundred of them. My eyes pick up the banners the slogans, I am beginning to wonder if a war could break out here. The bodies are coming at me in tight rhythm, very orderly it seems. The participants wear suits and ties or neat dresses and heels, all of them seem to be in need of glasses. I wonder about the absence of blue jeans or upper body nudity. The wide canvas banners are only half a block away now, I can see very plainly the lettering DOWN... DOWN...DOWN, I can hear the roar-DOWN uh DOWN uh DOWN uh DOWN...the shoes and boots slapping smartly on the damp pavement... the remaining words are beginning to peek around the bobbing determined heads...the canvas tightens against the breeze...DOWN ...DOWN...DOWN...WITH...WITH... FORNICAT...ION...FORNI...CA...TION...FORNICATION...the voices are upon me...DOWN WITH...DOWN WITH FORNICATORS...GOD'S WRATH ON...ALL FORNI-CATORS... DOWN uh DOWN uh DOWN uh... I am directly in their path, I shuffle to the curb and lose myself in the chant, I am breathing heavily, I am conscious of the scarlet tincture of my neck and jowl, I feel the need to pee,

to get relief. They are surging past me so close I can reach out and touch the bobbing haberdashery but this is not enough. I stand out, I begin to tremble, I am afraid to look around in case others are watching me. It is too painful, many don't understand a crowd a group a haven. Even six inches of empty space can cut you off from being safe. Either I am in a crowd or I'm not. My knees are melting softening, I could faint. With my eyes I bag to be taken in. The wooden poles of the banners, I would give anything now to take one in my hands. No matter the weight, the press of the breeze. I would carry it high, do my share. It would be like a meaningful sexual experience to me. The thinking of this jars me, my brain has tricked me again...I look around again, the faces are inches away but so far. They are indifferent to everybody outside the magic line. I look at them with admiration, I know who they are now...the Moral Majority, the new power source...I see the morality in these firm faces, the uplift the knowledge. I am weakening, I am needing to be carried off in this throng of virtue. I need the Moral Majority. I am frozen in my tracks, my sandy tracks, only my ears seem to function- **DOWN uh DOWN uh DOWN uh DOWN uh DOWN uh DOWN-**

I am begging to be taken in, I am ready to lurch forward and hope for the. I am ready to shout out the ugliness of the great god Fornicator, Forn, Fornix...I taste the lewdness the maniacal lust...the rocking sweating flesh...the sin in this...my brain is saying to this mighty phalanx take me in--take me in--take me IN--I am reeling and dropping, I am on my knees... and the marchers are passing, the last banner sweeps by, the last pair of uncuffed polyester, the last heels...a little man is running into the street, he is pointing into the other block, he is waving a somebody far away or nearby. He is wearing a dark tan and white Bermuda shorts, he is less than five feet tall. He is yelling now, he is very happy with something...my eyes follow him to a second parade a group, a marching organization. They are coming on fast now, they have a chant of their own and it is beginning to reach us, connect...**CON uh CON uh CON uh...uh... DEMN uh DEMN uh DEMN uh... CONDEMN CONDEMN CONDEMN**

...the breeze is filling with the safety of words, I am struggling to my feet and looking listening waiting...**MAS-TURBATION...MASTUR-BATION...COND-EMN uh MASTURBATION uh MASS-TUH-BAHH-SHUNN...** the little man is jumping up and down in his happiness, I see the wisp of saliva floating across his lips, the face crinkling to the breaking point with the enormous smile...he is trying to talk, make sounds, I realize he is retarded...the banners are in full view now, they are proclaiming the identical message to the breeze, the tourists, the masturbators of this world...the ranks are closing up fast, they are right in front of me, I am feeling the panic again, the need to belong, to be with the people. The sea of faces might be the same as the other, I look for clues but the clues are all the same. My emptiness is killing me, I study the situation out of absolute necessity, I feel a sudden moistness down my left thigh, I will only be safe inside this crowd. I am searching for an opening, I am juking I am juking right, I am begging for a juju, I step between two fat ladies and am inside the ranks, my toes shins knees taking the knocks...I fall into the pace, I remember the secrets of close-order drill in the Nam days...I am helping support one of the poles...I am part of a people with a mission, I am a voice among voices: **Con-demn Mastur-ba-tion...Con, Con, Con-**

It is later, we are two or three blocks along our trail, we are moving parallel to the sea, the roaring breakers and the dancing froth, we are like folk, we are going somewhere...I know we have strength too big for the noisy ocean fifty yards away, I believe believe...I am beginning to get myself together, relax, my anxieties are dropping away, I ignore the peering waving hostile bystanders, the solitary tourist and her muttered **FUCKYOU**...I am on a bigger safer trip...I adjust my stride to the formation and let my brain perk a while. It begins to whisper to me, it is leading me out of the present scene and back into the years, it is showing again that a fellow can live privately inside the method of a crowd, he can be a regular person but delve into many secret feelings, secret memories. I am happy about this, I am striding along inside a balloon of a sense of purpose and I am beginning

to feel my brain take into the years....

I am fourteen years old, a student in the Brickhouse Junior High School in Philly or Montclair or...I am remembering what it is like to be a loner in a school like this, an eighth grader of fourteen without any big interests, any big prospects, a kid taking dull courses in arithmetic, geography, personal hygiene, taking them inside the ugly scarred brick walls of the Brickhouse Jr Hi. I remember the cinders of the playground and the rusted out swing sets, the harsh hanging chains of the basketball stands, my inability ever to work the ball up and over for a lay-up, the coach liking to send the failures on laps around the black field, twist our arms up behind our shoulder blades. The cafeteria food and the slimy showers and latrine...all of these are coming to me now and they're not that bad anymore, I can see them in the past and they say the past is gone, they say it can't really hurt that much after a time. I graduated from the Brickhouse many years ago, I am in fairly good shape most of the time now. It helps me to sift back in my past like this, the thrum and thump of our many marching feet is sealing me off, calming me. These work together.

I am sitting in my desk in Mrs. Wiglaf's general science class, I am taking a test on gases, on hydrogen oxygen sulfuric. On what happens to these when you put with pressures things temperatures. I have never seen these gases, I always believe Wiglaf's words of their vital importance. they are very real this woman says. I am a good student, A's on the tests and the little quizzes usually. This is my trouble, the cause of these pressures on me now. I am a loner but one with the smarts, this is my reputation around the other boys. This is why burly Peter and Paul are using me this afternoon. They are sitting at the desks in front of me, behind me, they have me boxed in, they are making me pass the answers in front of me, behind me, I am so busy I hardly have time to get down the words, the clues. My fingers hurt, my back is smarting, my lower regions need to pass a huge amount of gas into this room, I am very tense, I am not far away from tears. I remember the threats from these two in the lunchroom, the latrine. I can slip the answers to them or they'll get me.



Mark Neville

their minds in a perfect unison. I yearn to join them, to be loved by Mrs. Wiglaf. I need. I remember Mary Mae three desks behind me, I wish she would do something to rescue me, she will not, she is grinding out her own answers just good enough to pass. I remember my father, he will take me up to the attic for a beating if I am if I am caught this time. He will be drinking large portions of a cheap whiskey and he will pull me after him up the steep steps to beat me, to make his day end, add up to something. I am about to cry, I am about to drop the little stubby pencil, the paper on my desk is a blur, a torment, she will be waiting at home for me to walk in the door at 4 pm, she is tall and pretty, she says I must never do wrong, she couldn't stand it if I ever did anything bad. I am letting her down, I am guilty. I am going dizzy, I might fall out of this desk. My mind shows me running pictures of all these people... Wiglaf and Mr. Staroff the principal, the father and the mother...the shiny lips and dark eyes of Mary Mae. All are being followed by Peter and Paul the bullies of Porter Alley, the ones who are after me now in this dusty smelly place. I think of my home, my house, it is dissolving away from me, it is going too fast for me to catch up...I see I am a loner around here, I see I am in a trap, a box...

Mrs Wiglaf is watching me closely now, she is beginning to move in my direction. Like a big red cat she is coming stalking, her eyes seem very red very mad. She stops, she looks over Peter and Paul, the whole section of the room where we sit. My answers are in my right hand and it is halfway through the slit in the back of Peter's desk. It freezes there, it doesn't move forward, backward. I hear the silence, the two bullies have quit breathing, they are waiting for it to happen. They have been caught before, they can survive, they can do things I can't try, do... Wiglaf is in the aisle now, she is advancing straight toward us, she is not ten feet away...one last time my eye catches her eye, I see a look I've never seen on her before, I believe it is a look of shock at my crime, her disbelief in the inescapable guilt of a teacher's pet. My right arm remains forever wedged in the slit of the bully's desk. My back is cracking in pain, the tears

They will wait for me after school in the Porter Alley and smash my ass. Peter will ram me from behind, Paul Korcher will work over the upper end of me, he is a head and throat man. When they finish they'll drag me over to show Mary Mae the results. Mary Mae runs with these two, she is tough also. She'll do almost anything. She is the first to let me see her bare ass, the dark thick hair at the bottom of her stomach, she did this because the other two told her I loved her. She laughed at me, she said one look at something I'd never get to touch, she told me to go home and play with myself. She said I was cherry, I was a sissy.

I'm writing as hard and fast as I can. Peter is kicking my shoes under the

desk, he needs the next two answers. I am sweating all over, I'm conscious of the lifting stink of my armpits. Mrs. Wiglaf is looking, I remember she is hoping to catch some cheaters, I remember I am guilty, the hard smacks of the principal's paddle, the one with eight holes in the middle, the one that always smells of a boy's bowels. Wiglaf wants to have a boy thrown out of school this afternoon, to make an example. She hates all cheaters, the ones who lend, the ones who copy. A boy like this is a criminal, he is ready for reform school. I look around at the room, the others scribbling at their answers. They are happy, they are safe inside the group of the class of the school. They are working their pencils

of a terrible retribution are falling down my puffy thin cheeks. A tiny but intent stream is making its way down my left leg, I can feel it pass my knee and curl into my sock, my shoe. In a minute I will be yanked out of my desk and exposed to the room, my shame will be known everywhere, the boy who peed in his pants in the eighth grade of the Brickhouse. I am thinking these things, I am sure...

Wiglaf's eyes are on me, they are large and glittery...the eyes are staring straight at me through me...a pool of urine is rising up a left shoe...a black sock is turning yellow in the yellow pool of pee...I am looking, waiting for the doom...something, something...suddenly it is changing...the horrible eyes are swinging around me, the torso the corset of power is beside and behind me...I am hearing a heavy breath from Peter Riess, he is turning around to look, he is watching something behind me, he is sneering at a sight down the row between Paul Korcher and Mary Mae. One of his long hairy arms is reaching down and snatching away the little folded answers, his ugly tongue spits out a bubble of saliva toward me. I watch it land on my shirt front. I am too dizzy to care, I still expect to be smacked from the rear...my eyes begin to want to turn with Peter's eyes, my body begins to swing around, I realize the huge silence suddenly in the room...everybody is screwing around to look at the rear of the room.

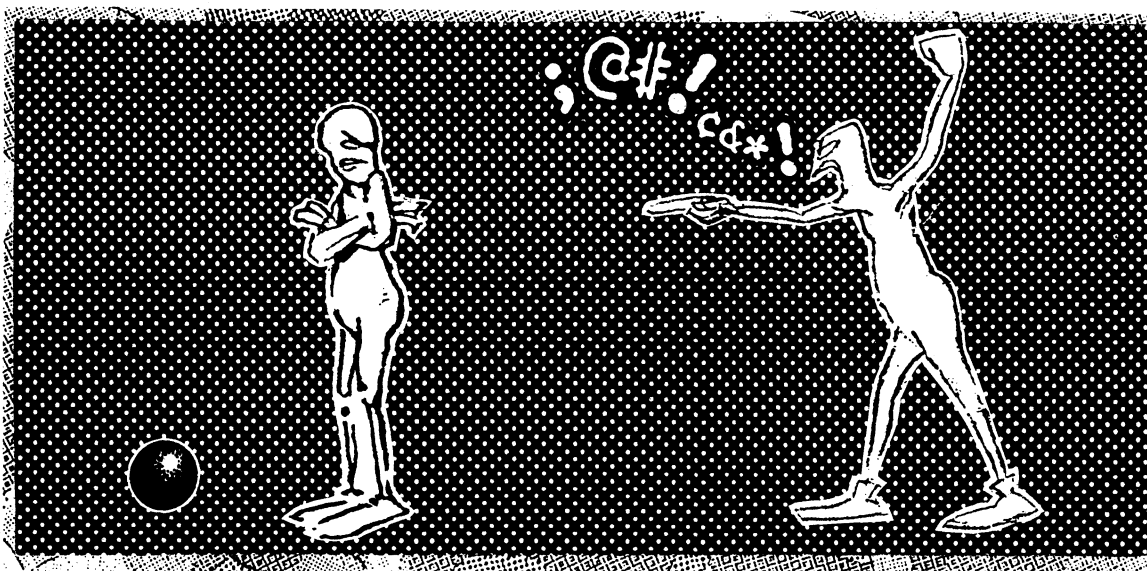
My eye catches the look on the face of the girl sitting across from me. Beverly Wilson's face is telling me something beyond words is happening...I am looking behind me now, I am seeing Mrs. Wiglaf standing beside the new boys desk. She is staring down at something in his pants...Earl Leaton the boy who started at the Brickhouse only a month ago, the boy called Little Earl by the others...he is crouched in the desk with his eyes closed, his mouth is hanging open and quivering...he seems ready to fall to the floor, to the dusty spot in front of Mrs. Wiglaf's shoes. She is telling Little Earl something, the words come out in hard cruel whispers, she is putting out her hand to clutch his shoulder, to inform him he is her prisoner, the words come out in hard cruel whispers, she is putting out her hand to touch his shoulder, to inform him he is her prisoner, the

words flow from her face that is beet red...from around Paul Korcher's shoulder I can see the stranger bringing up a dirty red handkerchief from his rear pocket...I see him dropping it over his pants, I see he is following the teacher's commands...I believe he is only able now to do what Wiglaf says. Wiglaf steps back and seems to pull the passive figure upward out of the desk...Little Earl is coming up and the truth is there for everybody to see or almost to see, everybody in this room feels it now...he is holding the piece of dirty cloth in front of him but he is not quite covered...his penis is out of his pants his zipper is wide open, the long white flesh is briefly exposed, it is still in a half state of erection...he is trying to cover himself but he is clumsy or slow or his fingers are trying for a last squeeze of pleasure release...Wiglaf is tugging sharply on his shoulder now, she begins to seem rattled...she looks up at the ceiling and barks an order for John Katzer to go for the principal...from the scarlet face comes another command for the rest of us to turn around and finish the test. The test on the vital gases of the universe. We are too creamed out to withdraw our eyes, we are too scared to disobey...the only thing in the room is the picture of little Earl sagging against Mrs. Wiglaf's rigid waiting body. I look one more time, I see there is no paper on this boys desk, I know he was not busy working at the questions, he was jerking off under the desk. All the time he was flunking the test so he could have a climax, he couldn't wait for later. I look at Paul Korcher, I see him with a new look on his heavy mean face. He is not laughing, he is mad. Suddenly it hits me he is mad at little Earl. Paul Korcher had forgotten me, he wants to get up and smash the new boys head in, he wants to do something violent about this violation of the rules. I sneak a look at Mary Mae, I need to know her reaction, I only see a look I've never noticed before. Maybe she was too close to the action, maybe some of Earl's stuff landed on her. She has turned around, she is placing the palms of her hands over her scarlet face, she is turning off.

There is ten minutes left on the test, ten minutes to sit in this room, to wonder, to put things more or less together. I am putting down another

answer, I am unable to know the words my pencil scratches out. I am happy that the two bullies are leaving me alone, they no longer seem to care about what I write down. They watched Mr. Staroff drag little Earl out of the room and they slumped down in their desks, they are playing it cool or something else. I wonder if they intend to flatten the new boy. I feel Earl might not be able to come back to the Brickhouse after this. I decide he should stay away, he should find someplace to go, hide. Someday he can start over. I realize I am feeling something very heavy about this Earl Leaton. He had a feeling in his pants he couldn't stop, control. He came to class the day of the test on gases but he didn't try to pass, he just did what he had to do and didn't care about anyone else being in this room. Maybe he tried to rub off without anybody knowing but he had to do this to himself. I see how his doing this probably saved me from Wiglaf: she caught Earl but she could've caught me cheating with the two bullies. Even years later I think about this, how the masturbator saved the cheater's skin. I think about Earl's shameful act in this public room, I remember my own guilts, the B I got on the test, the bullies two C's...I begin to feel better about the trip of masturbation, I decide it is a very human part of us, I decide Little Earl was human, Little Earl is a part of me. Gradually my brain clears, circles around into the present...

It is later, we're going along the trail, the esplanade, we are moving parallel to the sea, the roaring breakers. We're very strong, a crowd a group. I am beginning to get myself together, the anxieties are dropping away...I am accepted by these people around me in the ranks, I am telling myself how a fellow can live privately inside the method of a crowd, how he can be a regular guy but delve into secret feelings, secret memories. The chant is going up again, the chant is rising to put down the waves the solitary onlookers the misfits...the power of the chant is in me, I am very pleased to be part of this, I am happy to keep aglow in a secret place the consideration of the act of masturbation. Tomorrow I will be walking along in search of a crowd.



Graphic by Mark Neville (POB 3187, Fremont, CA. 94539-0318).

Drifting away from the sacred:

Thoughts inspired by reading Peter Lamborn Wilson's *The Sacred Drift*

By Feral Faun

My feelings when I read Peter Lamborn Wilson is that he wishes to live very much as I do, yet he looks to the realm of spirituality as a means to achieve this. To me, it is evident that this is another false path to autonomous self-creation—precisely because it is a path...and one that has been tried so often its failure should be self-evident.

The surrealists called for divergence from all known paths, yet their project proved to be absurd because they sought the marvelous in a *passive* way outside of any “spiritual” context. Nineteenth century materialism made the mistake of killing god without reclaiming what god had stolen from human beings and from the world. This left a wasteland. The surrealist attempt to use a kind of materialistic mysticism to reclaim this was bound to fail, in part because of its passivity and in part because of its reliance on the Freudian “unconscious” as the realm from which the marvelous would spring.

The “unconscious” realm, like the “spiritual” realm, is a social creation which relegates aspects of our lives

which would best be left open and accessible to a “hidden”, “other” realm.... But Freud never even considered claiming what had been relegated to the “spiritual” for the “unconscious.” When Jung did so, he did it merely by *equating* the “spiritual” with his highly questionable construct, the “collective unconscious”—thus, *reclaiming* nothing.

The surrealists had no use for Jung’s extension of religion’s existence. But they also never recognized the banality of the Freudian unconscious—the marvelous is not there except on rare occasions by accident. The marvelous will only become an everyday reality when we reclaim for our everyday lives that aspect of living that has been relegated to nonquotidian realms.... This reclamation involves the *active creation* of marvelous, passionate intensities—not mere passive waiting.

It is the individual’s capability for active, conscious, impassioned creation which was usurped to create the realm of the “spiritual” and was, thus, relegated to virtual non-existence. With the creation of gods all creative power was taken from the individual and invested in these invented beings—and their earthly representatives. The marvelous was turned into a gift from elsewhere.

The development of god coincides with the development of social control. God is, in fact, very much like society: neither one exists in itself—god exists only in the belief of the religious, and society exists only in the activities of social individuals. Yet god and society *enforce* the activities which continue

their reproduction. The difference is that god exists only in the realm of belief—of ideas—whereas society exists in the realm of material interactions and so creates relationships which coerce even those who oppose social control into reproducing social control.

Capitalism has exposed the material basis of social interactions at the same time as it has created material social mechanisms to motivate people to continue

social reproduction. In other words, god and the spiritual are no longer necessary mystifications to enforce social reproduction. But the social mechanisms created by capitalism do not and *cannot* transform individuals into the conscious, autonomous creators of their own lives and interactions. Rather individuals are transformed into cogs in the mechanisms. God and spirituality remain as a solace (Marx’s “opiate”), an escape and a facet of one’s social identity (*i.e.*, an ideological commodity). Stealing back the creative energy from the “spiritual realm” now is equivalent to taking back the power to consciously create one’s life and interactions from society. But it is essential that we not forget that this war against society includes an *attack* upon the citadel of spirituality.

Recent revivals of mysticism, paganism and shamanism among certain radicals *may* be misguided attempts at reclaiming their lives, but they appear to me to be a retreat into a fantasy realm in the face of seemingly overwhelming social forces. These revivals indicate the continued lack of confidence of those involved in their ability to create their own lives, their own moments, their own interactions. It may also indicate a fear of the unknown—a preference for models, for paths, for systems of guidance—because in a world of autonomous creators, of unique, free individuals, there are no guarantees; nothing is certain; all of the maps, definitions and paradigms disintegrate.... Such a world is a world of terror and of wonder. For the courageous, mostly the latter.

Have something to say? Write us!

We would like to encourage you to write us in order to continue this dialogue, whether you are sympathetic or critical of anarchist theories and practices. All letters will be printed with the author's initials only, unless it is specifically stated that her/his full name may be used or that s/he wishes to remain anonymous, or the name already appears in *Anarchy*—as in the case of an author of an essay or creator of artwork published here.

We will edit letters that are redundant, overly long, unreadable, excessively boring or contain threats. (Ellipses in italicized brackets [...] indicate editorial omissions.) Limit length to three double-spaced, typewritten pages. Address your letters to B.A.L., POB 2647, Stuyvesant Stn., New York, NY 10009.

The age of consent

To The Editor:

Omar Bozeman's letter (Spring Issue, #36, p.57), headlined "Pedotopia," points to the sometimes glib discussions in at least some "boy-love" and "paedophile" writings concerning pleasure, power, and consent in adult-child eroticized interactions. However, Bozeman misses a valuable point to Joel Featherstone's discussion of his own experiences as a youth: merely discussing the fact that some children have sexual experiences with adults which they don't view in a negative light and don't regret, even years later, is a small, but significant, step on the road to a better understanding of child (and human) sexuality.

Individuals who, as children, have engaged in sex (and researchers who study them) have shown repeatedly that abusive and enjoyable sex (forget about consent for the moment) are categorically different experiences for the children involved. This is true whether the sex occurred with age-mates or elders, although the incidence of abusive sex with age-mates appears to be lower than with adults. The sexual events in themselves have little or no meaning apart from the individuals' experience and environment and the nature of the interaction. Readers who have not kept up with the professional literature on "sexual abuse" might be surprised to learn that even conservative researchers have found that the age disparity does not, *by itself*, determine or predict a negative

outcome, although a *greater* age disparity may predict a more negative outcome where other factors—*e.g.*, a parent-child relationship, the use of coercion, physical abuse, and "severe" forms of sexual contact such as vaginal or anal intercourse—are present.

Unfortunately, few researchers have thought to investigate whether the adults involved in experiences found enjoyable by the child differ from those adults involved in experiences found abusive by the child—*e.g.*, general sexual orientation, how much social contact they share with children, their sexual histories, etc., although this area is ripe for study. Although self-reports suffer from the disadvantage of being generally self-serving, they do inform the discourse. At the same time, as those who are sexually attracted to young persons speak about their desires, and adults talk about their childhood sexual experiences (the positive as well as the negative), so the taboo against mentioning "children" and "sex" in the same sentence will be seriously challenged.

In Anglo-American cultures, adults make a great deal of noise about children and sex, but generally have little understanding of it. Most people proceed from their own experiences, prejudices, fears and fantasies. It is a largely solipsistic discourse in this respect. Declarations that adult-child sexual contacts are, by definition, harmful, the claim that children do not experience sexual desire, the belief in the "latency period" as a biological

stage of development or that childhood innocence means sexlessness, the notion that the only normal childhood sexual activity is mutual undress and occasional fondling, and the declaration that children are only victims, never agents, of sexual behavior, may be demanded by the majority of adults, but are undermined by the actual lives of children and challenged by the general sexual malaise of abuse and denial of pleasure in which children and adolescents find themselves. Clearly, the prevailing ideology about child sexuality is aimed not at gaining sexual knowledge, but at re-affirming the notion that children need to be protected from (and prevented from engaging in) sex of any kind.

To some extent, Bozeman's letter reflects these prejudices. Bozeman is correct when he says that "consent" needs re-thinking, but then he merely recites the latest notions of what some adults think "consent" ought to mean:

"It involves more than acquiescence or pursuit: one who consents, as the word implies, has the same *feel for the whole* of an issue *in common with* another.

Contrary to Bozeman's definition, "consent" precisely implies "approval," "assent," and "acquiescence," albeit "willing" acquiescence, rather than acquiescence based merely on fear. (Any good dictionary will tell you this.) It is only recently that society has conceived of a consent which is "informed"—*i.e.*, based on certain information or abilities without which consent is psychologically or morally impossible. "Age of consent" laws were passed during the 19th century, not because children were missing crucial information, but because children were regarded as sexless and sexual activity with or among children was, medically-speaking, "unnatural". If children engaged in sex at all, it was caused by some decadent (*i.e.*, adult) influence. This is the meaning of a "crime against nature." Today, "age of consent" laws are maintained and adjusted (almost always upwards), as adults decide that older and older "children" are (or should be deemed) psychologically or

developmentally incapable of making sexual decisions.

The discourse on adult-child sex has gotten stuck on the issue of consent, with one (small, highly unpopular, and economically and politically powerless) side claiming that children can "consent" to sex and the other side (the large and vocal majority) posing ever more stringent requirements as to what constitutes "consent"—requirements that many adults can't meet. The "pro" side often fails to recognize that just because someone consents doesn't mean that it is "good" for them or that it is a good idea. Children not only "consent" to eating McDonalds, stuffing their faces with candy, and watching television ten hours a day, but they seek these things out enthusiastically. Like eating, work, play, and other activities in life, sex is not categorically "good" or "bad": rather, a wide range of factors need to be considered. The "anti" side often acts like the adult who moves the cookie jar ever higher-up in the cupboard, hoping it will remain beyond the child's grasp. Thus, to those on the "pro" side who might respond that "informed" consent merely requires an adequate sex education (and the capability of understanding it, which older prepubescent children *do* have), the "anti" side responds that "power differences" categorically invalidate informed consent, without analyzing actual power differences or the behaviors within particular relationships which manifest (or contradict) these differences. Extra-familial liaisons are also regularly confounded with incest. An alternative demand is made by the "anti" side that the younger person have the ability to foresee the psychological "consequences" of the actual sexual contact—although the key to such consequences is often held by those making the demand for omniscience.

Rather than attempt to resolve questions of children's ability to "consent" to sexual behavior, what adults need to do is to challenge the many pronouncements, prejudices and assumptions about child sexuality which hinder any degree of tolerance (let alone liberation) of

child sexual behavior and to acquire knowledge about children's sexualities. A high degree of skepticism is required here. Bozeman is correctly skeptical about Featherstone's blithe acceptance of the child's statement that he engaged in sex to make the adult "happy," but then Bozeman inexplicably announces that "wanting to make a man happy is considerably more sophisticated than infantile sexplay" and registers his disbelief that a child *could* be so motivated. (Is sex so "disgusting" that it should necessarily invalidate any affection-winning or altruistic motives on the part of a child?) Anyone who has spent any time around children is well aware that children often act to win over affection and please others. (Adults also sometimes act from identical motivations in their relationships with others.) Again, whether such behavior is "good" as applied to sexual (or

any other) interactions depends upon many factors.

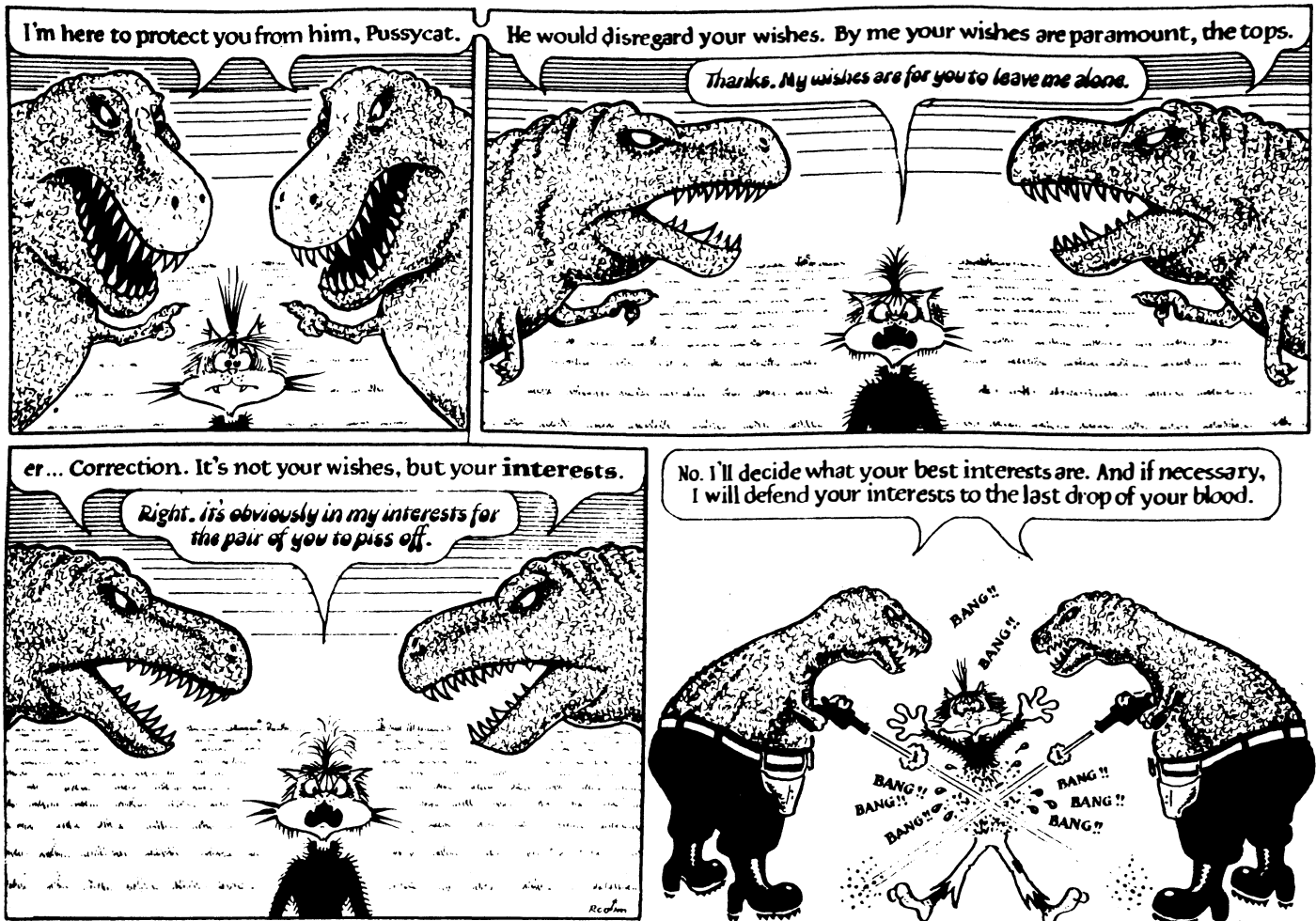
Even the words "infantile" and "sexplay" are suspect (as are words like "mature," "childish," and "experimentation"). What is "infantile sexplay"? Is it a matter of biology, knowledge, culture, preference, or something else? Is children's sexual behavior limited to "infantile sexplay" or does it include non-"infantile" varieties of behavior? Why is "infantile sexplay" not "sophisticated"? Do adults engage in "infantile sexplay"? Is "play" something that is not serious or not the "real thing" and inferior to what adults do (or are supposed to do)? Do what children like and do sexually always differ—and do they differ categorically—from what adults like and do sexually? What do children desire and do (of their own volition)? Do they have sexual fantasies and, if so, what are they? What distinguishes "abusive"

from "positive" (or "neutral") sexual experiences? Adults are as yet unable to answer these questions because researchers (and particularly those in the United States and England) have generally been forbidden from observing or asking children about anything having to do with their sexuality—except, of course, about "yucky" touches by "bad" men and women.

Bozeman suggests that children "will have to re-imagine themselves...transforming consent, erotic or romantic relationships, self-consciousness, and community." To an extent, they are already doing that and adults have yet to catch on and tolerate children's imaginations and behaviors. When unrestrained by adults, children form relationships with all manner of people outside their families—children and adults—regardless of race, gender, religion, sexual orientation, nationality, language, and

all the other categories into which adults place other adults in ordering and limiting their lives and communities. As far as erotic and romantic relationships are concerned, children invent these as they go along, interpreting the many mixed messages they they receive about sex, playing with their own desires and power, and testing desire and power in others. (By no means are children's interactions limited to these.) Children invent themselves sexually (or not) within the context of family, community and culture, which factors may act as constraints or permissions, targets for rebellion or subjects of indifference.

It would be folly to think that the model for children's sexual liberation (as well as the liberation of "child-love" by adults) lies in the gay liberation or that it will flow from women's liberation. (Women are no less guilty of sexual control over children



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than men.) Rather, the key lies in adults listening what children tell them about sex, observing how children behave sexually, and tolerating social (and even sexual) interactions which children at least appear to choose for themselves. There would be few children, indeed, who would understand "consent" in terms of a concurrence of purpose, emotion and intent and an equality of social, economic, or physical power.

That being said, children do need to be protected. Not only are there a lot of dangerous adults in society, but there are many adults (and children) one just wouldn't want as role models for one's children. Adult-child sex is also fraught with danger—e.g., the misuse of adult power, physical damage, sexually-transmitted diseases. Parents should not (and don't need to) be any less vigilant to ensure that their children are with people who are trustworthy and safe. At the same time, accepting the possibility that children will have sexual experiences and not flatly preventing them (or scaring them away) from doing so is not a question of "sanctioning" or giving license to abuse, but of representing the child's best interests. Adults give little thought given to the negative effects on children of preventing their sexual pleasure, of making them frightened and guilty about sex—but common sense and the little research that exists tells us those negative effects are substantial.

Minimizing the social stigma and, in some cases, decreasing the criminal consequences of adult-child sex also serve the child's best interests. Even where adult-child sex involves no violence or coercion (by the child's understanding), involves no displeasure, and was wanted (in the child's estimation), the child still faces the serious consequences of ultimate discovery by the authorities. At the present time, the discovery—or, in many cases, the suspicion—that a child has been involved in (or victim to) a sexual encounter with an adult casts the child into a morality play where the child's feelings and needs are clearly subordinate to the needs of

parents (to feel that the child was not "complicit") and the criminal justice system (to convict the perpetrator). Adults around the child take great pains to convince the child that it wasn't his or her "fault" that such a "bad" or "yucky" thing happened, although the child who feels he or she "wanted" to engage in the interaction or enjoyed the interaction will only feel confusion and guilt by such advice. (The child who has been "blamed" for an unwanted interaction—for example, by being labeled "seductive"—will also feel confusion and guilt.)

Some children I know have not only been appalled and scarred by their treatment at the hands of social workers, investigators, and the police, but they have been horrified by the way in which adult "perpetrators" are generally treated—even where the adult's touches were clearly unwanted. A familiar promise given by social workers or investigators to ensure the child's cooperation is that the authorities are merely trying to "help" the adult. (The child is rarely, if ever, fully advised of the consequences to him- or herself and others of cooperating with the authorities.) Another familiar tactic is to direct the child that he or she "needs"—as part of the "healing process"—to describe the suspected or alleged crime repeatedly for parents, social workers and police, to reinterpret events for use by the prosecution, to participate in court proceedings, and to ensure that the "perpetrator" is sentenced to a lengthy prison sentence. (This alleged "need" on the child's part then justifies the demands by victimologists to eliminate constitutional rights of the accused, since a dismissal or acquittal stands in the way of the child's "healing process.") However, I suspect that, given an "informed" and uncoerced choice to participate in the criminal justice system, most children would find their own best interests served by opting out, except in obvious cases of physical coercion or mistreatment. There are realistic alternatives to the criminal justice system, including civil injunction, individual and group counseling (particularly between

child and adult), and even outright tolerance. As for "pedotopia," none is required for children's liberation or sexual health. Sanity, however, is.

