



Fifth estate



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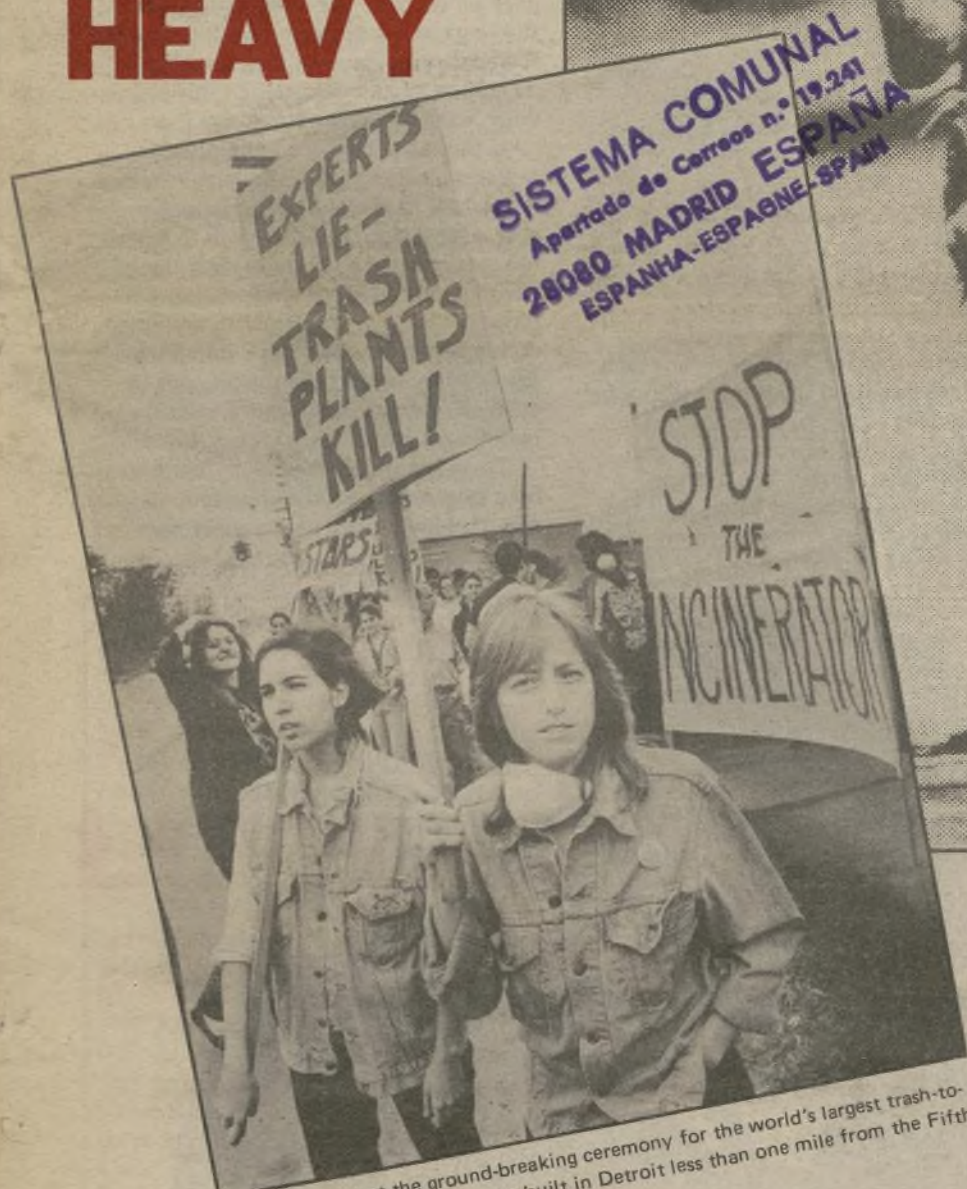
Summer 1986

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RESISTANCE TO THE PLAN IS HEAVY



Fifth Estate staff on our way to the Anarchist Gathering in Chicago.



Demonstration at the ground-breaking ceremony for the world's largest trash-to-energy incineration plant, to be built in Detroit less than one mile from the Fifth Estate office. photo/Buster Brown



In March of this year a small article appeared in the *Detroit Free Press* announcing the last public hearing before the City of Detroit was to begin building the world's largest trash-to-energy waste-incinerator plant. For those of us who live in the Cass Corridor/Wayne State University area, within a mile of the pro-

posed plant's location, the city's plans came as one more horror in a long list of direct assaults on our lives.

For a few of our friends, the proposed plant was the final straw and brought home in a visceral way all that they felt was wrong with this world—brought it literally home to our own neighborhood.

Continued on Page Six

HAYMARKET CENTENNIAL Anarchy in Chicago



About 12 of us from Detroit made the trek to Chicago this May Day to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Haymarket riot and subsequent state murder by execution of five anarchists.

Hosted by the Chicago Anarchist Group, the gathering was attended by 3-400 people—about 2/3 male, mostly white, mostly young, with hardly any oldsters and only a few people over 40. Participants came from all over the U.S. and Canada, with a small number of visitors from outside North America.

The gathering consisted of workshops, theater, music, art shows, participation in a May Day march, an anarchist march of our own, a banquet and a memorial gathering at the gravesite of the Haymarket martyrs.

We were able to participate in only a few of the workshops held, but we found much of the discussion stimulating, if at times disjointed. Workshop topics included ecology; a weirdly formulated "tech vs. anti-tech" which none of us were able to attend as this workshop was held on the

Continued on Page Nine

Letters to the Fifth Estate

White Rule

Dear Fifth Estate,

Without wanting to get involved in your mag too much, there is one criticism that I feel more important than whatever else I might want to say about it. It's where you say "South Africa is bound to fall in the next few years." (See FE Indian Summer 1985, "South Africa: Reform or Revolution.")

While it's one thing to say that S.A. will never again be "normal" (peaceful) under a white regime, the imminent demise of white rule is a hypothesis to be explored, not a foregone conclusion.

Chris Shutes
Berkeley, CA

Three Poisons

Dear FE Comrades,

I wish to add my congratulations on staying around for twenty years, ten of them as an explicitly libertarian publication. I continue to take comradely exception with your views on the Middle East; as one who has lived and worked in that part of the world, it is my view that the "three poisons" of that region are imperialism, nationalism and religious superstition.

As these "three poisons" seem to afflict virtually all parties involved in the area, and pretty much to an equal degree,

I find your uneven emphasis somewhat distressing.

Nevertheless, "Zionism and Jewish Ideals" by Patrick Flanagan makes a number of worthy points. (See FE Winter/Spring 1986) There will be no satisfactory solution to the problems of the Middle East until the various peoples of that area, Jews, Muslims, Christians, Kurds, Arabs, Turks and other parties kick out the superpowers, cast aside flags and superstitions, and embrace as the human beings they all are. But who, in the region, even calls for such an approach? Alas, very few, too few.

Spider Rainbow
Atlanta, GA

African Hunger

Dear FE:

Widespread hunger and starvation continue to be a major facet of daily life in Ethiopia, but they are not due to drought alone. Ethiopia is presently at war both within its borders (with the Tigrian and Oromo peoples) and with the neighboring countries of Somalia and Eritrea. The Somalia conflict has been a territorial dispute since the 1940s but for the past twenty-four years the Ethiopian regimes have attempted to suppress and colonize Eritrea and Ethiopia is now attempting to starve the Eritrean people into submission in order to acquire their land. The Ethiopian government spends a tremendous share of its national budget to maintain its aggressive military regime and to continue these wars, and feels that the welfare of thousands of starving people is secondary to the expansion of its military efforts. Thus these wars heavily contribute to the famine conditions.

Another important fact which should be recognized is the Ethiopian regime's misuse of food aid and supplies. Other than "target specific" organizations (Eritrean Relief Association, the Relief Society of Tigray), most of the U.S. aid to Ethiopia is dispersed directly through the Relief and Rehabilitation Commission of the Ethiopian government, where it is both sold in open markets and used to bolster the military regime itself. The government also uses donated aid to coerce hungry peasants into joining its military forces, to pay government agents and to feed the army—well-documented facts not usually presented by the U.S. media. Because of these diversions and abuses, both famine and war-related deaths have escalated since U.S. food aid began to arrive. *U.S. aid is a direct causative factor in the intensification of famine conditions and the escalation of war in Ethiopia and the Horn of Africa in general.*

Drought is a major problem in Ethiopia and Eritrea. If the people were free to work their land, however, without fear of the destruction of their homes, their crops and their lives by the Ethiopian regime, the impact of the drought would be much less severe. The problems of repression and "resettlement" generated by the Ethiopian government have been thoroughly documented by the Paris-based Doctors Without Borders and by the staff of *Adulis*, a publication of the Eritrean Peoples Liberation Front. The International Food and Allied Workers Association further condemns the Ethiopian famine as a "political crime,"

a fact that should now be apparent.

All individuals and organizations concerned with assisting famine victims are urged to be careful that their efforts not be abused. Your decision to contribute should be done so consciously—the lives of millions of people are at stake.

Lois Sabo
David M. Taylor
Columbia MO

Nothing Ironical

Dear FE:

Here are some further thoughts on free speech, neo-Nazis, etc., from another "absolutist" civil libertarian. (See FE Summer 1985.)