Regards,
n.s. aristoff

No common ground

Dear *Anarchy*,

Jason, maybe the thing that I feel the most insulted about in your insulting responses to my letter is the idea that the Earth First! people in the IWW would be capable of suppressing me. It is true that you do not know me and I don't see the names of anybody that I used to know that worked on *Anarchy*. Still, let me state the whole thing as clearly as I can. In a past issue of *Anarchy* you asked if there were IWWs who felt suppressed by the EF! thing. So I wrote you to inform you that no such thing had happened, as far as I could see. I am not a part of their group and I have disagreed with them over a few issues and I voiced my disagreement, including in the pages of the *Industrial Worker*. Had they tried to suppress me you would have heard about it because there would have been one hell of a fight over it. I also pointed out the fact that most of these people came to the IWW from EF! not the other way around. So how is the IWW "opportunist" for letting these people join? Where can you show me anywhere in EF! papers or IWW papers, anything passed at the IWW's conventions or EF! gatherings that state there is an official alliance between the IWW and EF!? And if there was such an alliance, so what. Are you not one of those that say the IWW is too "Workerist"? Would that not be a step in the right direction? I saw no letter from any IWW in *Anarchy* that backed-up your statements, even though you asked for them.

Let us now get to the real point in this discussion. I again ask you if you oppose workers organizing against their oppressions, then what happens to them in your new world? This is the whole point of all of this, for you are anti-IWW and anti-anarcho-syndicalist. I am sure you

will come back with the old argument that the problem is that these people think that worker's organizations are the only means to revolution, true there are some that believe that, but there are also, many like me who do not. Even though I am one of the older IWW members, can you show me anything that I have ever said or wrote that said workers were the only means to revolution or that workers had to join my organization? I have written articles in numerous anarchist papers over the years and I have put out *Bayou La Rose* for 15 years, show me one example to back-up your claims? As far as that goes, is there a paper around that deals with the oppressions of real people more than *Bayou*? I have never said that you should join the IWW, or that *Anarchy* should become an IWW paper, as far as that goes, I want to see independent anarchist papers, for many issues and ideas would be lost if there were not these papers.

You compare the IWW to Leninists, please Jason do a little reading of history before you make such statements. The fact is IWWs came out against Lenin before Emma Goldman, Makhno and many other anarchists. Lenin tried to destroy the IWW because it could not be controlled by elitists. That is why people such as Haywood, Foster, DeLeon came out against the IWW. What you have to understand is that we, anarcho-syndicalists are a large part of the anarchist movement and we ain't going away and there can be no mutual aid or cooperation between us if you trash us every opportunity you get.

I think I understand better why we differ so much in reading your paper in more detail. I see a line between sexual liberation and sexual exploitation and I, like many others, see NAMBLA as child abusers and have no place within our movement. As you trash workers who struggle against their oppressors as "workerists" you do the same to those that struggle against abuse and call them "victimists". I see the same thing in your comments to M. Annette Jaimes, who is a very good Native American writer. I agree with

her letter and I will add, why do you think you know more about Native Americans than Native Americans do? I guess this comes from the same place where you think you know more about the IWW than IWWs, more about workers than workers do, more about abuse than the victims do. You say in your comments to M. Annette Jaimes, that you fail to see any hope of solidarity, and in that I agree. As long as such racism, sexism, classism and the siding with abusers is the main focus of your platform I see no hope of mutual aid, cooperation or solidarity. I do not know where your anarchism comes from, maybe out of the "me generation," but I see no common ground with the anarchism I believe in. I believe in the struggle to end the oppressions, exploitations and abuses of the people and building a new world of cooperation for the well-being of all, through self-determination and self-management. But if I am wrong about you show me how someone like me can join your society based on mutual aid and voluntary cooperation without giving up the things I believe in.

Against the oppressors,
Arthur J. Miller, Tacoma, WA.

Jason comments:

More bizarre accusations

Unfortunately, I see no point whatsoever in continuing this exchange. It seems clear that whatever I might *actually* say, IWW defenders will ignore the meaning and attempt to insert more imaginary claims into my mouth so that they'll have more bizarre accusations to hurl against me!

How can any sort of respectful dialogue take place when people like Arthur Miller find it acceptable to accuse *Anarchy* of "sexism, racism, classism and...siding with abusers" on the most preposterous of grounds. This kind of behavior resembles the worst type of demagogic *ad hominem* attacks, and I'm surprised to see it come from someone like Arthur who has long been involved in the anarchist milieu—and who ought to know better than to behave in such a fashion.

Once again, I can only recommend to readers (who are interest-

ed in the origins of these attacks from IWW members) that you look at exchanges in past issues and see for yourselves if there is any truth at all to the unprincipled accusations made here.

Battling oppression

Anarchy,

I'd like to share some information with the anarchist community about the situation of Rik Scarce. Rik is a graduate student in sociology here at Washington State University. For the last couple of years he has researched the animal liberation movement. Over time he built up reliable contacts within the movement in order to further his research. In fact it could be said that he established some friendships.

Toward the end of the summer of 1991, Rik and his small family travelled back east for a short working vacation. While he was away, one of Rik's contacts in the movement house sat for him. In August, the Animal Liberation Front raided a WSU facility and liberated a variety of animals. They also destroyed some "scientific" equipment. Rik's house sitter was implicated in the raid, but it was more guilt by association than anything else. Rik was eventually subpoenaed by the federal grand jury up in Spokane. Rik went to a hearing and answered some of the grand jury's questions. However, Rik felt that those questions that placed his research contacts at risk as well as his credibility as a scholar should not be answered. After a number of long months fighting the grand jury in court, on May 15th of this year Rik was incarcerated in the Spokane county jail. Rik is charged with no crime. He has simply refused to inform the grand jury of information that he deems to be none of their business.

As far as I'm concerned this is inquisitorial behavior on the part of the state. This is also a form of psychological torture. Rik has been torn away from his family and has been financially devastated by this experience. The way I see it Rik is in jail for having integrity. I think that he is battling, in a very personal

way, naked state oppression.

Although Rik is not an anarchist, I believe that he would appreciate some words of encouragement from fellow non-authoritarians. He can be reached by writing to James Richard Scarce (Inmate), West 1100 Mallon, Spokane, WA. 99260.

Thanks,

Greg Hall, Pullman, WA.

Pretext for censorship

Dear Comrades,

I have been denied access to *Anarchy* #37 by the prison authoritarians here for alleged, but unspecified, "racist" content. After receiving every issue of *Anarchy* for several years, this is the first issue that has been censored. I will be allowed, for cost of 1st-class postage, to mail issue #37 to my family, where in about 7 years I can read it after my release from prison. I expected this, as I had been tipped off to the censor's attempts to deny access to your magazine.

A previous issue showed evidence of rooting around for some pretext upon which to censor it. When that copy of *Anarchy* was delivered, the censor had left in place (perhaps intentionally) a collection of "post-it" notes marking offending passages. Evidently the issue was passed on to a superior in the hierarchy with recommendations for censorship: "Look at this!" "Couldn't we deny access to this?" What was found most offensive were the letters.

Perhaps it was a letter in *Anarchy* #37 that led to its condemnation. I don't recall your content ever advocating a racist position. It is possible that the goons took offense at a position *condemning racism*. In the past, a socialist magazine containing an article I wrote accusing the ruling class of racist economics and racist justice was denied entry into the prison.

In any case, you are encouraged to take satisfaction in the fact that your publication has offended the state to the point that it feels it must protect itself. Please continue sending *Anarchy* to me. It is one of the bright spots in this dungeon. I read every issue cover-to-cover and

count each an important part of my revolutionary education. I especially value your coverage of international developments. Also, don't show the slightest restraint when it comes to complicated theoretical issues. I, for one, have no difficulty with expositions some others may find obscure. The real truth is not simplistic.

Keep up the good work. And thank you for the prisoner subscription, as I have no job or source of money. Your efforts are appreciated.

R.S., Winslow, AZ.

Enforcing adult authority

Hi,

I'd like to respond to the gist of x.m.'s letter in *Anarchy* #37 [see page 54]. It is true that the social context *affects* how we relate, but it does *not* determine it. It is quite possible for people of all ages to relate in ways which defy or undermine the social context. Otherwise, rebellion would be impossible.

x.m. assumes that people under a certain age (but just what age is never stated) are incapable of autonomous thought, feeling and action, and so are always victims of any "adult" who acts towards them as anything other than protector. This insults those society defines as children and is belied by any open, playful contact with "children." But, more telling is the fact that x.m. ignores the fact that "protection" is precisely the mode modern society uses to enforce "adult" authority over "children." It is for the "child's" protection that she must stay with the parents until a certain age. It is for the "child's" protection that he will be sent to a prison-like institution if her parents are abusive. It is for the "child's" protection that he is not to be permitted free expression of erotic desire until she reaches a certain age.

But I don't think x.m. has much interest in undermining the authority of "adults" over "children" or in questioning the social conceptions that identify some people as "adults" and others as "children." x.m. has found a role for authority that s/he can justify with anarchist rhetoric. But by replacing the

word "children" with "woman" and the word "adult" with "man" (or "black" and "white," etc.) in x.m.'s letter and what's being said becomes obvious. x.m., like many anarchists, doesn't even want to imagine a situation in which people relate freely without regard to race, gender or age, because such a situation would not offer the structures, the self-reproductive social context, in which x.m. could feel safe and morally superior as an adult "protector" of "children" against freely chosen erotic liaisons with adults.

Feral Faun, Portland, OR.

Ill-conceived exercise

Anarchy,

It seems that yet again I find myself impelled to take so-called "anarchists" to task for appalling naivete about (or sympathy for?) the racist right. First, apologies for Holocaust Revisionism appear in your pages—now for the Ku Klux Klan! I find myself incapable of grasping the point of John Zerzan's piece on "Rank & File Radicalism within the Ku Klux Klan of the 1920s," and even more incapable of grasping why *Anarchy* saw fit to print this ill-conceived exercise. No analysis here of how class anger and populist sentiments are coopted by the radical right and misdirected into racist scapegoating—no, only more-radical-than-thou puffery about how "misunderstood" the Klan is! I can only guess that Zerzan is so small-minded as to believe that because Klansmen may have participated in the massacre of scabs at an Illinois mine (an assumption for which he presents precious little hard evidence), the Klan somehow represented some kind of grassroots libertarian working class movement!

Zerzan expends much ink in attempting to tear down the "nativist" explanation for the Klan, but hedges on what *he* thinks the Klan represented (and represents). This is typical of the slimy soft-sell variety of neo-fascism so much in evidence these days—intentional ambiguity inviting the reader to fill in the blanks. The Klan, we are to assume, has received an unjusti-

Violence

By John Filiss

It is not "violence" (an almost meaningless word) which repels me, but malice. Is a lion taking down a wildebeest performing an act of violence?

Coming Soon To Your Town: The Chaste-Liberal School of Non-Violent Self Defense.

Yes, Now You Too Can Learn To

- Block a police baton with either temple
- Catch the impact of a cop's knee with your spine
- Enjoy the healing benefits of tear gas and mace
- Spend quality time in a local jail cell
- Be sued by huge corporations for thousands of dollars

Bonus to Christians: How to Have *Both* Cheekbones Broken

Here they are—the 10 most powerful slogans/chants of all time. Not only will they help to usher in a new era of peace and love, but they reveal a richness of inner life which shows *you* to be in the forefront of human evolution.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. "Power To The People" | 6. "Stop The Hate" |
| 2. "Smash The State" | 7. "Victory To The People's War" |
| 3. "We Are The World" | 8. "Free Chairman Gonzalo" |
| 4. "Free Chairman Gonzalo" | 9. "It's Right To Rebel" |
| 5. "Eat The Rich" | 10. "Free Chairman Gonzalo" |

fied bad rap by the squeamish liberals who control the media. The Klan was (is?) really "radical" and "militant", and therefore represented (represents?) some kind of positive alternative to "the consumer society."

The Klan, Zerzan tells us, was not predominantly southern, rural, racist or violent. David Chalmers paints a very different picture in his extensively documented 1965 book *Hooded Americanism: The First Century of the Ku Klux Klan*. Chalmers describes a Texas of the 1920s in which the Klan so thoroughly infiltrated the courts and sheriff's departments that the organization could—and did—kill and terrorize with impunity. Writes Chalmers: "And so it went. In Denton the Klan took two Negroes (sic) from jail and flogged them. A Negro bellhop in Dallas was flogged, 'KKK' was branded on his forehead with acid, and he was dumped in

front of the hotel. A warning, signed "KKK", sent striking Negroes back to the cotton fields of Corsicana at the old rate of fifty cents a hundred pounds. When a Negro dentist was kidnapped and whipped, the resulting rumors of retaliation and racial warfare brought the Klan out, armed and badged, to patrol the streets of Houston."

And on and on. This history is apparently invisible to Zerzan. His admission that his research is "limited and unsystematic" is as much of a repugnant understatement as Jason McQuinn's description of Holocaust Revisionist as "worth missing"! How demoralizing to see the libertarian left succumb to mindless right-wing populism!

I demand that this letter be printed in a timely manner. If you think that anti-fascism should take a backseat to endless histrionics on the ethics of pedophilia, your priorities are

sadly misplaced. And, yes, you can print my full name!

Bill Weinberg, NYC, NY.

Jason responds:

Paranoid ranting

I have to agree with you that you do seem quite "incapable of grasping the point of John Zerzan's piece" on the KKK. Especially since you state the implications of the article (that it analyzes "how class anger and populist sentiments are coopted by the radical right") in the very next sentence, while at the same time conjuring up some sort of conspiratorial scheme on our part to sell "neo-fascism". The editors of *Anarchy* have always stood forthrightly against racism, fascism and any other manifestations of authoritarian socio-political movements. However that has not prevented us from examining their histories and analyzing their practices for clues to their appeal and hints to help us with their destruction.

Indeed it is demoralizing to see such paranoid ranting. You attempt to smear us by accusing *Anarchy* editors of imagined fascist conspiracies merely because we do not toe some peculiar line of anti-fascist hysteria that you wish to enforce. But it will augur poorly for the libertarian milieu if every discussion of controversial topics is inundated under a deluge of willful misunderstandings, knee-jerk denunciations and leftist PC dogmatism. When we can no longer talk about crucial subjects like the origins of distasteful social movements and the dimensions of the current climate of anti-sexual hysteria without constant and malicious *ad hominem* accusations of far-fetched crimes, then dogmatists like you will have succeeded in destroying what's left of the anarchist sensibility.

Sympathetic to anarchism

Dear Anarchy,

I am a Green and although I do involve myself in electoral politics, I am sympathetic toward anarchism. It was on a trip to Philadelphia that I picked up your magazine and I found it so interesting that I bought a subscription. I find the discussions of different approaches to liberation engaging.



Collage by Lee Dessauxxx (POB 2497, Santa Cruz, CA. 95063).

What I would like to see more of in *Anarchy* and anti-authoritarian publications in general is a stronger focus on action and practical solutions to living a freer life:

1) Living ecologically—articles on bicycling, gardening, renewable energy and eco-self-sufficiency in general.

2) Opposition research—more could be done to identify those opposing labor, environmentalists, native sovereignty act.

3) Actions—a section dealing with labor/environmental boycotts, letter writing campaigns, and demonstrations.

4) Perhaps a contact/directory could be developed of individuals/collectives involved in fighting for change so mass actions could be more tightly coordinated nationwide. This will also help people defend against official repression (*i.e.* COINTELPRO).

The point is, no matter what our perspective, electoral or anarchist, direct action calls us to account in order to stop the armies of the corporate/military death machine, we must live our lives so that we give them as little energy as possible. As well as passively resisting through our

lifestyle, we must be proactive against the forces of global repression. Our enemies have strong lines of communication, have forged alliances and coordinate informed actions, should we not do the same?

For an activist army,
B.M.N., Lancaster, PA.

PS: The IWW is decentralized. I am a member and understand the term "one big union" to mean solidarity between all workers, nothing more, nothing less. Investigate the IWW more and you will find a by and large good anarcho-syndicalist organization. We are not an opportu-

nistic racket.

Paramilitary strike

Dear Folks at *Anarchy*,

Several recent occurrences here of crime/violence against American and European tourists have been publicized in national and world media. Then, on June 16 a rap music show sold out and a couple of hundred young people waiting in line on the sidewalk got pissed off. Add the heat of a summer evening to the mix and you get the perfect recipe for kops to leap at the opportunity to send a message

that everything is under control and the streets really are safe for Mickey and Minnie Mouse.

Some in the almost exclusively Black and Hispanic crowd overturned a trash can, hurled a bottle or two, and shattered the window of the ticket booth in front of the sold out night club. But none were dressed for the occasion; they hadn't worn their helmets or face shields. So, when more than 60 Orlando Police and Orange County Sheriff's goons arrived from their staging area two blocks away, the assault began, billy clubs versus unobstructed craniums, and other body parts. A handcuffed Hispanic woman whose blouse had been torn off bit a kop on his arm and he whirled and elbowed her in the adam's apple, as taught in the police academy. Then, he must have decided that hell, you only live once, and he fisted her in the face, as taught in elementary school. The main street through the heart of downtown, where the kop riot took place and where the night club is, was cleared and reopened by 3:00 a.m., two hours after all the shit began.

I viewed all three local tv reports and did not see a kop who wasn't white. One station's report featured video of the kops in a nearby parking lot, steeling to go on the bash. I phoned their newsroom and asked why the news crew didn't go to tell the crowd that the kops were on the way over to fissure some bones. A woman told me that segment of video was released to the station by the kops, and that the bashing was well underway when the channel six crew arrived. I guess because I'd seen a rare screening of Haskell Wexler's 1969 classic *Medium Cool* (not available on video) just two weeks earlier, I had a hard time believing her.

As is the case almost everywhere they occur, such wholesale authoritarian paramilitary strikes against irate (and unarmed) citizens rarely take place without the political support of elected officials, which, in Orlando, means rich white people.

(While all this may seem insignificant, it still manages to qualify as a manifestation of something that may be so inher-

ent to life in the US that it certainly deserves mention in any future issue you publish about racism: white cops bashing non-white citizens.)

Love,
Michael Camarata, Orlando, FL.

Santa Cruz anarchists

Comrades!

I am excitedly writing you to report the founding of Santa Cruz Anarchist Movement (S.C.A.M.) on Summer Solstice, June 21, 1993. The founding meeting of S.C.A.M. was one of the most exciting and energetic meetings I've ever attended. The energy can only grow as more people take part in the first attempt at specifically anarchist organizing in Santa Cruz in memory. We plan to work on a number of projects and more reports will follow. Any and all correspondence is welcome and will be repoded to. We can be written at: POB 7691, Santa Cruz, CA. 95061, USA, though this address will change in about a month. (Any mail we get at this address after a month, however, will still be received.)

Yours for anarchy,
Matt Miscreant
Provisional Correspondence
Secretary—S.C.A.M.

Anarchy often doesn't reflect anarchy

A,

As *Anarchy* keeps getting bigger and better and new and improved I feel like I wanna say something before the whole thing gets so high and by my choice, out of sight.

Let me first say that I'm not writing to make any fevered grand denunciations nor any final proclamations and their attached final solutions. I just want to simply say that *Anarchy* often doesn't reflect "anarchy" as I understand it, and I'll try to explain why.

This world strikes me as very strange in this time and place. Most things repeatedly are far from what they claim to be, if not their exact opposites. To be quite honest life really seems to have ceased making any sense quite a few moons ago. The show is over and yet it goes on

and on.

I used to get this zine and get quite a bit out of it. Now not so much that helps me in my efforts for freedom, harmony, and life. I don't doubt that you're quite open to people's submissions, but not many different people submit and you end up printing quite a bit by some strange types.

Will Vaneigem ever end? I entirely skip over that becuz it seems like he's just saying some basic things in a convoluted way.

This issue has pontificating on "time". Well I won't comment on it directly cuz I couldn't be bothered to read it but is Time=Money=Oppression really big news? Let me horrify the good post-situ disciples with my "banality" by dropping a few common "folk" expressions: "Time is money," "I owe, I owe, off to work I go," "Punch the clock," "Retired-No clock...." "Not enough time in the day," "No free time." or the image of the destroyed alarm clock which dared summon someone to work. That R.V.'s stuff is contained in a book called *The Revolution of Everyday Life* seems to me Orwellian. Nothing against Raoul himself wherever he is but I think of it as "The Banter of Bimonthly Boredom."

This reminds me of another common contributor, The authority on anti-authority, the alienated expert on alienation, the Gran Poobah, Last Word Z-man, Zerzan. Again, I wish him well in life, but I feel sorry for him. People talk about "cop-in-the-head," what about "typewriter" or "professor-in-the-head"? I've read a number of his things and at first I found them very interesting cuz he does dig up many interesting facts. But overall his writing seems to fall into 2 groupings, the revolt against domination always popping up in the weirdest places + times and the "roots of alienation" where he ropes together everything left and right.

I mentioned my bourgeois moralistic pity for him cuz he comes across as a sad little man in a bubble. He points to the lava of uprising popping up in lots of places. People setting forest fires, trains getting derailed, workers going berserk,

going hunting at work, people rioting, burning, rampaging, people joining the Klan, etc. Sure, seven thousand years of character armor and repression aren't going to be removed in an orderly way like a matron removing her fur coat after considering the ethics of the fur industry, but many of the examples he refers to are like grape vines laden with the seeds of continued fuckedupedness ("reproduction etc etc" in situspeak). On the cover of his book *Elements of Refusal* is an anonymous Libertytown, FL. rioter who the caption said was "hurling rocks at motorists." Not that I believe the media, but then again it's not unlikely. And who are these "motorists"? Rich & poor, black and white, D.A.s and newly released or escaped prisoners, Haitians, Cubans, and Bulgarian royalty, Mickey Mouse and Freddy Kruger, 2 Live Crew and Billy Graham, the guy on the cover (not Guy Debord) looks pretty ecstatic. So did the guys who nearly beat L.A. truck driver Reginald Denny to death. They felt so good as they slammed his unconscious wage slave head into the pavement that they did a little dance, in a normally busy L.A. intersection. Dancing in the streets, beautiful. And Denny, written off in previous issues as a propaganda prop, or an antagonistic racist, though definitely the "average Joe" lionized in other writings, was so plagued by Christian morality that he said he forgave his attackers and far from recruiting for the righteous white workin' man's KKKlan, he tried to hook up with Rodney King.

And speaking of grape vines, there's this thing about agriculture (and "art" and "music" and straight lines, matches, boots, and coffee milkshakes). Now I have no doubt that this brave man, when not exposing all the roots of alienation and how it leads to all us being real fucked up and people doing crazy things like not probing the outer edges of unreality, he's certainly braving industrial and agricultural poisons and gathering his food and materials for shelter, clothing, bedding in the wilds of Oregon. I do wish he'd let his secrets in this department

(whoops, my brain!) in this field, no meadow, out. Cuz when I try this, like I have the last few months, I use factory made clothing, shoes, bug repellent, tent, stove, pans, flashlight, batteries, etc. What a loser I am! And I can't find any food really, all I got is poison ivy and Lyme tick disease. Oh and you can guess where my food comes from, starts with A and it ain't @.

But he obviously must have suffered a blow to the head or sunstroke (wear that palm frond hat ole boy!) when he refers to an *English scientific* journal that tells about the bad erosion problems in the fields of pre-Cortez Meshiko.

Now besides the obvious propaganda use of this info, that

"they" (indigenous) were as "bad" as "us" (settlers), only they lacked bulldozers, etc., this being quite like the LAPD beats King, Crips beat Denny, equal=equal evil, back where we started kind of thing that he pointed out before. But he's righteously cranking at the windmills of agriculture so even the experts of Imperial British Science get recruited. A few questions: erosion can happen after one big rainstorm. In a mountainous, scorched & monsoonish land like Mexico don't you think that scientific opinion on dirt patterns over 500 years ago is a bit "daft"? A point of view quickly eroded by anyone with a real knowledge of land patterns? Likewise in Mozambique maybe there are bands of starving peo-

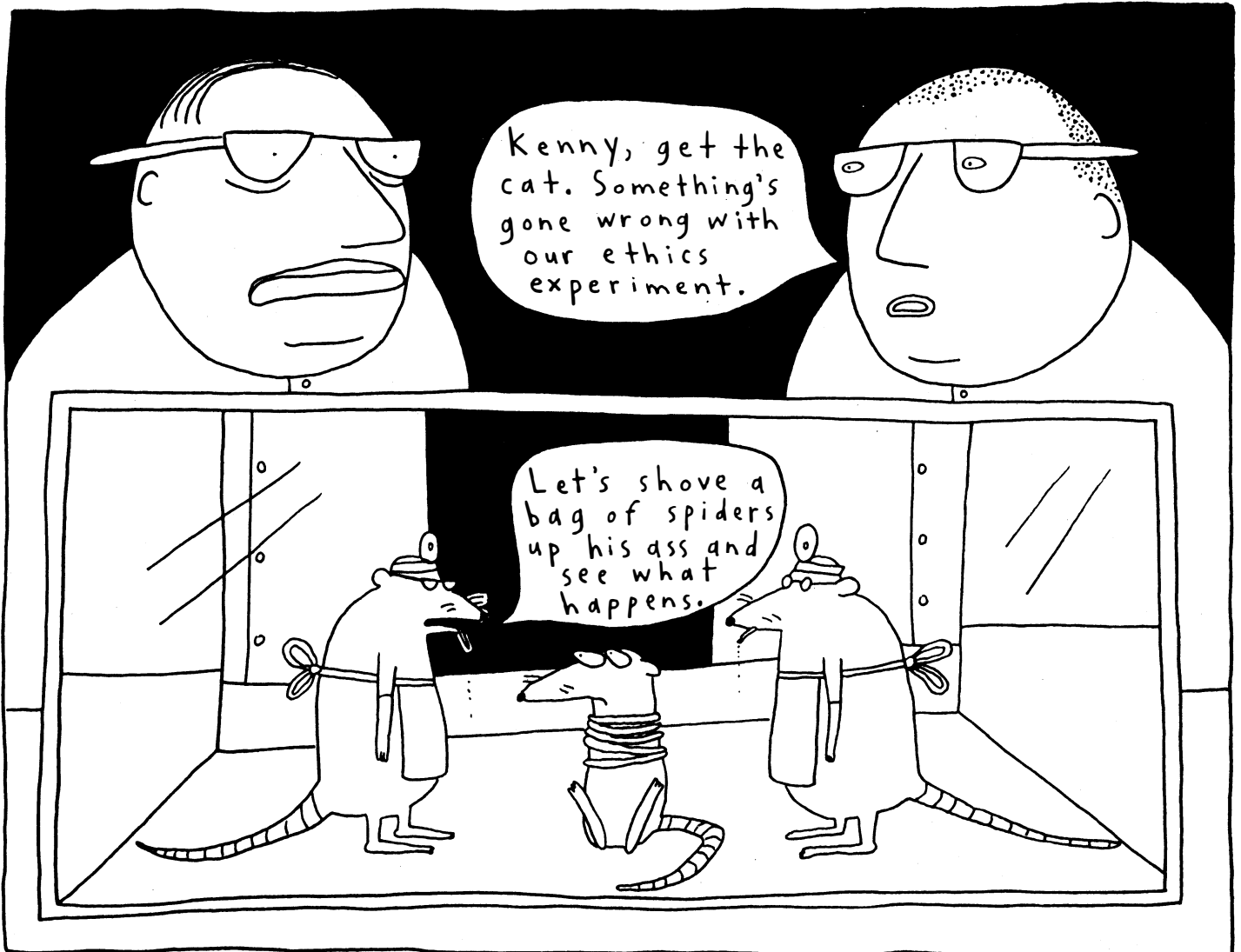
ple in the bush, probably thinking well we figured out the Catholic death racket, kicked out the Portuguese, the South Africans, the Russians, saw the fallacy of National Liberation—of land mines, etc etc) and maybe are so dizzy that time is gone, but at least they can say, or rather communicate with a facial expression and an arm sweep "at least we kicked alienation's ass!" This experience is sure *real*.

Starvation is a pretty high price to pay to be free from domination. May I refer to *my* source of indigenous Meso-American agriculture, a Mexican man who described the ancient technique of planting clusters of plants together, corn, beans, melon, peppers and others as a way of balancing nutrient use

and preventing erosion. By the way they used pointed sticks, not plows. But unless Z-man tells us how to reactivate our gall-bladders to digest course grasses, I guess we'll have to participate in something like this disgusting little planting. Have I run out of space yet?

P.K., Atlantic Coast
North America

PS: This letter is not meant to be for or against agriculture, civilization, primitivism, trans-generational sex, feminism, syndicalism, deep ecology, spirituality, the Left Greens, the Wobblies, Punks, Riots, herbal toothpaste, or any other fascinating, crucial topics. Nor am I trying to set myself up as an Anarch Patriarch or Nietzschean Napoleon. I just had some things to say.



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Mr. Fish

Pay in information

Regarding subscriptions to prisoners: let them pay in information. Most prisoners are poor in money but rich in knowledge; knowledge hard to find outside—and increasingly needed by people who hope to stay outside: e.g., What events led to your arrest? What could you have done differently to avoid arrest?

I send *Abapa Freer* (unedited forum for boosting freedom) free to prisoners who send useful info.

Pat Underhill
POB 759
Veneta, OR 97487

Push the limits

Anarchy,

I would like to express my appreciation for your provocative and highly stimulating magazine. I appreciate a forum which *challenges* me at every turn, and invites my free thought and liberation from ideology.

I am puzzled by self-labeled "anarchists" who have trouble with a free forum. I am specifically referring to those who are surprised that this magazine could "even consider" discussing child-adult sex or holocaust revisionism. Excuse me, but I thought that in a *free forum* any idea could be discussed. The whole idea behind a free forum is to invite discussion on controversial issues to shed some light. Investigation and exploration are *not* advocacy. To explore an idea does not mean that you are going to do it. But you should feel free to *think* about anything. By "Bob", if you can't even *think* freely in an anarchist community, then why even bother? Discussion on any topic yields light. And it is not the function of anarchists of the avant garde to play it safe or to streamline themselves to some politically correct notion of what is a discussible topic or not. Our job is to push the limits, to test the untestable. If something in *Anarchy* makes you feel uncomfortable, *good!* That means you are being challenged! It shows you're on the edge of something important, that you're pressing a boundary with powerful energy.

I think we sometimes forget

that ideas pioneered by the anarchists in the early 1900s that we now so carefreely blazon were *not* held as common sense by the people of the time, nor by the "alternative" community of the time. Every new idea makes people uncomfortable. Earlier in this century, you'd have to have been *crazy* to talk about "gay liberation." What are you, some kind of pervert? And obviously, anyone who would even discuss such a topic must be a queer themselves. Come on! Of course some issues are emotionally upsetting. But does that mean we shouldn't think about them?

I think I'm especially qualified to talk about this, because I was in fact the victim of quite terrible sexual abuse as a child in an institutional setting, and when I first saw the topic of child-adult sex broached, I was upset, but in my upset, *never* did I devalue the discussion of a topic that I feel needs more and more light! And I feel just as strongly as I ever have about any form of coerced sexual activity: I feel violently towards such rapists! But my experience does not give me the right to censor anyone's intellectual explorations. For "Bob"'s sakes, my whole *life* is about exploitation! I am passionate in my defense of children's rights, including their autonomy and agency. But I am also passionate about the importance of totally unfettered discussion. And if anything, my negative experience makes me vow that this topic will be out in the open where it should be so it may be freely discussed and generate light to pass on to the people who come after us, so some wisdom may be found!

Are we the final carriers of ultimate wisdom? Or are we explorers contributing to an ongoing quest for wisdom that ever grows? We don't have all the answers. And given that that's the case, we'd better get busy questioning. Which is why I applaud *Anarchy* magazine, and why I say in no uncertain terms, fuck the mental authoritarians who want to bind our discussion in terms of some decency they've made up in their heads! If you want the same old boring leftist or doctrinaire

anarchist spoutings, go somewhere where you will find them! Hasn't this magazine made it clear that it has never had any intentions of fulfilling that function? Onward to dream! Onward to desire! Onward to freedom! And hypercritique of anything that seeks to fetter us, no?

Regarding the *topic* of child-adult sex, I don't believe this magazine has ever said anything but that they feel it is a *problematic* issue. We have problems with it. It presents problems. But is that any reason to avoid discussion? Also, to my knowledge, the magazine has never denied that an overwhelming majority of the cases of child-adult sex in this culture at the present time are abusive and horrendous. However, I feel the question raised is a particularization of the general question, "Do you feel that there are exceptions to any rule? Are you willing to even admit the possibility of exceptions to a given generalization?" Put in that general form, what anarchist would answer no? There's an exception to any rule, and there's definitely at least the possibility of an exception. Yes, 99% of all child-adult sexual encounters, including the ones forced on me, are horrible mishappenings. But all I believe we are being asked here is if we can admit to *any* exceptions. And in a free forum, I don't think that's too much to ask. Besides, the issue has raised all sorts of important points *on both sides* regarding the disempowerment of children and the need to empower children, the agency and autonomy of children, children's rights, etc., all important and generally neglected topics. For that alone, the ongoing discussion has been worthwhile. So you can see that discussion on any topic no matter how outrageous always generates insights that might have been unexpected from the start.

About the topic in specific, I feel that if a child lives in an environment where it feels free and safe to say "no", where it knows its "no" will be respected (a very big "if" in this culture—you show me the household where this applies), a child's "yes" and "no" should be valued as autonomous wishes of the

child. If the child does *not* live in such an environment, verbal statements do not necessarily reflect the child's feelings. Also, in my opinion, it is adults who have to learn from children, children who have not limited their free sensuality to a genital fetish or any other fetish, and all of us might have a lot to learn by being more freely sensual without feeling the need or urge to *fuck*. All of us love children. This issue might make us question how we express our love, in general. Maybe a child can express love in much greater and much less restricted ways than our narrow fetishized sexuality, and we can learn something from this no matter what our position in the discussion. Personally, my position is that I stand against all coercion and all manipulation (there's a problematic term to define), and that I feel discussion is always important to shed light on these issues.

Jason, in regards to your comment about people who write threatening letters, personally I find them *entertaining*. It's refreshing to see a forum that will actually print such all-too-human and therefore humorous ranting. After all, these are people's genuine reactions. Why tone it down to make it polite? The pettiness of the human ego is our most humorous trait. Don't deprive us of the laughter of such genuine specimens of unabashed humanity. Sure, it's vile in most cases, but to get it out in the open airs it out. It's also the truth—the truth of how some people feel, and I think it's delightfully entertaining. Still, I understand that you people have to do all the work of typesetting and such, and so must be selective, but maybe looking at it with an eye of humor might go a long way. Of course, threats themselves are not funny, but watching people go into hogwild raging frenzies is.

Regarding the holocaust revisionist discussion, an atrocity is an atrocity no matter what the figures. To me, if 20 million people were tortured and killed instead of 75 million, I'm sorry, that's still a major, major atrocity to be abhorred. Given that, though, isn't it true that any



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Absolutely no activities will be permitted in this area which support or enable coercion or fraud of any kind.

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Occupants will never **INITIATE** aggression or violence of any kind, but will **DEFEND** self and property with whatever force is necessary.

government always tries to villainize the other side in an attempt to whitewash themselves? Haven't there been other atrocities? Is it possible that people who gloss over other atrocities might exaggerate their own figures to bolster their own grand image of the worst atrocity, towards some hidden agenda of their own? Shouldn't we stand against all atrocities? Shouldn't we also be critical of *anyone's* account of reality, including the ones we have standardly accepted? I find it valuable to look through another lens on reality, no matter how twisted it may be. It stretches me. Challenges me. Gets me out of my perceptual ruts.

So in general, I support any controversial topic in this magazine. I focussed on these issues due to the rabid maddogs I observed in the last issue, but as usual, I enjoy the critique of the sacred, of ideologies, and the always exuberant and imaginative explorations of primitivism.

Anyway, thought I'd drop a letter of support for people who have continually stretched my mind and challenged my viewpoints. Here's to good humor and open minds for all of you!

Sincerely,
"Howlin' Mad" Johann
West Hills, CA.

[Although it may seem like a simple thing to go ahead and publish death threats and threats of physical mutilation, there are some definite problems not only with the fact that this may well encourage such immature attempts at intimidation, but also with the opening this leaves for attempts at manipulation and disruption of the anarchist milieu.]