When Ana Coluthon and company respond to state suppression of ultra-right views by "laughing at the irony of it all," I get cold shivers. Whatever happened to analysing state use of power?

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the state wishes to augment its power by defining what is historical truth and what is not, and is casting about for an opportunity; it is hard to imagine a more motherhood-and-apple-pie issue than opposition to the neo-Nazi doctrine that the Holocaust never happened.

Everyone but the ultra-right can be expected to respond with loud approval to state harassment, and only the most fervent libertarians will protest. (Certainly, this has been the case here in Canada, where left and right joined in screaming for state vengeance against neo-Nazi propagandists Jim Keegstra and Ernst Zundel.) It's always safe to go after unpopular nutcases, and because they are nutty, nobody is likely to see this as the thin end of the wedge of state omniscience.

The Canadian public reserved its strongest hatred for Jim Keegstra, a high school teacher from small-town Manitoba who used his classes to preach about the "international Jewish conspiracy" and the "Holocaust myth." The outrage stems from his perceived betrayal of the hallowed authority entrusted to him as teacher of the young. No one, to my

knowledge, has observed that in fact Keegstra had fulfilled the role of history teacher par excellence by revising history. After all, history and current affairs teachers across Canada erase the embarrassing (or enlightening) episodes of our history every day: the genocide against Canada's native people, the 1837 Rebellion (read: Revolution), the Winnipeg General Strike, etc. (not to mention recent events such as Canada's enthusiastic support of the destruction of Vietnam). This sort of revision goes unremarked.

There is a noble tradition of historical revisionism in Canada's schools; what is remarkable about Keegstra (who by all accounts was a sympathetic and hard-working teacher) is that he just happened to revise events contrary to the interest of the state.

It is also irksome to find, among those who genuinely wish to discourage antisemitism, a total lack of imagination about means or tactics. Even those groups committed to communitarian values—anarchists, socialists, feminists—believe that your only options vis-a-vis the Keegstras of the world are either to sic The State on them, or to let them continue to preach hate to a captive audience (in this case, schoolchildren). Could the heart of the problem possibly be that the audience is captive, that teaching is an authoritarian institution? (This is, I hope, a fairly elementary observation.)

If this is the case, a communitarian response to Keegstra would involve recognizing that he is exploiting an already abusive situation, and therefore to work towards creating a libertarian learning environment in which students learn through their own exploration, accepting nothing on faith. Of course, doing that requires more effort than taking one individual to court. One is revolutionary; the other is not.

There is nothing ironical or funny about state suppression of freedom of speech, whether it is used against the

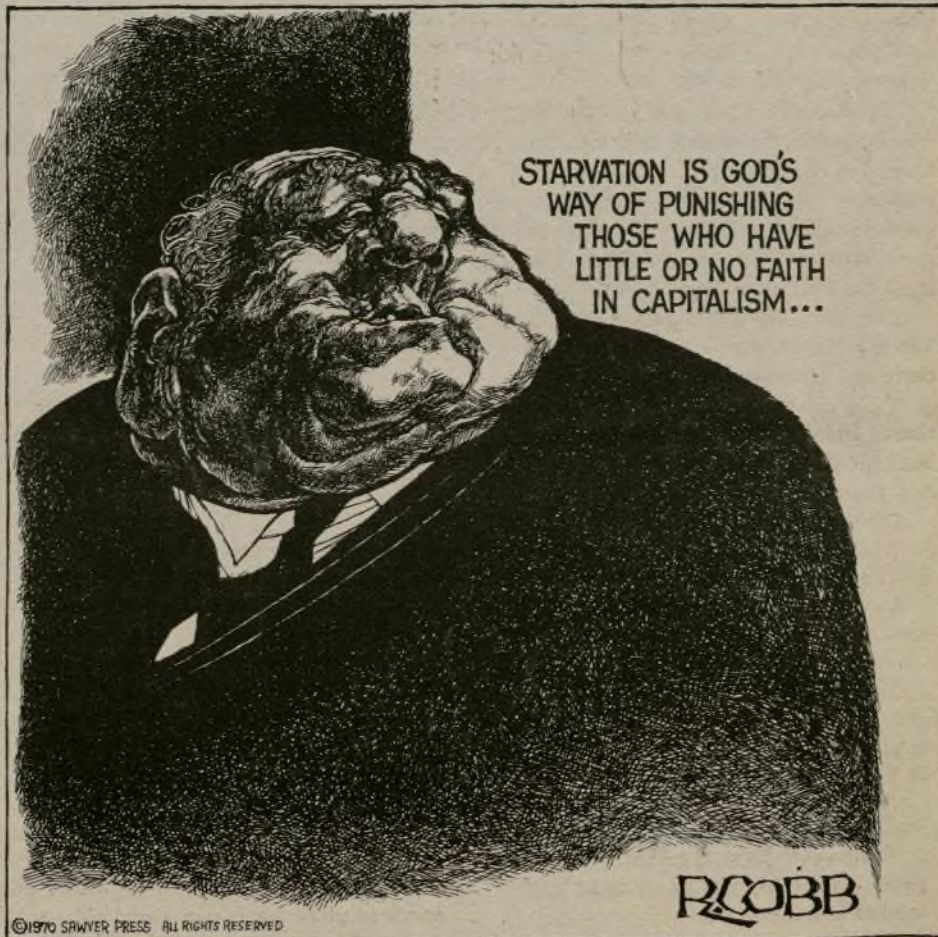
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Fifth estate

The Fifth Estate is a co-operative project, published by a group of friends who are in general, but not necessarily complete agreement with the articles herein. Each segment of the paper represents the collective effort of writing, typesetting, lay-out and proofreading.



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right wing or not. Remember that the state never allows its power to diminish, but always acts to strengthen itself; and it can only do that by taking rights away from others. Repression invariably serves a political purpose.

As a result of the Keegstra/Zundel convictions, the Canadian state has convinced hundreds of thousands of its people that it is caring, anti-racist, and humanitarian. Now *that's* terrifying.

Julia Morrigan
Peterborough, Ontario

Ana Coluthon responds: *I agree with your letter, but I'm not sure what you think would have been a more appropriate response from me, other than finding it ironic that those who adore and covet the power of the state get ground up by it. I certainly don't support state attacks on anyone, not even fascist scum, but also I can't imagine anti-authoritarians joining their defense committee. I have only a limited amount of energy which I try to save for support of those who want to abolish the state, not extend it.*

A Waiting Critique

Dear Fifth Estate:

Refusing the notion that dominated life is a given of the human condition involves our wonder at when and in what form it began, the better to conceive of redeeming it.

Life in pre-history has been radically re-examined by anthropology since the 1960s, and the FE has been aided in its critique of technology by this revision (which sees Paleolithic life as definitely not characterized by scarcity or brutalization).

But so many question remain, most of which have not yet even been formulated clearly. Is the complete abolition of the division of labor necessary to dissolve alienation? What might this look like? I have mused about an unestranged existence prior to and in opposition to the categories of time, language and number, but this is perhaps only a crude start, at best. (See FE, Vol. 18, no. 2, Vol. 19, no. 1 and Vol. 20, no. 2.)

Is cyclic time OK but linear time alienated? Spoken language authentic but the invention of writing the opening to the madness? How about magic and religion—were shamans fine but only priests oppressive? What of art? Or is symbolic activity itself the Fall from grace?

Christian Lenhardt observed that "domination is not only a permanent experiential catastrophe for those subject to it; it is also a catastrophe for consciousness: a blank spot." And yet aren't at least the potential elements of its origination there for our scrutiny?

I think there are others who hunger for more than what we already know. There seems to be a critique waiting for its necessary and immeasurable enrichment.

John Zerzan
Eugene OR

Take Power Back

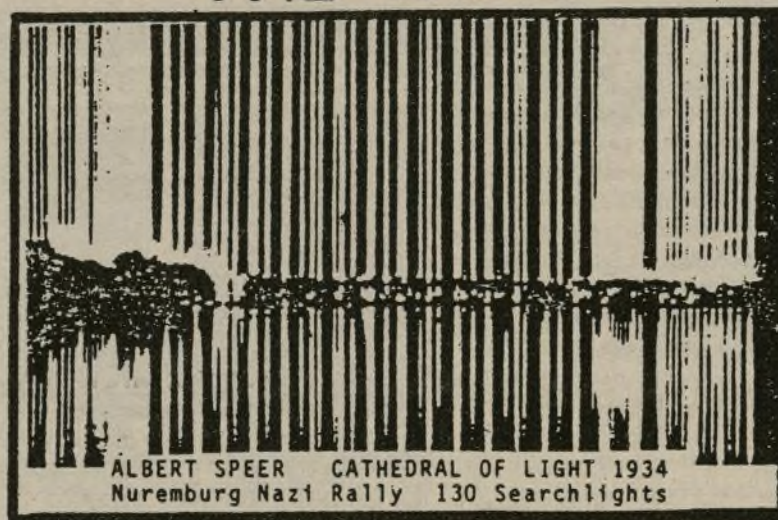
To The Fifth Estate:

Congratulations on reaching your 20th year. I hope you and all of us are still around in another 20.

I think out of all the anarchist papers

—from Lookout, POB 1000, Laytonville CA 95454

THE EVOLUTION OF THE UPC



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I've seen in the past few years, you come closest to expressing the feeling of simple "this makes sense" anarchy which first made me decide that if I believed in anything politically it was anarchy.

At that time I was 17-years old and reading Kropotkin in the public library in Springfield, Mo., a good five years before I ever saw an anarchy symbol, which are now everywhere even in Olympia. There are definitely a lot of idiots around spouting anarchy this and anarchy that these days but somehow I think the real basic idea and feel of what anarchy is about is beginning to get through to a lot more people in Amerika than ever before.

For me personally, anarchy is "spiritual." A lot of people can't hack that word, and I can understand why, given the extent it is abused in our culture. I think intuitive, non-rational, or even irrational express what I mean by spiritual just as well. What it means is that we can't figure everything out, there are mysteries we'll never know, and some forces that are larger than we are. Such as the earth, which we are only part of. I think the only hope we have for this world to survive is to learn some humility; humility as individuals and as a species. Humility equals respect for ourselves, respect for all other living beings, respect for all of life. Respect is shown through responsibility for all of our actions, for their effects on other people and on all of life.

Every hierarchy, every institution, every system of authority somehow takes responsibility away from us, takes respect away from us, steals our power to use for itself. But it is still up to us to take our power back. The real power is with us, and with the natural world around us.

Anarchy, Peace & Ecology,
Pete Murney
Olympia, Washington

Whither Layabouts

To The Fifth Estate:

What brings us out on a winter night to hear music? On March 1st, we waited outside Alvin's Twilight Bar to get inside and join a crush of anonymous bodies in a crowded, smokey room. Young women

clutching the Layabouts' "No Masters" album (See FE last issue for review) stood on the sidewalk with panic in their eyes: if only they had come sooner they would now be inside experiencing the euphoria and excitement provided by the music and listeners.

Have the words of the Layabouts songs penetrated—ever so slightly—the consciousness of these fans? Did they really come to ask the "stars" for their autographs? Apparently they did. Autograph seeking is accepted behavior in a world where pleasure is generally experienced vicariously. The drab isolation of an individual's life makes a Saturday night at Alvin's—even if it's just a "B" movie, or a put-down of a "B" movie—seem exhilarating.

Were the bodies inside really "anonymous"? Many of them knew each other. This gathering may be as close to a community as we can find. At Alvin's on Saturday night, we are a community of listeners. The volume of the music—live or recorded—keeps us from talking to each other. A conversation, an exchange of ideas, is out of the question.

This may be our community, but the only collective project I observed was the one carried out by the band members. (The activity of the bartenders and managers falls in the category of wage labor—the kind we're all familiar with.)

Of course, there are some rewards for the dancers. Dancing at Alvin's can relieve tensions, frustrations and chills induced from our everyday routine, but this activity does not give one a sense of renewal, a sense of comfort and energy within one's body. Rather, my experience on the dancefloor confirms Walter Benjamin's observation that "The need to offer oneself to the effects of shock comes from man's adaptation to the dangers that surround him."

If the lyrics and critical perspective of Layabouts songs are a gourmet salad bar providing variety and nutrition, the form expressing their insights is a drab Dairy Queen. "The inhuman din of a factory floor" is Francis Pagnon's characterization of modern mass music. Harmonic and rhythmic innovation is rare. Creativity centers on special effects and—in the Layabouts' case—on the lyrics. The volume

of the "art form" excludes all non-mechanical participation.

The musician-workers operate their machines. Through the speaker end of the machines voices don't sound like voices, guitars don't resemble in the least their archaic namesakes. Of course, drums are drums, even without high-tech amplification. Amplified, they evoke a deafening industrial shop. At work and at play we encounter the relentless, inflexible rhythm of machines.

The hypnotic results of these machine-inspired rhythms are hardly liberating. "Johannesburg" has the beat of Big Brother. It intimidates. The song's words may contradict the message of the rhythm but if one can't hear the words, the totalitarian message is not undermined. Even with the words, the liberating intent is belied by the inexorable rhythm. Though we applaud and respect them, the Layabouts offer us thoughtful content in a mindless form.

Although they are not always easy to carry out, the band's admonitions deserve our serious consideration. The songs' words debunk conventional responses and respected institutions and they challenge us to change our ways. A model for non-institutional activity is provided by the band itself; their large following in Detroit will be interested in the directions they take in the future.

Bess Carloff
Dearborn

Ralph Franklin, bassist for the Layabouts replies: I, too, have many problems with electronic/amplified music and share with you many of your questions as to the relationship between The Layabouts and the people who come to hear us, and how that relationship is determined, to a large part, by the all-encompassing volume of the music. Unfortunately though, the tone of your letter only acts to limit any real discussion of the matter.

The size of the crowd on March 1 and the ensuing line outside was as startling to the band members as they were to anyone else, and for us, have brought back to the forefront the lingering question of the direction of our group. The same question we asked ourselves when we first got together has now led to recent personnel changes, that will at the very least change the band dramatically or perhaps even determine the Layabouts' future to be that of history. Your remarks never attempt to take into account the complexities of the individuals within the band or those of the people who come to see, hear and dance with us.

You pose yourself as the objective observer with the power to see through the nagging contradictions of the spectacle. Your view of the "young women [were there no men?] clutching the "No Masters" album. . . with panic in their eyes" is on the one hand valid—why are we willing to line-up for just about anything in this society?—yet so incredibly cynical and degrading on the other.

Is that all there was to it, mindless voidoids waiting to see the "stars?" And, if so, what was your reason for waiting in line? Were you the only conscious one there or just a voyeur along for the ride? Could it be that there was something more to your and the others' presence who came to Alvin's on that cold winter night?

As for community, there was quite an

Continued on next page

Continued from Previous Page

outpouring of community there that night. A community of people who were much more than listeners and wage-laborers, and who had much more in common with each other than just some anonymous bumping in the night. Certainly, there were those who came to just purchase entertainment, that's obvious, but there was also a large community of people who have been interweaving their projects (newspapers, politics, poetry, music, dance, theater, etc.), and their personal lives with each other for years, if not decades.

For them, it was a time to meet and to share in another project. A time to discuss, yes, even within the "inhuman din of the factory floor," with themselves and the Layabouts, the dangerous contradictions of "rock" music, to discuss the same questions that you pose, but perhaps in a more positive—"What can we do about it" manner.

(I'd like to point out that although rock-n-roll does by the nature of its volume dominate the scene, it doesn't necessarily cut off conversation any more than folk or jazz music. Many ideas have been exchanged in the backs of bars and clubs. Ultimately though, if someone wants in-depth conversation, one shouldn't go where there is a performance of any type.)

Just quickly, the rhythms that make up "Johannesburg" are hardly "machine inspired." In fact, it's just the opposite! The rhythm is a traditional South African one entitled "Sha Sha Calor" and is much older than machines. Only the words are from the Layabouts, while the repetitious "hypnotic results" are based in a myth world and not our modern industrial civilization.

If the rhythms of "Johannesburg" are the "best of Big Brother" and a "mindless form," then where do we go from here? If what you say is true, then we are left with the disturbing possibility that it isn't just the industrial clamor of rock-n-roll that is inherently flawed, but even



the rhythms of a life that is more in harmony with its surroundings... perhaps all music is flawed?!

Finally, I want to ask what you think the Layabouts should do? I personally don't believe that the band is responsible for the lives of those who come to our performances (When they go home, do they play video games or consider revolution?) or that the form of our music is responsible for turning peoples' brains into soft ice cream.

We do our part and have fun at doing it and are not "worker-musicians" who "operate their machines." We are humans who try to share our fun and share in the fun of those who move with the music. Admittedly, a bar is not the most fitting place for fun, but since the demise of such community clubs as Easy Space, The



DETROIT SEEN



Our offer of bulk copies of our back issues turned out better than we expected and we were swamped with requests. With a reduced volume, we can now make available issues only on a single copy basis. We have a list of back issues available for those who are interested.

Those of you who were sent subscription renewal notices last issue responded in greater numbers than any time in our memories. Thanks, since we hate doing bulk mailings and it saves greatly on postage when we don't have to send a second reminder. By the way, some of you who have not responded to a second notice are getting this issue anyway since we wanted you to see our coverage of the Chicago gathering, but if you haven't renewed, this is the last one you will receive.

Thank you, thank you, thank you to those of you who send in donations with your subscriptions and book orders. It is these extra dollars which keep us going.

Detroit's favorite expressway graffiti: "FREE HINCKLEY!"

It is amusing (and "terrifying") to see how easily a word, a name, or a label grabs hold of a people's consciousness and so quickly becomes the new pervasive bugaboo. The word "terrorist" is now the catch-all tag for anyone who challenges or opposes established laws or prescribed plans.

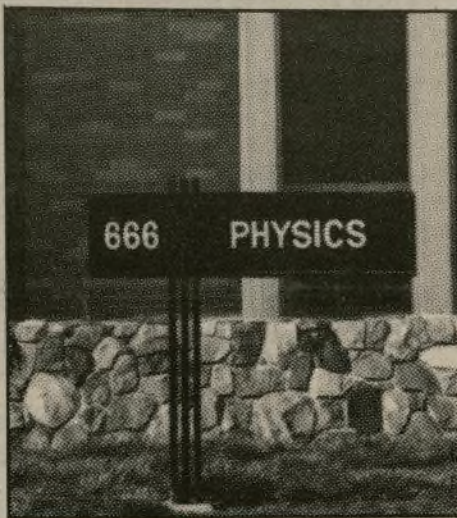
This is blatantly apparent on the international scene, where the term is used selectively by governments to condemn armed groups and anyone else that threatens their political hegemony while mystifying their own structural terrorism against civilian populations. But lately the term is being used in the most incongruous contexts, and we've seen it recently on the local scene.