A major problem I see with printing death threats towards specific people is the potential for COINTELPRO-type operatives to send in all sorts of letters attacking different people under false names or under actually existing anarchists' names which could easily destroy whatever tolerance there is at present among various types of anarchist tendencies. This was a tactic used frequently and to "good effect" (i.e. feuds erupted as a result, and murders in "self-defense" occurred) by the FBI and its collaborators in the 1960s and 1970s

against the Black Panthers and others. Printing letters containing death threats would leave us wide open to this type of manipulation, if that's not already what is happening—for all we know.

Otherwise, we have no particular compunction about printing peoples' emotional, hate-filled letters for our readers enjoyment. Letter writers just need to leave out the threats of death or mutilation, and vent their stupidity in other ways. -Jason McQuinn]

Report from Austin

Dear *Anarchy* readers and staff,

Howdy from Slackerville, Texas, the town that the class war forgot. Austin is a town full of counterculture but almost totally devoid of resistance. There's a pretty fair amount of anarchists here though, and this past spring we tried to get things going with a regional anarchist gathering, which is the subject of this letter.

The Second Annual Circle A Roundup was an event planned by the Atl-Atl Collective and several other Austin anarchists. Most of the organizing was done by a small handful of folks from the Atl-Atl Collective, since they ended up being the ones who expressed the most interest. People began to show up for the gathering several weeks in advance, some having come from Mardi Gras, others on their way to Mexico. The actual gathering began on a Friday afternoon with an anti-work march that went from First Street to the Capitol and eventually became doused in a thunderstorm. Folks then made the most of their soaked condition by invading the lobby of the most pompous hotel in town, until the security dicks ushered us out. That night at a local anarchist's house, there was a party to get everyone acquainted. It ended up being a fairly anti-social event, unfortunately. There were lots of punks who behaved incredibly rudely to the hosts and stood around the keg all night like a pack of surly dogs at feeding time. It wasn't a very good start.

The next two days were to consist of picnics and workshops, with a street action planned for Saturday night. Saturday got off

to a rocky start as University of Texas pigs kicked us out of the reserved rooms that the U.T. anarchist group had donated to the conference, supposedly because a conference participant had been seen stealing "coffee utensils," whatever the fuck that means. But the picnic went on as planned, and the workshops were held in different rooms. Despite several bright spots, the workshops were not much of a success. The major problem seemed to be a thoroughly bored and disdainful attitude among many of the gathering "participants," who did not participate in the gathering, but spectated in a passive-aggressive fashion, and generally stifled creativity and communication. This left everyone else confused, and most of us went away wondering why people would bother to attend an anarchist gathering if they had no interest in it. The day ended on a positive note, however, as people went down to Austin's famously lame Sixth Street music district to poetically terrorize the attendees of an annual "alternative" music festival organized by record companies and other parasites. With a few flyers and signs and some silly dancing, we were able to inject some positive flux into the dreary ritual of clubbing on Sixth.

Sunday went better, as the group was smaller, but more relaxed. The morning picnic followed a sexism workshop that got a little bogged down but was very open and explored some important questions. There was also a women's only meeting, which a few people found annoying, while others were very glad to have it. There was also a very well-done and informative workshop on pirate radio. The gathering ended late in the afternoon, with some discussion about regional networking and an exchange of addresses. In retrospect, the gathering was successful in some ways and a failure in others. Valuable information was shared, things were communicated, and there was some fun had. The people from Houston were a particularly welcome presence and had lots of energy and ideas.

But in other ways, things nev-

er really recovered from the effects of the shitty party and the frustrating first day of workshops. Perhaps all the discussion was a little much to ask of people, but no one among the organizers or the guests proposed an alternative. After the gathering some felt that a lack of effort from some local organizers contributed to the atmosphere of lameness, but I disagree. The lameness was the exclusive responsibility of those who brought their lame-ass attitudes to the gathering. Some of the squatter punks who came to town were obviously disappointed with both the city and the local anarchists, but rather than leave, they chose to stay and act surly toward the people they met, some of whom were housing and feeding them. At past anarchist gatherings I have experienced a sense of openness, good will, and spontaneity—but the "character armor" present at the Austin gathering killed that spark. Some of the macho, homophobic, and just plain ignorant behavior that I encountered made me wonder if I was in the right place. It felt too much like the mainstream world.

Understand that I am not slandering the majority of the gathering's punk contingent, most of whom contributed a lot. The only reason that I mention that the character armor victims happened to be punks is that these people were hostile to people who weren't also punks. I really don't understand why someone supposedly interested in anarchy and freedom would burden themselves with an elaborate set of fashion rules. Nor do I understand why an anarchist would trash the shit out of another anarchist's house and not offer to help pick up a little. I hope anarchists involved in the hardcore scene don't get defensive about this letter, because they don't have reason to be. I am not burdened with some different set of fashion rules that excludes boots and liberty spikes. Just the opposite—I am sick of fashion rules, just as I am sick of all ritualized cultural bullshit. At the risk of belaboring the obvious, the hour is far too late for this kind of jacking around with our anarcho-egos.

Let rebellion and play erupt on all fronts. Let the riot grrrrs riot, let the post-situationists pontificate, let the Schiz-Fluxers get intense and animal, let the skinheads stomp the racists, let the monkeywrenchers halt civilization in its tracks, and let the mail artists shatter frozen psyches with their creations. What is so interesting or fun about stepping on each others' toes? What does it do except get in the way of what really matters? With an opponent as big as the state and its national culture, I am not interested in doing the forces of Leviathan any fucking favors.

M.P., Austin, TX.

Anarchism or revisionism

Anyone interested in anarchism may be familiar with the name of James J. Martin. He is the author of a book entitled *Men Against the State: The Expositors of Individualist Anarchism in America, 1827-1908*. First published in 1953, this study details the history of the individualist anarchist movement (Benjamin Tucker *et al.*) within the United States. In addition to writing *Men Against the State*, James J. Martin also edited the Libertarian Book Club edition of Paul Eltzbacher's *Anarchism*, and Max Stirner's *The Ego and His Own*. Plus he wrote introductions to several others (published by Ralph Myles of Colorado). All these intellectual efforts on behalf of anarchism suggest that Martin was once sympathetic to its cause. At the very least, one could say he had an interest in the subject. But then something happened.

While in a used book store recently I came across a periodical called *The Journal of Historical Review*. Flipping through it I discovered the name of one James J. Martin listed on the editorial advisory committee. I doubted at first that it could be the same person who wrote *Men Against the State*. But after a bit of library research, I concluded that it was. What of it? Well, *The Journal of Historical Review* is a rather peculiar publication. On the surface, it appears to be a scholarly journal one would expect to find in a university

library. But examination of content reveals something quite nasty. *The Journal of Historical Review* publishes work that reinterprets the atrocities of Nazism during World War II (historical revisionism). More specifically, that the Nazis rounded up millions of Jews in Europe and systematically exterminated them, *The Journal of Historical Review* is out to prove never happened. For them it's all a big hoax. So instead of six million Jews killed, it was really only thousands, hundreds, or none at all.

Now perhaps *The Journal of Historical Review* is actually intended as a parody or satire. One would like to think so. However this possibility ceases to be tenable given the knowledge that the journal is published by the Institute for Historical Review, an outfit linked to the anti-Semitic and white supremacist Liberty Lobby. In any event, *The Journal of Historical Review* and its crackpot theory of Jewish conspiracies is less important here than James J. Martin's association. How did someone previously interested in anarchism end up affiliating with fascism? Is anarchism a stepping stone into the far right lunatic fringe? Of course not. Anyone who knows anarchism recognizes that it opposes all authority and hierarchy, *i.e.*, power. Therefore anarchism is completely at odds with fascism. Perhaps then Martin's deviation is attributable to his intensive study of just the individualist anarchy of Stirner, Tucker, etc. Some argue that Stirner's exaltation of the individual (ego) is a natural link to fascist ideology). But this strangled analysis is based on assessing only one element within Stirner's work (or anarchism in general) taken out of context. What makes anarchism so unique and vital is the emphasis it places on the individual *and* community, unlike liberalism's vacuous community or socialism's emaciated individual. All variants of anarchism, including Stirner and Tucker, incorporate both elements. The individual and community are inseparable in anarchism. And this is why communist anarchists such as Max Nettlau, Emma

Goldman, and Murray Bookchin can laud and embrace Stirner.

So the problem with James J. Martin is not that he took anarchism to heart. The trouble is he didn't take it seriously enough. He must have gotten fixated on the individual and regressed back to liberalism, the true starting point of fascism. Then again, maybe he just got tired of being an anarchist in a decidedly anti-anarchist world. Whatever the case, James J. Martin gave up the good anarchist fight and settled for a pile of shit. He closed out his career aligning with a crank cause. Too bad.

Yours in @narchy,
P.S., Irvine, CA.

Reply on Franceschini

Dear,

A few words about the protest of Italian anarchists against the interview of Alberto Franceschini published in the defunct *Brise-glace*, which you reproduced in *Anarchy*. [see the interview on pp.4-5 of #32/Spring '92, and the letter of protest on p.59 of #36/Spring '93]. We were wrong in publishing it without giving preliminary explanations on Franceschini, which would have helped give a better understanding of it. Because of his reformist activity, we didn't regard him as a comrade. But since he is not a traitor (a repentant) who would have sold out his friends, we thought we could listen to what he had to say—all the more as we found it instructive. Having come out of the Italian "communist" party and now returned into its midst, Franceschini was showing, among other things, the link between the Red Brigades and official stalinism, a link the latter always denied. It is, though, absurd to deny that, at the beginning, the RB were linked with the struggles of the working class. That they subsequently diverged from them is another story—their whole and true story and the unavoidable destiny of the leninist vanguards: either they impose their dictatorship upon the proletariat or they become a useful scarecrow for the State they claim to fight.

Serge Quadruppani
ex-*Brise-glace*, Paris, France

Stop the bullshit

Dear *Anarchy*,

Since two letters have been published calling me a racist I felt I should answer them even though the letters were responses to the Columbus Day Black Bloc article I wrote over a year ago. So if you weren't involved in the Columbus Day happenings in S.F. you'll want to skip this letter and move on to other gripes. First, AIM is an organization that has inspired me in many ways, who I have learned much from and who I have the utmost respect for. After I reread my article I can see how I unintentionally made it sound like AIM leaders might be unaware of past Native American militancy. Whoops. What I meant to say was I thought this sick holiday should be marked by disrupting or shutting down the pro-Columbus parade and not a boring rally that reminded me of the anti-Gulf War rallies in L.A.

Ward Churchill calls me "blatantly racist" and "no constructive ally" because I criticized all the events of the day including the AIM rally from my own personal, "arrogant," "Wayne's World," "racist" perspective. No, I had no chance to be involved in any organizing of the march or the black bloc, because I arrived in S.F. only the day before. But I will certainly criticize all that went wrong and point out why as a participant.

I did not mean to "pick on" Tommy Lawless. I'm sure she worked very hard on everything. It was evident. Sometimes people work very hard on something and others critique it. The Black Bloc was a bumbling disaster for a variety of reasons and this was the main point of my article. Although as a tactic I certainly think it could be used in the future.

In Lawrence's letter he claims picking one tactic as better than another is pointless, because we "pose no threat to the powers that be." I think the Autonomen that he gives as an example as posing no threat are far more inspiring than whiny letters. I thought that the molotov that burned the police car was one of the highlights of the day so I

guess I'm a "macho thug." I was sickened by the celebration of colonialization and genocide and was glad that at least the ill-fated Black Bloc was attempted.

Thanks for the comments, but in the future I think we can organize actions that re fun and confrontational, clearly state our point, stop the daily flow of bullshit and remain self-critical of our mistakes.

Love, Peace and Riots,
Adam Bregman
11338 Joffre St.
Los Angeles, CA. 90049

Conscription in Italy

Hi Friends of Anarchy,

We are the members of the Collettivo Ecologista-Antimilitarista of the CSA in Udine, Friuli, Italy. CSA means Centro Sociale Autogestito: a squat in which we do things in a self-managed, libertarian, anarchist way.

For example we organize here gigs with bands coming from all over the world and meetings to discuss about politics and decide things to do for giving people counter information and for making our proposals to live a free life.

As one of us, Stefano Del Fabbro, will soon be arrested, we want to tell as many people as we can the reason why he will be robbed of 3 months of his life by the Italian state.

In Italy young men are compelled to submit to the military service, which lasts for a year; it is also possible to choose, instead, the civil service, doing which you don't wear a uniform and you are employed in institutions that "help" drug addicts, old people, people with physical or mental handicaps, or other kinds of public institutions; but at the end you are all the same subject to military authority.

Stefano decided to reject both these two "alternatives" and for this reason he has been tried for "refusal of the military service" on November 16th by a military court and he has been condemned to 3 months of military jail. During this month of December police will arrest him.

[...] Actually in Italy there is a growing number of people who choose not to submit to the state

authority: besides Stefano, there are Marco Bollati, Alfredo Cospito, Massimo Passamani, Pierluigi Valle, Pasquale Ambrosino, Michele Pircher, Martio Muccitelli, Massimiliano Terzi, Peitro Bonadonna, Stefano Fosco, Franco Otlando, Sandro Damiani, Carlo Mariani, Paolo Vignali, Stefano Stefani and Guido Ceragioli—all these persons are waiting to be jailed.

For further news about Stefano and his detention you can write to the Collettivo Ecologista-Antimilitarista of the CSA in Udine to the following address:

Montoro Alessandro
CP Aperta
33037 Pasian De Prato (UD)
Italy

For information about the Italian anti-militarist situation, write to the magazine:

Senza Patria-Anarres
via S. Piero 5
54033 Carrara (MS)
Italy

I am not alone

Dear Ed.

In issue #36 Omar Bozeman asks about how a seven year old learns the desire for fellatio. The answer my friend is that the suckling response is a naturally occurring mechanism which causes behavior that is both physically and emotionally nurturing. This instinct is encoded in some unknown location, on our genes; and cannot be changed. However it can be repressed by environmental factors such as a sexually repressive society.

I also want this opportunity to assure Mr. Bozeman that the only trauma to come out of consensual child to child, or child to adult, sexual activity, results directly from being discovered by a sexually repressive world. I would also like to inform anyone who is interested, that I did not become a children's rights sex advocate as an adult; I determined to fight for the right of children to have sex, when I was still seven years old myself. At six I first learned of the age of consent laws; and by age seven I knew enough about them to hate the state's control over my body. It was

then when I took the oath to fight for the sexual rights of children when I grew up; and even then I knew how dangerous it would be. But I still remember that oath; standing nude and all alone before the mirror, I raised one hand and placed the other across my heart. It was then that I swore to and for myself and for all the world's children that when I grew up, I would do whatever I could to try and change things.

I also swore that I would not forget how terrible it feels to be a child forced to suppress my own natural feelings, by an intrusive, sexually repressive state. And I now know that I am not alone. Not all, but many horny children have felt the way that I have. But most choose to refuse the guilt, and put the anger on the sexually repressive state, where it belongs.

Of course being a former child I want to protect children from being raped. But consensual adult/child sex or child/child sex is *not* rape or abuse. And I invite anyone having similar childhood thoughts to communicate.

John Wilcox, Louisville, KY.
(502) 569-1963

Victimology is "sexual abuse"

To The Editor:

Before you decide to refuse to print more hate mail regarding your discussion of erotic contacts between adults and minors (like those in the Summer issue of *Anarchy*), consider the salutary purposes these letters serve. These letters will undoubtedly keep us aware of the over-emotional authoritarian knee-jerk responses many people have to this issue. Those of us who advocate empowerment for minors and for the liberation of desire for adults and minors alike need to know that there are those in our midst who are murderously closed to certain ideas. We must ask ourselves why and how have adults come to the position that they can advocate the liberation of desire but insist that they continue to have the right to define for minors how their desires may be experienced and expressed.

Adult control over minors' sexuality takes on many forms. Some adults who engage in sex with minors do this by imposing their own desires on children—meaning that they impose upon the child to do something that the child would really rather not do. (Sometimes, although very rarely, statistically-speaking, adults rape children. A distinction is generally made, however, in the clinical literature between "child-rapists" and "paedophiles".) Some adults—many more, in fact, than engage in sex with or actually rape children—engage in the most damaging behaviors in restricting and controlling children's desires. They may teach boys sexual aggressiveness and girls passivity. They may inculcate girls into myths of romance and fulfillment in being defined by the (male) other. They may tell boys and girls what is appropriate to do, to desire, to look at, to write, feel, hear, and say. Examples of the latter include the "it's okay to say 'no'" campaigns which fail to acknowledge that it's okay to say "yes" or the "good touch/bad touch" programs where "good" touches are never sexual ones; warnings to children that masturbation is harmful or evil; punishing children for sex play; prohibiting children from obtaining information about sex or viewing sexually-oriented materials; teaching children that sex is only for marriage. The list goes on. These abuses generally occur in institutional (e.g., church, school) or familial settings.

Those who believe that all "sexual contacts" between adults and minors constitute "Abuse" (as Barrabbas says on page 67 [of *Anarchy* #37]) are, at best, naive. Children initiate sexual "contacts," voluntarily interact with adults sexually, or respond positively to adults' sexual cues all the time without even perceiving it as misuse, let alone Abuse. This isn't to say that adults should respond to such initiatives, encourage children to interact sexually with adults, or initiate sexual contacts with children. (I leave the discussion of what adults "ought" to do to a different discussion.) Neither is it to say that adults don't sexually abuse or misuse children. But

not every act constitutes an Abuse, at least from the child's point of view—even given careful examination of the context in which the sexual contact, and the child's response to it, occurs.

In fact, the victimological paradigm echoed by Barrabbas and others trivializes *real* abuse by labeling all adult-minor contacts of whatever nature (and at whatever age) as Abuse. By its own terms, victimology is itself a form of "sexual abuse," since it is the adult who imposes his/her sexuality on the child. Germaine Greer realized this when she wrote in "Seduction is a four-letter word" in 1975:

"From the child's point of view and from the common sense point of view, there is an enormous difference between intercourse with a willing little girl and the forcible penetration of the small vagina of a terrified child. One woman I know enjoyed sex with an uncle all through childhood and never realized that anything was unusual until she went away to

school. What disturbed her then was not what her uncle had done, but the attitude of her teachers and psychiatrist. They assumed that she must have been traumatized and disgusted and therefore in need of very special help. In order to capitulate to their expectations, she began to fake symptoms she did not feel, until at length she began to feel truly guilty for not having felt guilty. She ended up judging herself quite harshly for this innate lechery."

Greer is, of course, not the only feminist who has made this observation. (Contrary to what many people think, "feminism" is a tool for analyzing power, sex and gender, not a set body of knowledge, a fixed set of beliefs, a club with which to hit your opponents over the head.) Thus, the critique of those who claim to represent children's interests (whether they be "girl- or boy-lovers" or "victimologists") is consistent with the task of feminism. Similar questioning can be seen in the writings of Kate

Millet, Paula Webster, Gayle Rubin, and Pat Califia, to name a few.

The language of intolerance expressed in the hate mail is astounding, although familiar. ("Paedophiliophobia" would be a clinically-correct—and not merely political—term for those who actually froth at the mouth when confronted with these issues.) We can still benefit, however, by listening to the "paedophiliophobe." I can imagine no society worth living in where the tolerance of ideas in the spoken and printed word—even ideas of intolerance—is not one of the society's highest values. What to do with these opinions and how to respond is a matter of choice. We may simply ignore them or we may analyze them and draw others into discourse, even if those who utter these most hateful opinions refuse to participate. In this interest of engaging others, I would like to make a few observations:

1. Barrabbas, like many other proponents of the "hate" posi-

tion, complained that s/he was the victim of child sexual abuse or rape. Barrabbas then makes an obviously faulty proclamation that all people who experience desire for "children" (ages not specified) are indistinguishable from the his/her victimizer in childhood and that all minors who interact with adults sexually have the experience of Abuse. From there, Barrabbas equates Abuse with serial murder (a common, but rather silly, ploy) and re-defines anarchy as not a profound responsibility of self-government, but making one's personal opinion the law. Although Barrabbas hurls the dirty words of "church and state" at *Anarchy* (the publication), it is Barrabbas who is most churchly or statist in his/her absolute "true" beliefs. Barrabbas also recalls the homo-negativism of Guns and Roses' Axl Rose, whose hatred of gay men stems from, he has claimed, attempted victimizations when he was a teenager.

2. R.M. invokes "isms" to justify his/her position. S/he takes his/her information not first-hand, but third or fourth. R.M. attended a conference called "Intentional Futures," where s/he hears a report from "a young woman" who "had attended an anarchist convention in Ohio" and found that "many were disturbed that [the subject of adult-child sexual interactions] was even being discussed". R.M. is disturbed, too, by the very discussion of the topic. Presumably, the "isms" of the day should make their proclamations and everyone should follow. That s/he takes his/her anger out on rational discourse is instructive, as is the fact that s/he cites the



Mr. fish

McMartin Pre-School fraudulent sex prosecutions as an example of society ignoring real child abuse. Actually, R.M.'s discussion of the McMartin case is so misinformed that it's laughable. There was no medical evidence of sexual abuse whatsoever in that case, except the abuse caused by the prosecution team when their now-discredited and then-self-appointed "experts" penetrated scores of vaginas and anuses of young children with medical instruments in search of (literally) microscopic signs. Like the "fascists" whom s/he vilifies, R.M. is also "obsessed" with the control of children, merely substituting one form ("parent's rights") for another (her own brand of social purity, feminist/protectionist ideology). Contrary to what R.M. may believe, not all adults treat children as property, even if allowed to do so by their culture (which is debatable anyway), not all adult-child relationships (sexualized or not) are authoritarian-based, and not all children are mindless and obedient in their behavior with adults. Perhaps R.M. is generalizing from his/her own experience?

3. "Pedophiliocidal" protests too much. No one has ever said that kisses and hug or "innocent" affection-seeking behavior should be construed or misconstrued as "wanton sexuality" or even a mild desire for some kind of sexual contact. But P. sets up this straw horse in order to put forth his/her own demands: that children's behaviors be utterly devoid of erotic content. "Hugs and kisses," P. writes, "are completely innocuous when coming from a child," all affection is "innocent" (*i.e.*, presumably "unsullied" by sexual thoughts or feelings), and children categorically "don't want sexual activity". P. obviously has very little experience with children—either as parent, teacher, or unrelated adult friend. Children are sexual. They have sexual feelings. They masturbate because it feels good. They play in sexual ways because it is exciting and interesting. Sometimes they do this with adults. P. seems to harbor the belief that sexuality somehow descends upon children like a bombshell (I assume, at puber-

ty). That puberty is the first point at which adults (like P.) will acknowledge the children have sexual feelings should tell us how uneasy "child sexuality" makes these adults feel. To the contrary, it is clear that pre-pubertal sexual feelings and expressions are vital, not dormant. Puberty only changes sexuality, albeit in significant (and visually apparent) ways. At the same time P. denies children's sexualities, s/he appoints himself/herself as the spokesperson for what all children want (up to what age?), which doesn't bode very well for P's ability as a teacher. On the other hand, P's ideas should fit very well within traditional authoritarian teaching structures.

Why censor the proponents of hate? This is exactly what they would do to those who advocate reason and discourse. Give them a forum. Eventually they might realize that hate won't silence those they perceive to be their opposition (from sex-radical feminists to "self-justified" perverts to sex researchers and, in the end, to all rational human beings). They also will undoubtedly discover that hate won't solve real abuse or any other of the world's problems. Perhaps, eventually, expressing that hate won't even feel good anymore. kindest regards,

n.s. aristoff, New York, NY.

Legal extortion

Dear *Anarchy*,

[...] I don't believe there should be governments. My reasoning is because it's a fact (simple rationale) that here (in America) there isn't much done that isn't "for money." Also (needless to say), I don't need to pay outrageous taxes for a gov't that inhibits (prohibits) my growth physically, emotionally and spiritually, plus, there's the added label that they "protect us." Actually, in reality, they make and break their own laws to suit their own ends. Here in jail I've seen the "double standard" of what our type of system does.[...] Let me explain. OK, they've got programs here such as college classes, to various trades we can pursue to learn such endeavors, now here is

where the problem comes in. If for "any" reason we don't attend classes, we get what they call Tier #1, 2 and 3 tickets (which is where the guards write us up, a form of disciplinary action that results in them taking \$5.00 out of our pay). By their own laws this has to be defined as "legal extortion." [...] Firstly, most of the other men I see here are mostly uneducated, many have never had a job, and then the police are going to take money from them? This is totally insane, needless to say, only too easy for anyone with even an imbecile's intelligence to see through. You see, here's where they're defeating themselves. It's sad to see that they are on the run, but aren't going to go down without a fight. Actually it's pretty stupid, because it's like being down 1000 points in a 1001 point game and betting you're going to win. Here, these kangaroo courts not only inhibit the average prisoner's attitude by this, but his pay and particular vocational choice.[...]

I've been a writer (poet) since 1974 and am just now editing almost 2 complete books of my writings (anyone with any help you can give me in regards to acquiring a publisher, will be greatly appreciated). Anarchy, even in its thinnest state at least lets the individual grow normally. This dog-eat-dog (manipulative) system will soon be the undermining of its own self.[...] Lastly, I ask you to consider publishing a request for any donations (that can be mailed to me, money orders only, as that's all they accept here at the prison) and to also add that I'm in need of a publisher (presently 2 books of poetry and about 12 short stories—mostly science fiction).

Mike Green #91B0273

POB 500

Elmira, NY 14902

Bisexual liberation

Dear *Anarchy*,

Thanks for publishing "Bisexuality" by Michael William (*Anarchy*, Spring 1993). I liked the piece, and thought I'd try to give a bit broader perspective, as well as some updated contacts.

Michael talks about the pre-

dominance of women in the bi movement. This partly reflects the focus of his sources (the *Bi Any Other Name* and *Closer to Home* anthologies). The long-standing activists in the bi movement have mostly been women, usually women who came out of the lesbian feminist movement (although several activist bi men were lost to AIDS in the 1980s). There is not really an equivalent bi men's milieu; bi men tend to be part of mixed-gender bi communities, although men's bi groups certainly exist. There does not seem to be as much politicization of sexual identity among men. Interestingly, the prevailing stereotypes are that bi women are "really straight" whereas bi men are "really gay"; bi men are often seen as closet-cases, but are usually not regarded as traitors to "the cause."

Given this background, the prevailing assumption has been that bisexuals are part of a larger gay/lesbian/bisexual movement, and the focus has often been, as Michael says, achieving recognition and acceptance from gay men and lesbians. The *Closer to Home* anthology concentrates on the attempt to reconcile lesbians and bi women, and this seemed to be a major focus when I came into the bi community in the mid-1980s, but today the focus is changing.

Many young people now coming into the bisexual milieu adopted bisexuality as their first sexual identity, and did not experience the same type of conflict with, or exile from, the lesbian or gay movements, nor the same pressure to hide their bisexuality in order to fit in. Several other milieus, for example anarchist, pagan, science fiction fandom, transgender, and s/m, have always included large numbers of bisexuals, people who commonly do not identify primarily with gay/lesbian communities. As the bi movement expands, more of these people are coming into bi communities, and this influx is shifting the focus away from an automatically assumed association with gay men and lesbians. It is becoming more common for bis to ask, what are our unique concerns as bisexuals, and how can we work as allies on shared issues with gay men and lesbians



Graphic by Mark Neville (POB 3187, Fremont, CA. 94539-0318).

while maintaining our bi identity and focus.

At the same time, the gay/lesbian movement has become assimilationist and is no longer at the cutting edge of the movement for sexual liberation. The gay/lesbian movement is more often concerned with gaining mainstream acceptance while asking other sexual and gender minorities to stay in the closet so as not to make the movement "look bad." Many bisexuals are instead interested in building a movement for free erotic and gender expression and progressive political change in general, and are eager to work with all who share this vision, regardless of their sexual or gender identity. As Naomi Tucker writes in *Anything That Moves* (#4): "...we bis should be supporting not only transgender issues but also s/m, non-monogamy, alternative families, anarchy, sex work, radical feminism (in the original sense, not the anti-porn and social purity advocates who have more recently appropriated the term), HIV activism, disability awareness, sex positive environments—and other issues that are negatively targeted or ignored within the lesbian/gay 'mainstream' and heterosexual communities."

For some, "queer" encompass-

es this broader vision, but others prefer newer labels with less baggage, such as pansexual, polysexual, or omniseual (especially since gay men and lesbians often seem undecided about who they're including when they use the queer label). As Mykel Board states in a letter to *Anything That Moves* (#4)—referring to the magazine, but I think also to the bi movement as a whole: "It should be a joyful celebration of all kinds of sex. It should not try to build walls of 'community' around itself, but invite people to join in tearing down their own walls...to challenge the monosexual world to shed its inhibitions. If we're going to be as boring, insular and pedantic as they (the gay and lesbian movement) are, why bother?" For many bisexuals (as well as anarchists!) there is a growing disenchantment with the artificial divisions and political limitations of identity politics. Some eschew labels altogether, considering them part of the problem rather than part of the solution. Adding one more box labeled "bisexual" to the existing dichotomy of "gay" and "straight" does not really move us very far ahead in the quest for freedom of identity and action.

As a sidenote, I do not see the contradiction Michael seems

to envision between bisexuals and anarchists and people who practice s/m. In fact, the s/m milieu seems to contain far more bisexuals and anarchists than the general population does. Much s/m play is not genitally-focused and there is often a minimal emphasis on gender; many people do s/m play with both sexes though they identify as gay, lesbian or heterosexual. The issue of power is complex and difficult to explain concisely, but I'll say here that the accoutrements and roles of s/m are often not what they appear to be to an unfamiliar observer. As Susan Farr writes in *Coming to Power* (a lesbian s/m anthology), "Our society tolerates and advocates both indiscriminate and systematic violence where consent is absent (rape, war), but issues stringent taboos against consenting adults exploring the complexities of power and sexuality...I believe that apparent paradox is due to our society's wishing to withhold experience with and knowledge about power from most people so that abuse of power by elites can be protected.

The bi movement/milieu has become large enough and diverse enough for bisexuals to feel empowered to work for their own liberation. For many,

the events surrounding the April 1993 March on Washington were a last straw. The word "bi" was included in the name after some intense debate, but there was little real inclusion. Many bisexuals would rather spend their energy building their own movement than struggling for inclusion against unwilling gay men and lesbians. There is also a resistance to the current gay movement strategy of claiming that we're "born that way." Many bisexuals experience their sexuality as fluid and in some cases quite consciously chosen. Biology-based theories often completely ignore bisexuality, and it's difficult to take seriously a theory that denies your existence.

Michael's criticism of the bi movement's leadership fetish is right on the mark. Some of the most ardent bi organizers are quite intent on having spokespersons and "bisexual positions" on myriad issues (which often end up as mere rubberstamping of "gay and lesbian positions"). This was seen at the recent meeting of BiNet, a national bisexual organization, preceding the March on Washington. Some of the BiNet national coordinators had issued a statement favoring gay inclusion in the military without

finding out what the grassroots bi sentiment really was. At the meeting several people insisted that there could be no "bisexual position" unless it came from the broad base of the movement, and there certainly was nothing approaching consensus on an issue as controversial as participation in the military. There are a number of explicit anarchists in the organized bi movement, and there have been since its inception. The 1993 national bi conference featured keynote addresses by Starhawk, an anarchist witch, and Elias Farajé-Jones, who declared himself an anarchist and an anti-militarist. It remains to be seen whether a traditional organization or a decentralized consensus-based model will prevail. My point is that the emphasis on leadership is not universal nor pre-determined, and could certainly be changed if more anti-authoritarian bisexuals were to make their voices heard.

Michael is correct that there is little specifically anti-statist and anti-capitalist sentiment from a bisexual perspective. In fact, the only such critique I know of is a piece by Lucy Friedland and myself called "The Fine Art of Labelling: The Convergence of Anarchism, Feminism, and Bisexuality" in *Bi Any Other Name*. For the most part, bisexual political commentary has focussed on the politics of sexual identity and gender rather than a more comprehensive social and cultural critique. I think it is highly likely that as the bi milieu grows and develops, a mainstream assimilationist movement focussed on bi civil rights will evolve, and a smaller more broadly focussed radical opposition will grow along with it, as is the case with most other identity-based movements. I fully expect that bisexual anarchists will continue to be an important part of that opposition.

The following are some updated and additional contacts:

► The Boston Bisexual Women's Network (publisher of BiWomen newsletter), the Bisexual Resource Center (formerly the East Coast Bisexual Network), and a gender-inclusive group called Biversity can now be reached at POB 639, Cambridge, MA.

02140, phone 617-338-9595. This is also the address to request the *International Directory of Bisexual Groups* which lists bi groups in 43 U.S. states and 13 other countries.

► BiNet USA can now be reached at POB 7327, Langley Park, MD. 20787-7327. There is hope that their newsletter will become a forum for broader-based discussion and decision making, which up to now has happened at annual national conferences.

► *Anything That Moves* is a magazine put out by the Bay Area Bisexual Network, but it has a non-local focus, including articles on bi theory and culture. The address is 2404 California Street, San Francisco, CA. 94115.

► The 1994 BiNet annual meeting and international bisexual conference will take place in New York City on June 24-25, in conjunction with the Stonewall 25th anniversary march. In addition to discussions on organization building, there will be workshops on gender, alternative relationships, sex positivism and many other topics. The BiNet address above can be used as a contact for these events.

Liz A. Highleyman
520 Beacon St. #1B
Boston, MA. 02215

No "innocent affection"

Dear Jason,

Responding to your request for opinions on the "Pedophilicidal" letter from C.B., Lexington, KY., who threatened violence to pedophiles if he found any (*Anarchy* #37, Summer 1993).

This man is overcompensating for his own repressed and possibly subconscious pedophilic desires. Thus, the violent thoughts toward pedophiles, the clenched teeth, the need to puke, etc.

This man should not be teaching. There should never be any "innocent affection" such as hugging and kissing between teacher and pupil, certainly not male teachers. Although some avant-garde educators disagree, the true professional will confine his/her affection to benign behavior and accepting and ap-

proving of the child and his/her work as they teach.

Most sincerely,

Molly Gill, Largo, FL.

PS: To not publish this type of letter would be to remove a valuable learning experience for all. Further, I totally agree with M. Annette Jaimes of Boulder, CO. (pp.72-73, "Racism & sexism") and would like to know how I can get her paper—*New Studies on the Left*.

Nobody to write to

Hello!

[...] I've started my own zine, called *CONstipation*, dealing with prison issues, and totalitarian attitude behind the walls. I also throw in some humor, whatever. I need contributors, and welcome your readers to send me anything they'd like to see in print. Cartoons, letters, whatever. Subscriptions are free to contributors. I'll send you a copy when issue #1 is complete.

I'd still like to receive *Anarchy* if you can swing it. Another thing—can you print a request in your letters section for correspondence? I've got nobody to write to, other than my friend Avram in Seattle. Maybe your readers could drop a note, or two? I don't bite—I only destroy state property!!

Keep it up, tear it down,
Ron Campbell #N-30537
POB 112
Joliet, IL. 60434-0112

Break the cycle, man!

Dear Jason, and all at *Anarchy*,

It seems to me that a sensitive issue has been touched upon with this intergenerational sex thing in the *Anarchy* letters section. I applaud your decision to stop printing letters containing violent threats against pedophiles and others. I myself was subjected (as were most of us) to the ongoing legally mandated abuse known as compulsory education. And, though as a child I had violent fantasies of revenge against my teachers, and as an adult I still hold a grudge against these people, I do not advocate violence against people, like C.B. in Lexington, KY., who are consciously planning on becoming an oppressor of chil-

dren.

Although as a child I did not have sexual relations with an adult, and as an adult have not had the desire to have sex with a child, and thus feel unqualified to add much to the debate on intergenerational sex, I did have first hand experience with elementary school teachers. These well meaning professionals set about the task of beating any free creative spirit out of me when I was only 5 years old. This cycle of abuse continued until I was thrust into the hands of the middle school teachers. Of course no one asked me if I wanted to go to school; once there against my will, no one asked what I wanted to do. My point is that every day children are being oppressed and abused in countless ways and it seems silly to focus only on sex as a form of possible abuse—especially non-violent and non-coercive (if indeed that's possible) sexual relations. However, there is no doubt that elementary school is a coercive institution—children are simply not given a choice to go or not go to school. So I say to you C.B., as a potential elementary school teacher: do not become one of the oppressors of children—"Break the cycle man, break the shit out of it!"