In a recent *Detroit News* editorial for example, individuals and environmental groups opposed to the enormous waste-to-energy incinerator to be built in our neighborhood (see other articles in this issue) were called "environmental terrorists." The term is never explained or justified within the text of the article, of course. And why should it be? The mere mention of the word "terrorist" summons up all that is fearsome, violent and negative. The article need not even be coherent (which it is not), nor make its point

Freezer Theatre, The Grinning Duck Club and The Un-Cooperative, we've found ourselves with fewer options, something that has also led to tensions within the band.

I'm not asking the above question in a snide manner, but in an attempt to bridge the gulf between the audience, who see the band as unapproachable, and the band who feel like-wise about the audience. Only when we're playing does there seem to be a link. Next time we play, please stop and say hello.

Note from the typesetter: Some of the individuals in the Layabouts are long-time active members of the radical com-



—photo D.Sica

munity (which it does not). That one word does it all—obscures the facts, turning meaning on its head, and "sabotages" the intentions of people who are trying to defend their community, protect the earth, and simply breathe clean air.

This is very scary. It's scary too when you notice that the editorial directly underneath the one on the incinerator is a screed against Nicaragua entitled "No More Libyas."

The pointed juxtaposition of these editorials is not at all surprising. What else can be expected of the "legitimate" mass media? But the repercussions of this paranoiac and conspiratorial vision are widespread and far-reaching.

When a small group of about 40 protesting residents showed up with their signs at the ground-breaking ceremony for the trash incinerator, they were far outnumbered by the police. While police helicopters circled overhead, the protesters noticed that they were surrounded by police sharpshooters on the tops of various buildings around the site.

And the day after the U.S. bombing of Libya, an FE staff member was walking down Woodward avenue and passed by a big fat white Detroit cop leading a thin black man, with his hands handcuffed behind him, toward the patrol car. The cop shook his head, smiled smugly and asked his prisoner, "Do you know what you are? Do you know?" The man looked blankly at the cop who was quick to answer his own question. "You're a terrorist," the cop told him, "a goddamned terrorist." Two men stood outside a store, watching the scene, and

community based in the Cass Corridor where many of us live, and have participated in myriad projects such as publications, antimilitarist activities, self-managed clubs, libertarian picnics, theater and more. As a group the band has been a locus for radical rebellion and nonconformism, having done many benefits (in community spaces and commercial bars) for radical projects, but also tending to draw a more aware, explicitly anti-authoritarian crowd familiar with their ideas and the subversive lyrics to their songs. Nonetheless, as Ralph concedes, this does not automatically refute the validity of some of Bess' assertions. The scene at the

our friend asked what the man was being arrested for. "Shoplifting," they said.

Colonies of Great Lakes cormorants (long-necked, glossy, fish-eating, diving birds) were wiped out in the 1950's by the wide-spread use of pesticides such as DDT and by human abuse, but early in this decade they began to breed once again on the rocky offshore islands. Since 1978, the Michigan population of cormorants has risen to 1,000 pairs. Recently, however, a number of cormorants with deformities and health problems has been sighted.

Chicks suffering from cataracts and edema (a severe swelling of the neck and head that makes it difficult or impossible for them to open their eyes) have been found, as well as increasing numbers of birds with deformed bills. The reproduction rate of some colonies has again begun to decline.

It is believed that the toxic residue in their fish diet is directly responsible for these problems. A Michigan zoologist, James Ludwig, lists many possible sources for the chemical contamination, including PCB's and other chemicals dumped into the Great Lakes years ago, chemicals released by paper mills and other industries, as well as airborne contaminants, or acid rain.

There have been advisories on human consumption of Great Lakes fish for some time already. The cormorants, along with fish and other wildlife that depend on the Great Lakes for their sustenance, have become our guinea pigs, and we measure the magnitude of progress' unconscionable abuse of nature with the rising number of deformities and the increasing threat of their extinction.



Cormorant (3 ft. long)

Reagan Economic Recovery Dept.:

Since Mazda, the Japanese automaker, announced it will begin producing cars at its first U.S. facility in Flat Rock, Michigan, over 130,000 people have applied for a scant 3,500 production and maintenance positions. This avalanche of job seekers gives eloquent testimony to the rampant unemployment, underemployment and low-waged positions Michigan workers experience even in the face of claims that the Reagan recession has ended.

bar that night, for example, was very disturbing, and had that very quality of anonymity and entertainment consumption associated with rock and roll bars that the Layabouts have tried very hard to overcome. It was an uncomfortable crush scene where many of our friends were unable to get in because of the crowd, where vice squad cops patrolled the interior and one FE staff member was thrown out of the bar.

The exchange raises the problem of the commoditization of culture by which even a group committed to convivial forms of communication is integrated into the spec-

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More Letters...

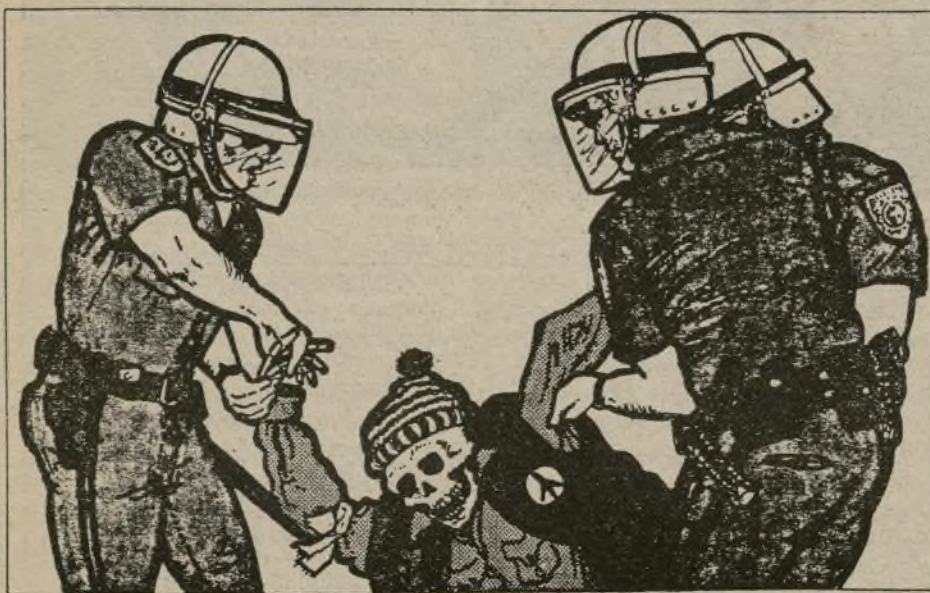
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tacle in spite of their desire to oppose it. Rock bands engender fans no matter what their message is; certain forms imposed by the culture industry predominate. At that point no one not privy to personal contact with the group can take into account the complexities present in the individual motives of the musicians: the group is reduced to its spectacular image and consumed. The Layabouts make a strong effort to combat this process, but I think that given the tendency of r&r rebellion to be recuperated by culture production (institutions such as publicity and stardom, entertainment clubs, and perhaps the high tech instrumentation),

it may be a neverending battle.

All forms of media are flawed (including publishing projects like the FE), and the more mass appeal they develop the more alienating they become. But Bess should know by now that r&r scenes are at best places for dancing and mingling, not talk. If one wants such discussions, and more importantly, to participate in radical projects, it is necessary to make contact with those with whom there is a basis for affinity and collaboration and to begin a dialogue with that end in mind.

The Layabouts are still selling their record album, the proceeds going to food programs in the Cass Corridor, for \$7 plus \$1.50 postage c/o the DAILY BARBARIAN, P.O. Box 02455 Detroit MI 48202.



Dear Friends,

An experience I had yesterday has raised some questions in my mind, questions which are hardly original, but I thought I'd relate this experience to you anyway.

Yesterday's activity was a demo at the IRS building to express opposition to tax dollars going to aid the contras, then followed by a nonviolent blockade of the various entrances to the building. It was a pretty standard affair: a couple of short speeches by "progressive" city council members expressing opposition to US policy in Central America (and the bombing of Libya, speeches which related these acts only insofar as they were the acts of a crazy individual, Reagan) well-behaved demonstrators applauding vigorously, then a march to the IRS office, where some 30 people sat down for awhile and were then willingly arrested (only one even went limp) by also willing police. It was a smooth action, very much like others that not uncommonly occur here in Santa Cruz, and one that received the desired media attention. Everyone seemed pretty pleased by the whole affair.

Except me; the frustration and anger I felt during the demonstration gave way to depression and despair as I left. To be sure, I was glad that 150-200 people turned out that rainy day, and hope that, perhaps, this time the empire will not so easily be able to expand its genocidal, earth-hating activity. And I was moved by the feelings of camaraderie and communalism I witnessed, and know how powerful that feeling can be, having been arrested myself in a similar situation.

But I had a strong sense of *deja vu*. This was a protest I'd seen too many times before. Everyone played his or her

part, acted out his or her assigned role, all the rules were agreed upon.

The activity of non-violence, which should be but one method of contestation, has become fetishized, converted into the *only* form of protest. With this has come the pressure, even the moral stance, not to do anything else, anything out of line with what the organizers have decided. Protestors reminded each other to keep moving, to keep the sidewalk clear. I've noticed a tendency to glorify those who oppose American hegemony: I heard a lot of "Viva Nicaragua!" shouts. The whole thing was an *event*, something outside the protesters' experience of the ordinary, something separate from their everyday lives, and specifically, it was a media event: it would not have been "successful" if the media had ignored it, had not made it into an image of opposition to be presented later to passive viewers.

It seems to me that the fact of being arrested, and being therefore formally in violation of the law, does not invalidate the observation that nonviolent CD had become an accepted, even institutionalized form of resistance which tacitly accepts the law and logic of this society, insofar as it fails to address the issues of power and the nature of technological-industrial society. Forms of contestation, I think, cannot be allowed to remain static, to harden into the "only" way; the terrain of struggle must be constantly expanded, and grounded in everyday life, in our subjective experiences of the world, if they are to be effective.

Perhaps none of this really matters, since the point of the action was a symbolic protest? I don't think so; precisely because it was symbolic, and because any symbol can be appropriated by Power,



Everyday it's the same old shit. You wake up only to find another day of drab, monotonous existence. Another day of working and consuming, another day of desire constantly frustrated by an alien world of things and prices. The familiar experience of life deferred.

Today, in a world where all the apologists of Power--be they leftists, intellectuals, bosses, priests, union leaders, teachers--sell the same old message, the hackneyed lies of sacrifice, self-renunciation, submission, and where "leisure time" is empty of joy and just a rest-up for work; in this world there are no more illusions. None of the absurdities of Power are any longer safe from the weapons of laughter and negation. The project of living differently begins here and now, in each one of us when we refuse to submit to the indignities of everyday life. Go ahead, laugh in the face of your employer and remember, stealing is fun!

AGAINST POWER! ABOLISH WORK! FOR A WORLD OF TOTALIZING DESIRE!

antiwork

1348 commerce lane #267 santa cruz ca 95060

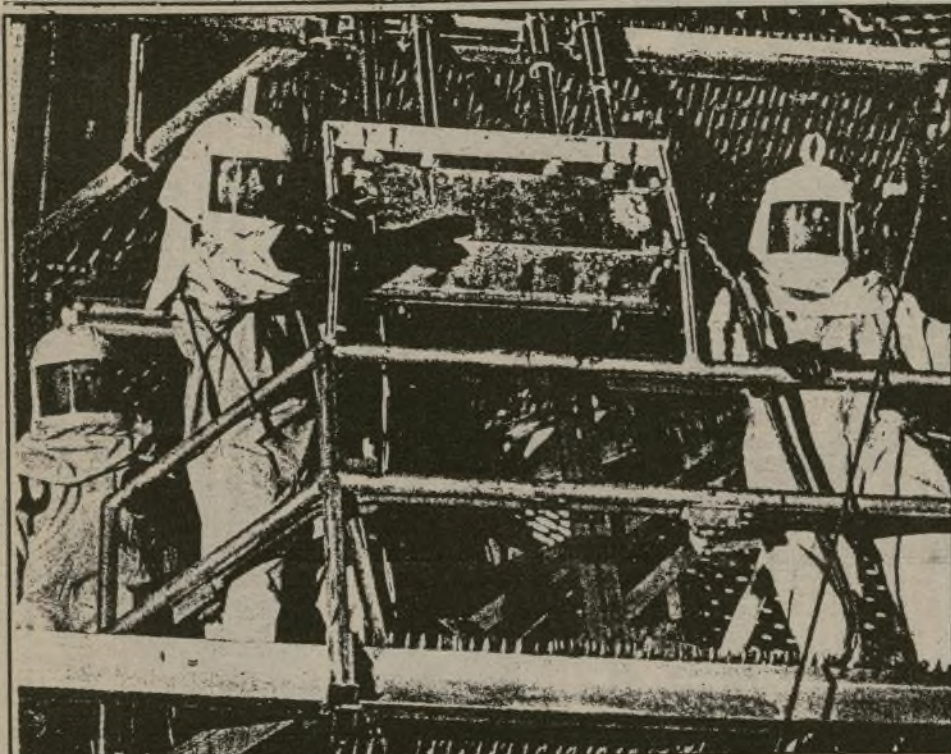
this is important. I also think that, say, bricking windows can be pretty symbolic.

American capital needs its empire, and I cannot see U.S. intervention in Central America or anywhere else as an epiphenomenon. The logic of imperialism, of colonization, of appropriation, is at the very heart of Leviathan, and let's not forget that U.S. civilization is really the culmination of the whole of the antinatural, Deathcultural tradition that is better known as Western Civilization. As Stanley Diamond says in *In Search of the Primitive*, "Civilization originates in conquest abroad and repression at home." So, while I am glad that yesterday's protest took place, the feeling that I got from people that aid to the contras is as far as the problem goes upset me.

I suppose that I am asking, what does

it mean to have a vision of a decentralized, communitarian society that lives in harmony with the earth? And pointing to the need for us to clearly define our relationship to such liberal/left coalitions as yesterday's. In mass gatherings we need to maintain our identities (for lack of a better word) as anti-authoritarians (generic catch-all--like you said in your last issue, I would not call myself an anarchist, though I desire anarchy, and shudder at the idea of anarchism), while offering the support we can and maintaining our own activities. As for symbolic protests like yesterday's, while I may be present, I don't foresee myself getting arrested--at least not for the planned arrests!

Mitchell Houston
Santa Cruz CA



This job makes you feel pretty secure right now



It will have to be vibrated with the bargeload of toxic liquid that will let us measure the benefits against the risks.

Collage/poems by Raken T. Leaves

THE PLAN

Continued from Cover

A handful of community residents made the trek to the state capital in Lansing, some 90 miles away, to confront the politicians and corporate stooges who stood behind this monstrous plan.

Thus began an intense effort by a loose coalition of friends, neighbors and others who have tried to stop the construction of this plant. Our efforts led a number of us to plunge ourselves into studying the technical aspects of "waste management," "risk assessment" and other terms so casually bantered about by the so-called experts in the field.

In less than a week we researched, wrote, and printed our own tabloid newspaper detailing our opposition to the politicians' plans to poison us all. Thousands of leaflets were distributed; three demonstrations took place, and some 500 angry people appeared at a public meeting at city hall to confront city and state officials.

Complex Technological Questions

From the beginning, the complex technical questions that we were forced to master tended to muddle the underlying significance of the plant construction. For example, such incinerator plants were originally touted as technological solutions to the crisis caused by landfilling the immense amounts of garbage produced by industrial capitalism and the resultant contamination of water and air by the toxins which leak from dumps. City officials contend that the City will run out of land-fill space within a decade. These arguments convinced even established environmental groups nationally and locally

to support incineration as the "lesser evil."

The credibility of these arguments began to unravel when it was revealed that state environmental officials had made a thousandfold calculation error in assessing the pollutants released and the subsequent cancer risks to the population. This forced the State Department of Natural Resources (DNR) to recommend "state of the art" pollution control devices which would somewhat reduce the level of pollutants released into the air. At a raucous public hearing held in Detroit's City-County Building in early April, the DNR recommended such pollution control devices as "baghouses" (a teflon-coated fabric filter produced, ironically, by chemical corporations such as Dow) and "acid scrubbers" (de-acidifying lime sprayers in the smokestacks).

The City packed the chambers with city employees being paid overtime and barred the doors to over a hundred residents, while state and city officials and consultants droned on for over five hours, all the time denying those present a chance to speak. The city and its paid liars denied the public would be in any danger. (At one point City Finance Director Bella Marshall, in a demeanor combining that of a sadistic dominatrix and an armored robot, chastised the crowd for heckling and for such creative signs as "Burn Politicians, Not Plastic," and reassured angry residents, saying, "I know you're all wondering what [plant emissions] will do to my car, what will they do to me. We're here to answer your questions.") "Expert" consultants brought in by the City from Weston Engineering performed their tricks well, pronouncing (after a litany of juggled statistics and false criteria) living in the shadow of the plant "safer than eating a peanutbutter sandwich." At 3:30am, when most people had already left in disgust, the Air Pollution Control commission voted to go ahead with the plant even without the baghouse and scrubbers.

Clean Burn?

While liberal conservationists argued for the "more advanced" controls and even handed out polyvinyl stickers saying "Clean Burn," most local residents didn't

want to see the incinerator built in any form. As we argued from the start, these incinerators are deadly no matter what pollution controls are used. The lethal heavy metal vapors, acids and assorted toxins they emit include cadmium, mercury, arsenic, lead, hydrochloric acid, sulphur dioxide and carbon monoxide. Particularly devastating is the release of the highly toxic chemicals in the dioxin and furan families—chemicals which led to the evacuation and permanent abandonment of Seveso, Italy in 1976, and Times Beach, Missouri in 1983.