R.L.C., St. Louis, MO.

PS: I've been reading *Anarchy* since '84 and it just keeps getting better all the time! Keep up the good work—it's needed.

Misinformation

Dear Folx at *Anarchy*,

We are writing to clear up some of the misinformation that appeared in the May issue of *Anarchy*.

You printed a letter from us, as well as responses from Doug Imrie, Michael William and Larry Deck. Some of the discussion focussed on censorship and your printing letters from racists. Most of it criticized Alternative Bookstore and the members of its collective. (Although this can't be very interesting to anyone who isn't involved with the bookstore, some of it needs clearing up because it just ain't so.)

About our original letter.

Doug writes: "the letter itself was not brought to a meeting for approval before it was mailed, despite the fact that it supposedly spoke for the whole collective. So most of the members weren't even aware of its specific content until after it was sent."

This is false. The letter was shown and discussed at two meetings and everyone who was present approved. Doug knew of these meetings but chose not to attend, just as he had chosen to remain absent from meetings for several months prior to this. This accounts for some of his clueless insights as to what transpires at the bookshop.

Next point: we will be the first to admit that we are financially strapped and often unable to place big orders. However, despite the expense of French anarchist material (inferior discounts and no returns for credit of unsold merchandise) we routinely place orders and maintain French anarchist literature as priority stock.

As to Michael's complaints of censorship, we feel that it is well within our mandate to not stock merchandise that we find oppressive whether or not the authors are considered to be anti-statists. Indeed, far from being a champion of freedom of speech, Michael resigned from the bookstore collective following a decision to stock a Marxist newspaper which he had wanted banned.

In regards to the "exposé" of a certain anti-fascist working at the bookstore, we find Michael's zeal in revealing hitherto private knowledge about his political activities to be deplorable. Exposing people's political involvement in anonymous radical projects is bad security and can put them in personal danger. When a collective member brought this to Michael's attention he was told that "If people want to be professional anti-fascists they have to learn to take risks." We feel that this speaks for itself.

For anyone interested in the goings on at Alternative Bookshop and in collective meetings over the past several years: we do not intend to refute every accusation that has been levelled against us, nor to en-

gage in year-long debates in the *Anarchy* letters section. We would merely encourage everyone to take what has been written about us with a grain of salt and to get in touch with us if they're interested in our side of the story.

From the Librairie Alternative
Bookshop Collective,
2035 Boul. St-Laurent
Montréal, Québec, H2X 2T3
Canada

Michael William replies:

Alternatives a shambles

Doug Imrie's letter in *Anarchy* (Fall '93) addresses the part of the Bookshop's letter that is directed at him. I would only clarify that the Bookshop's original letter to *Anarchy*, which was written by anti-anarchist Karl Levesque, was not brought to a meeting nor was a copy left at the Bookshop for members to consult before it was made public (stapled into *Anarchy*).

It is accurate that Doug missed a number of meetings for a period. But he was the only member of the collective to take a principled stand against censoring anti-statist literature at the Bookshop, the only one to object to censoring the New Zealand anarchist journal *The State Adversary*, the only one to object when the anti-state communist journal *Wildcat* was permanently banned, the only one to object to Karl Levesque's slanderous letter to *Anarchy* at a meeting, the only one to object to stocking redfascist (Stalinist) material. No wonder Doug felt marginalized and alienated in this "anti-authoritarian" project.

The Bookshop mentions an incident concerning what they vaguely term "a Marxist newspaper." I should clarify that this occurred before any of the members of the present collective were working there. Between 1982 and 1985 the Bookshop had a policy of not stocking the journals of political organizations which aimed to form states. This policy was later formally reinstated. The period the Bookshop refers to, seven or eight years ago, was a period of flux. Some people left shortly after this incident and some had a negative attitude about nationalism, so I was surprised at their position concerning the journal. I should

also mention that I was working at two anti-authoritarian bookshops at the time, or I wouldn't have left Alternatives. When the other bookshop folded and I attempted to rejoin Alternatives, I was refused reentry by the clique which is presently in control although many other people in the collective at that time wanted me to come in. (For more information about this period, see the letters in *Anarchy* #36 and Doug Imrie's letter in *Anarchy* #38 about his expulsion from the Bookshop).

An anarchist bookshop is a specifically anarchist project. In other words it is not a leftist bookshop; it is not obliged to be a mouthpiece for every faction on the left. We are under no obligation—out of confused liberalism or sheer stupidity—to help Marxist organizations set up states. Which, in the case of the journal the Bookshop refers to, *By Any Means Necessary*, the journal of the New Afrikan People's Association, entails creating a "socialist Republic of New Afrika" in "primarily the states of Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina."

At the period of the *By Any Means Necessary* controversy, legitimizing racial separatism was an idea which was being parachuted into the Bookshop from the outside. In contrast, via Karl Levesque, who plays a key role in formulating Bookshop policy, this leftist separatism has now penetrated the collective and is even apparently being used as a PC litmus test! Levesque also legitimized this outlook in a letter published in *Love and Rage*.

The Bookshop evokes a hypothetical threat to Levesque's safety posed by a controversy in a periodical published in another country. But the threat he poses to the anti-statist milieu is not hypothetical; he has already played a pivotal role in politically wrecking Alternatives, the only (ex)anarchist bookshop in Canada, and continues to specifically target the anti-authoritarian milieu. In a letter to *Love and Rage* Levesque berated anarchists, calling them "peculiarly alienated" if they decline to support statist national liberation rackets. Levesque has also repeatedly passed himself off as an anarchist although he acknowledges that he is not one—another clear threat to

our security. His specifically anti-anti-statist outlook is well known locally (I quoted some examples in my letter in *Anarchy* #36, such as his statement to me acknowledging that his review of an Anarchist Youth Federation get-together was an "anti-anarchist rant"). The Bookshop says that it was "bad security" to reveal that the author of this anonymous attack was in reality a notorious ex-anarchist-turned-anti-anarchist. However, I continue to feel that it was important to do so—for our security.

The Bookshop attempts to paint me as an anti-anti-fascist. But as I clearly stated in my letter to *Anarchy*, "as anti-authoritarians and anarchists, we're anti-fascists too." In the quote the Bookshop refers to, I was just stating the obvious—that anti-fascist activity is not risk-free. When racists started to bait a man of color in a local restaurant, for example, the situation ended up with people duking it out in the street outside. I did not have to get involved but chose to participate. As things turned out, I ended up on top of a racist and incapacitated him; things could well have ended up the other way around.

And my use of the word "professional" should be understood in context—one of sarcasm in Levesque's case—contrary to their assertion that the quote "speaks for itself." As the Bookshop well knows, for me and others Levesque is basically a bureaucrat. His game is specializing in an issue (first it was youth lib, now anti-fascism) and presenting himself as an expert in order to accumulate power. As Doug Imrie puts it in his letter, the core Alternative people "hope to reach positions of modest power in public life by treading on other people, starting in Alternatives."

Internationally, the official anti-racist milieu has repeatedly attempted to prevent people from attacking far-rightists. This was the case in Montreal at a demo (sponsored by Alternatives among others) called to protest the presence of representatives of the French Front National. When people threw things at a building in which far-rightists were holed up, organizers pleaded with them over the PA system to desist. When it was learned that Nazi skins were lurking nearby, demo security people

attempted to prevent us from attacking the Nazis. I was grabbed by a security goon and had to wrench myself free in order to continue after the skins (who got away).

Despite the impression given by the Bookshop, there are only a few anarchist periodicals there and little anti-statist literature of any type. Meanwhile, garbage like the organs of the US and French communist parties is now being stocked. The project is in a shambles, in my opinion, and in that of many other local people.

Michael William,
C.P. 1554, Succ. B.
Montréal, Québec,
Canada H3B 3L2

Almost totally neutered

Dear *Anarchy*,

People in this society are almost totally neutered in their ability to express themselves violently and get away with it. The state has taken over this role, and holds a monopoly on violence.

However, there is one area in which people have been granted the right to express themselves violently—in their relations with so-called "child molesters." This is similar to the German Krystalnacht (sorry—can't spell it) when a neutered German public was encouraged to express itself violently against the Jews.

It is my belief that a neutered, "civilized" public can be convinced to commit violence against almost any minority. The state demonizes the minority and then encourages an otherwise neutered public to commit violence against that minority.

I wonder—does the state need a demonized minority? Obviously man has violent tendencies. Perhaps, to keep good order, the state needs some minority for the public to vent its anger on. The venting of the anger is a sort of masturbation—it brings relief to a society that otherwise "can't get any."

Currently so-called "child molesters" function as sacrificial lambs for society. In other eras it was Jews, Blacks, Indians, the Irish, Communists, and Anarchists. In earlier days it was protestants and, before that,

Christians. All these groups have been defined, at one time or another, as *the* thing that is undermining an otherwise wholesome society. In fact it is the venting of the anger (against whatever group) that keeps the society "wholesome." Otherwise the society would disintegrate into...anarchy.

Keep up the great work. I don't mind reading the "Kill all the child molesters" letters. They verify my thesis as stated above. They are evidence of the evil nature of the authoritarian state in which we live. Consensual relations between so-called "adults" and children undermine the social order. A child is not quite the property of her parents

if she can live with the man next door.

Andrew Roller, Sacramento, CA.

An Unrepentant Pedophile,
Hereafter A.U.P. II

PS: Don't be mistaken, this is not *the* An Unrepentant Pedophile, just a quick & cheap knockoff.

Race is no fiction

Editor,

Neal Keating (*Anarchy*, Summer 1993) asks the musical question, "What is a Race?" which leads me to wonder: What is a Neal Keating?

"Race is a fiction," pontificates Keating. But the way he "argues" for this claim suggests that

Keating either thinks that *everything* is a fiction, which is absurd, or that he is very mixed up regarding race.

Under the subhead, "The Biological Concept of Race," Keating quotes Ludwig Wittgenstein: "Look and see whether there is anything common to all, and if we do that we will not see something that is common to all, but similarities, relationships, and a whole series of them at that."

For the benefit of your readers who have not studied philosophy, I'd like to point out that when Wittgenstein made that statement, he was *not* attempting to demolish the concept of race." Indeed, he was not attempting



Mark Neville

to demolish any concept at all. He was, in fact, talking about *games*. And he was arguing that the word (or concept) "game" is not based on all games having something in common. He was *not* arguing that, therefore, the concept of "game" is a fiction.

Since Neal Keating has invented at least one game that I know of (see the Loompanics Fall 1993 Supplement), I'd be amazed if he was (mis)interpreting Wittgenstein as having demolished the concept of "game." But if not, then what is Keating's point in quoting this statement by Wittgenstein? Wittgenstein's statement does *not* demolish the concept of "race," any more than it demolishes the concept of "game." If anything, Wittgenstein's statement demolishes Keating's feeble attempt to demolish the concept of "race."

According to Keating, "Skin color is the primary unit upon which [racial] type has been based." Oh really? Here's what Voltaire wrote about Negroes in *Le philosophie de l'histoire* (1765), "Their round eyes, their flat nose, their lips that are always thick, their differently shaped ears, the wool of their head, even the measure of their intelligence, place prodigious difference between them and other *espèces* of men." Contrary to the dogma of simpleminded and ignorant anti-racists, racial differences do *not* consist only (or primarily) of differences of skin color.

According to Keating, "All it takes are two people from different 'races' coming together and producing a baby to destroy the [racial] type."

Bullshit.

If a molecule of oxygen combines with a molecule of carbon to form a molecule of carbon monoxide, does this suffice to destroy oxygen and carbon as types of elements? Of course not.

If a member of the species *Homo sapiens* gives birth to a mutant, does this suffice to destroy *Homo sapiens* as a type (species)? Don't be ridiculous.

By the same token, if two people of different races produce a mixed-race baby, that does *not* suffice to destroy the

racial types involved.

If this is the best that Keating can do in attempting to demolish the concept of "race," then he might as well admit defeat right now.

L.A. Rollins
Port Townsend, WA.

Neal Keating replies: No empirical legitimacy

The Wittgenstein quote was used to make the point that a single term (or concept) might have no singular thing to which it refers. Whether that term is "race" or "game," the point is the same: when the process of signification breaks down, when words lose their correspondence to that which they refer, or when those referents have simply ceased to exist (if they ever did); those are the moments in which those words and concepts lose all legitimacy. Rollins seems to think Wittgenstein is not out to demolish the concept (or word) "game." But what does that little quote do if not call into question the singular ground on which the singular term is founded? Rollins fails to say exactly what a Wittgensteinian game *is* based on, probably because he does not know. This is curious. After all, he is the one with the philosophy degree. I do not think I am misinterpreting Wittgenstein, nor do I buy Rollins' presumption of a proper interpretation. There is no such beast. What you have instead are a multitude of interpretations which compete with each other for legitimacy, mainly through their ability to convince. At this point Rollins lacks such ability. He is too busy dodging the implications of my "musical question."

But it gets worse for Rollins, who then quotes Voltaire on "Negroes" (Voltaire who never even went to Africa), and then proceeds to compare humans with oxygen and carbon molecules (humans are animated organisms subject to adaptational and evolutionary changes while oxygen and carbon are inorganic elements which are stable). He is the pedant without a clue, a phenomenon I have come across more than once in this *milieu*.

Tell me this, if skin color is/was not the primary trait determining the racial category, why did Vol-

taire call them *Negroes*? Of course, all kinds of European "scientists" like Voltaire made extensive lists of other traits, some of them even more idiotic than his (a 1993 classification typological scheme of "Niggers" offered by a klanman included the trait of "animal smell"). I would like to hear Rollins' list, but again, he fails to say what that would be.

The problem with racial theories based on lists of traits is that they do not correspond to any actuality. Voltaire could be comfortable with his trait list, mainly because in France there was little to disturb it. Had he actually travelled through subsaharan Africa, he would have been confused with those "Negroes" whose eyes were not round, whose noses were not flat, whose lips were not thick, etc.

A "mixed-race" baby destroys the racial type in that s/he will not exactly fit the morphological categorization. The point I was trying to make here—and obviously I did not make it strong enough—is that this "mixing of races" has been going on for hundreds of thousands of years, to the point that the idea of long separated genetically distinct groups of people (a general definition of race) is no longer tenable. No one ever entirely fits the bill for a given racial type. "An unmixed race is impossible, because no group has ever gone very long without getting some genes from other populations" (Weiss & Mann, 1990).

The racial type is also destroyed by genetic mutation, genetic drift, natural selection, and gene flow, in a word: evolution. Ever since Darwin, the knowledge of variation amongst organisms has grown into a very strong argument against the kind of typological ideology Rollins seems to be arguing for. Pick up any basic text on physical anthropology or evolutionary biology and you can get the details. On evolutionary biologist writes that "To Linnaeus and other early biologists, species were immutable units created in the beginning by God. Variation within species represented mere imperfections in creatures, that, but for the faults of the material world, would conform to the type, the platonic "idea." This conception of variation as an unimportant epiphenomenon carried over into the thinking of early taxonomists,

who established a system of taxonomic practice in which specimens were assigned to a species if they conformed to the type specimen, or holotype, on the basis of which the species was originally described. By the mid-nineteenth century, this practice was extended to geographic races, which were named and classified as if they were discrete unvarying entities.

"To dismiss variation as unimportant and to classify specimens into discrete categories is a manifestation of essentialism, a world view that Mayr (1963) has called typological thinking. It is the kind of thinking that dichotomizes: either/or, black/white, good/evil, normal/abnormal" (Futuyma 1986).

The dawning realization that observed human variation, on both genetic and morphological levels, could not be explained in terms of racial typologies, has been with us for more than thirty years. The conclusion that says human variation occurs to a much greater degree *within* a population, rather than *between* populations is strongly supported by a lot of research in molecular genetics and physical anthropology.

What I find amazing is that typological ideology continues to enjoy currency at all, and even more amazing is its apparent upswing amongst supposed anarchists, especially those with pink skin. Of what use can the embrace of racial constraints have to anyone trying to break the social constraints that they find oppressive?

Racial theories based on type developed before Darwin and before anthropology. As a result they lack any sort of evolutionary perspective with regards to variation. Thus they lack any empirical precision. And what they lack they have made up for in explaining and legitimizing numerous waves of genocide and enslavement.

If people want to go on believing in racial theories, go right ahead. But do not try to give them some kind of empirical legitimacy, for there is none.

Homage to Catatonia

When Manolo Gonzalez waxed nostalgic over Barcelona during the Spanish Civil War, and the supposed libertarian revolu-

tion in Catalonia, he says a lot about the liberal bourgeois nature of his anarchist ideology. His memoirs show the effectiveness of anarchist organizations and ideology as weapons for capitalist law and order against the possibility of a proletarian revolution in Spain in the 1930s ("Life in Revolutionary [sic] Barcelona," *Anarchy* numbers 35 and 36).

"Revolutionary" peasants in the countryside overthrew their landlords but refrained from overthrowing their neighbor's landlords because this would have been authoritarian. Some collectives did function according to the authentic communist principle "from each according to their ability, to each according to their need," in other words, allocating socialized wealth without money or other forms of market exchange mechanisms.

But even these collectives for the most part failed to set up a systematic way to freely distribute all the products of production in the region of the so-called revolution. After getting rid of the money system, many collectives wound up issuing new currency to allow a capitalist form of exchange to continue between rural collectives and urban areas.

For Gonzalez, the social content of the so-called Spanish Revolution was the same as what is found in any other capitalist class society, only the proles were more fond of wearing uniforms, waving red and black flags, and were supposedly happier toiling in democratized workplaces. His "social revolution" had no social content that made it qualitatively different from any other capitalist society. To Gonzalez and other anarcho-sentimentalists, "revolution" doesn't mean destroying the state and attacking the core social relations of capitalism, the wages system, money and the market economy. It apparently means nothing more than a large number of people deciding to call themselves anarchists and deciding to call the world of bourgeois work and war anarchy, in a "revolution" that never overthrew capitalism or the state.

Early in the series of two articles Gonzalez establishes his

middle class credentials, and the consistency of his anarchism with bourgeois politics. His grandfather is identified as a Catalan nationalist and an anarchist. No contradiction is evident here. This anarchist-nationalist was also the owner of a business. This should be a source of inspiration to small businessmen everywhere.

The society described by Gonzalez, at the height of anarchism's influence in Catalonia, was a society where proletarians were compelled to sell their labor power in exchange for wages in a market economy, under the rule of a democratic state. Anarchist ideological patriots can paint all the circle-A's on this that they want but that doesn't alter the capitalist and counter-revolutionary nature of this situation.

As opposed to the communist objective of a non-market, direct allocation of resources according to need, even his cat Rataplan was a wage-slave. "...he accepted his food in exchange for catching mice(!)" Gonzalez's pro-wage labor perspective is so delirious that he is unable to see anything absurd in this.

It would be virtually impossible to overthrow capitalist relations of production without simultaneously destroying the central focus of capitalist power, the state. In "revolutionary" Spain, commodity relations and the State remained intact. The police and the military remained intact. The state was not overthrown. In a triumph of anarchist subjectivity, the anarchist organizations announced in the pages of the CNT newspaper *Solidaridad Obrera*:

"...the government has now ceased to be a repressive force exercised against the working class, just as the state is no longer the organ dividing class society. And both shall cease even more to repress the people because of the intervention of CNT elements in them." (Nov. 4th, 1936)

For all their feeble and tedious anti-statist rhetoric the state was okay, as long as the anarchist and confederal organizations could trade the loyalty of several million potentially revolutionary proletarians for a few

cabinet ministers' slots.

The much ballyhooed workers' self-management and "libertarian communism" deified by Gonzalez did not in the vast majority of cases escape capitalist social relations. Workers' self-management was, for the most part, nothing more than a management strategy on the part of anarchist workers for preserving production and labor discipline within a wholly capitalist framework of wage labor and commodity production. Workers went to the same jobs they'd had before July 19, 1936, but under the system of self-management the working class was sold an ideological investment in their own exploitation.

The granting of formal juridical possession of enterprises to democratic assemblies of workers, by a temporarily enfeebled state plotting the resurrection of its repressive capabilities, or the seizing of control of enterprises by wage workers who run the enterprises on a basis of wage labor and commodity production, is worse than meaningless. Even the possession of enterprises by armed workers only becomes revolutionary when combined with armed struggle against the state. If armed struggle against the state comes to a halt before the state has been destroyed, the revolution has come to an end. This is one way in which the Russian Revolution failed on a higher level than the proletarian movement in Spain. The old state was destroyed, and it took several years for the Bolsheviks to consolidate their new capitalist state against the revolutionary movement in Russia.

The concrete social measures championed by Gonzalez were no more radical than the social welfare measures of any well-intentioned liberal bourgeois state, for example the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua, with anarchist jargon instead of Leninist jargon. Attacks on religion, free education, sex education and "culture for the people" are well and good but none of them represents any threat to capitalism, to the economy and the state. They are the classical demands of the bourgeois liberalism of the Enlightenment, and

as such tend to indict the anarchist movement in Spain as a form of bourgeois radicalism, perhaps as a working class expression of Catalan nationalism, rather than the incredible breathtaking liberatory experience Gonzalez and his co-religionists make it out to be.

Gonzalez repeatedly mentions the (Stalinist) Communists "betrayal" of the revolution, "betraying" that after more than fifty years, like many anarchists, he still thinks of the Stalinists as degenerated comrades of this "Revolution" which preserved wage-labor and the pre-existing bourgeois state. We are led to believe by the ideological partisans of anarchism that anarchism was a dismal failure in the one area of the world where a large section of the populace had anarchist sympathies—because Stalinism proved to be insufficiently loyal to the anarchist ideal. Intellectually loyal to Catalanian anarchism, Gonzalez has learned nothing.

At the outbreak of the civil war the C.N.T. had a membership of something like two million people, the Spanish Stalinists had something like four or five thousand party members. How could the diabolical ersatz "Authoritarian Marxists" have been able to "betray" the "Revolution" without the passive, inept, or counterrevolutionary complicity of the glorious anarchist movement?

In what is perhaps the single most revolting section of his memoir, under the caption "Defending the Social Revolution," Gonzalez refers to a desire of his father and his anarchist comrades to make Catalonia a nation. These anarchists hoped their specious social revolution could be saved by the approaching bloodbath of world war, in which tens of millions of proletarians would be slaughtered in an intracapitalist war and libertarian Catalonia would be saved by an imperialist alliance with the British and French empires.

It is inconceivable that an authentic revolutionary movement like the Makhnovists in the Ukraine or the left-communist K.A.P.D. (Communist Workers Party of Germany) would have pinned the hopes of their revolu-

tion on alliances with British or French imperialism. Counter-revolutionaries often make alliances with imperialism. Revolutionaries can't. The nature of an authentic revolutionary movement excludes this. Gonzalez's uncritical presentation of this perspective, voiced by supposedly radical Catalan anarchists, serves unintentionally as a profound indictment of anarchism in the Spanish Civil War. The trajectory of the anarchist movement in Spain, at least as described by Gonzalez, is a wholly conservative, capitalist and counter-revolutionary one, one of the most sordid and pathetic trajectories in history.

Other contributions by Gonzalez have been equally dismal. His recent article on Peru didn't give any information that can't be found in any mainstream corporate rag like *Time* or *Newsweek*. Class war and any theories contaminated by Marx are al-

leged to offer nothing to the proletarians and indigenous peoples of the Andes. His solution to the horror western civilization has brought to the exploited classes of the Andes is a peace treaty and a charity program. After sixty years, Gonzalez remains loyal to the liberal bourgeois impulses that lay at the heart of much of anarchism. Max Anger, San Francisco, CA.

Manolo Gonzalez responds: The world has changed

Dear Jason,

Reading Max Anger's letter took me back to the '30s and '40s, when this kind of polemic was fashionable, even interesting. Now they are boring. Ask any kid in Los Angeles, Berlin, even lovely San Francisco.

For many years the Spanish Civil War has been an issue manipulated by the organs of propaganda of the Soviet Union. But

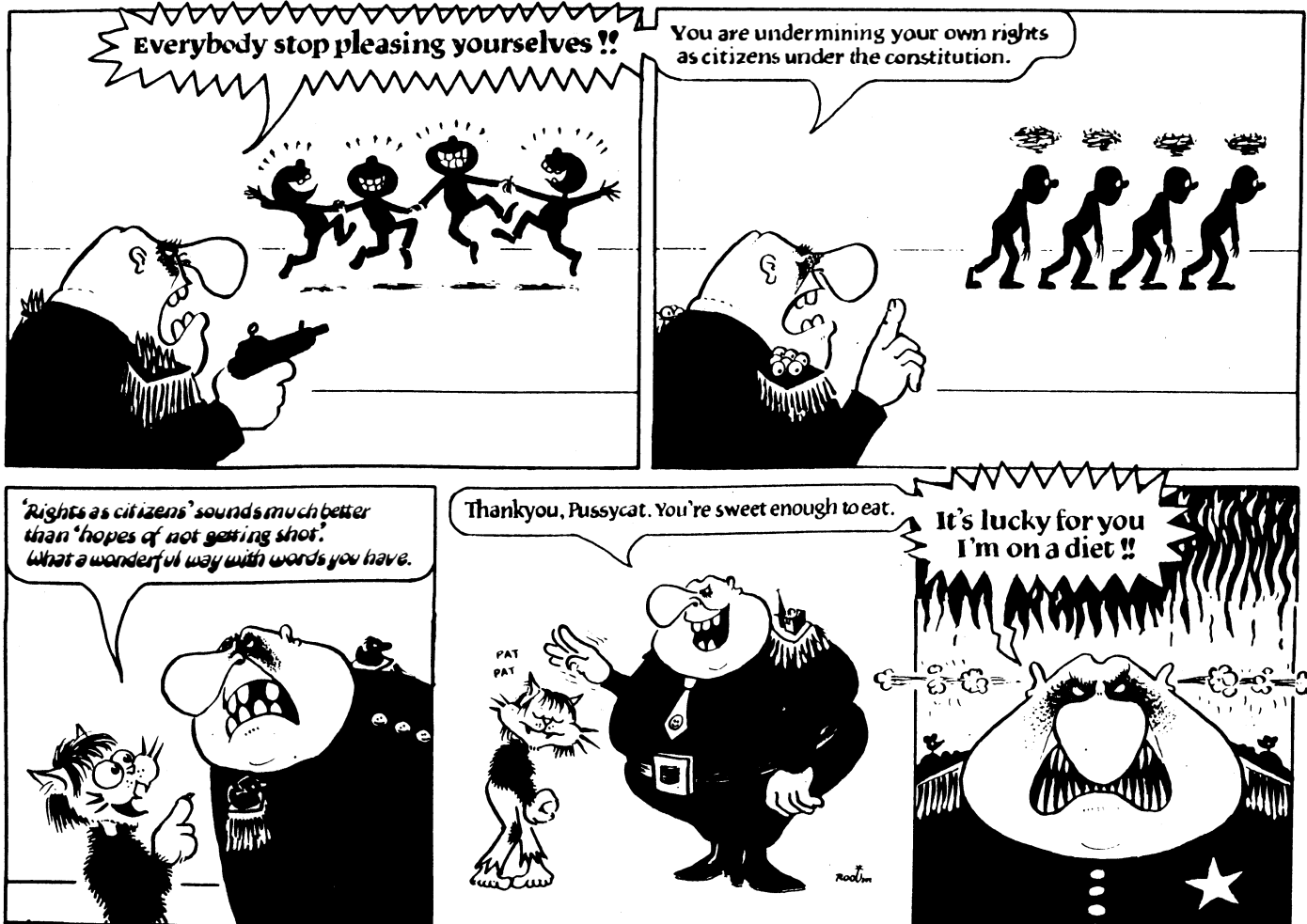
once Franco died, and writers, witnesses and participants of the events returned to Spain, a wave of opinions and interpretations of the war were published. These not only contradicted the Stalinist version but also brought out documents that exposed, in all its crudity, the role of the Soviet Union in bringing down the social revolution in Catalonia. Many books in Catalan and Spanish reveal the diplomatic maneuvering, chicanery and treason of the Stalinists.

Just one detail. Phillip Philby, the master Soviet spy, was on a mission next to Franco's headquarters in Burgos. Philby was using as a cover his credentials as a correspondent for a London newspaper. Stalin knew, all the time, the plans of the Fascists, but he never revealed them to the Republicans in Spain.

When Max Anger mentions nationalism with contempt, he must be thinking of svelte, monocled German Imperial Army officers in

spiked helmets (circa 1914), beefy bumbling redcoat British Generals, or, perhaps, aristocratic French officers full of arrogance, anti-semitism and syphilis. Maybe he is thinking, too, of your own AFL-CIO workers beating up anti-Vietnam war protesters and screaming, "America, love it or leave it!" That and much more, for lack of a better word, is called *chauvinism*. Militarism is the basic ingredient for this kind of pathology. You may have heard, "patriotism is the last resort of rascals."

Extending Anger's concept to its logical conclusion, he would be opposed to the American independence, a national liberation movement to create this nation. He must applaud the execution of the Irish nationalists by the British after the Easter insurrection in 1916. India should still be under British rule and Africa dominated by the French, Belgians, British and other Europeans, and, of course, he would hate the wars of



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independence of Latin America in the 1800s. The Vietnam war of liberation from the French and USA, according to Anger, was an aberration of nationalism. Anger must be totally opposed to the Palestinians having a homeland. The more I think about it, the more nationalist movements come to mind, including the Basques fighting for Euzkadi. Max should never get close to Puerto Rican nationalists, or Samoans or Hawaiians. Apartheid in South Africa must be supported, or those nasty African National Congress people and Mandela may take power. I wonder what Anger thinks of Malcolm X and the Black Nationalists in the USA? I'd better stop here.

In order to create socialism, libertarian-communism or any other Utopia, we must have a territory, with people, a common language, some degree of identity, and a common historical legacy.

The vague term "internationalist" that Marxists used many years ago has become the banner of international conglomerates to plunder Third World nations' natural resources. Don't be an ally to multinational corporations by bad-mouthing the national aspirations of oppressed people all over the world.

Why is Catalanian nationalism so abhorrent to Max Anger? Because it was supported by Anarchists, because it is contrary to ideological Marxist dogma, or, perhaps, because of a subtle kind of racism?

Those who have been fed the pabulum of Marxist doctrine for years can't chew the fact that the world has changed since the 19th century. The working class has changed, and now "worker" means anyone who produces. To see in Silicon Valley in the Bay Area the micro chips and electronic industry, and to get close to those workers is to know that we are getting near to the Platonic ideal, the first anarchism, that work should be play, the joy of creativity. A new form of leisure.

In a future issue of *Anarchy* I will review *The Spanish Civil War* by Burnett Bolloten, a book started in 1936 in the streets of Barcelona and finished in 1991, just before the death of the author. Filled with interviews taken during and after the Civil War, the book is the most

complete examination of the betrayal of Catalonia.

Max Anger published a song in *Anarchy* (Issue #35, Winter '93). That is what he thinks about how to bring social justice to our society.

Although my childhood was in civil war, exile and the killing of many members of my family, still I was happy to see the blueprints of a new society. Make no mistake Catalanian Nationalism, Federalism, Anarchism was one of the greatest moments of the century. Just as it was in 1871 in The Commune of Paris.

I am glad that I did not write about my cat Chairman Meow who used to pay attention when I played "The East is Red." Or my tabby Proudhon who believes that property is theft and eats with neighbors, sleeps in my house and is a sexual champion.

Max Anger knows very little about Latin America, about history. Peru's problems won't be solved by armchair revolutionaries. It will be the millions of descendants of the Incas, in Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia—Anarchists and Federalists—who will close the riches of the Andes to the international conglomerates.

Salud y revolucion!
Manolo Gonzalez

Killing the messiah

In order to rationalize events in Waco, a lot of rhetoric has been drawn from pop psychology. Koresh was "psychopathic," "sick," "suffered from paranoid delusions."

There was also a kind of theologization of Koresh, so that he was spoken of as if he was Satan: the fires which consumed him were the flames of Hell. Not the flames of a burning home. This kind of rhetoric, on the covers of magazines and on TV, suggests they defeated the Devil down in Texas. But nobody defeated Satan. There was no Satan in Waco. There were people.

We never penetrate the facades placed before us, representing the "truth" of Waco. Nowhere have I seen any serious discussion of the consequences if Koresh really was the messiah. I am not advocating this view. But if you're Christian, ask yourself

why you did not ask: Could this man be the messiah? Must the True Messiah abide by the laws of an imperfect nation-state? Does resistance to the FBI prove a man or woman is not the True Messiah? Now, very few people believe in a Coming Age. If there really is a "God," and if this God "sent" a divine incarnation to live among us, to usher in a millennium of perfect peace, would that Messiah get good press? Or would we simply kill him?

Something to think about, now that a man is dead.
E.R., Santa Barbara, CA.

New doors open

Dear *Anarchy* magazine,

I very much enjoyed your Summer 1993 issue. As the Soviet empire dissolves and the US becomes more and more self-conscious, it's good to see that anti-nationalism is still on the march around the world. As a former member of the IWW who watched the Marxists rant their way into psychotic states, I especially enjoyed Raoul Vaneigem's *Revolution of Everyday Life*.

I have just finished a play on the split between Hemingway and Dos Passos over Spain and the Stalinization of the Civil War. The play should be in production at AI's National Theatre by November. (They did my "Lenin in Love" comparing Krupskaya with Louise Bryant and introducing Lenin's lover Inessa Armant last year). I've buried myself in books on the Spanish Civil War including the CNT history in Spanish, but I now see you have a new contribution from Manolo Gonzalez.[...]

My next play is on the last years of Nestor Makhno. Readers who have special materials please write me. I'm also glad to see that you give Noam Chomsky a place to present his very important views. As the rusty doors of corrupt castles close new doors open and bring in light.

Warmest wishes for an *anarchic* year.

Ben Pleasants
245 Tavistock Avenue
Los Angeles, CA. 90049

Patriarchy or matriarchy?

Dear *Anarchy*,

Often accused of "oppressing" women, anarchist men are also cited as evil advocates of pornography. Anti-porn activists want us to believe that men who are sexually repressed to the point of finding relief in pornography are a dangerous threat to the self-esteem of women. That is analogous to arguing free-thinkers are a "dangerous" threat to neo-nazis.

What anti-porn activists are really saying about themselves is that they are closer to the ideology of right-wing fundamentalist fanatics than to the precepts of anarchism.

If fondling children constitutes "child abuse," what ought we say about mutilating male babies' genitals by involuntary circumcision shortly after birth? (Women perform such surgery too.)

Femi-anarchists refer to the oppressive patriarchy as if it is real. But the only real patriarchy around Western civilizations is the one ruled by women. American law, in fact, affirms the supremacy of the mother, legally requiring that a father's primary obligation be toward his "first family." Subsequent to divorce, ex-husbands are required to make payments first to ex-wives before paying for the needs of children by second or third marriages.

U.S. law defines the family unit in terms of the mother. But no matter how many children they have with a series of fathers, it is all one family. The ancient patriarchal focus was on the first son, but the contemporary matriarchal focus is upon the first mother. The denial of rights to unwed fathers is proof that we live in a social order more matriarchal than patriarchal. If a father does not first establish a legal relationship with the mother of his children, all legal rights to the children belong to the mother. In the West only mothers have direct legal parental relationships. The American matriarchal legal system defines "father" as "husband to the mother" rather than as parent to the child. The U.S. Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of a law which

decrees that a woman's husband, despite any lack of biological ties or parenting record, is "the father" simply because he was married to the mother when she gave birth.

Another example of how patriarchy oppresses us more than the mythological "patriarchy" is the fact that a woman can opt to abort a pregnancy, but a man who becomes an unwilling father has no right over his own body—he is required to pay (to use his personal time and money) for the support of any woman who chooses not to abort, and he is required by law to continue to pay for eighteen years.

California law provides further evidence of the supremacy of the mother in the clan or family. A mother can choose to give up her child for adoption, even though the father offers to provide a home.

A couple who produced an *in vitro* fertilization (test-tube baby) sued the hospital where the frozen embryo was destroyed by the laboratory administration. The couple won the suit, the mother received \$50,000 for the ovum, and the (evil, oppressive, patriarchal) father received \$3 for the sperm.

The evidence of patriarchy is ubiquitous, but like fish in the ocean, we can't see the water that is all around us. Feminists pretending to be anarchists complain that "men control women's bodies" while ignoring the law that requires only males to register for selective service in the military. (It is irrelevant but, unfortunately, necessary to point out that women more than men favor men-only registration and the majority of local draft board members are women.) They also choose to ignore the fact that "community property" and alimony laws punish men far more than women, and in effect make men the indentured servants of women.

Restraining orders issued on false allegations are a tool used by women to control men's bodies further. The female-oriented media have become a tax subsidized propaganda machine for embittered androphobes.

Recently CBS aired a movie called "Men Don't Tell," about

husbands who are physically attacked by their wives. Men who responded to a call-in number reported personal experiences in which police either do not respond to men who report such violence, or they arrest the man when they do respond.

If social scientists have failed to categorize correctly our own matriarchal contemporary social order, despite a wealth of available evidence, there is no reason to believe that they have correctly analyzed the very incomplete remnants of societies which have long since disappeared. We may or may not be descended from a simple patriarchy, but we certainly never lived in one ourselves.

J.M., Shingletown, CA.

Dead end job

Dear Editor,

[...] I am on the bottom of the socio-economic ladder and I think anarchists could benefit from an articulate description of the emotional toll exacted by a dead end job. I work at a McDonalds restaurant which is probably the most demeaning work environment imaginable. The owner/operator enforces policies that deliberately make it impossible for employees to succeed at their jobs and earn raises or promotions. Employees are asked to work understaffed shifts and are verbally abused for being unable to handle the required level of production. Often there is only one employee working three grills and assembly (making sandwiches) for as long as three hours in the morning. We are told that raises depend upon our management of waste rather than on the basis of merit. Management of waste should not be an employee's responsibility! The owner/operator clearly violates corporate policy to control his overhead at the expense of employees, customers, and the reputation of the franchiser.

I have slaved at McDonalds for over five years without a single raise or promotion because it is simply impossible to meet their petty-minded, ultra-strict standards for quality while at the same time being pressured to provide fast service

without the necessary number of crewpeople to get the job done. There is no way anyone could satisfy their ridiculous expectations and this fact neatly absolves them of any possible responsibility to give recognition or reward for hard work. They demand maximum effort for the minimum wage! McDonalds hires many young kids and far from teaching them responsibility this lousy job provides a cruel lesson in hopelessness and despair by demanding hard work without reward, creating a work environment in which failure is inevitable, and taking advantage of a poor economy and general lack of opportunity to lock wage slaves into undesirable, dead end jobs. It is not surprising that so many kids turn to drugs and alcohol when they are exploited and taught that even the greatest effort is futile and unrewarding. Fast food restaurants make a mockery of hope and achievement.

This is the future our politicians hold out for us all as they convert our military-industrial economy into a service economy. I urge anarchists everywhere to boycott and protest all franchise restaurants. Working at these places makes a person feel like a failure but it is the employer who insures and compounds that failure! It is an indescribably despicable and foul method of killing the spirit and leaving the individual too disheartened to make any effort to achieve goals. Although I would prefer not to pursue a radical agenda or protest I am too appalled and upset over my mistreatment to remain apathetic. Anarchists can take heart that ordinary citizens like myself are being goaded into action by our ever declining standard of living.

Sincerely yours,
Robert S. Robbins,
Williamsport, PA.

Great gobs of bunkum

Dear *Anarchy*,

It is my belief that the Nazis in the 1940s killed a large number of Jews, possibly even millions of them. I don't know this to be a fact, since I wasn't there and did not see it happen. I take the word of people who seem to

believe what they say. My self-image doesn't stand or fall according to whether or not the Holocaust happened; I can afford to extend to the Jews so much courtesy, if theirs does.

J.R. of N. Hollywood, California, in *Anarchy* #36 compared the word-war between the Jews and the anti-Semites with the word-war between scientists and creationists. There is some basis for the comparison, since in both cases a debate has raised clouds of dust over the bare facts of a matter, reducing the historical signal-to-noise ratio of such facts. However, lest the comparison be taken too far, I would remind J.R. that in science it is possible (if often expensive) to reaccomplish experiments and thereby reconstruct the whole body of theory. Science is built on experimental appeal to the authority of nature, and the results of such appeals are always fresh and immediate.

History, however, gets written by the winners. Our species has been saddled with great gobs of bunkum from the folks who claim descent from Abraham. This bunkum comes in three basic flavors: Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. If the Holocaust account has been fabricated, then it would fit the generically Biblical pattern of previous fabrications. And whereas a paranoid may see conspiracies where there are none, it is known that human beings will sometimes conspire, usually for the benefit of the conspirators.

It does indeed seem as if someone else is always paying the expenses of the Jews. The British taxpayer financed the chasing off of the Ottoman Turks and the partitioning of Palestine. The Palestinians involuntarily contributed the land that Israel currently stands on—Israel is in process of taking away the little bit of territory the native Arabs have left. And the American taxpayer has been, for about 30 years, stuck with the cost of military and economic assistance to Israel.

If the Holocaust is a false-tale, it would not require a large number of identifiable Jewish survivors who fell victim to mass delusion. It would be sufficient if they were a conspiracy of liars,

and the generations of Jews born later simply believed what their elders solemnly told them. Or perhaps several hundred Jews were murdered in Nazi concentration camps, and some other Jewish prisoners survived to "seed" the Holocaust story, which grew in the telling.

So, even though I believe that the Holocaust happened, and whereas I extend my heartfelt sympathy to the Jewish people for whatever reason they think that they've been put upon most lately, I want to say that I've paid quite enough money out of my own pocket so that Israel can be the bully of the Holy Land. Neither do I blame them for trying to use me as a financial bulwark to their defense. It is useless to punish someone for using force to avoid his own destruction, so it makes sense for the Israelis to try to use the U.S. Government to transform the fruits of the labor of American workers into tanks and missiles in Israel's arsenal. But I want the practice to stop—preferably now.

D.M., Stevenson, AL.

Un-sold out leftists

Dear *Anarchy*,

In response to your statement that all the leftists have sold out the world over is not true.

Check out the music of AMM, Chris Cutler, Tim Hodgkinson, Fred Frith, Robert Wyatt, Dagmar Krause, Lindsay Cooper, Phil Minton, Charles Hayward, (etc.), the Momes, the Work, (etc.). Their music can be had from Wayside Music, POB 8427, Silver Spring, MD. 20907-8427, USA and RER Megacorp, 46 The Gallup, Sutton, Surrey, SM2 5RY, UK (Phone: 081-770-2141/Fax: 081-642-6556), and These Records, 387 Wandsworth Road, London, SW8 2JL, UK (Phone: 071-622-8834/Fax: 071-682-3414).

Other new music, radical composers can be had through Edition RZ, Robert Zank, Leibnizstrasse 33, D-1000 Berlin 12, Germany, and RRRecords, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA. 01852, USA (Phone: 508-454-8002).

Thanks,
C.M., Springfield, IL.

Defending the KKK

I would like to comment on the article "Rank & File Radicalism within the Ku Klux Klan" by John Zerzan, which was printed in the Summer, 1993 issue of *Anarchy*.

I have studied the Ku Klux Klan for a number of years, and found this article to be fairly accurate. I say fairly accurate because nearly all articles, books, & manuscripts which have been written about the Klan, during the past 75 years have been written by avowed enemies of the organization. Therefore, nearly all material used for research on the subject is based on lies, or on half truths which have been twisted in order to make the Klan to appear in the light that the author wishes it to. Therefore, even the most conscientious researcher is going to be led astray from the outset, as a rule.

Bearing this in mind, John Zerzan has done a magnificent job & stands head & shoulders above the author of any article which I have read in recent years on this subject, in that he has managed to cut through the myths, propaganda, & politically inspired lies about the Klan, which are all that ever appear in the "mainstream" media. Mr. Zerzan should be heartily congratulated for his efforts to write the truth, when the truth is neither popular nor politically correct.

However, I must take exception to the "disclaimer" at the beginning of the article. Especially where you state that the "loathsome nature of the KKK today..."

I would have expected better of any anarchist publication because with the possible exception of the KKK, no one is lied about & misrepresented more by the mainstream media, government, etc. than the anarchist movement.

The legitimate Klan is not violent, nor is it any way involved with advocating or condoning illegal acts, or hatred of anyone. Yes, it is a Pro-Christian organization, & believes in racial separation. And, yes, the Klan believes that the laws of this country should be based on

Christian beliefs & that racial separation should be the norm.

But the legitimate Klan does not believe in hatred of other religions, or for that matter, atheists. And the legitimate Klan does not teach, or believe in, hatred of other races. Instead, it believes that every area should remain separate, to practice its own culture, study its own heritage & to be the best that it can be. It does not believe in forcing one race's culture on another, no matter what that race may be.

If you disagree with this, fine, I am not writing to apologize for, or to promote, the Klan. However, disagreeing with someone's beliefs does not make that "someone" loathsome.

The name "Klan," or "Ku Klux Klan" is in the public domain—anyone can use it. Just like "Baptist," "Democrat" or "Anarchist." Anyone, no matter how good or bad, how reputable or crazy, can start an organization using any of the above names; but this does not mean that their beliefs, or actions, are supported by the vast majority of "Klan," "Baptist," "Democrat" or "anarchist" organizations, or by individuals who consider themselves to be "Klansmen," "Baptists," "Democrats" or "Anarchists."

I personally know both "Klansmen" & "Anarchists" who in my opinion are totally nuts, & who would never be "claimed" by 99% of those in the "Klan" or "Anarchist" "movements." I also know both "Klan" members & "anarchists" who would be considered good, decent people by any reasonable person, even if they did not agree with the other's political beliefs.

There are approximately 250 "Klan" groups in the U.S. Most are good, sincere organizations. Some are run by the scum of the earth. Some are actually being run by government agents & anti Klan groups to discredit the legitimate Klan groups.

I do not know how many anarchist groups are operating in the U.S., but my experience has been that, like the Klan, some are totally sincere in their beliefs, & operate in a "morally correct," legal, & non-violent manner, while some are run by, & attract, outright lunatics,

whom most anarchists would never claim as their "own."

Apparently, whoever wrote the "disclaimer" for this article, wanted to be "politically correct" & just because it is popular to be anti-Klan, was afraid that simply telling the truth (to the author's ability) might be construed as an endorsement of the Klan. I doubt if such a "disclaimer" would have been written for many, if any, other groups. I would have expected an anarchist publication to realize the extent of the lies put out by the media & the gov't, as much as they lie about the anarchist movement, & to be willing to give other "politically incorrect" groups the benefit of the doubt. While you are not working for the same political goals, you are both equally maligned, & often by the same people, for the same reason. The "establishment" is afraid of anyone, or any group that does not toe the establishment line, because large masses of voters (& tax payers) just *might* start *listening* to them.
[...]

G.W., Kennedale, TX.

Nothing horrible

Dear C.A.L.,

In contrast to "kls" in L.A. [see *Anarchy* #37, p.77], I want to relate a different childhood experience. First of all, Paul wasn't my father. He was the friend of a friend's father and then my friend. My mother liked him, not in an amorous kind of way, but because he was intelligent and liked the way he related to my sister and myself. As for my father—we had very little contact with him. He lived in the North and wasn't very communicative. Anyway, I met Paul when I was eight and was very close to him through my teen years, really until I began dating seriously.

I remember doing with Paul just the kinds of sexual things that kls described with her father—my being on his lap and bouncing up and down, but there was nothing horrible going on. I remember our "first" time when he stayed at our house for a week when I was ten and my sister was in the hospital. One night, I went into his room and got into bed with him. I was

wearing pajamas and I got on top of him, positioning my vulva against his penis (which was also the first erect penis I saw). Then I rocked back and forth until I was satisfied. I think he must have been very surprised. Neither of us spoke a word while all this unfolded. He hadn't given me any invitation, I just invited myself. I remember doing this a dozen or so times with him after that. He never tried to penetrate me or force himself in any way. We also bathed together sometimes and kissed a great deal. It seemed very natural, not unspeakable. (My mum knew we bathed together, since we always did it at my house with the door unlocked.) I expect that some of our play may have been a bit frustrating to him, since I'm pretty sure that it led to his orgasm only once. (I, on the other hand, had orgasms on many occasions!)

Anyway, contrary to what many people might predict, Paul never made any demands on me, never insisted or even asked that I do anything sexual for him. I felt very safe with him. He taught me the importance of watching out for my pleasure and being in control. He made me feel very sexy and always treated me as a person.

Perhaps the reason my experience was different to kls's was because I never objected to our physicality. I chose mine. Paul wasn't my father. He lived nearby and visited frequently, but he never acted as if he had any power to make me do anything I didn't like. He was no more of an authority figure than any of my other friends. He was more respectful of me than some of the boys and young men my own age I later went with. I don't deny that kls had a negative experience—many people have, maybe even most people (who's counting?), but it doesn't seem to me very productive to insist that there is only one experience, that adults who "have sex" (whatever that means) with children are inherently evil (or good, for that matter). Power differences between adults (parents or other relations? friends? teachers? scoutleaders? priests? neighbors? strangers?) and children may be inherent, but they

10 WARNING SIGNS THAT YOU ARE AN EMPLOYEE

1. On Saturday and Sunday you are still waking up early for your morning commute.
2. When trying to open the door to your house, you find yourself using the key to your office.
3. While at home, you answer the phone in an official manner, citing the name of your company.
4. While at home, you find yourself smoking in the bathroom and leaving cigarette butts in the unflushed toilet.
5. You have a jar full of quarters next to the coffee machine in your kitchen.
6. You habitually frequent places of employment (stores, restaurants, malls—anyplace filled with employees).
7. You never drink until after five, even when someone else is buying lunch and you could stiff them with a large bill.
8. When behind a person paying with food stamps at the supermarket, you feel indignant and superior, telling yourself that "only weak people don't work—if he was a real man, he'd have a job."
9. You imagine yourself to have a physical dependency on work, believing that you would starve to death if you quit working. You even wonder if you'd have any friends if it wasn't for the co-worker bonding you did at the company picnic.
10. You find yourself oddly silent when others around you are mocking "Yuppies" and you notice that you only think about sex when the "Victoria's Secret" catalog arrives in the mail.

If three or more of the above describe you, you probably have a job and should seek help immediately!

Radio Werewolf, POB 75416, Washington, DC 20013

don't determine every particular set of relations, defined as they are by social roles and constructed by culture, history and personal experience. It seems to me that a relationship which is "liberating" is one in which both parties find meaning and pleasure. To me, this was not only possible, but reality.

M.N., Bristol, U.K.

Larger aspects troubling

Dear *Anarchy*,
Let me first say that I find

your magazine highly interesting and stimulating. It has really made me reflect on my own beliefs and critique them. So in that respect thank you.

But this magazine has also confused me.

I agree with all aspects of an anarchist social theory. By this I mean sexual freedom, anti-work, etc. I've always believed in an absence of government in private lives. It is just logical and it fills me with anger to know of all the scum on this planet that wants to interfere in people's

lives (Operation Rescue, anyone?).

But some larger aspects of "anarchy" are troubling me. For example, who would keep companies from dumping chemicals at will into rivers? I realize this is being done presently, but with no government the mechanism to stop this would be dismantled. I use this example because I know a great many of *Anarchy* readers are environmentalists. How do they rationalize this? I'm simply curious. I don't have enough faith in humanity to think that c.e.o.'s, loggers, and other earth-trashers will stop their destruction after being educated. I think that somehow they will have to be forced into action. Some power structure is necessary to do this. In an anarchist society, a militant group would have to be this power structure. So be it. But wouldn't that eventually defeat the purpose of anarchism? The group with the most guns would win and dominate. Then you'd have the old system of oppression back.

Well, *Anarchy* readers, I have posed my question. Maybe someone out there can settle this for me or rather lead me to my own conclusion.

And if it turns out that I'm not a true anarchist, I'll still buy your magazine. I love it and appreciate what you're doing.

Until the revolution,
Rob Schmitt, Sacramento, CA.

[Though there will never be any guarantees with any social system, there is a very important reason why there would almost certainly be much less dumping of chemicals in any society people might sensibly label an anarchist one. In the first place, any society with CEOs and corporate capitalist businesses would never qualify in most anarchists' eyes as in any genuine way being "anarchic." So there would be no need to "educate" these entities to prevent their dumping chemicals—as they automatically will always do in any capitalist system in which the (narrowly considered) costs of dumping chemicals are significantly less than the costs of not dumping. One essential feature of an anarchic society will be its concentrated efforts to eliminate as much

as possible the existence of what is usually called "the economy," in favor of a more integrated form of life in which production as a separate, alienated activity is transformed and reclaimed as communities eliminate wage slavery, (non-personal) property ownership, and commodity production. With communities reconstructing their own life-spaces and reinventing human relationships, there will be little or no incentive for most people to even conceive of despoiling their natural environment for short-term gain. Eliminating the reasons for chemical dumping will be far more effective than merely attempting to suppress dumping in a world where it is only economically "rational" to dump chemicals (in order to enhance one's own profits in a dog-eat-dog business world).
-Jason]

Necessary insults

Dear Editor,

The responses to my letter on rape (issue #36) were about what I expected: plenty of venom, but no attempt to address either the point I was ostensibly making or the point I was actually making. I *am* an anarchist, but I question whether *you* guys are. C'mon, "Jason aka L.C.," do anti-rape laws belong on that hit list of yours or not? If not, why not?

Since there seems to be a problem in understanding an argument if it is not expressed in a blindingly-glaringly-obvious literal fashion, let me spell it out:

Anarchy undermines its own credibility by taking an anarchist ideological stance while refusing to acknowledge its implications. You denounce *all* laws as illegitimate barriers to human freedom and then get mad when someone notices that this includes the law against something *you* disapprove of. You advocate violence against the upper social classes, but then freak out when sexual violence is explicitly included; evidently it's OK to kill them, but not to rape them. You advocate a society without morality, but if there is no morality, then nothing (rape, capitalist exploitation, racism, or whatever) can be considered "wrong."

"For a World Without Morali-

ty," whose title had me quite hopeful at first, is a good example. Its comparison of rape and wage slavery reeks with moral outrage against both (using a different word like "disgusting" instead of "immoral/wrong" does not change this).

Quoth Dean Bures: "Anarchy to me is...everybody caring for each other and helping each other out without any ulterior motives except human compassion." In other words, anarchy can only succeed if human nature mutates into something completely alien to what it really is. If you could truly make everyone humane, compassionate, and caring, then *any* system, whether anarchy, capitalism, theocracy, or whatever, would produce an ideal society. But you can't. Human nature is what it is, and will remain so under anarchy. What Bures is talking about is not anarchy; it is a sanitized nice-nice parody of anarchy. If he ever had to face the real thing, he'd flee in panic back to his high school. Sorry, Mr. Bures, you don't qualify as "strange"; you're depressingly normal. Hugs and kisses. (Not.)

My first impression of your magazine was wrong. You are not gutsy (except in a schoolyard sense in which constantly saying "fuck you" and "pig" and so forth counts as being daring). You claim to be anarchists and moralists, but you shy away from real anarchy (meaning *no* rules or restrictions, not even against the things *you* don't like), and the outraged tone of much of your writing betrays a very moralistic attitude, even if your list of "sins" to be denounced is different from that of the society around you.

A few final comments:

I believe in absolute freedom. I *agree* with you that freedom is not absolute unless it completely rejects the constraints of law and morality. And I understand the real-world implications of this belief. Do you?

Does "selective breeding via forced miscegenation" imply rape or not? If not, what the hell does it mean? Did your writer come up with that turn of phrase before or after hearing about the camps in Bosnia?

If you abolish the state, who

wins? The middle class has the numbers and the guns.

Now, please go ahead and denounce me as an agent provocateur, and asshole, or whatever, but when you've gotten the necessary insults out of your system, see if you can refute me without mucking up your own axioms.

Sincerely,
A.S.I., Berkeley, CA.

Jason answers:

A few more insults

Since you only got the venom you *expected* from your original nasty little letter, I don't understand why you also seem to feel so wounded by the insults you earned? Perhaps you are really so ignorant that you don't understand the import of your remarks? Somehow I really doubt that. Instead they seem to me to constitute a quite calculated attempt to produce confusion in those unfamiliar with anarchist history and practice, by intentionally associating anarchy with inhumanity. You, of course, are free to wage your own little ideological war against those who prefer to live in free communities, *i.e.* anarchists. But please don't expect those whose views and practices you attack to welcome your presence! I'm afraid you'll only be disappointed.

As you undoubtedly already understand, but refuse to admit, there is a huge difference between opposition to laws against particular practices, and acceptance or even encouragement of those practices. Because anarchists are opposed to laws against rape, just as they are opposed to all other laws (at least as they are usually understood), does not mean that anarchists favor rape in any way, shape or form. And only a complete asshole and/or provocateur (as you have all but identified yourself as above) would suggest such a thing.

In the same way, the vast majority of anarchists do not advocate arbitrary "violence against the upper social classes" or killing the rich for the pleasure of it, as you intend to imply. (I won't deny that there may be a few who do, but their number is small, and undoubtedly infinitesimal compared to the number of registered Republicans and Democrats who actually *have* enjoyed killing rich

and poor people in immense numbers for pleasure and profit in recent years—a rather significant fact to observe.) Probably most anarchists *do* advocate or approve of using violence (to varying degrees) to revolt against hierarchical, capitalist social institutions and/or for defense of individuals and communities from these sources of repression. However, it should be kept in mind that the majority of conservatives and liberals (and assholes like you) also advocate or approve of violence, though usually the institutionally organized mass violence they prefer is aimed at racial minorities, women, children, the poor, and the people of other nations who stand in the way of U.S. power and profits—apparently a more noble form of violence in your eyes.

Your worries about *Anarchy* "undermin[ing] its own credibility" by refusing to accept your own asinine way of thinking is truly touching. But please don't trouble yourself about it. Undoubtedly to be really true to the implications of your own attitudes, you ought to go out and kill *yourself* because it's against the law, and you oppose *all* laws, and therefore you must want very, very badly to shuffle off your mortal coil right away without losing another second suffering under the yoke of laws against suicide. No need to say goodbye. We won't miss you.

Powerful story

Dear *Anarchy*,

I finally got around to reading part 2 of Manolo Gonzalez' "Life in Revolutionary Barcelona"—and I have to congratulate him for writing and you for publishing one of the most moving pieces I have read about Spain in the '30s.

History is more than the recital of dates, more than the listing of kings and wars, more even than the events that we commemorate. History is the story of our lives in all their mundaneness.

Manolo Gonzalez captured the feeling of life in Barcelona for the child of a family of anarchist activists. He told of the events through his eyes and made the history come alive. History returned to its root

Friends don't let
friends get fucked
up the ass without
an AIDS test.

Mr. fish

word, the French word *histoire*, story. And what a powerful story it was!

Bob Melcombe
Toronto, Ontario

Wall murals

Dear Editor,

I am an Irish Republican prisoner in gaol in the North of Ireland. I am working on a project on wall murals from all over the world. I would be very grateful if you would print this letter in your magazine for me. Please allow me to use your column to ask your readers if they could help me to gather information on wall murals throughout the world. I am interested in the location of murals, what they murals are about, why they were painted and if possible some photographs of the murals. I am interested in all types of wall murals. Readers can contact me at the address below, thank you.

Leo Morgan 6242

H-Block 1 B'Wing, Long Kesh
Lisburn, Co. Antrim
Ireland

Silliness

Dear *Anarchy*,

Your magazine always makes for an insightful read; #38 is no

exception. The only hope for radical theory is just as Feral Faun states: outside the ivory tower of academia and beyond the frantic bla bla woof woof of reactivists. What the academy and the reactivists have in common is an inability to either grasp or effectively act against the fundamental sources of our slavery. The academy, in its alienation and complacency, is incapable of any meaningful social action beyond pissing on the forest fire of the state/capital. Too many activists tend to lack any meaningful theoretical understanding or find more meaning in their own martyrdom in the flames of authority rather than putting out the fire. A well formulated radical theory has the potential to overcome both these shortcomings. So, I hope what follows can be seen as a small contribution to radical theory and not just asinine bickering.

Feral Faun's contention that, "Having recognized that society impoverishes our lives, it is a very small step to realize that the simplistic sloganeering that is frequently passed off as radical thought is part of this impoverishment" [*Anarchy* #38, p.53], is erroneous. Without including any qualifications regarding

which societies and under what circumstances this impoverishment occurs is "simplistic sloganeering" and "mindless ideological (re)activism" [*ibid*]. Placing the individual over and above society is silliness. Individual survival completely outside society is an extremely rare and short term occurrence. A person either grows and matures within a social context then decides to drop out and forego any future human contact, or a person grows up without human contact and is genuinely feral. A feral person is less than fully human. Historically, the few feral people encountered have been drooling, stooped, primates. Humans deprived of social interaction from infancy lack the ability to stand upright, have no capacity to use symbols and fail to demonstrate any sense of self identity. Society and the individual are interconnected, mutually constituted and artfully maintained.

Any radical theory should be premised on the notion that intergenerational human survival outside society isn't possible. However, a society without authoritarian power structures and private property is possible! In fact, if there is to be a sustainable future such a society is a necessity. Furthermore, every

society in human history has had some socially constructed set of relationships regarding property (be they egalitarian and communal or authoritarian and exploitative). Again, this is not a question of bifurcating between two intolerable extremes (the slavery of the state and capitalism or the chaos of humanity minus any social relations of property) but of pragmatically achieving a "Society based upon Mutual Aid, Voluntary Cooperation and the Liberation of Desire."

Finally, I consider myself an anarchist, or at least extremely sympathetic to its goals, not because anarchism can be logically, empirically, ethically, or even astrologically proven to be valid, good or True. Instead, anarchism, for me, is a thoroughly arbitrary, irrational, even schizotopal choice. Anarchism is an incorrigible proposition, an article of faith; intrinsically no more valid or invalid than dialectical materialism, science, christianity, witchcraft, or tarot. For me, anarchism only gains its validity from me, in an act of arbitrary will.

Despite the above criticisms you publish the best magazine I know of.

Love,
S., Manhattan, Kansas

Feral Faun responds: Create and explore

S., your argument is based on the simplistic and sloppy equation of society with all human interaction, an equation which you try to use to show the "necessity" of codified human interaction in the form of "some socially constructed set of relationships regarding property." In previous columns and other writings, I have rejected this equation in favor of a more precise understanding of society as a formulation of human interactions (with each other and with our environment) into a system of codes and roles which guarantee the reproduction of that system. It is *this* which I experience in my daily life as authority, with the more blatantly oppressive institutions merely reinforcing this more subtle and pervasive authority.

Your conservative contention that "intergenerational human survival outside society isn't possible" could hardly be a premise of a radical theory that wants to significantly challenge the present reality. There can be no radical insurgence without the recognition that there are myriads of unexplored possibilities that can take us beyond what is or appears to always have been, some barely imaginable due to the limits placed on thinking by the present social context.

My own theoretical endeavors are based on my attempts to create life and interaction for myself rather than to merely live the limited choices offered by the social context. I want to create and explore ways of living and interacting with others which never codify or become merely habitual, which defy all attempts to systematize them into self-reproducing roles. In a sense, a world full of individuals living this way *would* end "intergenerational human survival" since not only each generation, but each individual in each moment would create itself a something new. Such a world may not be possible, but every individual who wishes to be the perpetual creator of herself will need to challenge any mode of relating that begins to codify into a system, because only by striving to create the apparently impossible do we discover what is possible.

Anarchist prisoner zine

This letter is a request for submissions to a prisoner-written anarchist zine, #23877. The purpose of #23877 is to provide a means for anarchist prisoners to publish their articles, essays, artwork, poems, etc. It could also be used as a means of communication between prisoners. The idea here is to compile submissions and then to distribute the finished product free to prisoners and, cheaply to those not in prison. If possible, I would like to devise a way to return some of the funds to the prisoners who make the contributions. However, I don't know if enough money would come in to do this.

Serious intellectual essays, non-sensical rants, poems, artwork, etc. are all welcome. Some other things that could be included are international prisoner news and sharing info. on how to stay out of prison/avoid the law for those involved in "direct action." The first issue will follow the theme of "Welcome to Prison..." It will include general information about prison life, aimed at those who have not been in prison and so, know little about it. #23877 will assume that all submissions may be reprinted freely, unless the creator requests otherwise. If this is the case, please include this information with any submissions. If you would like to contribute anything or have any ideas, comments, criticisms, please forward them to:

#23877
POB 40067
75 King St. S.
Waterloo, Ontario N2J 4V1
Canada

Forced passivity

The Machine, the Man, the System, has managed to find an impressively efficient mechanism for cultivating the naivete of the masses. Naivete, as he well knows, is quite likely the largest resource in the socio-economy of any pop-culture. If it had to, the Machine would invest a lot more energy on the cultivation and harvesting of this valuable resource; however, it manages to make man a volunteer in the act

of maintaining his own ignorance....

How?

The human being has a natural curiosity, the "quest for knowledge," this is natural and instinctual. But alas! It is a drive to find what he doesn't already know, to find the abnormal, the extreme, the unbelievable. If the Machine were to create a massive body of information void of content but full of sensation, and then offer it to the populace, then the quest is shortened, the drive to know quenched, and they are kept in ignorance. TV is this mechanism, TV and its brethren of mass media.

Almost all channels of mass communication have been privatized and perverted. Stories become lies, gossip, fiction and news becomes Current Affair or National Inquirer. It costs *you* money to watch TV, that is the basis of a private station. Your passivity is force and exploited.

Fear, guilt, greed, curiosity, compassion, will to conform...only a few of the many instinctual forms humans have that the Machine will exploit. Our only way to cope has been to deny those instincts. If the Machine will necessarily exploit man, man's only way to avoid exploitation is to become machine. As humans are completely subject, machines are completely immune. Sensationalism affects our senses, to not be affected we must become desensitized, and if we are completely desensitized we might as well be machines. It has come to the point where we must choose either suppression or slavery. If we liberate our desires then we walk straight into the commercial trap. The true anarchist is the absolute slave. In such a state a man's desires are weaknesses. The stronger his desires are (the more human he is), the less defense he has against sensationalism.

And it has become the province of politics to help man rid himself of his own essence: Passion, the sum of his desires. The new politics of environmentalism teaches man to suppress his natural inclination to be decadent, it tells him "a good person has a compost and recycles and eats healthy." Although he is

naturally inclined to be decadent, he feels he should suppress that. He necessarily suppresses that which is the essence of his humanity. In short, politics helps man escape the wrath of the Machine by making him guilty of being human.

I hear dreadful stories of a system linking satellites, fiber-optics, telephones, personal computers, and television. I hear of interactive video games bluntly calling themselves "Virtual Reality." I am scared because people tell me it's already on its way, these things aren't just nightmares or science-fiction movies. The systems are being planned as we speak, and governments are already dreaming up restrictions and regulations. Simple things like trade and communication will more than ever become the dominion of the Cybernet. It will grow to a grotesquely immense size. And shortly, just as history has proved with radio and then television and then cable, every household will hook up to the Network.

And imagine the power the System will have over its subjects. The Eye will be able to track them with ease. All information will first run through the Network, which can at any time chose to intercept, tap, or censor. Freedom of confidentiality will be made a mockery of, just like has already been done to freedom of speech and freedom of assembly (just one more step in the Man's conspiracy to destroy the Constitution). The Government will be able to have giant active files that are instantly updated and added to every time a person makes a move in the Network; private corporations will, too. Advertising will become selective and personalized. People will be divided into certain groups, based on their actions in the Network (what they buy, what shows they watch), advertisers will target certain people for certain products. The files will eventually get so large that an almost character description is created. Person is lost in the Network and Personalization created. Self is abstracted, Identity is digitized.

September first, Nineteen ninety three: I am watching a B-

rate horror movie. It's about a monster that grows bigger and bigger and bigger. It means to destroy the entire human race. Right now it's about the size of New York. I don't know how the movie ends, but I think it's almost finished. There seems to be no hope for mankind.

Sean Macdonald
Parksville, British Columbia

Groveling & self-deception

Jason and the Scorchers,

Still digging summer ish of *Anarchy*. A lot of the give-and-take over Zerzan's stuff in that issue induced me to write. Especially in response to my own and others "disappointment" over such expositions as "Future Primitive" and its "Postscript," where we'd been salivating for a scheme to get out of this mess. And then feeling let down by yet more recondite generalizations by the Z-man. So I'm only beginning to understand the radical stance he's taken, a claim staked in the negative, of "critique as prerequisite" and "affirmative aspects given grudgingly." As if I'd forgotten all the situationist stuff I've loved over the years, "there is no protection in compromise" and "you cannot have a revolution by halves." The hostile tone, alternating with out-and-out whining, of some letter writers over Zerzan's work, shows the awful straits people are in, looking for one good reason...as if they were applying to God (pardon the analogy!) for an easier path to the Promised Land, tired of the trials and tribulations of modern civ. But God keeps throwing it back in our faces....

When people write and say what about co-ops, what about permaculture? what about temp auto zones, what about this anarchist club where we plot the destruction of the world? Why doesn't Z recognize those as "transcending" the evil shit? There is an element of groveling here, and self-deception, as if to say hey for 2 hours a day we run wild thru the streets and imagine we ruled the world! Denying the other 22 in which the world rules us. These are the more positive ones, the irre-

pressible hopefuls, the ones looking for a little joy in the misery. More power to them! But they don't want to see how short their leash really is. What they want is practical answers, where to squat, how to build a better bomb, etc. Well there's other places to look for that stuff.

Others have grown comfortable living in shit, they might allay it for awhile with a cynical edge saying "well, until we learn to live on grass, or can run down a deer we'll just have to put up with the world as it is." What is this Zerzan proposing they ask, that we give up all our toys and tools for the trees again? Incredible! Better to conform than give up our cars. Taking everything literally they see a fascist plot to kill off the expendables so a few elites can live on as hunter-gatherers. Ultimately resigned and cowed, they have no sense of the incredible power of refusal, the insurrectionary fervor buried in all of us.

And then there are morons like M. Annette Jaimes of Boulder, CO (see "Racism and sexism" in *Anarchy* #37, p.72), who apparently saw a grand conspiracy behind the simplest editorial decision of *Anarchy*, and so felt justified to blow that up into a personal attack on Zerzan. I thought Jason was extremely reasonable with that idiot. Like others M. Annette fell prey to the confusion of Zerzan's work as an example of absolutism in the service of vanguardism. (What a concept!) Afraid to admit their own work is in fact in the service of capitalism, specialization, the spectacle, etc., they're terrified to confront a critique that's wholly negative, that doesn't founder on some puny hopes for humankind, or common sense ideas about the "real world." It's obvious M. Annette *et al* have grown so used to half-measures and academic accommodation they couldn't fathom an example of opposition if it hit 'em in the face (oops, didn't mean to get personal there). Then M. Annette has the inanity to ask how Zerzan proposes to survive in the wilderness he so idealizes, thereby making the fatal error of mixing the man with his theo-

ries. How's "Mr. Natural" gonna make it in the big woods people want to know. And then if they find out or imagine Zerzan "the primitivist" reading and writing, hanging out in the library, etc., (just like the rest of us) it blows their whole myth. As if he's sending these essays in by telepathy from the Rain Forest or something. Or just as obviously he's cast off as the "armchair intellectual" at a time when what we really need are "revolutionaries"....

But then Zerzan can take care of himself. I merely meant to show a few ways misunderstandings can crop up in the face of a critique that not all of us would like to hear.

M.B., Minneapolis, MN.

Really cool

Dear *Anarchy*,

We think you are really cool. Way way—cool. You have the most wicked zine on the scene. You're the type of people we'd like to hang out with if you were in town.

Yours, trying to keep warm in K-Bec (Quebec),

Luna Tickle
Isaak Burning Sock
Zeeko Teemo

Cesar
Ceasar's best friend
The Anarcho-Snugglists
Montréal, Québec

PS: We admire your determination in pursuing your open letter policy.

Rent boycott

The boycott of rent (& mortgage) is a well defined, lethal attack upon an identified sector of the ruling class. It would ultimately lead to the destruction of real estate and finance capitalism. Good bye and good riddance to landlords and banks. The mass boycott of rents & mortgages facilitates the end of property as we know it and simultaneously fuels insurrection on a large scale. The boycott is an act of insurrection against property and class war against those who would defend the crime of property. The full blown boycott would fuck up the banks so badly that the monetary system would also fold in

the process. In one fell swoop [...] both property and money will be destroyed by the successful, metavictorious, mass boycott of rents & mortgages.