Without the pollution controls, in one year the plant would release twenty million pounds of pollutants—the largest percentage made up of acids and fly-ash. But even with the controls, 1.5 million pounds of hydrochloric acid and three million pounds of all other toxins would escape annually. Neither proposed design would stop the release of heavy metal vapors, dioxin and furans—the most deadly of the pollutants. And though incineration has been presented as an alternative to land-fill, about thirty per cent of the waste would remain as deadly ash and would have to go—you guessed it—to a land-fill, and the ash collected by the baghouses would be so toxic that it would have to be dumped in special toxic waste landfills along with the bag fabric worn out by the acids.

The whole argument for control devices suggests that the production of a world of toxic garbage is manageable and negates the necessity for the abolition of industrial capitalism in its entirety. As one friend wrote in the tabloid we published, "We are presented with an illusory layer of options that essentially says, 'Choose your toxin.'"

The Business of Business

Of course, big city politicians aren't in the business of addressing the tremendous problems brought about by commodity capitalism and industrial production, they are in the business of *business*, and trash-to-energy is big business. To divert people's attention from the dangers of incineration, the city administration of Mayor Coleman Young attacked incinerator opponents as white environmentalists from

the suburbs out to stir up problems for Young's mostly black administration. The city patronage machine was mobilized to keep block clubs, neighborhood associations and black churches (the core of his support) from stepping out of line.

The mayor continued to railroad the project through even as it was revealed by the local press that the firm contracted to build this \$470 million incinerator, Combustion Engineering, also has a major contract with the South African government to build power plants there—a direct affront to a mostly black city, and essentially a violation of the city's own anti-apartheid investment ordinances. But Young isn't in the business of opposing apartheid, despite his symbolic (and comfortable) arrest last year at the South African Embassy in Washington D.C., he is in the business of serving business. The plant he is promoting will lead to the deterioration of health and to uncounted deaths of people in this mostly black city, so who would expect him to really take an interest in the welfare of black people in Africa?

A Radical Edge

The movement to oppose the incinerator provided a unique opportunity for those in our community who share an anti-authoritarian vision. As it happened, we were among the first to disseminate information opposing the construction of the plant. While traditional liberal environmental groups like the Sierra Club and the Audubon Society continued in their efforts to lobby politicians and to submit to proper procedure, we chose to publicize and agitate on a wider scale.

Rather than get bogged down in arguing how many deaths per million were "acceptable," we raised questions about the very production of plastics (the source of dioxins) and about the self-destructive throwaway attitude of this society. While the leadership of the environmental groups tried to appear "realistic" and responsible, not demanding what capital deems to be impossible, we chose to address the political question of the capitalist megamachine and industrial society.

Continued on Next Page

Plan

Continued from Previous Page

The involvement of those willing to raise these questions lent a radical edge to the widespread opposition to the incinerator. It was encouraging to see some of the members of local environmental organizations break through their demoralization brought on by years of realpolitik and start to think once more about deeper issues. At one point, both the Sierra Club and the Audubon Society changed their position, dropped their demand for pollution controls, and came out against the incinerator in any form.

However, it appears that the leaders of both organizations have become uncomfortable working with those who hold a more radical critique or with any community which wants to act autonomously as an equal, for that matter. In an effort to regain their position of respectability the two environmental organizations flew in their own experts and held a meeting "for invitation only" with the politicians and the press. Cass Corridor residents were discouraged from attending. The meeting turned out to be rather poorly attended even by those for whom it was intended.

Now that the federal Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has stepped in and may possibly force the city to add the pollution controls, there is the danger that these groups will retreat to their previous position, the state will pick up the difference, the plant will be built with the control technology, and we'll be poisoned.

For those who initiated much of the anti-incinerator activity, this experience raised many questions about the nature of organization. Due to our heavy involvement, we felt the pressure to become the leaders of some sort of broad-based coalition against the incinerator. To be "effective" in trying to stop the plant, some argued, meant working with lawyers, the news media, church groups and sympathetic politicians. It pressured us to moderate our politics and focus our attention on a single goal, stopping the plant.

Needless to say, most of us felt less than comfortable being thrust into this role. There was a marked difference between the exhilaration we felt in the early weeks when we feverishly worked with close friends who shared similar views and the later period when the incinerator opposition had moved into the realm of open public meetings. The larger group lacked the sense of trust and the shared perspectives of our informal affinity group; inevitable conflicts arose. Some of us became discouraged and we did not satisfactorily solve the problems posed by working with people whose views we did not share.

Process of Radicalization

This remains a problem which anti-authoritarians must grapple with in order to work effectively with others in our neighborhoods and workplaces. First of all, we have to find the means to translate our political beliefs into action, particularly when we are faced with a direct attack on life like Detroit's incinerator. Secondly, we should not underestimate the political process of radicalization which often accompanies a person's involvement in what appears to be a single issue. An issue like garbage incineration can ultimately lead to an entire critique of society, depending on people's willingness to uncover



The above article from the fifth page of the second section of Sunday's *Free Press* relates an almost daily event, a banal mistake, a routine accident. And it relates it in a way that satisfies and placates the unquestioning reader. It begins with the Dow Chemical spokesman's assurance that the 4000 pound plastic spill "poses no health threat," and it ends by reminding us that Dow Chemical has a training program that attempts to prevent such spills. But the terrifying details are all there in between the assurances of experts that all is under control. This is at least the fifth such spill for Dow this year. How many other chemical companies are there with similar track records? How many "accidents" are there?

According to the *New York Times* (Oct. 3, 1985), an incomplete governmental study of several states commissioned by the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) of toxic chemical accidents states that at least 6,928 accidents have occurred in the U.S. in the last five years, resulting, so far, in 135 deaths and 15,000 injuries. During this time 420 million pounds of chemicals have been accidentally spilled into the earth or water or emitted into the atmosphere. If the entire country had been included in this report, these figures would be two to three times higher, according to one of the study's consultants. The causes of the accidents are listed as storage tank failure, valve problems, and human error.

This governmental study was initiated in

the hidden connections between seemingly unrelated aspects of our lives. Every social struggle holds the potential for becoming a battle against the modern technological society as a whole.

In that sense, despite setbacks, we still feel positive about our involvement in this fight. While we are a long way from stopping the incinerator, we have to some degree been able to participate in creating a context in which the entire question of life today could begin to emerge. With very limited resources, we reached people throughout the city and helped make them aware of a horrendous project that the City wanted kept quiet. Along with other opponents of the plant, we were labelled "environmental terrorists" by the arch-

The American Dream

A SYNTHETIC SOCIETY



response to the Bhopal disaster, and studies have always been the official response to public concern and outrage. An insidious bureaucracy made up of control, research and protection agencies has parasitically affixed itself to the slippery flanks of the huge industrial complex which sustains this petro-chemical-based society. The tactic is obvious—people become accustomed to reading these shocking (though often partial, incomplete or inaccurate) "official" statistics and are left with the feeling that something is being done about a terrible situation. But clearly we need no more studies to realize that the entire system of industrialization is responsible for killing our environment, our wildlife, ourselves.

While we become more aware of the direct and blatant threat posed by the huge waste burning plant planned for our neighborhood, we should be making some crucial connections between the business of disposal and the business of production.



The above article is reprinted from the tabloid published by Cass Corridor residents to agitate against the construction of Detroit's trash-to-energy incinerator. They can be contacted c/o P.O. Box 02455, Detroit MI 48202.

reactionary Rambo gazette, the *Detroit News*, and an obviously nervous city administration responded to our symbolic gesture of planting a maple sapling at the site by handing out tiny seedlings to the honchos present at the groundbreaking ceremony while cops kept demonstrators at bay a few blocks away.

While we haven't stopped the incinerator, it hasn't been built yet either. Incinerators have even been built in other cities only to be closed down within weeks of starting operation, and some countries, such as Sweden, have imposed moratoria on such plants. As the horrors of petro-chemical civilization loom larger every day, people are beginning to realize that it will take far more than lobbying poli-

It is this system which has created the terms of our existence and now of our survival. It assures us, for example, that we need nuclear power and nuclear arms, just as it assumes that war is a "necessary evil" and a "reality" of our modern age. It tells us that we need plastics (products we didn't even know about 25 years ago). We need materials that create deadly toxins both in their production and their disposal. We then need land-fill and incinerators, and now we need incinerators that need waste to create energy that we need to keep this monstrous machine running. To suggest that we dismantle this system of production seems "unrealistic," "impractical," and "absurd." Yet this is precisely what we must suggest if we are to salvage our earth and recover our humanity.

A very lethal chain of events has been created that has tied us into its insane progression. This is "crackpot realism"—the lunatic step by step pragmatism of specialists leading us toward catastrophe—at its most pernicious, and minimally we should recognize its both subtle and glaring control over our daily lives. Let us not rely on the quick techno-fix, short-sighted mentality of bureaucrats, technicians, and corporate spokespeople. Our blind acceptance of their solutions and our willing allegiance to their myopic "expertise" have left us with a tainted and noxious world, a plastic civilization, which depends on our passive compliance for its perpetuation.

ticians and begging for favors from the powerful to stop this project and others like it. But it can be done—and people are increasingly aware of what it will take to do it: a direct confrontation with industrial society and its power structure, and a vision of a different way of life based on *being*, not *having*.

This was what we had in mind when we planted the maple tree. The corporate technocrats and city politicians fenced in our little sapling and promised to replant it near their incinerator. Our task is to find a way to replant all of *them*, so that many more saplings like ours can thrive, so that we can too.