The question of organization remains open especially at this formative stage. There are those who suggest; no organization, limited organization, anarchist/grassroots organization, and/or a "decimo" (groups of ten, more or less) organization. In other words, no organization or some, yet to be defined (or undefined), organization. So far, there is no "organization" only a proposal to somehow obtain pledges from 500 to 1,000 households to stage a boycott as an act of insurrectionary class war. How do we do it or get with it? This is the question we ask with regards to organization. That is, after we ask "Do we do it or not do it?" Why? Why not?

The second question that immediately comes up when discussing the potential mass boycott of rents (& mortgages) is "money." What we do with our boycotted rent & mortgage monies is a question that can only truly come into play when we have somewhere between 500 to 1,000 households pledging to participate. How can we take direct action and have meaningful discourse on the subject of liberated rent & mortgage money unless we have a boycott in the making with which to do so?

It is true, by virtue of fact, that 1,000 boycotting households will be liberating approximately \$750,000 a month from the banks and landlords. That's 75 bank robberies at \$10 grand a pop on one day in two neighboring cities. That's a good haul for any anarcho-revolutionary gang. There are some anarchists who would boldly advocate the burning of this rent and mortgage money in one huge bonfire. Other anarchists despise money as much as any other anarchist and dream of the day when we can burn all the money in existence, yet they would tend to want to use money (not exclusively), in the meanwhile, to destroy money. Questions arise regarding the use of money as a means to destroy money.

Do we use money to destroy money? Wages to destroy the wage system? Labor to destroy the exploitation of labor? Destruction to destroy the destroyers? Arms to annihilate the armed annihilators? Land to dispossess and arrest the polluters? It is suggested that the concept of "using money to destroy money" is, ideally, most suitable. The opposite, it seems can also be argued. "We can never use money in any constructive or meaningful anarchist way." There are two contending opinions: (1) We cannot use money to abolish money, (2) We can use money to abolish money.

Let's say we had \$1 million dollars collectively and individually at hand on the first day of the boycott. What would you do with it? Spend it, burn it, bury it, defecate on it, mail it, drown it, strangle it, or what? How would you spend it if you didn't burn, stash, bury, recycle or make art out of it? This is a very good question to ask yourselves and to discuss amongst your comrades and allies. People who would want to join the boycott will wonder about the money thing. We must be honest and state that nobody can determine what another person should do with their newly liberated rent & mortgage cash (if we ever get to that point). It is straining the boundary of anarchy to even suggest what people could (not "should") do with their rent money either individually or collectively. Even using the modifier "collective" already implies that some people may act in concert when dealing with their individual rents & mortgages. At any rate, it will always be the individual boycotter who will determine what to do with their newly liberated cash. "I choose to spend, burn, recycle or share my monthly housing payment as I see fit." This would, or could, be a valid stance; that is, if we ever get there.

It is being proposed and advocated that we discuss moving towards contemplating the mass rent & mortgage boycott as a new strategy of class war through collective direct action. It is simple. Discuss the boycott exhaustively and then re-discuss with the intent of actually doing

it. Then discuss this with the intention of recruiting pledges from 1,000 households (we'll settle for 500 or 200 in the first month). For instance, if you discussed the boycott with 10 other people and they each discussed with ten others, then 100 people will have discussed the boycott in less than a week. If you and ten others did this, then 1,000 people would have been discussing the boycott this week. This algebraic/numerical approach to non-hierarchical affinity network discussion has been tentatively (and creatively) labeled, "decimocismo." (A "decimo"=ten people pledged and advocating a mass rent boycott.)

In order for the boycott to take place on a large scale, the discussion must first begin. You may choose to discuss it or not to discuss it. And if you choose to not discuss the rent boycott you could either (a) censor it from your comrades or (b) you could choose to pass the discussion on to others. The choices are: to discuss it, to not discuss it but pass it on, and/or to not discuss it and censor it from significant others.

The fear of eviction should not prevent these discussions from taking place. The "fear of eviction" discussion will be a lively and constructive topic. What is "eviction" but Latin for "conquest by force"; and this my friends is absolute domination. It is time we take an anti-dominative anti-evictionary stance on this. Hopefully some metaviolationary ecstasies emerge.

RSVP to: M. Grandino
c/o POB 7407
Santa Cruz, CA. 95061
or call (408) 427-3016

Relentlessly reviled

Apparently, because I believe porn has a dominant theme of sexual power (hierarchical power) that should be sensibly and necessarily engaged by anarchists, and that C. MacKinnon's book has value for anarchists, you (*Anarchy*) relentlessly reviled me with insinuations that I have a hidden authoritarian agenda to suppress consensual sexual expression; that I am dishonest (intentionally mislead); that I

have an antipathy to the liberatory stance; that I want you to shy away from anarchist criticism of authoritarian trends in feminism because it might turn potential readers away; that I am dense because I question whether in the absence of any anarchist alternative it is automatically authoritarian to seek from current (legally based) structure those basic assurances, accesses, enablements and protections one should expect from society—in other words, whether anarchism should be so narrow that it refuses as a bottom-line defense all legal recourse to protect what people need to sustain themselves (ex.: materials behind livelihood and women against deprivations of male domination) [see *Anarchy* #38, p.67, "More anti-pom"].

You are right about one thing. You sense that I have dissatisfactions with *Anarchy's* stance on sexual power and feminism. After some discussion with anarchist friends, I was supported in my sense that your journal has taken an incorrigible, infantile, self-gratifying, commercially abetting (porn stripped of its theme of power would not be commercially viable), reductive, and normalizing stance on hierarchical power as it relates to women, then defends it as liberatory. We discussed how criticizing your stance would subject me to unfair charges and vilification that if repeated often and at length could be damaging to me and what I have to offer in the cause of social freedom. I decided to take that risk. (The certainty of your vituperative responses has no doubt prevented many writers from trying to help *Anarchy* past its blind spots on feminism and sexual power.)

Ordinarily, you respond to letters in kind—if the letter is kind, so is your response, if there is innocence or forgivable ignorance you are considerate, but on sexual power you are immediately thrown into the irrational rage of a zealot who alone has the absolute truth. Accordingly, my patience is wearing a little thin.

Seems you have been caught with your liberal dicks hanging out. Why else is sexual expression (especially porn) the one

area where you find no urgency to oppose hierarchical power, passing it off as no worse than "what the other kids are doing?" Why else do you conveniently overlook the element of sexual power in child-adult sex, in porn and in male-female relations except that it infringes on the privilege and power you enjoy under liberalism as dominant males? Why else would you, the fearless protectors of desire armed, refuse to defend your stance against my challenges (based on MacKinnon's book demolishing liberal, sexist power) offering only the lame excuse it would be just too difficult, then engage in difficult, excessive, convoluted, time consuming attempts at intimidation and character assassination based on completely unfounded assumptions?

Apparently you "just don't get it"—women need anarchist support in their fight against the deprivations of male power, period. Instead of the antipower argument we should expect from *Anarchy*, you hide behind a right-of-free expression argument from liberalism. In a weak sense, yours is a liberatory stance, but one that abets selfish individualism, and in effect, the male power and privilege of liberalism that alienates women. It is a stance that keeps anarchy arcane, doctrinaire, ecologically weak and male—in a word, trapped in the 19th century.

Mere mention of MacKinnon's name sends you into a rant punctuated by the claims that her book pursues an expressly authoritarian agenda and has nothing to offer anarchists, though you admit you have not and do not need to read the book to know this.

Now to Joel Featherstone [see #38, p.58, "Mindless sexual taboos"]. His attempt to use me as a foil in his support of NAMBLA is disgusting. It exposes him as a callous user of people. His set up assumes any communication that fails to show how consciousness can be changed is tantamount to accepting consciousness as unchangeable. After this error, the rest of his argument is meaningless.

W.B., Edgewood, IA.

**Jason comments:
Clear as muck**

You still seem to misunderstand my major criticism of the portent of your arguments. As a result, your diatribe against me is as clear as muck.

The real question is not "Why...is sexual expression (especially porn) the one area where [!] find no urgency to oppose hierarchical power." In fact, I find the urgency to oppose hierarchical power just as compelling in regard to sexual expression as anywhere else.

The real question is why *you* and the anti-porn feminists are so damn eager to line up on the side of hierarchical power in a battle against free and consenting sexual expression. For you the appropriate method to "protect" women from "male power" involves denouncing any validity to the claims to free sexual interaction made by actual flesh and blood human beings, in favor a uniformly repres-

sive, abstract standard of behavior to be formulated by feminist ideologues and enforced by feminist cops.

However, to oppose hierarchical power, does not mean one must in any way be against free and consenting sexual expression. To support women does not mean one must denounce men. And to be a contemporary anarchist does not mean one must renounce individual freedom because of its liberal overtones!

For the undoubted majority of readers who can't figure out what W.B. is talking about above, you may wish to check out his letters and my responses in *Anarchy* #36 (p.62) and #38 (p.68). Or then again, you might not!

Desire and diet

Over the past year, I have begun to alter my diet, for health reasons, from a predominantly junk food basis to a more "natural foods" and macrobiotic

approach. This process has raised many questions in me regarding how my desires have been formed, whether they correspond to what is "good" for me, and how connected I am to a consumer society. As much as I may revile consumer society and all its implications, I have been raised in it, and it has become a part of my field of *meaning*; it has woven itself into my identity. Nowhere is this more clear than when it comes to a basic such as diet and food.

I was raised in the 1970s, under a heavy commercial and TV influence. I was rewarded with sweet, sugary junk foods that I came to know as tasting "good," and I abhorred "healthy food." You couldn't get me to eat "that stuff" because it just didn't "taste good." My experience was junk food tasted good and natural foods such as fruit and vegetables didn't. I desired Ding Dongs, Twinkies, Captain Crunch, Lucky Charms, Snack

Packs, Pecan Cookies, Ritz Crackers, 7-Up, Big Macs, and other brand name products, and didn't desire brown rice, oranges, apples, celery, broccoli, lentils, carrots, squash, cauliflower, onions, garlic, green beans, or any other natural vegetable product. *My desires were almost entirely consumer oriented.* Not only were my favorite foods not natural, they weren't even real foods like you might find in a recipe book. Grandma never made "Ding Dongs" or "Twinkies"; these were all patented, brand name food products.

After a health crisis for two years that almost totally incapacitated me, I decided to try to alter my diet. I have come to enjoy flavored and spiced brown rice, lentils, broccoli, and especially the taste of carrots, celery, romaine lettuce, peaches, nectarines, oranges, and most of all, strawberries. I occasionally enjoy tofu burgers or wheat meat



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sandwiches, and have for the most part "cut out" meat and dairy from my diet. I try to eat a good amount of raw, uncooked vegetables per day. I would like to emphasize that my junk food friends to the contrary, I have not done this in a fanatical or ideological manner. If I decide to have a bite of meat every now and then, I know it won't kill me, and some junk food here and there, in moderation, if I feel like it, is tolerable. But overall, I am trying to switch my *balance* to a more wholesome combination of foods. Reconciling *nutrition* and *taste* has been very difficult, however. Once I cut down my refined sugar and junk food intake, I was more able to appreciate the taste of fruits, and, let's face it, when you're eating only brown rice and lentils, which can be pretty bland at times, a bunch of strawberries makes an awesome dessert. But these yummy new desserts of fruit do not eliminate my *craving* for the old foods.

I laugh at myself. Here I am, an anarchist who claims to hate consumer society, and yet, as I walk down the aisles of my local supermarket, my mouth waters, and I am filled with the temptation of childhood cravings for food products which represent the very heart of American consumer society. Even if I choose not to eat them, the child part of me cries out and whines, "Please, Johann, let me have a Twinkie. Let me have a Kraft's Macaroni and Cheese. Let me have a Sprite or 7-Up." There is a part of me that *longs* for brand-name consumer products, calling them by name! It is not just the taste anymore; these things have *meaning* for my inner child, and it is difficult to figure out what is me and what is not me. Where do I begin and consumer society ends? This is an identity issue. My desires are a part of my identity. What do I desire? What do I identify with? Why do "Ding Dongs" connote "fun" but natural foods connote "boring" and "have to"? Anarchy is supposedly Desire Armed, but when I walk through that supermarket, a dialogue and argument erupts between Desiring Consumer-oriented Child and Anarchist Knows-better Adult.

"I want these Ding Dongs," the kid says.

"You want a consumer product made possible only by alienated labor, that represents the foulest of commercial society, and on top of that is absolutely nutritionless and horrible for your health?" asks the anarchist adult. "How can you possibly desire that?"

"I know what I want," the kid answers. "I thought you stood for affirming what I want. You're always talking about 'Desire Armed'."

That takes the anarchist adult aback a little. "Well, sure, I, uh, but...maybe you've somehow come to *think* you like those, but really, you've been programmed."

"Oh, I see. I guess I'm just a dupe who doesn't know what he's talking about when I say I really want something. Are you here to condemn what I want? 'Desire Armed' but only after desire has been purified of any 'alienation' or 'consumerism' or any of those other big words you use? You'll only affirm desire when it's been made boring."

"But that's what I'm saying," returns the anarchist adult. "I'm not trying to be a fuddy-dudd here. Don't you see that your environment has influenced you to classify some things as 'boring' and others as 'fun'?"

"My experience and my tastes don't count for anything? When I eat broccoli, it's yucky, and when I eat Ding Dongs, they're yummy."

"OK, but isn't fruit yummy? Don't you like strawberries?" The kid becomes puzzled. "Well, yes, but not when I want a Ding Dong."

"Aha!" seizes the intellectual anarchist and health foods buff. "That's because when you eat refined sugar products it inhibits mineral and nutrient distribution in your body that makes you crave more sugar and not be able to appreciate fruit sweetness as much."

"Great. So intellectually you can 'figure' that I shouldn't eat these, and that this is the case based on some academic abstraction, but it still doesn't feel right. I'm just acting on how I feel. Are you against that? How am I supposed to live based on

some abstractions? I have to feel my way through life."

"Why does it have to be an abstraction to know something? Can't that knowledge be important? Isn't there any way we can translate that intellectual knowledge into experiential knowledge that makes sense?"

And so on as the dialogue continues. What strikes me is the irony of my "anarchist side" taking on the disciplining adult role. That seems almost silly. Yet tell me, who has not felt this tension? And if we cannot admit to how wrapped up our desires still are in consumer society and its products, how can we ever hope to wholistically evaluate and change this entire system?

My desires aren't "pure." They probably aren't even "anarchist," according to some anarchists' ideas of anarchism. But to talk of desires and tastes which have been "perverted" sounds vaguely Christian to me. And yet there seems to be no other way to explain how people can desire things which are so foreign to their nature. It bothers me that I desire that which is artificial and health-destructive. Why aren't my taste buds working? Wouldn't it make sense for nature (there's another abstraction to analyze, but another time) to align my tastes with what's "good" for me? Why should I desire what is destructive? Why should I desire that which is insipid? Is there any way of explaining this that doesn't turn us into purists or puritans? Please, join the dialogue. I certainly don't have all the answers. But if we don't address this issue, we may hide behind a facade of anarchist "purity" without ever really exploring the central issue of desire. Do we affirm desire unequivocally, hands down? Or is that unsophisticated? Do we affirm desire even where it seems "destructive" or "insipid" in the hopes that affirming desire will eventually lead to a more balanced state where desire corrects itself? Or will we only affirm desire once it has met our standards? Do we liberate desire? If so, how, and do we differentiate between a liberated desire and an unliberated desire? Is a liberated desire one we are happy

with, that makes total sense in our lives, given our practice and theory of life? Or maybe desires are there in the first place to continually disrupt our theories and force their revisioning. I don't know. It constantly amazes me. But I would love to have some people to talk with about this, people who are concerned, thoughtful, critical, and open-minded. I've left a lot of my questions and points open. Perhaps they will provide some food for thought. You'll have to decide whether you desire that food, and whether you think it's wholesome or not.

"Howlin' Mad" Johann
West Hills, CA.

I don't want it

Dear comrades,

I received the #37 issue of your *Anarchy*, and once again thank you very much. I send you the #8 of my *Social Harmony*. The first text is about racism and the second is the first article of Kropotkin's *Act for Yourselfes*.

...And here is what was a big surprise for me: "But from here on out some of the major shit work will need to be paid shit work." That's what I read in page 5 of the *Anarchy*.

I don't believe you are not aware that paid work means wage-work—and you are presumably *against* wage-work and *for* voluntary cooperation.

I really hope that I have misread these lines in page 5. In case that I have read well, please don't send to me your magazine any more. I don't want it.

S.K., Athens, Greece
PS: If you can't do it in anarchistic way, don't do it at all.

Frightening transition

Dear *Anarchy*,

I am probably in no position to even think about writing to this magazine, being the white male office worker (who hates his job and his life in general) that I am, but personally, I think I should talk about how I feel about myself and my future (if a "real" future is possible for me). I am also probably in no position to even begin to call myself

an anarchist, even though I am very much sympathetic to the philosophy itself. I am a man trying to understand this confusing and frustrating duality of thought. Living within bourgeois confines can do this to you.

I think I can freely admit that I am not at all a very courageous individual (in other words, I am a spineless chickenshit), and because of this, I can never understand how people even younger than myself find the sheer balls to break out of their middle class (or whatever class they are of) confinement and enter the anarchist movement and way of life. I have thought about doing this, but then I think about the ostracism from my family and from society, the possible risk of being disowned (as a close friend of mine was when he became active as an anarchist), and the fear of being "different," "weird," a "threat to America." Why I am afraid of being a "threat" to a system I hate is still a mystery.

I think anarchism (in all of its varied forms) is the best political and social philosophy ever conceived, and it seems to fit me in some ways.

I have always been somewhat rebellious towards certain authority figures and spiteful of a system which claims to call itself "free." There were times in my life when I was an "out of the blue" protester and "agitator" against militarism, clearcutting, and native American rights, among other things. But now, I have found myself weakened by a job which dehumanizes me, an environment which bores me, and a stepmother who scares the living shit out of me whenever I am face to face with her. My meekness and lack of courage are beginning to produce an inescapable apathy in me. I talk about the "great things" I want to do to change the world, but yet, I sit there, doing nothing. And I don't even know why. Pathetic, isn't it?

This is why I would like to get a chance to hear what thousands of young anarchists have to say. They have the experiences and the background I do not, and suggestions, advice, insights, and anything else they have to contribute would mean a lot to me.

I don't even care if some of them respond by grilling me about my obvious inaction, but I think a little grilling would really do me some good. If I were to ask a couple of questions to them, they would be, 1) how did you find the courage that got you where you are?, and 2) how can I make the frightening transition from apathy to anarchy, just as you have? I look forward to hearing their diverse opinions.

Before I finish, I would just like to say that *Anarchy* is a kick-ass zine regardless of such a trivial matter as the material used to design the cover (I myself recycle, but I can't always have what I want, right?). Also, I am interested in collage art, and one of your artists, Johann Humyn Being, is a master at it. I consider him a worthy influence upon my own art, although I could never come close to the kind of work he does. He deserves some exhibits or presentations of his engrossingly imaginative creativity.

I hope I have not bored the crap out of you people with my self-aggrandizing thoughts. Sometimes, I just have to do what I do, and this is the closest I may come to doing that for a long time.

Yours with undying support,
B.S., Belleville, IL.

Limited capitalism

Dear *Anarchy*,

[...] To begin we need to learn the value of individuality! This is what the state attempts to homogenize, be it with the "melting pot" as my red, white & blue history teacher spat off every day in her neo-fascist diatribes, or as Orwell pointed out in his "Ministry of Truth," the most potent weapon of tyrants is conformity!

As to the communism-capitalism debate thank you for pointing out my thesis. Play the worst of each system against its rival!

As Shelley pointed to in her novel *Frankenstein*, the monster comes from its creator robber barons! Both she and her husband the great Irish bard were Marxist.

As Buster Keaton and Charles Chaplin showed, it is the system that mechanizes man, that is the

friend of the despot. Marx was right, when he saw the "sweat shops of the rich" as what they were, feudalism! This is what *Das Kapital* was aimed at, but the state does not just "wither away" as is clear from hind sight, the ritualist, conformist, obstructionists see to this! They too are tools of the ruling class. The strength of a market economy is that it is not a demand economy so there is less bureaucracy and if your tractor breaks down you're not sent off or shot as a "breaker." The strength of "socialist" societies is their social cohesion. The worst of both is authoritarian bureaucracy! From its inception in medieval Italy capitalism created a middle class between king and servants! A "merchant" class, but a king is still a king be he king by "divine right" in the 17th or a king by figurehead in the 20th century. As Jefferson pointed out "the only power that the people truly have is the power to throw off the tyrants," "the freest man is right after a revolution," and "this very government we form today may have to be overthrown by the people when it becomes tyrannical" All kings live under a sword suspended by the finest of hairs, and freedom is bathed in blood of rebel and tyrant alike. Note this is the same Thomas Jefferson who suggested a prison system I'm in now based on "solitary confinement" in 1797, abolished by law only 41 years later. As for the "reform platform," Quakers and all the others, your sham of a reform did not go far enough, as Clarence Darrow points out in his essay to the prisoners in the Cook Co. Jail, "Society puts the victims of its greed into its prisons and shows its lack of charity." If this society thinks I'm worth the quarter million it's "cost" for my imprisonment so far, for burglary(!), I think it would have been better spent on some of the people your parole board released years ago! The best system money can buy! The forced "reform" of people is the tyrants tool, call it by the name of "reeducation" or "rehabilitation" or what you will, it's all the same! Oppression and despotism and I for one will never pay lip service to a doctrine of lies! And

as to Jayson Strieter's letter, yes "white people" myself included are oppressed it's true, but you must be one of those prisoners with a 6th grade education! Stalin & Hitler signed a "non-aggression pact," both hated the Jews, but Hitler double-crossed Stalin! You need a history lesson. The Thule Society, origin unknown, in their book *Origin of the Elders* on which Hitler based his *Mein Kampf*, called for "purification of the race" and elimination of the Jew! It was printed in 1921 to look like a Jewish conspiracy to rule the world's economy and naturally appealed to the people with their economy in shambles, despite the fact most Jews lived in poverty. But it goes back to the end of WWI. The economist Keynes told the allied forces that to wreck Germany's economy was to "delay war 20 years." How prophetic his words were! He was vilified for this not only in the press, but in his profession! [...]

James Smith, Jarratt, VA.

Plea for pen pal

Dear *Anarchy*,

Thank you for sending me a gift subscription to your publication. I just finished reading and reflecting on the Fall 1993 issue. The library at this link of the Gulag is very small and limited in the types of reading materials available to inmates. Your zine provides a badly needed service.

In particular, I greatly enjoyed reading the letters from Shaun Perry, Joel Featherstone, and Huey T. McClellan. They were all right-on! There are many guests in this hotel who are interested in the contents of these letters since they provide a positive contribution to the debate on this issue.

Huey T. McClellan sounds like my long lost brother, but it is not yet possible for us to catch up on family history. One day I hope to get together with him in the "Queen City" and eat Five Way Dixi chili. Perhaps we could drive across the river to Covington, Newport, Dayton and see the sights! I will attempt to contact him when I am released on parole to the SF Bay area.

This letter is also a plea for a male Pen Pal, who shares the

three letters. My family and friends are no longer in contact with me due to my "crimes." I am looking for support from someone living in the SF Bay Area since I will be released to there in a few years.

[...] Keep up the good work!

I send you my greetings,
Chris Aleritz
H-20188/Mod-6912-U
POB 2000
Vacaville, CA. 95696-2000

A sex-positive world

Dear Jason and readers,

The most exciting letter for me in *Anarchy* #37 was from kls in L.A. Due to the mature state of her healing process, kls, despite the serious sexual abuse she suffered at the hands of her father, recognizes that not all child/adult erotic contacts are coercive or hurtful to the child. She wisely avoids the all-too-common error of projecting her own negative experience onto the experiences of others, affirming, with respect to a letter writer in #34's positive childhood sexual experience with an adult, that "unconditional love and acceptance are rare and precious."

kl's describes an incident in which she and her father were naked and horsing around together. At first it was fun for her, "but then, it's not fun any more because he's gone. well, he's still underneath me but he's not paying attention to me any more, so it's not fun...then it's wet on his belly and that scares me. but he still doesn't pay attention to me and i feel lonely and i want it to stop." kls has illustrated one of the more subtle ways in which adult desires for and sexual response with children can upset the child. Her experience underscores why adults should never seek to sexually gratify themselves with a child without the child's knowledge. As kls's story shows, if the adult drifts off into an erotic reverie, this may confuse and upset the child who will miss having the adult's full attention, especially if s/he has no idea why the adult is behaving this way. Also, even though adults might imagine that "what the child doesn't know won't hurt

her" the fact remains that children *can* tell when an adult is getting turned on. The child may not necessarily understand *what* is happening for the adult, but s/he can definitely tell that *something* is happening, something which is being hidden. When children aren't told the reasons for things which occur in their environments, they will usually rely upon their imaginations for answers, often coming up with bizarre, anxiety-provoking fantasies far more disturbing than the truth could ever be. The "wet on his belly" appears to have frightened young kls because it represented the unknown. No one ever explained to her why men's penises ejaculate semen at orgasm or what semen or orgasm even were. If someone had explained these things to her in a frank, affectionate, and sex-positive manner, I do not believe she would have been frightened, at least, not in a situation to which she had consented. Another problem with sexually getting off on children without their knowledge is that it involves using the child as a gratification object rather than relating to him or her as a person.

In kls's closing paragraph she calls for a world in which "children are embraced and accepted, by those who would have sex with them, as more than objects of sexual desire. that children would be respected and treated as the complicated, vulnerable, multi-dimensional humans they are." I fully share kls's vision, and I believe that acceptance and societal integration of cross-generational relationships is a necessary pre-condition for the culture-wide realization of this vision. Neurosis, dysfunctionality, and outright abuse, thrive in an atmosphere of secrecy and shame. Relationships carried on in secret can be very passionate and intense, but are especially vulnerable to

Anarchist Contacts

This is a 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 may help 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.)

Adrienne
5515 South 362nd
Auburn, WA. 98002

"Reaching for a world with FREE action, punk music, great films and RID of greedy brainwashing slave drivers with no point!"

Chris Greene
RR#1, Box 418
Moultonboro, NH. 03254
"Main interests are agriculture, diet, sexuality, intentional community, activism."

William Smith #69359
Az. St. Prison, POB 3300
Goodyear, AZ. 85338
"Long-haired, tattooed, scared-up convict; I've done 15 yrs with 5 more to go. Convicted murderer...looking for pen pals."

bobEE
efficient like festivals
POB 10096
Olympia, WA. 98502
e-mail: earlowfa@elwha-evergreen.edu
"Special interests: gardening/agriculture, energy, land, sex."

John Fillis
45 Kingston Ave.
Port Jervis, NY. 12771
"Published author. Primitivism, situationism, alternative culture and currents. Wish to meet individuals/groups w/similar interests."

Cornelius Sprenger
Fosen Folkehøgskole
7100 Rissa
Norway

"I believe the most important arenas of struggle are small communities of likeminded folks, practicing humility, humor, hot sex, [etc.]."

Chris Aleritz
H-20188/Mod-6912-U
POB 2000
Vacaville, CA. 95696
"I will be released in 1996, like Celtic music, simple living, Buddhism and revolutionary community activism. I also support NAMBLA."

Mr./Mrs. AH
1030 Post #305
San Francisco, CA.
94109-5617
"Anarcho-pacifism, pacifist anarchism, gift economy, communalism. Meals, bed space, for volunteers."

Anarchist Agitation Coalition
A.S.U., POB 18220
Boone, NC. 28606
"We are a collective in N.C....trying to form a loose network of groups in the N.C., S.C., Tenn., Virginia, Georgia area...."

Roy Mobi Harmon
#03666-081
John Kraze Lübow
#87671-011
Box 3007
T.I., CA. 90731
Federal POWs who live and make antiQ music very angry. Please write to either of us.

C. Riccardi
1653 E. 53 St.
Brooklyn, NY. 11234
"Transgendered woman interested in radical gender & sex politics, sustainable alternative spaces with communication, trust, creative art/play/activism."

Peter Georgacarakos
POB 1000
Lewisburg, PA. 17837
"Highly motivated, politically active, racially conscious anarchist—Interested in family, history, politics, and revolutionary victory over New World Order."

Eclectic Lard Foundation
POB 10096
Olympia, WA. 98502
"I'm into gardening, bikes, sex, exchanging zines, bagpipes, visiting, staying home, food, sleep, would like to compile anarcho-gardening zine someday"

Rob los Ricos
3439 NE Sandy Blvd.
#144
Portland, OR. 97232
"[Please] write me here, as I've been out of touch since May '93"

Craig Stehr
296 Gardens Ave.
Ukiah, CA. 95482
"I am looking for others who would like to create with me the Cosmic Consciousness Theatre."

problems stemming from the absence of a supportive social network and the feedback which it can provide. One or both partners may unwittingly engage in one or another obsessive, possessive or otherwise pathological behavior simply because there are no "outside people" present to point it out. Those who desire erotic tenderness with a special child are no more or less free from psychological

"blind spots" than anyone else. The most wholesome environment for *any* love relationship is an interconnected matrix of friends, family and loved ones. A world in which consensual adult/child relationships were publicly acknowledged, accepted and celebrated would be a world in which other adults could play a role in helping the older partner keep on track and not inadvertently create problems for the

child. Public acceptance and integration of adult/child relationships would also help stabilize and enhance the relationship since both partners could seek the advice and sympathy of others in the event that the relationship went through a "rocky" phase. The public status of such relationships would also help empower a child who wanted to break off a relationship even if the adult still wanted it to continue, since other adults could speak up for, and if necessary, intervene, on the child's behalf.

Implicit in this picture of a sex-positive world accepting of all mutually consensual relationships is a far greater openness with children about sex and sexual relationships. Accurate information will aid in empowering children against the cruder forms of sexual abuse and trickery because children will be less easily fooled by adult misrepresentations of adult sexual desire. Such education will also diminish the chances of children being emotionally upset by adult sexual matters they do not understand (such as wetness on the belly) for the simple reason that they will understand so much more. Also implicit in this vision is the liberation of children from their status as chattel of their parents, freedom from forced moralistic indoctrination, freedom from compulsory education, and the complete abolition of "spankings," genital mutilation, and all other hurtful and degrading treatment. Children should also be free to travel, to own personal property, and to divorce their parents if they so choose.

Joel Featherstone
New York, NY.

A fascist is a fascist

Dear *Anarchy*,

[...] I would like to comment on the "Anti-Fascist-Action Edinburgh" news story in the #37 Summer issue. I can't think of a single thing more fascist than telling someone what they can and cannot think. This is exactly what so-called "Anti-Fascist-Action" is doing. People have a right to have a Nazi belief, even if it is wrong and horrible (which it is). Harassing them makes us

no better than them. I am appalled that you could print a story that, I feel, is so incredibly against the Anarchist ethic. We have no right to tell them what is right and what is wrong. Of course, neither do they.

If "Anti-Fascist-Action" is only reacting to attacks by Nazis, then I apologize for this letter. However, if "Anti-Fascist-Action" is attacking people who have done little more than publicly proclaim themselves as Nazis, I stand by my reasoning. "Remember, a fascist is a fascist no matter which end of the political spectrum s/he comes from." -*Factsheet 5* review of *Riot Boy*.

Pall, Severn, MD.

More 'imputationism'

Fellow Creatures,

La Banquise [see *Anarchy* #38, p.30, "For a World without Morality"] might have a noble dream. I dream of Utopia too. But I also know that history wrecks havoc with utopias. It is precisely because of this capacity for havoc that *La Banquise*, as well as many other (but not all) marxists have chosen to gloss over history in exchange for a comforting tall tale that allows hope for a total transformation of society. They write that capitalism sums up the human past in its own way. I agree. But when *La Banquise* say that humanity's history is the history of its emancipation from nature, they are doing nothing more than repeating that summary. Under the guise of flowery French rhetoric, they offer us nothing other than more of the same kind of bullshit that was generated in the 19th century. It is another grand example of what my comrade Bob Black calls "imputationism," i.e., wishful thinking dressed up as critical theory.

Their table (Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow) is a seamless little bit of dialectics in action, but the action is only occurring in the author's head. In the 150 years or so, since anthropology developed in the USA, much data about so-called "pre-capitalist societies" has been accumulated. A lot of these data are empirical. In general, they overwhelmingly do not support the

bland theory of *unilineal evolution*, i.e. the theory that humanity in sum, goes through a series of developments, usually from savagery through barbarism, and finally landing in civilization (usually denoted by the presence of a state and/or capitalism). This theory was one of the trademarks of 19th century thought, and was most clearly described by Lewis Henry Morgan (a lawyer from Rochester) in his book *Ancient Society*. This particular book was a primary source for Marx and Engel's idea of history. They accepted unilineal evolution entirely. Their only real modification to it was the positing of a fourth stage, that of post-capitalist communism. And this is what *La Banquise* has to offer.

They say that there can be no revolutionary critique without a critique of the customs and lifeways which preceded capitalism. Again, I agree. And if the critique of these "past" customs and lifeways is found wanting, what does that say for the revolutionary critique? How can there be a communistic utopia if the sequence that is necessary to lead up to it is non-existent? *La Banquise* conceives of humanity as going somewhere with some purpose, in search of the ultimate synthesis. *La Banquise* would like to see history come to an end as much as Fukuhama: with a nice resolution. But I've got some news for *La Banquise*: we ain't going out like that.

My nutshell critique is this: all those qualities attributed to the "tomorrow" category, can be found in various forms in many of the societies lumped under the "yesterday" category. Furthermore, those qualities assigned to the yesterday people are largely skewed, based as they are on faulty translations of culture. They are capitalist explanations of what capital could not and still cannot seem to understand: that not everybody wishes to be liberated from nature by creating a separate economic sphere. In fact, being a slave to nature may be the most egalitarian form of society that humans have ever come up with. If I had to choose between being a slave to either nature,

economy, or the grand idea, I think I would take nature. It sure beats working. What about you?

There is one exception to the list of yesterday people: that of festivals. For me, the only appealing way to bring about an end to nostalgia for festivals would be to have festivals constantly.

Perhaps it is a sad thing that history is not flowing in a single direction, but that it is not, I think by now is fairly obvious. That leaves two general options for anarchists: either head for the hills (like Feral Faun) or engage in battle with the grid of power relations extending over the planet and our bodies. This latter choice cannot be done without an understanding of how history and power really unfolds. It is not seamless, nor is it all intentional. It is very messy, complex, and often highly convoluted and contradictory. It does not offer any grand resolution of misery, although it might accidentally help bring it about. Call it a contingency plan. You might have more fun heading for the hills.

Beer & Roses,
Neal Keating
POB 250219

New York, NY. 10025-1532

Holocaust deaths revised

Dear Jason,

Regarding the whole Holocaust Revisionism controversy, it's interesting to note that for 30 years the Holocaust Museum at Auschwitz had a stone plaque prominently displayed in their building commemorating the 4 million people who were "officially" killed at Auschwitz. Any historian who doubted this figure, of course, was immediately attacked as a vile, anti-semitic "pseudo-historian." In 1990, the museum quietly removed the plaque and reduced the "official" figure to 1.1 million. (Strange as it may seem, the figure of 6 million has not been adjusted accordingly in the media.) This figure, too, is total bullshit, but, again, anyone who points out this obvious fact is likewise denounced as anti-semitic, etc.

Taking into account the obvious fact that what happened to

European Jewry during WWII was terribly tragic—as it was for most of the world, this was World War II after all, and 50 to 60 million people perished in that disaster—I hereby point out the obvious that the 6 million figure is *totally* fraudulent, and that it was basically pulled out of thin air with virtually no basis in historical fact or historical research. Those who disagree with this statement can insult me, and call me names, and make self-righteous speeches. Or...you can show me where exactly this 6 million figure came from. Perhaps then I could learn something.

sincerely,

Ace Backwords, Berkeley, CA.
PS: For what it's worth, the publisher of *Confessions of a Holocaust Revisionist, Part II*, is Jewish (David Nestle Crowbar, Popular Reality Press), as are a growing number of Holocaust Revisionists who wish to take a closer look beneath the surface of the "official" history promulgated endlessly in our mainstream media.