—Charles Willis

"People Aren't Ready to Let May 4th Die"

REMEMBERING KENT STATE

When I entered Kent State University in the Fall of 1975 it was by no means a revolutionary situation I was stepping into. It is ironic, because ever since the shooting on May 4, 1970 by Ohio National Guardsmen of thirteen students, resulting in the death of four and the wounding of nine others, Kent had gained an almost worldwide reputation as being a radical campus. But when I was there in 1975 and 1976 the average member of the student body had about as much connection with what happened there just a few years earlier as they did with the man on the moon.

I went to Kent State in 1975 in search of student radicalism. I did not find it. In five short years the remnants of my mecca had been so widely scattered that they were now almost unrecognizable. The few hardline Marxist-Leninists that still hung around the campus spent more time fighting among themselves than any "common enemy," and inspired more amusement than enthusiasm from the student body. My peers

seemed only to want a piece of the American dream. They didn't have time to be bothered with images of the '60's.

Besides, everyone knew that the 70's was the "me" decade, responsible activists were now interested in the effects of processed food on the human body, Transactional Analysis, Transcendental Meditation, EST, Primal Scream Therapy, and so forth. The phrase "still living in the 60's" became almost a stigma, and nobody wanted that hanging around their neck. Some even said the 60's died and was buried at Kent State.

I had grown up in a politically conservative family, and had been carefully shielded from the pitched battles between police and anti-Vietnam war protestors during the late 60's that culminated in the shootings at Kent, just 50 some miles from the same town where I grew up. So, in a large sense I was not aware of the day-to-day events going on around me at that time, and yet they left their indelible mark on me nonethe-

As the imperial war machine killed two million Vietnamese, so too did it turn against its domestic opponents with a fury. At Kent State University on May 4, 1970, five innocent young college students fell victim to National Guard gunfire and the shots still echo in the lives of many.



less.

So much so that when I first saw the pictures of Guardsmen kneeling in tight formation, pointing their loaded weapons into a crowd of largely bewildered students (some of whom were actually "protesting," an offense not normally punished by death), some of whom were only watching or on their way to class, I felt an instinctive connection with the students.

Gun Down the People

Of course the gunning down of people of color had been accepted as a matter of course ever since our forefathers first landed on this continent, and it was just ten days later, on May 14, 1970 that black students Phillip Gibbs and James Green were killed by police at Jackson State University in Mississippi. So blacks would be quite correct in saying that to focus exclusively on the killing of middle-class white students at Kent, while ignoring the fact that this had been standard treatment for people of color who stood up for their rights for centuries, would simply be another more subtle form of racism. But Kent State perhaps more than any other incident showed that power knows no bounds, and that when this nation's immoral war in Southeast Asia was unmasked for what it truly was, even the children of the power structure were not exempt from its headless and soulless march.

After I found out in 1975 that Kent was not a hotbed of student radicalism left over from the 60's, it did not take me long to drop out. It took two quarters, to be exact (not really a fair time period for higher education to show me what it had to offer). For about a year I hung around Brookfield, Ohio generally acting nihilistic and alienated (isn't that what all 19 year olds are supposed to do?). Then in 1977 something happened that drew me back to Kent, and it wasn't for more classes.

Tent City vs. Gymnasium

It seemed the University administration wanted to build a new gymnasium on the site where Allison Krause, Jeffrey Miller, Sandra Scheuer and William Schroeder had been killed. I heard that a tent city had been erected on the site by a motley crew of students, ex-students and outside agitators (mostly the latter) called the May 4th Coalition. At first I could not believe my ears. I had just about given up on anything like this occurring, and in those pre-1980 days before the revitalization of the peace movement, there seemed to be ample evidence all around me that activism as a social force in America was dead.

So I held off for a while, thinking perhaps the whole thing would blow over. It was finally when I heard on the radio that an ultimatum had been given to the tent city protestors that they would either evacuate the premises so that construction could begin or face arrest that I went scurrying for my sleeping bag and pup tent.

I hitched the 50 miles to Kent State and in no time found myself in the middle of a revolutionary situation! There were hundreds of people on blanket hill—singing, chanting, eating, sleeping—I felt as if I had died and gone to Woodstock. It was on the morning of my third day there that the police moved in to make the arrests.

It was not quite as scary as seven years earlier. This time the authorities carried neither guns nor fixed bayonets (just long clubs). We all sat on the ground roughly half way between where the shots had been fired in 1970 and where the students fell, and taking a cue from the civil rights movement, we linked arms with the people to each side and legs around the person in front. This certainly did not make it any easier for the police to remove us, but all in all, remarkable restraint was shown on both sides.

One hundred ninety-three of us were arrested that day, including the parents of slain student Sandra Scheuer, and Alan Canfora and his sister, who were wounded in that same spot in 1970, with their parents.

For this action we spent less than a day in the Portage County jail, mostly taken up in booking procedures (the usual 1,000 sets of fingerprints and so forth). After our release a good number of us were

Continued on back page

Haymarket

Continued from page 1

day); Spain 1936 (which unfortunately, but perhaps inevitably, turned into a discussion on Central America); building the anarchist movement (which according to one participant degenerated into the age-old hot air sessions about computer networks, a national federation and a national press); personal politics and anarchy; what is anarchy?; and anarchy and social revolution/why revolutions fail.

Of course there were many informal discussions as well, but despite meeting new friends and old, those of us from the Fifth Estate missed talking with many people from around the country, including FE sustainers and others with whom we would have liked to make contact. It was an exciting time, in spite of the craziness and chaos, and we wish we could have spent more time at it.

On Thursday, May 1, anarchists and other conferees participated in the traditionally marxist Pilsen march (an old German worker's district, now a Latino barrio), spontaneously leaving the march at one point and coming close soon afterwards to a major confrontation with Chicago's cops. During the standoff the marchers finally had to disperse but managed after some negotiation to free two people who had been arrested.

"Everything—and Nothing"

On Friday, conference participants had our own march, a tour with no permit to such monuments to Authority as the jail, city hall, the stock exchange (where toy money was thrown at businessmen, and brokers watching us from the windows above were urged to jump by the crowd), IBM, the South African Consulate, the struck *Chicago Tribune*, and a fancy shopping district where the proverbial shit hit the fan, and 38 people were arrested for disorderly conduct, "mob action against the state," and one person for desecrating a U.S. flag (now a felony).

At an intersection near the stock exchange where we momentarily blocked traffic, a well-dressed older woman was overheard asking a cop, "What organization is this?" He replied, "They're not any organization, they're anarchists."

And to her question, "What do they want?" he replied with astonishing perspicacity, "Everything—and nothing."

The scene at IBM was exhilarating—one of the wildest scenes I can remember in many years of demonstrations. Amid war whoops, screams and chants of "IBM out of South Africa, South America," etc. until every continent got covered, people blockaded the building and closed it, and many proceeded to pound on the plate glass windows and the metal coverings on the pillars, creating a great din. (I saw one anarchist @ drawn on the window while the geeks in suits gaped incredulously from the other side.) Money and a flag were burned, which almost caused a brawl with the cops, but they still did not attack, which we found amazing at the time. Remember, this is the force that massacred workers a hundred years ago, that massacred workers during the Republic Steel strike in 1937, and perhaps many of the same cops who attacked peace demonstrators in 1968 and who slaughtered the Black Panthers in their beds in 1969, and who brutalize people every day in Chicago's poorer neighborhoods.

The cops had been following us all along

in large numbers, hissing that the march was a "cattle drive" and that at the end they would all have their own Haymarket commemoration, each "take his own anarchist to lunch," as someone later reported being told. The mob was meandering, and for those of us not from Chicago, we felt a little powerless to control events. By IBM, things were threatening to go beyond the point of no return, so some of us decided to make our own way to the cop monument to Haymarket, where the march was supposed to end.

(This is the base of the statue built in 1889, funded by Chicago capitalists after a public "popular subscription fund" promoted by the *Chicago Tribune* raised only \$150 in ten months. This statue has had an interesting history of its own, including bombings and vandalism. In 1927, on the 41st anniversary of the Haymarket meeting, a streetcar driver drove his car full speed and jumped the track, knocking the statue off its base. In 1968, the statue was defaced with black paint, and in 1969 and 1970 it was blown up. In February 1972 the statue was removed from the base and moved to Police Headquarters, before finally going to the Police Academy, in an area not accessible to the public. On May-day 1972 anarchists and Wobblies tried to place a paper mache statue of anarchist Haymarket martyr Louis Lingg on the base but the cops turned out in force to prevent it.)

We finally found the statue base after taking a few wrong turns, but no one else showed, though there were plenty of anarchist @'s spraypainted nearby. The statue inscription read, "From the City of Chicago in honor of her heroes who defended her against the riot." A friend etched out "heroes" as best he could and wrote "murderers" in its place.