Eco-anarchist village

To whom it may concern:

Wanted: Land and other people to help put together rural vegan-eco-anarchist village. Children centered, child rearing folks more than welcome.

Let's make our dreams become reality. Live wild or die!

Queer positive! Speciesist free zone! Racist/sexist free zone!

All correspondence to:

Tomorrow's Vision

POB 711

Jacksonville, OR. 97530

Anarchist film & video

Dear folks,

I work with a film and video programming collective called Pleasure Dome in Toronto; we show experimental, independent, and activist films and videos of various kinds. As one member of the group with anarchist values, I am interested in the possibility of putting together a screening of anarchist film and video work. My criteria are fairly simple: that the work be informed by anarchist ideas or points of view, or represent some sort of anarchist

film *practice* (in other words, it's not enough for a work to be by an anarchist or group of anarchists is this isn't a distinguishable element of the work at some level); that the work be "aesthetically good" (which is not to be confused with expensive production values or slick technique); that it not be too long (say, longer than 30 minutes or so—although I'd be happy to look at longer work for possible showing another time); that a preview copy be available (on film or video).

Please contact me *before* sending any actual material: detailed instructions are needed in order to ensure that stuff gets across the border (as the Canadian customs officers are notoriously arbitrary and repressive), and that duty is not mistakenly charged on preview materials. Address correspondence to:

Chris Gehman

Artists Film Exhibition Group

67A Portland St.

Toronto, Ontario M5V 2M9

Canada

PS: Do not use the name "Pleasure Dome" on the envelope: this can lead to problems at the border.

Punk underground

Hi,

Linas writing here from Lithuania! I write you 'cause I want to trade with you with some punk tapes. If you want to support the Lithuanian punk's underground, write some punk bands' addresses, and write what tapes you can trade with me. OK?

Linas Liutirnskas

Jostiniskiy 75-77

Vilnius, Lithuania

Holocaust revisionism

Editor,

Re: Bill Weinberg's question to *Anarchy* whether anarchists "think that holocaust revisionism is worthy of expending ink and paper on for purposes other than exposing and debunking?"

Weinberg thinks it isn't, I think it is. How do we come to some agreement on whether it is or not? One way is to understand what kinds of questions revisionist theory asks orthodox

historians to answer—for all of us.

Example: we were told for half a century that Auschwitz claimed four million murdered victims (mostly Jews). In 1990 the Auschwitz State Museum lowered the figure to 1.1 million.

Revisionists believe there are a few questions that need to be asked about this development. The short list include these: where are the documents that "proved" the original 4-million figure? Where are the documents that in 1990 "disprove" the 4-million figure? Where is the scholarly paper that addresses the judicial process through which the Nuremberg Court accepted the 4-million figure as historically accurate? How did the court go wrong? How many Germans were the victims of judicial murder because of the Court's lack of professionalism, or its political bias? Where is the paper that reveals to us the scholarly, half-century long road our valiant historians traveled to come to the conclusion that the 4-million figure was wrong? How were revisionist investigators able to figure it out 40 years earlier (see the writings of Paul Rassinier and others in the 1950s)?

The short answers? 1) None of these papers or documents exist or ever did exist. 2) Revisionists were able to figure out the scam in the 1950s because they took a run at it.

Bill Weinberg calls on anarchists to "expose" and "debunk" revisionism. I encourage anarchists to follow Bill's advice. I encourage Bill to follow Bill's advice. I encourage the members of the Walter Benjamin Committee on Fascism & Anti-Semitism to follow Bill's advice. I'm willing to be convinced that I'm wrong and that revisionist theory is misguided and evil.

Furthermore, I will consider publishing, in *Smith's Report*, any paper (under 7,500 words) critiquing any aspect of published revisionist theory on the alleged mass murder of the European Jews in gassing chambers or gas vans. Other subjects that interest me are the human-soap story, the human-skin lamp shade story (a favorite of Deborah Lipstadt), and corroborated

eyewitness testimony about any of these subjects.

Bill, the ball's in your court.

Bradley R. Smith, Visalia, CA.

Please stop printing

Dear disgusting scum bags,

You all are really sick. In the past, I have always been disgusted by your policy of printing letters from pedophile scum. You all seem to think that the issue of exploitative and oppressive sex relations with children is a political issue worthy of discussion in the anarchist movement. How fucking sick. But in your last issue, you bastards went too far. You printed a letter—two pages long!—from a convicted child molester. That is just fucking sick. I suppose, to the wealthy white male editors of *Anarchy*, such a thing is nothing to worry about. But what if one of your readers happens to be someone who was sexually abused as a child? How would she or he feel to have you all printing shit from child-molesting scum? This is not intellectual freedom, it's *oppression*, pure and simple, because by giving space to oppressive and hateful speech, you thereby support such speech. Would you print a two-page letter from a convicted rapist, gleefully recounting his violence against women? Or how about a nazi, explaining the post-modern aesthetic joys of beating blacks and queers? So how is what you all do any different?

You all are sick. Please stop printing your hateful, shitty magazine.

Dead men don't rape!

Stop violence against children!
Jan Kraker, Burlington, VT.

Jason comments:

Lying intolerance

On first reading this tirade I had to look back over the letters column of issue #38 in order to try to figure out if the pseudonymous Jan Kraker was merely hallucinating, or if there was, indeed, some basis in fact for his bizarre rant. What I found is that in fact there was a two-page letter from a prisoner who pled innocent (even though offered a much reduced sentence for a guilty plea) and

who still maintains that he was *falsely* charged with molesting boys while he was a Sunday School teacher. Nowhere in the letter [see *Anarchy* #38, p.72] did the writer engage in any "oppressive and hateful speech." (Rather, it was fairly sensitive and thoughtful.) Nor do any of the comments above by Jan K. indicate anything other than an attitude of extreme intolerance which sees anyone accused of a particular crime as "scum" without regard for facts or situation.

This type of attitude can condone police and judicial crimes against all manner of unfortunates prosecuted for unpopular crimes. It is the type of attitude that considered Rodney King automatically guilty and therefore deserving of an uncontrolled beating. It is the type of attitude that considers any radicals convicted of murdering cops to be automatically deserving of life imprisonment or death. It is an attitude that sees nothing wrong with lying in the service of

intolerance. And it ought to be disgusting to anyone genuinely concerned with human freedom and dignity. It certainly disgusts me.

I only wonder if this is a letter from an ex-"comrade" or a COINTELPRO-style letter meant only to provoke enmity and conflict.

Journey to nowhere

Dear *Anarchy*,
It never ceases to astound me when thoughtful radicals hold up Buckminster Fuller as an inspired example of "liberatory" thinking, as does R.D.W. of Englewood, Florida (*Anarchy* #38).

A couple years back I reread Fuller's opus *Critical Path*, to see if it was as bad as I had remembered. It was worse! Fuller's utterly mechanistic theories are well known. The universe is a big machine. Human beings are basically smaller machines within

the greater one. And now we're poised to seize the tiller. Whoopie, we're all going to be billionaires!

Here are a few samples from *Critical Path*. Fuller recommends that "the power of the Amazon watershed be harnessed and considered by designers as an integrated, moving assembly line for finally carrying forward whatever its major heavy products,...possibly for mass-production house assembly." (p.297)

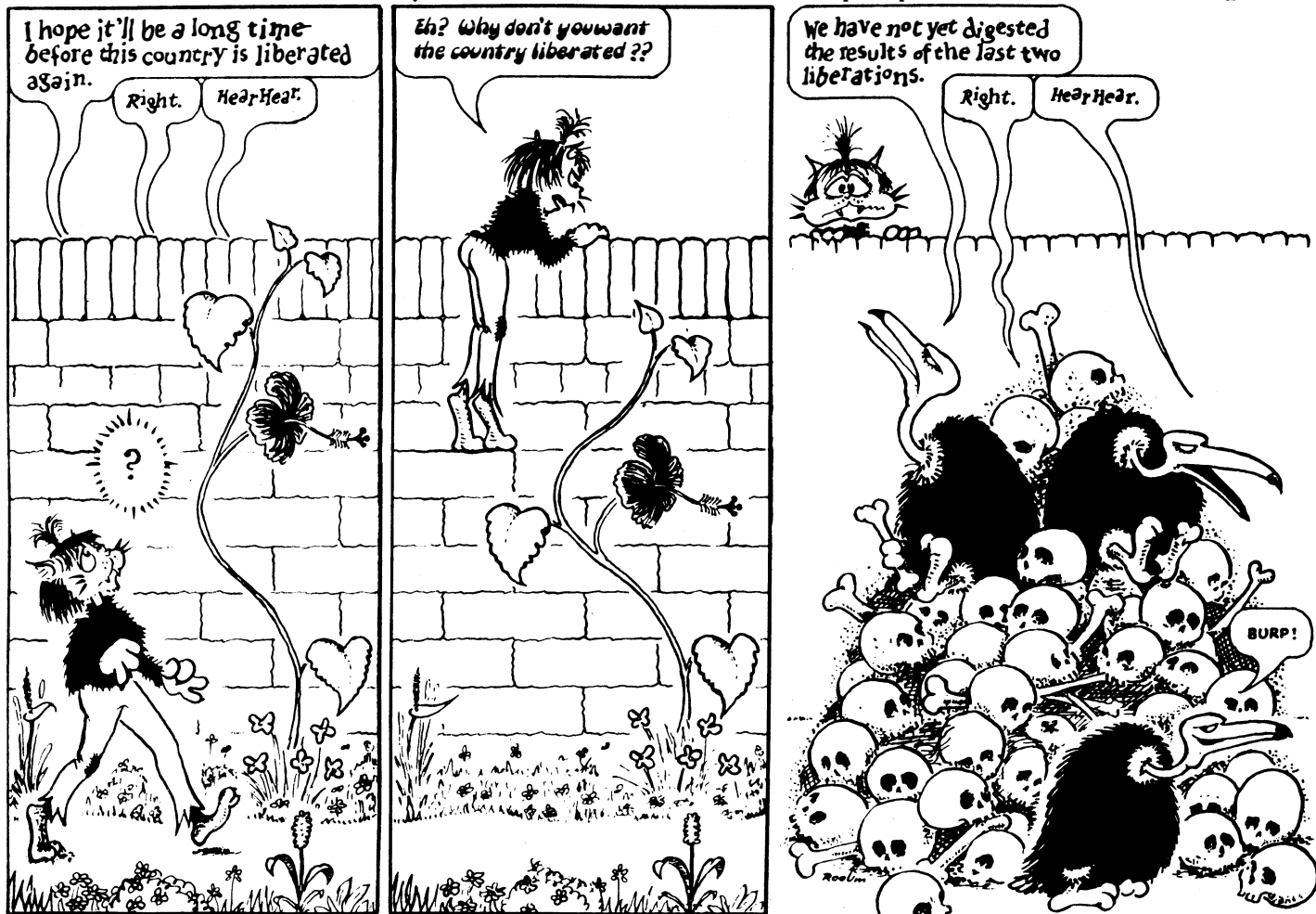
Fuller waxes grandiloquent about the "means for deploying the Brazilian population over the whole of their land for the purpose of its development...take advantage of the hard-earned technique now provided by modern warfare that would approach this whole Brazilian jungleland from above, bombing it open, then parachuting in with well-planned hand equipment and personal protective devices to carve out a complete polka-dot

pattern of island airports over the whole country, into which pattern mechanical devices would be fed progressively...." (p.306)

And this is just the tip of the iceberg. On page 251, Fuller gets so carried away he claims humans have now taken on "the competence of God." (!!)

Before he died, Shiva Naipaul (not to be confused with V.S. Naipaul) wrote a savagely sarcastic book entitled *Journey to Nowhere*, which views popular American culture through the not-so-rose-colored lens of the Jonestown massacre. In the last chapter, after taking on EST and other such fantastically silly phenomena, Naipaul describes a lecture he attended by Buckminster Fuller:

"There would be four billion billionaires on the planet...Before, only one man—the Pharaoh—could go to Heaven, Now, we could all go to Heaven. We could have Heaven right here on



©1989 by Donald Room, *Wildcat Strikes Again* (Freedom Press, 84b Whitechapel High St., London, E1 7QX, England).

Spaceship Earth....

"Bucky turned to the groups arrayed about the stage.

"He drew a rectangle on the blackboard, he divided the rectangle with a diagonal.

"Look! Two triangles!"

"The audience gasped; they started to applaud; they stamped their feet....

"Revelation was in the air. But I had had enough. I needed fresh air."

I would speculate that the mere fact thinking people are still drawn to such goofy technocrats as Buckminster Fuller, Murray Bookchin, or even Noam Chomsky, is because the tendency to want to fall at the feet of some "big man" with all the answers is still very strong (even among anarchists!). Those with such proclivities really ought to read *Journey to Nowhere*, as it aptly shows, the journey to the "big man" ends at the vat of poisoned kool aid.

Bill McCormick
Charlottesville, VA.

PS: as regards your new project, *APR*, a nice start, but less domination by the old guard—Chomsky, Bradford, J.P. Clark *et al*, and more alternatives please.

Neo-nationalists

Dear *Anarchy*,

I want to draw your attention again to the papers J.T. of Crechowice refers to. They are rather more than just "not-anarchist-but-decentralist" (*Anarchy* #38, p.58)—all support the neo-nationalist project first advanced by crypto-fascist "political soldier" strategist Derek Holland, that of "Europe of a hundred flags."

Third Way, I understand, is edited by Patrick Harrington, once chair of the National Front in UK. *Perspectives* is part of a complex bridging the gap between the Conservative far right and explicitly racial national parties such as the BNP. *Alternative Green* is edited by an isolated crank, Richard Hunt, but has been sympathetically and repeatedly reviewed by Harrington, the latter having a record of using "Green" fronts to push his own agenda. *Fourth World Review* is more firmly situated in the Green tradition originally ad-

vanced by Edward Goldsmith but its editor, John Papworth, could be more rigorous in his analysis of nationalism.

Now, I trust, readers can contemplate possible consequences of forwarding their names and addresses to the publications J.T. recommends *before* doing so.

Yours, for people's power and personal autonomy,

Oxford GA's, Oxford, U.K.

Initiative & responsibility

Anarchy,

Another topic I would like to see explored is "Initiative, Do It Yourself, and Responsibility: The Neglected Underside of Freedom," or something of that nature. One of the roadblocks obstructing anarchy is the dependence on others that has been trained into us and our desire for "someone else to do it for us." I think trained helplessness, conditioned self-disempowerment, and continual victim-playing are some of the most hideous traits burned into our personas by a domesticating society. Oftentimes pessimism translates into a sense of powerlessness, neglecting the fact that everyone can affect their situation in some way, however subtle. And, even if that influence is subtle, that is no reason to abdicate it. Any power you have, use it! Power, in the sense of being effective, is something we all want. The only difference for anarchists is "how." Do you seek effectiveness by disempowering others, by exploiting them, by abusing them, by bullying them, by limiting their options? Or do you seek it through initiative, self-empowerment ("self-help", learning how to become more effective and appropriating more capabilities), and cooperative projects?

The mountains of red tape erected by regulatory and governmental agencies everywhere works to effectively destroy initiative. When you have to fill out 500 forms and get 20 permits ("permits") and clear this zoning law and pay these bogus fees, it tends to drain any inspiration you might have for starting a project.

Another influence which drains initiative is more social and cultural in nature. It is the barrier of perfectionism found everywhere in our society. People expect a perfected, polished product. They expect you to be able to get it right the first time, even when you've never done it before. They expect you to be able to compete with companies that have thousands of dollars to manufacture their product or service.

This is very closely tied in with the alarming yet quite noticeable fact that people invest anything "official" with power, status, and admiration (envy), even if they ostensibly stand against it. People would rather pick up a paperback from Walden's than read your new manuscript. People would rather buy a compact disc from a band they heard on KROQ than listen to your home-recorded stuff. Because the book from the bookstore and the compact disc from the record store are "real." They are important, higher up on the status ladder, they "mean something." Many, even and sometimes especially those who consider themselves "alternative," still invest esteem in the status ladder to a farcical extent. I find it interesting in this regard that "real" and "royal" are related: that which comes from *archos*, or rule, is "real"; that which comes from an-*archos*, is not. He who has the best package wins!

Now if you have to be worried about being perfect, having shiny glossy packaging, and getting your project "official," that's going to tend to drain your initiative. In fact, it could be downright depressing: why bother starting the project at all?

Obviously, money is the greatest barrier to self-initiative. Often the costs of beginning a project are prohibitive, even if you bypass all the red tape. Buying a press costs alot of money, buying a P.A. costs alot of money, and for almost any project you need a space to hold it in, in which case the rent becomes ridiculous as well. Now sometimes you can get a cheaper space, such as renting a warehouse in an industrial area of town, but then you run into

people's need for something official and packaged.

Nevertheless, despite all these barriers and obstacles, I still believe the greatest one to overcome is our own self-victimization and unwillingness to cooperate and network with others. It's easier to complain and grumble and expect someone else to do all the work for us, but that makes us beg for leaders. Some way out of this trap has to be found.

In terms of responsibility, I think it has become a dirty word for many due to its erroneous association in our society with "guilt" and "blame." I think it is intentional that the powers-that-be continue to associate "responsibility" with "guilt" and "blame"; then, most people will be discouraged from actually taking responsibility, which goes hand in hand with becoming more effective, or taking more power for oneself. Taking responsibility centers power and autonomy within oneself: I control my destiny, I make the choices that shape my life, I work with the conditions I have to make the most out of my situation. Responsibility means an artful awareness that every decision one makes, and every decision one takes, has consequences, and an ability to acknowledge the connection between causes and effects. It does *not* mean that one is obligated to take someone else's idea of punishment or reprimanding. It does *not* mean that one has to put up with another's bullshit for one second. It does *not* mean blaming oneself, or accepting anyone's guilt. In fact, true responsibility *dissolves* those, for it empowers oneself. It shows one's connection to one's situation and fate. It indicates lines of influence. Avoiding responsibility has alot to do with running from demons of guilt and self-blame within ourselves, when the more empowering thing to do is to turn and face them and say, "Yes, I initiated an action which had certain consequences. I can learn from these consequences certain lessons which will guide my actions in the future, but I took the action and I stand by it, so I demand that you begone."

Obviously, responsibility is discouraged in a system where taking responsibility gets one canned. Having lived in a punishment society, we all know that owning up to "what we have done" doesn't socially tend to decrease blame, guilt, and punishment, but increase them. Basically, we punish people for taking responsibility! Is it any wonder we avoid responsibility to avoid reprimand and penalties? In a system such as ours, it can be foolish to admit to everything. But responsibility does not necessarily have to do with admitting anything to anyone else; it can be silent acknowledgment within oneself of one's role in the situation at hand, followed by a choice to not divulge information to coercive and penal individuals.

Anyway, I've only covered some small areas of this topic that could be explored much further. It's not necessarily a "fun" topic, but it could be made more fun if we cleared the air of all the false notions and connotations that have gone along with it, and began to explore these ideas. Could there be a "playful responsibility" rather than a "dutiful responsibility"? I don't know. I do know that empowerment has to do with notions of initiative and responsibility. We have to know how to get things started, and we have to be aware of the effects we already have, if we are to increase our effectiveness or power. [...]

Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,
"Howlin' Mad" Johann
Los Angeles, CA.

Unfair comment

Dear Jason,

I must protest your very unfair comment on the letter defending me: Jayson Josef Strieter, *Anarchy* #38: p.80. You said that his letter was too stupid, etc. His letter had better points of argument that were solid, even if one did not agree with him, than most that I see in @. He developed his argument very well like a trained debater, even though he is only 20.

Further, I would like to hear your argument that nationalism

is "unsavory." Just why is it unsavory? Is it a crime to be "anti-semitic" when it is OK to bash the whites everywhere in the ethnically controlled presses? Why is it OK to say "redneck" but not "nigger" or "kike"?

If the letter from Strieter from prison is "about as appropriate for this magazine (meaning @) 'as would be a bowling ball on a billiard table," why would such an astute editor as you print it? Are certain viewpoints outlawed or censored in this freewheeling publication for child molesters and other far-out viewpoints? One thing that characterizes the well-balanced person is that they are consistent.

To say that someone's expression is stupid is unkind, unfair, and unprofessional. You do get unbalanced when anything opposite to your own viewpoints of open borders, anti-racism (for whites), and anti-nationalism (unless it is Ward Churchill and his Amerind agenda) comes up.

Letter writer Strieter showed a good background knowledge in political science. There is a strong backup and documentation for everything he says in his letter, especially about the fact that it is generally recognized that Stalin killed more Jews and Hitler.

So, please be fair in calling names of your readers that you do not entirely agree with. Who knows, you may be insulting the next Fuhrer or the next censor of the American Press, such as the Supreme Court, the Attorney General, or head of victorious White Nationalists.

Happy Hallowe'en!
Yours in quality debate,
Molly Gill, Largo, FL.

Jason replies:

Focus on anarchy

This is an *anarchist* magazine, not merely a free-for-all where anyone is invited to write on any subject regardless of its complete irrelevancy to anarchist concerns. Strieter's incoherent letter showed that he had little or no concern to relate his views to the context of this magazine, and as such it was barely included in the letters column. This magazine is open to non-anarchist participation, but only on the condition that non-

anarchists have something they want to say to anarchists. When they write primarily to mouth off stupid and/or incoherent provocations, I will not waste my time typesetting their letters, nor waste the attention of readers, from this point on.

I was not "unfair" to Strieter. His letter was stupid, regardless if there were a few sensible thoughts lost amongst the general stupidity. If he showed more sense in his arguments, I might have countered them. But incoherence such as his leaves little room or rationale for argument.

Regarding the position of *Anarchy* on nationalism. Fredy Perlman said it best in his "The Continuing Appeal of Nationalism" which appeared in issue #37. Try reading it. Anti-semitism is as appalling to me as any other type of racism, including non-white racism directed at whites. But, however you look at it, the word "redneck" does not carry the same type of connotations as those of more directly racial terms, as you surely must be aware. There is simply no history of racist mobs lynching "rednecks" for the imaginary crime of being white. Just as there is no history of "rednecks" being discriminated against by economic, civil and political powers-that-be purely because they are white. I find the suggestion that the word is an equivalent to other derogatory racist terms to be repulsive.

And just to make my position clear, I hereby officially insult any and all present and future political "leaders," whether or not they are racists. Fuck 'em all.

More on Koresh

Dear *Anarchy* and Dina Fisher,

I have some more information about the FBI vs Branch Davidians. I have since lost the article, but it was in the *Washington Post*. It should be available from libraries or the *Wash. Post*. The story is about where David Koresh got the name Koresh. Around the turn of the century in the south (specific state and town are in article) there was a religious community called the Koresh Unity. This was a community of 300 with 3,000 members of the faith nationwide. At one point in time the Koresh Unity community

voted as a block for the Democratic Party. They broke with this tradition in early 1900s and decided to run for office as independents. And were successful. One of their primary campaign positions was to *collectivize all the power companies*. The leader of the Unity was later (1905,6?) killed by the local sheriff and then the details are sketchy as to how the community dissolved. If David Koresh and the Branch Davidians hold these sorts of views it is easy to see why they were killed by the corporate state.

J.L., Hyattsville, MD.

Holocaust revisionism

Dear *Anarchy*,

I would like to comment on the letter written by Bill Weinberg in the Fall '93 issue of *Anarchy*. It is him who needs to spend a little more time in the library, not Jason McQuinn. To claim that twelve million people were killed in German concentration camps and "euthanasia" programs is simply absurd and completely baseless. There is no evidence to substantiate such a claim. Sure many died, but no where close to that number.

It is also absurd to question certain aspects of the Holocaust story as being Neo-Nazi or anti-Semitic. Just because someone expresses skepticism or even disbelief in the Holocaust, does not mean he is motivated by hate. If the Holocaust is really a hoax then let's accept that. Doing otherwise would be entirely hypocritical. This has nothing to do with endorsing Nazism, or any other political ideology for that matter. Revisionism is plain and simply an attempt to discover historical truth, no matter how unpopular it may be. This should be the job of any historian.

Most people are not aware of it, but Revisionism has made tremendous progress in recent years. Here are a few facts everyone should know about.

In 1990, the official figure of four million deaths in Auschwitz was reduced to 1.1 million.

Strangely the figure of 6 million has not been adjusted accordingly.

The museum director at the

Auschwitz State Museum, Franciszka Piper, has admitted on tape that the "gas chamber" shown to tourists was "reconstructed" after the war.

Not a single autopsy conducted in any of the bodies recovered from the concentration camps has ever indicated the cause of death as gassing.

None of the camps on German territory, to include Dachau, is recognized by historians as ever having had gas chambers.

Of course the Jews suffered much during the war and many, many lost their lives. But that is no excuse to throw things out of proportions, nor is it right to use it for political ends as the Zionists have done.

I doubt that you will publish my letter, but, if you truly value freedom of speech, freedom of inquiry, and, most important of all, the truth, you should.

Sincerely,
C.K., Spring Valley, CA.

Barrage of propaganda

To Jason & Co.,

I have been buying *Anarchy* for just over a year & a half now & overall like the magazine. I have never written to a letters column before, but am so disgusted by what I'm seeing I find myself driven to. I am referring to the constant barrage of pro-rape and nazi propaganda I continually see in your magazine. This is not another letter from a whining bitching, politically-correct saying that your work has an otherwise hidden racist slant that must be brought to the world's attention, for I have seen much to the contrary. What I am complaining about is the end result of a very well-intentioned anti-censorship policy.

I would like to state that I have a passionate hatred of censorship. I am in no way saying that rapists, fascists and child-killers shouldn't have the freedom to express their opinions, I am simply questioning why myself and thousands of other anarchists should be forced to see them. Anyone wanting to promote racism should write into *National Vanguard* or similar trash as what they're doing is mainly antago-

nizing us & pushing us into militant anti-racism.

You have said time and time again that "racism nauseates you," so why not force these clowns back into a non-anarchistic forum? I have travelled and found that virtually everywhere I have been the local anarchists have been fighting nazis, not hanging out with them.

Toronto's racist Heritage Front's telephone hotline recently said "Anti-Racist-Action is nothing more than a bunch of HIV-positive anarchists, with no respect for law and order." This is typical of white nationalist & neo-nazi groups; they usually try to change government policies such as immigration and promote right-wing, racist gov't. The goals of white nationalists, and black nationalists are completely opposed to anarchism and grossly unfair to other races.

Fascists should be treated with the same intolerance they endorse of minorities. I long for the day a hundred neo-nazis' dead mutilated bodies are found in a field, just so we can write books saying it was a huge nazi conspiracy and it never happened.

Molly Gill undoubtedly has a letter somewhere in this issue, as she always does, indicating that perhaps there are less white supremacist readers than it may appear and they are simply more vocal. She has stated that she loves criticism. So she's probably going to get off for hours on my response to her propaganda.

Molly—you have said you "tend to champion the underdog" and "anyone with a brain is a racist," in the last couple of issues. I would like to say for the record that less than 10% of our population is black and they seem to be getting the short end of the stick with most things. And maybe race-war types like yourself have more to do with why "multiculturalism isn't working" than some genetic defect found in non-whites. You have also said that neo-fascists like yourself agree with anarchists in seeking the abolition of large gov't. History such as Nazi Germany, apartheid, North American colonization & formal slavery would tend to suggest otherwise. While young nazi-

skinheads may share a dislike of cops, that's only because they're anti-social little dinks & not because they see government as oppressive. I cannot think of a single formally racist group which condemns government, although most are unhappy we abolished slavery & have no death camps. Fascists are enemies of gov't only so far as it does not formally execute minorities. Those who hate cops do so only because they keep getting arrested for fagbashing (homophobia), rape & pimping (sexism) & killing other races (racism). They do not share any true hatred of the system which is shown by their extreme patriotism. A love of one's country indicates that one is confident it's government will change to match one's beliefs, not a desire for the abolition of government and said country to change back to its former state of land.

Hopefully Molly will be done jacking off in time to write in yet again next issue. I wonder if she thinks the fascists who beat Rodney King were anarchists as well? Perhaps Jason, who undoubtedly will not even consider ending free-forum for racists despite 5 already instated exemption policies detailed at the beginning of this column, would like to respond to this.

Yours truly,
A.H., no city listed

Jason comments: Dealing with letters

There will never be a perfect letters policy for this or any other magazine. All we can do is to try to balance the relevant factors—the space available and the range of topics of importance &/or interest to readers with the quality, quantity, pertinence & length of letters received. At the same time we must be aware of the potential for disruption should letters be sent by infiltrators and corporate or government agents (COINTEL-PRO-style), just as we need to be aware of the potential for unprincipled opportunists (individuals or organizations) to push their own anti-anarchist agendas without regard for the purpose of this relatively free forum. Obviously, no matter what I do to limit the content of letters that are printed, it

will never satisfy every reader, since each reader is also always pushing his or her own personal agenda (whether pro- or anti-anarchist) when writing, and every reader will have a different perspective to share.

One of the major reasons that this magazine has a more open letters policy than almost any other that I can think of, is my own past experiences with writing letters to anarchist and non-anarchist publications and having them refused for publication—often for the most inane of reasons. I think that readers of *Anarchy* deserve better than that kind of treatment, so we will continue to keep my hands off of letters as much as is possible, within the conditions set down in the introductory statement that precedes the letters in each issue. However, we also remain open to readers suggestions as to how to best balance the various factors involved in publishing letters in this magazine. And, as some readers will notice, there have been some changes in the way letters have been handled over the last few years. I am no more interested than the next person in reading letters arguing for racist, sexist, pro-statist, pro-capitalist, ageist, sexually-repressive, or politically-correct ideologies or activities. But, if anarchists want to engage in dialogues with people outside the milieu, these are the kind of people we need to be listening to, arguing with and conversing with. I am not interested in publishing a magazine for a milieu which is so afraid of heteronomous views that it becomes exclusively concerned with talking to itself. Nor am I interested in being uncritical of authoritarian attitudes and agendas. Nor, yet, do I want to take it upon myself to define the official boundaries of approved dialogue, or of anarchist interests. In my opinion, readers should realize first that not all letters to this magazine are from anarchists, secondly that reading the confused and/or authoritarian views of others does not constitute accepting their opinions, and thirdly that it is not my responsibility to respond to every questionable letter. I would like to see readers take the opportunity this column affords to engage in a wide-ranging dialogue. If you see something



questionable or outrageous or exciting that someone has written, please respond to it, criticize it, or praise it, as the case may warrant. But please, don't just complain about having to read letters that you don't agree with if you don't want to participate in the shaping of this dialogue.

Any more opinions on this subject?

Freaking out

Jason,
 [...] The human race is going through extinction's final phase. Psychologists, psychiatrists, social workers, media, businessmen, police (100,000)...etc. to keep it all orderly. Planes and trains on schedule. No different than Auschwitz, doppelgangers etc. etc. Mass delusion, only bigger...final.

People are freaking out all over the globe.

There were three riotous confrontations in the Tampa Bay area during October; between police and blacks. All three were instigated by police. Crystal River, cop shot prisoner in handcuffs point blank in the head. Six cops watched. Tampa, police

shot suspect (unarmed) in back killed him. Random firing in project injured others. St. Pete. Gulfport—attempted arrest of drunk at bar resulted in crowd throwing rocks and bottles at police—fights.

729 cops have been reprimanded, suspended, fired in Fla. as of Nov.6,'93 according to Fla. Dept. of Law Enforcement. They say this is only 4% of officers.

In May county deputies shot and killed 3 emotionally disturbed people without effort at siege or negotiation. An off duty cop shot a 20 yr old 8 times in the back over a stolen used tv. The boy was runnin' and dropped the tv. In Oct. there were two deaths of innocent bystanders due to unnecessary "hot pursuits" in Pinellas County.

100,000 more cops, expect big problems.

M.S., St. Petersburg, FL.

Impassioned by desire

Hello *Anarchy*,

Good bye oppression.

I subscribe to your magazine and have been reading it for over a year now. It has been one

of the most enlightening experiences of my life, that is anarchy. Because of your magazine, I read whatever I can of anarchy and anarchists, however that is about all I do and I would like to do more. I want to understand how people like Bob Black, Raoul Vaneigem, John Zerzan and others live their daily lives in light of their theories and how we can effect change towards anarchy without coming off as a Jehovah's Witness and/or a power bent organization.

I am impassioned by desire to live without authority and oppression and I want to do so with humanity, not by myself. But maybe that's how it starts.

Any information about how anarchists live today and what anarchists are doing in their communities would be appreciated. [...] Thanks.

M.S., Los Angeles, CA.

Anarchist books

Anarchy,

Hi from bobEE in Olympia...

Anarchist books have three shelves at a new bookstore in Olympia. The Harrison and Turner Book Company at 404 S. Washington St. (206) 754-2151. I (local anarchist) stock the books & pay distributors on consignment. The bookstore keeps 30% profit in exchange for space. They also carry other good books such as queer stuff, feminist, ethnic studies, beat, biography, etc.

I can be reached at POB 10096, Olympia, WA. 98502.

How to sell anarchist books in your town without having to shell out rent for a bookstore.

Approach local bookstore with an offer similar to mine which is as follows: the bookstore gives me space (a shelf or so) and sells the book at a 30% profit price. I stock, order, & pay for books. It is good for me because I get to distribute anarchist books locally and get to control that space. It is good for bookstore because they get profit but don't have to deal with a distributor and it is all based on consignment.

Harrison & Turner were very into the idea from the start.

The first sales were *Rants & 2*

copies of *Anarchy*. I also have *Fifth Estates* there. I would like to expand the magazine section but will probably have to limit it to larger, more traditional style magazines since the store probably doesn't want to deal with lotsa little zines, unfortunately.

I get most of my books through Left Bank Distribution, so if you are interested in a project like this I recommend writing them.

They send me books at a 60% consignment basis. I keep 10% for postage & damage, etc. The bookstore gets 30%, i.e. a ten dollar book is sold, the store keeps 3, I get \$1 & send the other \$6 to L.B.D.

bobEE, Olympia, WA.

Response on race

This is, in part, a response to Neal Keating's article entitled "What is a Race?" which appeared in the Summer 1993 issue of *Anarchy*.

The first thing I want to point out is that Keating is completely blind to the one concern which would seem to unite all "anarchists," the issue of power. For clearly, it is no great revelation that race is a social, and not a biological, construction; so are class, gender, culture, and sexual orientation (unless you are a social biologist). The important thing is who set up the constructions, and who benefits from them.

Keating describes race and difference using language of neutrality. He uses examples of "us" and "them" as if all races were in equal position in the system and were equally in control of contradictions of their own identity. This is no different than liberal integrationist rhetoric. For consider the reverse: observe how pathetic class integrationist rhetoric is, in the onslaught of propaganda we experience every day assuring us that there are no classes here in Babylon, that the interests of labor and capital are the same and that all conflict boils down to individual choice.

Racism is not a power-neutral, or symmetrical, relation. Just as the arrival of Columbus was not a "contact of cultures".... The point is not that race is a myth,

because society is a bloody myth, and on some level we're all just quadrupedal mammals scraping out an existence on a rock hurtling through space, the point is, how do the myths oppress us and how can we change them? To ignore race (and class, gender, etc.) because it is a "myth," as Keating would have us do, is like the prisoner who claims that since the walls of the prison are mere human-made constructions, they should be ignored. And it begins to sound like the old New Lefties (new Old Lefties?) who lament the passing of the early 1960s, the days of "We Shall Overcome," Blacks and Whites together, before identity politics changed the landscape. Or like Michael Jackson crooning, "If you wanna be my brother it don't matter if you're black or white," when it has become painfully obvious that it very much *does* matter if you're black or white, if you live in the United States.

At what price unity? If anarchy means anything it should be a celebration of difference, of diversity, a rebellion against all reductivist, homogenizing ideologies and social controls. I have, recently, met a great number of people who, in their backlash against liberal guilt politics, have dropped ideas like race, gender, etc. from their overall critique of society and capital, in favor of (usually) a critique focussing mainly on class. They are right to rebel against the sentimental liberals, but I think they are throwing the baby out with the bathwater, and in their attempt to find an "ultimate critique," they become homogenists.

In these postmodern times I can think of no better analogy for the world than as a collage, of different identities and experiences and worldviews. The modernists sought to impose one view on us all (without bothering to ask anyone what they thought about it) and the failure of this thinking is apparent everywhere. To live and think nowadays, one must take into account "difference" from the start, the idea that people move through and experience the world (including time and space) in very different ways, and thus people react to the world in very different ways.



And these differences are neither trivial nor temporal, and should be taken into account from the start of one's critique of society. Or as David Harvey puts it:

"The treatment of difference and 'otherness' not as something to be added on to more fundamental Marxist categories (like class and productive forces), but as something that should be omni-present from the very beginning in any attempt to grasp the dialectics of social change." (Harvey, David, *The Condition of Postmodernity*, Cambridge, 1989.)

To not acknowledge difference is to severely limit oneself, to isolate one from the many realms of action and struggle that are going on right now, and to further marginalize one's experience. In thinking about and dealing with this society, it is a serious mistake.

I hope that I have raised some

good questions here, and that more will follow. I think these are important ideas that should be discussed, hopefully in this magazine. I look forward to hearing more.

L.S., San Francisco, CA.

**Neal Keating responds:
An ongoing disaster**

I suspect the reason why you "can think of no better analogy for the world than as a collage," is because your thought (as demonstrated in your letter) is diluted with a solution of incoherent passivity, something not uncommon "in these postmodern times."

First of all, for a significant number of people in the United States (including a fair share of anarchists), the acceptance of the idea that race is a social construction, would indeed constitute a great revelation.

Secondly, for me, power is not "an issue" to be talked about. It is

a problem, the solving of which could lead to any number of pleasant situations. Power as issue, difference and diversity as goals: these are the symptoms of a theoretical strategy that watches too much TV: it's always already grave up and sunk in a vogueish trance of reassuring reification.

Third, one way to change the myths that oppress us, is to directly attack them through an analysis of their claims to legitimacy. That is exactly what I was trying to do.

Finally, I think a better analogy for the world (if there must be one at all) is "an ongoing disaster." I orient my words accordingly.

Beer and Roses,
Neal Keating
POB 15

Rensselaer, NY. 12144

Only social revolution

This is our latest leaflet, "Yeltsin-Fascist!" We printed it just after the army shot people inside and around the "White House." We never supported any politicians from parliament. But we know for sure that all these crimes were done by Yeltsin in order to crush down the last social guarantees and put away all obstacles for the world bourgeoisie and wild capitalism in Russia. Also the Moscow uprising showed that politicians can't stop capitalist injustice. This can be done only by social revolution!

Khbarovsk Group of
Anarcho-Syndicalists (KAS)

Our address:

Russia
Khbarovsk
Glavpochtamt
Do vostrebob
Blazhevich Vitali

PS: Your *Anarchy* is great!

Critical letter

Dear anarchists,
Truth be told, I was disappointed to see that C.A.L. did not feel my "Notes to Debord's *Comments*" could be published. Anarchists are the only people who take the SI seriously, so I thought *Anarchy* (the magazine with the sub-titled that says the editors want to see desire armed, which is plainly a post-situationist innovation—the SI

spoke of taking desire for reality) would like to have the only non-obfuscatory interpretation of the book.

I was somewhat surprised that readers of *Anarchy* wouldn't be able to keep up their interest in "Notes," according to you. You have no such qualms about reprinting Vaneigem's book, which nobody is going to understand simply because Vaneigem never explains what he means by terms such as "spectacle" and "organization of appearance." I know what they mean. You should (but don't, if "As We See It" is any guide) too, seeing as how you're the ones publishing it. But the vast majority of your readers don't.

Regarding Zerzan's misinterpretation of Debord's *Comments*: the paranoid passage Zerzan found so off-putting (about Parisians being the victims of some sort of oil drilling-passivity plot) is meant to be dismissed. Debord comes out and write this on p.2. "Readers will encounter certain decoys..." It is up to the careful reader to discern what is relevant from what is irrelevant, as the discussion of "logic" on p.30 indicates.

Anyway, I hope I've provided a critical enough letter.

Sincerely,
G.T., Pointe-Claire, Quebec

Open Letter

An open letter to the creep threatening to sue Autonomedia: Bekken,

You stagger us with your idiocy. Your threats against Autonomedia are no way to get at Black—they simply cast you as a mamma's boy running into the matriarchal arms of the state. You claim to be an anarchist, but *your reliance on the law to protect you from your own words* wraps you in the national flag. Has the presence of your words on the back of Bob's book made you change your politics, or were you always this way?

You are probably in the service of domination, worrying your nights away as to what illusion will trick poor people into working like dogs so they can send you their dues.

Surely you realize that your

threats have drawn attention to your quote. If this is a publicity stunt, it has worked well enough—people who would have otherwise never known of your existence, now know what a little boy you are. Grow up and give up! Even if your tastes have become so stale that you want to try to take back what you said, it will never work. Here's a little communication lesson for you: the material embodiment of your words about Bob existed in the past and form part of your personal history. Nothing you do can change this.

My suggestion to you is to let it go. Think of your sticker scheme like the moon, it's more interesting to watch in eclipse. A big man has the power to forget. The sooner you forget, the sooner you'll be able to reenchant your memories of Bob. Come on, let it go, for everyone's sake. Why bog down a great publisher like Autonomedia with your petty quibbles?

Cold regards,
Len Bracken, Arlington, VA.

Life creeps slowly by

Dear Jason & *Anarchy*,

[...] Well, life creeps slowly by here. Most folks I'm around (friends or at college) are slowly becoming more and more like their parents every day. I see traits in young people that they'll take to the grave and it's real bad—worked to death. It's a struggle to avoid full-time "compulsory production" for me—since '88 it's been college or the dole at very small financial levels—but he, look at the shops! Look at what everyone else has. I don't want it, it's blood that it's built on. Material wealth = life poverty, etc. You could increase my finances by 500% or higher, my happiness will *not* change. Maybe the amount of commodities I can buy, but not my happiness. The work ethic seems so intense here and everywhere I guess—spending money on lots of garbage isn't for me, so I don't need a job.

Wants and needs...I see people who think these are the same, it's sad. All around—work, work, work—if it's to cover needs—you'll hear silence from

me...to saturate *wants*? I have nothing but laughter...are you really going to sell yet another part of your soul to them?

It's great to read you people. I've lately come across Bob Black stuff/Situationist stuff and it's been the proverbial slap in my face. I am my desires often—but there is a sleeping *ascetic* in me—s/he must be killed.

Life in the last year or two (I'm 23) has been like the cake of many layers—I see more and more of the evil and aspire to more of the good every time a layer goes. Ideally I'd like to go to India/Nepal/Tibet—as soon as I can but we'll see what happens.

Spontaneity, desire and love burst out of me every time I wake up and I take them to bed at night with me and my dreams. They're night dreams and day-dreams and I want to live them so much. Overcoming myself (as opposed to coming over myself) is a step I've almost completed.

[...] The assorted "movements" here are either prone to the usual fighting among themselves (antifascist groups) or are being shat on left and right by the govt (squatters and hunt sabs). Fascism is creepy crawling here—Freedom Press & 121 Centre in London have had arson attacks of late...I think Spengler's *Decline of the West* is a fitting title for Europe just now.

Is anyone out there into Robert Anton Wilson? Get in touch—only a couple of my pals rave about his stuff—anyone else think similar ideas? Write me! [...]

For a world of fun/better orgasms/play & laughter.

Yours in love/anarchy/peace,
Craig B. Anderson
Top Floor Right
18 Ashvale Place
Aberdeen AB1 6PX
Scotland

Don't talk about what you do, just do it!

Dear *Anarchy*,

I am incarcerated in a federal camp for the crime of putting a nail in a tree, okay 370 nails in 284 trees, as was proven at my jury trial it was not an Earth First! action, just four people's

idea of how to slow down "Big Brother's" natural tendency to rape.

Special Agent Merkley (I call him "Lefty" as in Hitler's left nut) testified that I had a BATF machinegun permit, that I was in the military under a false name, had a gun shop until the IRS shut it down etc., all of this was a lie. Why should "they" wish to tell such lies? Because he works for "Big Brother," and as we all know big brother loves to rape, be it poor people, trees, or the minds of America, or foreign countrys, he *must* rape! We slowed him down (just a little) thus causing his balls to turn blue. Oops! Pissed him off yup. So here I sit passing time away.

I have learned a lot here, though much of the knowledge I have gained I will never be able to use legally, oh well. I am certain "BB" knows just what the hell he is doing.

So I found a copy of your "zine" floating around in here and loved it. I hope you all are still printing when this arrives, I know better than most exactly what the US govt would like to see happen to you. The main reason for my being hunted by the feds was a publication titled *Live Wild Or Die* which they really did not think was amusing. "They" tried to say I was the leader of a "Terrorist Group," nah, not me, I run alone and would advise your readers to do the same. The feds cannot function without snitches. "They" spent \$4,000,000 and 4½ years looking for me and only found me due to a snitch (my wife, yugh). So don't talk about what you do, just *do it!*

Anyway, I would like to request a favor of you if you please. Would it be possible for ya'll to turn me on to a (free) subscription? Also would you print my name and address in your fine "zine"? Life here is hard, not like it was behind the wall at Atlanta USP, but 96 out of 100 people here are snitches and brain dead to boot (you've got to be brain dead to help the feds). Your publication is the first breath of fresh air I have enjoyed since arriving at this camp of assimilation. So if you could please help me out by providing some contact with

people who think rather than absorbing all the bullshit Big Brother has offered America to consume I would be ever so grateful!!!

I believe you are pointed in the right direction, hey, perhaps it doesn't really matter what you do, drive to Wyoming take over a missile silo and push the button, stay home and fuck, or just live your life in a manner which suits you. If you are able to do these things on your own initiative not because you watched too much TV or listen to too much govt B.S. you will be doing better than 99% of the United States of Central North America. More power to ya.

If you could print my name, etc. perhaps someone could write it on a bathroom wall somewhere. Thanks.

Love & Peace,
Spicer AKA John P. Blount
#24513-013
F.P.C. Box 270
POB 2650
Jesup, GA. 31545

In defense of morality

Hello *Anarchy*,

My letter to *Anarchy* #38 (pp. 74-75) took issue with Feral Faun's rejection of anarchist theories based on moral concepts, and asserted the existence of a natural human "moral sense," an intuitive sense of rightness or fairness common to all humanity. FF responded with the statement that "There is no evidence that such a sense exists," citing experiences from childhood and observations about "non-state" or tribal societies.

"As a child," FF says, "I lied, stole, and committed acts of cruelty without compunction." This is a good point; I did similar things as a child and I agree that it is not uncommon. (The only part of FF's statement I might doubt is the "without compunction," but obviously no one else can say what degree of "compunction," conscious or repressed, may or may not have existed in FF's mind.) There is no doubt that kids act in ways that are cruel, hostile, deceptive, etc. But how much of this anti-social behavior is the result of natural inclination, and how

much of it is due to the intense hierarchical, authoritarian, and competitive conditioning that we are all subjected to from infancy? The fact that you are born with a latent tendency toward socially harmonious behaviors (which I have referred to as a "sense of rightness") would not mean that you would necessarily act on the basis of it in any particular instance, or that it would be a dominant part of your personality. You may opt to ignore it; it may be overwhelmed, drowned out by contrary social conditioning (like the fundamentalist Xian influences in FF's childhood); it may be diminished by other inherent psychological factors. My assertion that each of us was aware of an innate sense of rightness or fairness in our childhood was, of course, a generalization to which there are many degrees of variation and undoubtedly exceptions in certain particular cases. Each individual is a unique combination of genetic and environmental factors. Yet, as a general statement, I believe that the concept has validity and importance.

As for looking at "non-state" or non-civilized cultures for evidence, a vast amount of data could be introduced to support each side of the argument. Many non-civilized cultures have shown low amounts of aggression, competitiveness and hostility, sharing tribal assets fairly; others, as FF points out, have exhibited contrary traits, like cruelty, hostility, etc. While such anthropological investigations are interesting, I believe that they are ultimately inconclusive, and that the real "evidence" must be sought in another direction entirely.

I propose two lines of inquiry to investigate the validity of the theory that an inherent moral sense exists as a standard element of human consciousness: (1) a rigorously honest and uncompromising introspective analysis of one's own inmost feelings and deepest convictions; and (2) a syncretic/eclectic comparative analysis of the world's traditional moral and ethical beliefs, identifying the elements that are most common among Earth's cultures and disregarding the rest. I be-

lieve that the pattern revealed by this dual investigation will be clear and convincing. It will show the existence of a fundamental realization among humanity that certain sorts of actions are "right" or "good"—beneficial, healthy, conducive to happiness—and a sympathetic resonance within one's self, beneath layers of social inhibition.

I have referred to this realization as "pre-rational" because it is not derived by a process of reason or logic; it is not a product of the intellect; rather it is intuitive, emotional, instinctive; it is knowledge of the "heart" rather than of the "head." Or, to shift to another anatomical analogy, it is "gut-level" feelings, *i.e.* so fundamental that it underlies our thought and behavior, forming the basis of our worldview or assumptions about reality.

For a specific example: why do you oppose racism (assuming that you do oppose it)? Beneath all the rational arguments, I believe you'll find that the "bottom line" is simply that you *know in your heart* that racism is wrong, that all people have a *right* to enjoy a fair share of social opportunity regardless of who they are.

It is this same sort of heartfelt realization that forms the basis of my concept of anarchism. Every person born on Earth is a co-heir of the Earth itself, having a natural right to make use of the elements of nature for sustenance and satisfaction. No social system is just if it deprives a human being of the necessities of life and fair access to the resources of society. No "authority" is legitimate if it is not based fully on the voluntary agreement and consent of every person affected by it.

FF says, "The golden rule...is an absurd basis for behavior. How do I know that anyone else wants what I want?" You know because there is a level at which all human beings (indeed, all sentient beings) have common needs and common desires, because they share a common identity as Earth-dwelling creatures. Whoever you are, I am sure that you want to eat when you're hungry and drink when you're thirsty, want to sit by the warm hearthside when the cold

wind blows the snow around, want medical care when you're sick or injured. You want freedom, autonomy, security, and respect. And you know everyone else does as well, because although we are separate individuals with distinct *personal* wants and needs, we all share the same *universal* ones. The golden rule is simple common sense. It is absurd if you take it out of context and apply it to areas of personal preference or individual proclivity, which it was obviously not meant for.

The absolute identification of "self" with the individual ego, to the exclusion of any recognition of our common identity with the rest of the species and other living beings, is in large part the cause of the present disastrous authoritarian, hierarchical, ecocidal social trends. Technological science divorced from ecological awareness and dogmatic rationalism divorced from intuitive sensibility are symptoms of this egocentric attitude, a cultural schizoid tendency that has characterized Western Civilization since ancient times. It is this deified Ego that most needs the application of the Hammer of Iconoclasm. Empathy, compassion, and altruism are subversive social-revolutionary tools that can be used to topple the idol of Ego from its obelisk and awaken the sleeping conscience of the masses.

The "moral anarchist theory" is simply that once we are freed from coercive authority and enforced economic disparity and deprivation, our natural inclinations for peace, harmony, and cooperation will spontaneously manifest in our social arrangements. Just as the body returns to health from sickness when provided with the nutrients its nature requires, our society will return to "moral health" when we are provided with liberty.

Dale R. Gowin #91-B-0209
POB 500
Elmira, NY. 14902-0500

No obligation

Dear *Anarchy*,

A big "Circle-A Salute" to Jason for his many-splendored reply to Bill Weinberg regarding Holocaust Revisionism and Zi-

onism in *Anarchy* #38 [note: see pages 63-4].

Contrary to what Mr. Weinberg and other hesitant critics of Zionist mythology might say, anarchists are under no obligation to accept the "official" version of the Holocaust and WW2—or the "official" versions of WW1, the Korean, Vietnam, and Gulf wars, the Kennedy assassination, or any other historical event. The Holocaust should no more be spared the most relentless analysis possible than should the methods and motivations of the "Holocaust revisionists."

In our experience, far too many anarchists uncritically accept some of the key assertions of Zionist propaganda. We therefore encourage everyone to read the articles of Benjamin Merhav, an anti-Zionist of Jewish background and an expatriate Israeli. Write to Mr. Merhav c/o Malvern P.O., Malvern, Vic. 3144, Australia.

No self-serving historical allegation, Zionist or otherwise, should go unchallenged. If anarchists don't question conventional wisdom and authority in all areas, regardless of whose toes get stepped on or feelings hurt in the process, then who the hell else will?

On behalf of the collective,
P.W., Raven's Banner Collective
POB 2711
Pinellas Park, FL. 34664-2711

Does it matter?

Dear Comrades,

After about three years, I recently bought *Anarchy* #38. Sorry, but I've been busy. Fighting the influence of organized racists in the white working class, working to free political prisoners, and dealing with personal problems. Like I said, I said, busy. Good to see the organized, consistent, work goes on.

I greatly enjoyed alternative media reviews, "On Gogol Boulevard," and international anarchist news. Worth the three bucks by themselves. With the exception of Gonzalez' memoirs and "The Sad Truth," I could have done without the rest. Are any of these folks saying anything Andre Breton didn't say sixty years ago? And does any of

it matter to a Guatemalan peasant? Or a poisoned worker in Poland? Or the people being killed by genocidal state and capitalist policies, and each other, in my neighborhood?

And then the "theory." If I told any of the people mentioned above that their freedom depended on attacking work, learning, and morality, and defending child fucking, I'd get laughed out of hearing, probably with a boot in the ass.

As to Molly Gill and Jayson Strieter, these fascist creeps have their own zine, cable access and short wave forums. It's a waste of time, paper and about two cents or so of the cover price to run their crap. As well as, in my view, and insult to Manolo Gonzalez and his comrades to print the ideological children of Hitler in the same covers as his memoirs. Leave them out please. It's not censorship, just good sense.

Solidarity,
D.C., Atlanta, GA.

Offensive references

To *Anarchy*,

We have been stocking your journal *Anarchy*, but find the number of references to paedophilia offensive. Please cancel our order of the magazine. We, as a collective, do not see the association of paedophilia with anarchy as consistent with the demands & responsibilities of the anarchist view.

Jura Collective
Sydney, Australia

[It's reassuring to know that the Jura Collective is ever on the alert for discussion—in anarchist journals—of issues beyond the pale of politically-correct, ideological anarchism, and ready to help stop sensitive Australians from being exposed to such discussions! Good luck with your campaign to maintain some sort of mythical purity for, as you call it, "the anarchist view" (emphasis mine). As we all know, of course, there is only one anarchist view, and it certainly must not be compatible with dangerous discussions of sexual freedom!]

I hope that any Australians who happen to see the above letter will let the Jura Collective know whether or not they appreciate its efforts

to control access to discussion of topics the collective, in its infinite wisdom, deems "offensive." Please write and let our readers know how you feel in these pages as well.]

Onward! Heroin?... Pabst Blue Ribbon!

My dearest *Anarchy*,

Least of things first. Eric Blake's attempt [see *Anarchy* #38, p.55, "Who needs Tad Kepley"] to come off as someone in the know about NYC interpersonal anarch politics fell flat on its face. Those actually in the know wondered why, if any of what "Blake" said were actually true, I hadn't bragged about it. Closer friends accused me of enlisting a mail drop to be "Eric Blake" in yet another shameless attempt on my part to win friends and influence people. You got me, I cop to it, it was me, so what? The only crime here may've been my lack of imagination in my choice of character. It was lazy, I know, to play the rote role of some sort of New Jack anarchist crasshole, some know-nothing, under-read, under-sexed moralizing punk-rock refugee from suburbia, some jerk-off autonome wannabe, but shit! It was either that or pretend to be a syndie, and that's been done to death...even more boring. Y'all can forgive me my lack of creativity—I deserve some slack, I'm an ex-junkie.

As my higher power has informed me, I have a disease. I was a workaholic. I've temporarily left NYC for some geographic aversion therapy. The city's psychotropography had become too familiar; I was stuck in a rut, wallowing in it. Towards the end I had two full-time jobs, one was working at *Spy Magazine*, the other was standing on the cop line dodging T.N.T. (NYC's Tactical Narcotics Team). Being a low-down skag-hound in New York (the most romantic and yet least economical city in the world in which to engage in this particular variety of long term ritual drug/self abuse) is an 18-hour a day chore; you're always on call. Don't let anyone ever tell you that I didn't enjoy my work though. A typical day at the

office? Get up. Go cop at eight when the spot opens 'cause you didn't have enough self control to hold a couple bags the previous night for the morning's wake-up. Go to the straight job, boot up in the dude's shitter using toilet tank water for cook fluid. Fuck around—get on the phone, hustle publishers for harback review copies to sell two blocks over at The Strand. Send *Spy* messengers out to pick up books. Go to "lunch"—sell books; take a cab to Rivington and Pitt or Rivington and Stanton. Cop. Head back to the office, maybe eat a bagel on the way if there's excess funds. Get on the phone, call up friend/colleague/fellow collective member. Try to come up with a plausible story to cover the tracks of the previous story you told them about why you needed to borrow money which time has rendered implausible. Keep trying until you find someone to spell you "until payday." Marvel to self that this still works, leave work, cop. Go home, shoot up, nod out in front of the Mac. If short and courting illness, hit Anne-Marie up for ten bucks. It may take twenty minutes of cajoling, but she gives in, knowing what you'll use it for and knowing she won't see it again anytime soon. (Your word's no good anymore, but you've long ago stopped caring.) Go out, cop. Shoot up. Nod off in front of Star Trek: The Next Generation. Drink some Dr. Pepper, or NuGrape, smoke Marlboros. Maybe get a slice if so inclined, shoot up, go to bed. Repeat procedure.... Sound fun? If so, *Use Once And Destroy*.

Years of living like that took their toll, and everything collapsed. Then I disappeared. I wrote the "Eric Blake" letter as a prelude to my crawling out from under the rock I've lurked under the past year. I crawled under 'cause I went under. I fucked up. I couldn't keep all the bases covered. My habit was bigger than my wallet. It's hard to keep all your lies straight when you're dopesick; there's only so many times you can get away with borrowing money under false pretenses before the marks get wise to your degeneration. Friends (drug-buddies)

O.D.'ed, took intentional 8th floor mis-steps, hung themselves. My own square-dancing at the edge of the big black was sobering. NYC EMS pumped me full of Narcan and hit me with the paddles to jump-start me—just to get me up and running to be back on the dopespot hours later. After using *Spy's* HMO for inpatient methadone detox unsuccessfully, I was fired. No money, no place to live, nothing left to sell, no one left with any patience, no self-respect. Time to bail. Heroin addiction didn't turn me into a burglar or armed robber—just a liar, a scam artist, a short-con fuckup. In the long run, I would've been *better off* with armed robbery. Less of a mess to clean up afterwards. I *threw away—slept through*, my early '20s.

As it is, I expect you all to feel sorry for me. Why else would I spit out a bare-all confession in the pages of this magazine? One might suppose it's because I *give a fuck*, about my rep in the "Anarchist Community." *No, really*, I give a fuck. *Really*. Nah, because it'll eventually *get me laid*. Some folks like forbidden fruit, some folks take home wounded animals. There's one born every minute, and I want to get fucked by *all* of them. As for those to whom payments are delinquent, if you're bitching, quit it. If you can't spot a user you got no business living in the fuckin' city in the first place. Junkies are what our friends in the banking industry call "credit risks." Residents of Brooklyn and Manhattan who loaned me money apparently thought I had something to offer, or the money would've never been loaned in the first place. If you're crying about your payment schedule, I've got little sympathy at this point. About as much as I used to show the silly white upstate chippers when I'd beat them down for their allowances on the dopespot in Williamsburg (Brooklyn, not colonial). If you aren't alert, you're *prey*...but that's an entirely separate subject.

So, there, I was a drug addict. Big deal. That's my excuse. For most Americans that falls somewhere just below "communist"

and somewhere just above "baby-raper".... For most "anarchist" types as well, I'd venture. But it's sort of over! I'm sort of clean! I emerge *reborn!* Having just clocked my quarter-century mark (which many of you swore I'd never see) I'm no longer the enfant terrible of the scene but still terrible nonetheless. I even scare myself sometimes. Onward! Heroin? Fuck that Shit! Pabst Blue Ribbon!

Other issues—Cut Bregman some slack. He's young, he's angry, he may be stupid, but since when has that been a stumbling block in anarchist circles? His braggadoccio is a little more tongue-in-cheek than I think most readers realized—he comes across much better in his zine, *Shit Happy*, which actually made me laugh. A tall order. As for his dissing of AIM, I've got no problem with it at all. The only people who take AIM seriously nowadays are dumb white lefties and fuckin' dildos like that hippy Canuck "M@c Sm@ck Anor@k" who called it "borderline racist" to criticize AIM. Continuing with the same logic, which no doubt this...this...*Canadian* person is familiar with, critics of the Israeli secret pigs must needs be anti-Semites. Sure, some of the AIM guys and gals can kick some ass. But most of the old guard is either on the take or too worried about their acting careers to do shit. There's a new wave of people involved, and they're either starting from scratch or trying to revamp the old AIM structure from within. I recently met some individuals from AIM's L.A. chapter, some of whom were involved in the Columbus Day festivities. I found them to genuinely be L.A.A.I.M.—that is, LAME.

Bob and Blu *weren't* the ones to notice Ward Churchill's redness (figurative, not literal). This ignoble savage is notoriously dumb in his suck-ass romanticization of a farcically idyllic pre-Columbian wonderland. No entropy in this commie's eden. I just don't give a fuck anymore; I've dealt with so many of these morons it just doesn't matter anymore. Me and bros here on the rez get to see sham-men working the medicine angle on

unsuspecting whiteys eager to commune with Mother Earth... they make good money. Sweat-lodge? Where's my checkbook? Sun Dance for Drainbow family spiritual parasites? Hook 'em up! Churchill's brand of solemn head-nodding at anything coming out of a pigmented person's mouth is the generic one of P.C. leftism.

It wasn't *just* drought that emptied Kiet Seel, Betatakin, Mesa Verde, de Chelley, Chaco, etc. etc. It was *abuse of natural resources*. Rapacity grows in proportion to population until it reaches the system's limits. Said system then reverts to a chaotic state. Pull your head out, urbazoid, the red man's just as dumb as all the others. Who killed off all the giant sloths? I could give legion examples, but no one's listening anyway. Fuck y'all.

The most interesting thing about Churchill and his squeeze Jaimes is the interesting games available to them. As a fellow white-boy & past and present skin humper, I offer Annette and Ward the following suggestions with which to spice up their staid academic existences: BIA boarding-school teacher (Ward) and young student, captured Navajo woman at Fort Sumner and Catholic missionary, or my personal favorite (great for exorcising that white guilt) captured U.S. cavalryman and recently widowed, and very angry, Lakota woman. The possibilities are as numerous as the buffalo before—well, y'know. Shit, maybe Annette & Ward *aren't* so staid. Their moralism may carry over to morality plays in the bedroom. Maybe they have some suggestions for us on this end. We'd be glad to hear 'em.

That Bill "Pogo" Weinberg, he's a funny guy. Weinberg—who credits himself a "contributing editor" of the *Shadow*—is exactly the kind of leftoid sensitive guy *Shadow* editor and publisher (and my then boss) Chris Flash asked me to write articles denouncing, lo, four years ago. Fuck. Anne-Marie likes him, too. He's a perfect example to me of what happens when you take a hundred avid readers of old issues of *The Guardian* and

The Nation, sit them at typewriters—and shoot them up with crystal meth. Scary. Pogo—we have met the enemy and he is you. Oh-n'twas me who applied the pen to the wall of the second floor crapper in the War Resisters League building, if there were any doubt. We'll leave it at that.

One last aside before I begin the series of asides with which I'll close this missive—I did stretch one thing a *little* far in my "Tad's an asshole" Blake letter that I feel obliged to correct. That shit about Class War folks simply "offing" a "clown" like me—not happening. The closest the Class War gang have gotten to "offing" anybody has been in the imaginations of characters of which my "Eric Blake" is an unfortunate archetype. The Class War gang and I actually get along quite famously. They're sweet, and they appreciate good friends, good guns, and good beer. They're the good ol' boys of limey anarchism.

Anyway, life around here is pretty sparse, so I'm going to make a few prisoner-style open requests...we've no vehicle, and rarely get out. I'm hunting for a book, *Historical Researches on the Conquest of Peru, Mexico, Bogota, Natchez and Talomeco in the Twelfth Century*, by the *Mongols, Accompanied with Elephants*. John Ranking, 1827. I'll pay what I can scrounge for a xerox. also hunting for copy of *Shan Hai King*, or xeroxes of translated excerpts. Reading material is scarce here, so zip off what you can. The rez is dry, too, and if just a few of my legion fans each sent me a cheap plastic pint bottle of vodka—McCormick or Popov, say—packaged discreetly, it'd make the lack of electricity & plumbing seem even more rustic. I can't afford these goddamn bootleggers' prices.

Shi éiyá na'nishkaadgo doo shil yá'át'eeh da. Diné bikéyah bikáá'góó ajidlaago doo há bee haz'áa da. Shil hodinóodoh... siláo biyooch'iidgo doo bá bee haz'áa da. Word.

Doin' it up rez style, I remain, despite all you assholes,

Tad Kopley
POB 1073, Hotevilla, AZ. 86030

Gone to Croatan

Reviewed by John Zerzan

Gone to Croatan: Origins of North American Dropout Culture edited by Ron Sakolsky and James Koehnline (jointly published by Autonomedia, POB 568, Brooklyn, NY 11211, and AK Press, 22 Luton Place, Edinburgh EH8 9PE, Scotland, 1993) 382pp. \$12.00 (+ \$2.00 p&h) paper.

Sakolsky and Koehnline have given us a fertile grab-bag, a suggestive pastiche of generally ignored cross-cultural round pegs that would not be fitted into the square holes of the dominant social orders. Very little in this collection actually deals with whites dropping out to join Native American tribes (e.g. the Croatans); the title is apparently not meant literally.

More compiled than edited, this collection encompasses many styles and topics of nonconformity and opposition, from the colonial period into the 1800s. The odyssey of the 10,000 Ishmaelites, an anti-industrial amalgam of ex-slaves, defeated Indians, and European work refusers is the subject of the first three contributions. Featured in James

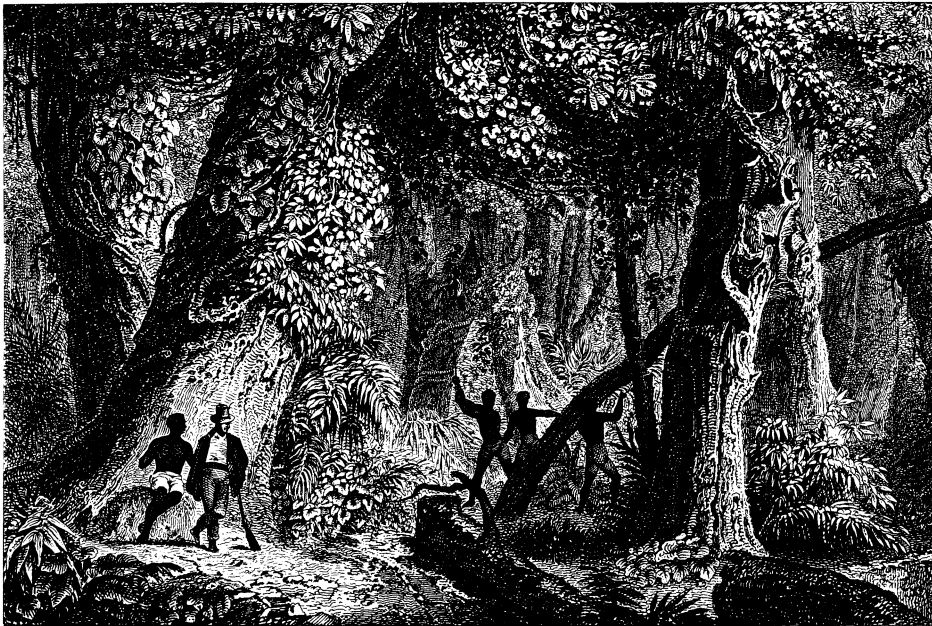
Fenimore Cooper's novel *The Prairie*, but long since forgotten, if not suppressed, their story is admirably evoked.

Four of the book's 25 entries are in the nature of short poems or brief invocations, and the first of these is Gail Tremblay's "Owning Difference." For me, the title phrase, which is repeated in the text bears connotations of both 12-step jargon and private property; nonetheless, her celebration of heterogeneity is powerfully rendered.

James Koehnline's "Legend of the Great Dismal Maroons," subtitled "A Secret History of 'The Other America,'" occupies twelve pages with his marvelous accompanying collages. This wide-ranging prose-poem encompasses much more than the eponymous middle-southern Atlantic coast refuge of multiracial outcasts and fugitives; it is a lyrical denunciation of the entire fabric of domination in the New World.

Another standout contribution is Peter Lamborn Wilson's "Caliban's Masque: Spiritual Anarchy and the Wild Man in Colonial America," which samples and conjures up some of the usually overlooked examples of early counter-Americana. Wilson reminds us of the Roanoke settlers who abandoned their toil for absentee overlords and joined the friendly

Croatan tribe: "North America's very first colonists had decided to *become Wild Men*." He also sketches, with similar economy and verve, the story of Thomas Morton of Merry Mount, Massachusetts, whose dropout crew scandalized the Puritans and provides continuing inspiration to pagans close to 400 years later. The tenuously-contained subversive energies of some of the antinomian (literally "against law") Christians, such as the Ranters and the Diggers, are brought to light, as with those of some of the obscure Masonic orders. It must be



said, however, that in Wilson's zeal, he overstates the radical case for the latter; to assert, in summation, that "clearly Masonry cannot be excluded from the roll of revolutionary mystical sects" strikes me as more than a little doubtful.

Other essays deal with such topics as early American communal experiments, the often volatile eighteenth century working classes, the culture or network of vagabonds and outlaws, regional insurrections against central power, and the Native American influence toward women's rights.

At times the variance in styles is much more pronounced than that of the subject matter. For example, the juxtaposition of Richard Kees' treatment of the Métis people, a large mixed-race grouping that endured for centuries mainly in what is now as French Canada, with Darren Wershler-Henry's account of those Métis, and their leader Louis Riel, largely in western Canada. Kees provides a very competent chronological narrative on a neglected topic in the longest entry in *Gone to Croatan*. Wershler-Henry, dealing with roughly the same subject, serves up a virtual parody of the latest bankrupt academic fashions. He employs most of the trendiest postmodern/poststructuralist buzzwords

(e.g. the use of "liminal" or "liminality" seemingly several times per page) and pointless word-play clichés of deconstructionism. The 19th century Métis rebel, Louis Riel, becomes "Louis Riel," a "signifier," a "contested site," etc. Adding even less to our understanding of counter-cultural or anti-cultural history is the next selection, "Beneath the Tundra, the Permafrost," by J. Zinovich. This is another of the thankfully atypical, pomo entries in the collection, dealing with—

essentially guessing here—some aspects of cultural geography in what is now Canada. Perhaps best to let some of "it" "speak" for itself:

"By accepting an otherness, through silent conjectures and proffered associations, their [colonial] minds experiment with the extent of reality, groping always outwards, proliferating received images as the only possible order of perceptual space. Gradually, the spontaneously naive selves they were dissipate in concentric circles toward the interior. As systole and diastole they throb, inhaling geographies of Us and It."

A case of the newest of the emperor's new clothes, all the more

embarrassing because this type of hot air purports to expose what is oppressive and false.

Gerald Vizenor seems to flirt with more of the same faddish non-sense. A paragraph early on in his "Manifest Manners: The Long Gaze of Christopher Columbus" reads:

"The long gaze fetishes," continued David Freeberg, "and so too, unequivocally, does the handling of the object that signifies us. All lingering over what is not body itself, or plain understanding, is the attempt to eroticize that which is not replete with meaning."

But Vizenor, a Chippewa as well as a professor, goes on to flesh out, in both anecdotal and eloquent fashion, his "manifest manners" notion; a superficial politeness toward non-whites is exquisitely flayed, and Marcuse's "repressive tolerance" comes to mind. Vizenor's article is a masterpiece of irony, a transmutation of an "Indian" way of humor into a simulation of academic prose.

Starting with James Koehnline's stunning, visionary cover collage, *Gone to Croatan* is, overall, a rich assortment of efforts to revivify the real riches of America's past. This is an important book, one much needed for succor and inspiration in desolate times.



B.A.L.
P.O. Box 2647
New York, NY 10009



Collage by James Koehline