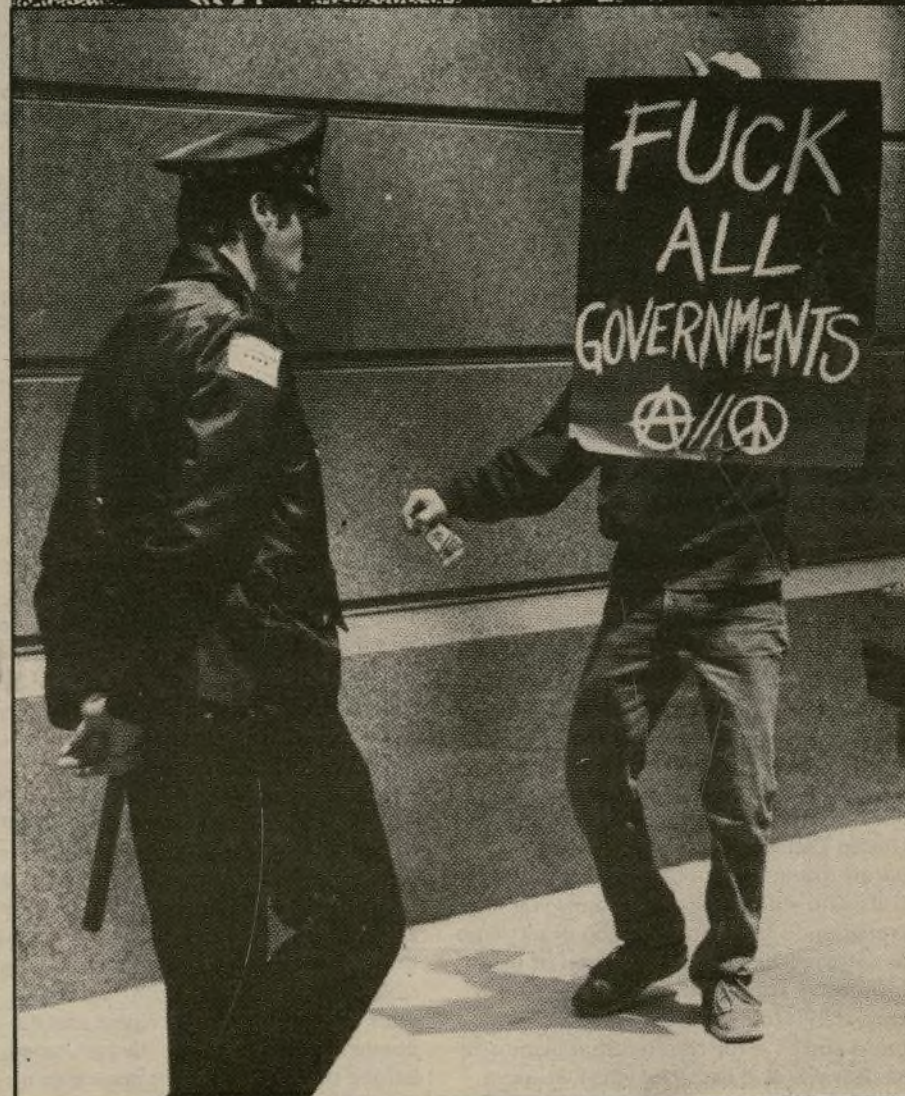
Dancing in the Nude

We learned later that after IBM, a similar scene had ensued at the South African Consulate and the *Chicago Tribune* (where marchers fraternized with striking workers), and approaching a bourgeois shopping area, some people had begun running in and out of stores, and a window was broken in a hotel. There the cops began arresting people who had started to disperse, grabbing those who looked nonconformist or who carried flags, who ran too slow or ran too fast, or who tried to investigate the arrests of others.

That night there was a lengthy discussion about the demonstration while a small group worked frenetically to get people out of jail. There was much heated discussion on responsibility, how to do demonstrations, decision-making, tactics, and the rest, which was all very interesting but inconclusive.

On Saturday night after a day of workshops and prisoner support, there was a banquet, conversation and dancing. (Some folks danced in various states of undress, which prompted an old-timer to remark that he was surprised that so much fun could be had with so little liquor, but, frankly, "In 1936 we were dancing in the nude.") By this time everyone had gotten out of jail, and the air was festive. We had made our points here and there, and everyone felt enthusiastic about rubbing shoulders with other strange people like ourselves.

On Sunday we went to Waldheim Cemetery where the Haymarket victims are



Anarchy, then and now: Above, Haymarket, 1886. Below, Chicago Anarchist Gathering, May 1986. By the way, that's "Workingmen of all tongues, unite." photo—S. Izma

Continued on Back Page

President Reagan came into office with an understanding apparently lacking in the two previous administrations which had been still reeling from the egregious defeat of the U.S. imperial forces in Vietnam: If U.S. capital was to continue to function successfully as a permanent war economy (as it has since 1942), a corresponding war psychosis was going to have to be created to justify programs of economic austerity for the working class and poor while making enormous expenditures of state funds for armaments.

Reagan and the right wing attempt this politically by heightening the rhetoric of inter-imperial conflict ("the evil empire," "the fight against terrorism," etc.) which became illegitimate during the Ford-Carter interregnum; culturally by creation of the previously discredited war genre movies such as "Rambo," but including recent bloodthirsts like "Iron Eagle" and "Top Gun." These elements are combined with media manipulation of a never-ending series of self-induced "crises" which glorify battle, stress military solutions, and extend the lie that the U.S.

empire is "defending" itself against a host of endless enemies. All of this seemingly creates the need for ever more war preparations (the basis of the Reagan economic "recovery") and to create an atmosphere in which actual war can be waged against small states like Grenada, Libya and ultimately, Nicaragua.

We can think of a number of ways this war psychosis can be fought including continually exposing Reagan's lies about the trumped up crises such as the Libyan and Nicaraguan situations; combating the war-like cultural images being peddled; supporting draft registration resistance; and helping to foster indiscipline and mutiny against imperial military adventures within the armed forces.

The following two articles take up the last consideration. The first comes from a leaflet by the Angry Workers Group, 2000 Center St., No. 1200, Berkeley CA 94704, which was passed out during Fleet Week in San Francisco last October. We

think it is vitally important that the long history of military rebellions not be lost. However, we think it is a mistake to dismiss other efforts for peace.

Middle-class anti-war forces during the Vietnam conflict formed the basis of the domestic opposition to the war and often created the context in which GI opposition expressed itself. Also, material aid for GI coffee houses, anti-war newsletters, as well as support for deserters and AWOL soldiers came from those who were neither soldiers nor workers. Instead, they opposed the U.S.' genocidal war on ethical and political grounds, and one can only assume that the same was true in other wars where revolutionary mutinies occurred. Let's not toss anyone aside because they do not fit properly into some abstract schema.

The second article is a reprint from the

Nov. 11, 1971 Fifth Estate and details the depth of anti-war sentiment aboard one U.S. Navy vessel. We recently spoke to a Navy veteran who served just 5 years later and who told us that he had no idea such resistance had occurred. This is indeed a hidden history and as the war crisis mounts, we hope to run more reprints from the Vietnam era to illustrate the full picture of both civilian and military opposition to the war.

During that period, the Fifth Estate had a policy of sending free subscriptions to GIs to combat the poisonous propaganda they received from the military. We are re-instituting that policy again as of this issue. We hope other papers will do similarly.

DON'T REGISTER! DON'T FIGHT!

NO BOMBS! NO BORDERS! ABOLISH ALL ARMIES!



(left) Fort Bragg, North Carolina: anti-Vietnam war rally called by active duty GIs of 3000 people, including 750 soldiers—1969. (rt.) Vietnam veterans in Washington DC during a 1971 demonstration against the Vietnam war. Hundreds of vets participated in a dramatic action by throwing their battle medals against the closed and bolted gates of the White House. 15 years later, in April 1986, the vets returned to celebrate the anniversary of their earlier action and to oppose aid to American-financed contras.

Mutinies Can Stop U.S. Wars

The past few years have seen a wholesale rewriting of the history of American involvement in Vietnam. From the official government versions of the events to extremely violent television shows and movies like *The Deer Hunter* and *Rambo*, the people who rule us are attempting to glamorize the slaughter of the Indochinese Wars as a prelude to the next war. It might be in the Phillipines or Southern Africa, Central America or Korea. It might be fought on five or ten fronts simultaneously with the Soviet Union. Or maybe they'll send us off to massacre the populations of Spain or Italy or Britain in the suppression of a revolutionary civil war in Western Europe.

The pressures of the world-wide economic crisis are pushing the rulers of the United States towards war. And the corporate executives, politicians and bureaucrats who will profit most from a war are preparing us by a reproduction of extremely nationalistic values and hatred of people from other parts of the world, pushing everything from Saturday morning cartoons and toys for children that glamorize nuclear war and bacteriological weapons to the camouflage clothing that became fashionable shortly after the Iranian Hostage crisis of 1979-1980. The rulers of

Russia are using similar propaganda tactics to get the Soviet working class lined up to fight and die for their bosses.

The ruling circles of the United States are preparing for a big war. A war for which they hope that the people in the Army and the Navy and the kids they'll draft will quietly and unquestioningly work, kill and die. And a part of their reason for wanting us to forget what really happened in Vietnam is so we'll forget what defeated their war efforts—and the importance of the resistance of the enlisted men and women against the war effort.

Soldiers in Revolt — "Seasick Sailors"

The first major symptoms in Vietnam of the breakdown of respect for authority in the military emerged among the ground troops of the Army and the Marine Corps. For soldiers in the combat zone, a radical opposition to the war became an important part of avoiding horrible injury or death. From the more mild forms of political protest and disobedience of war orders the resistance among the ground troops grew into a massive and widespread "quasi-mutiny" by 1970 and 1971.

Soldiers would go on "search and

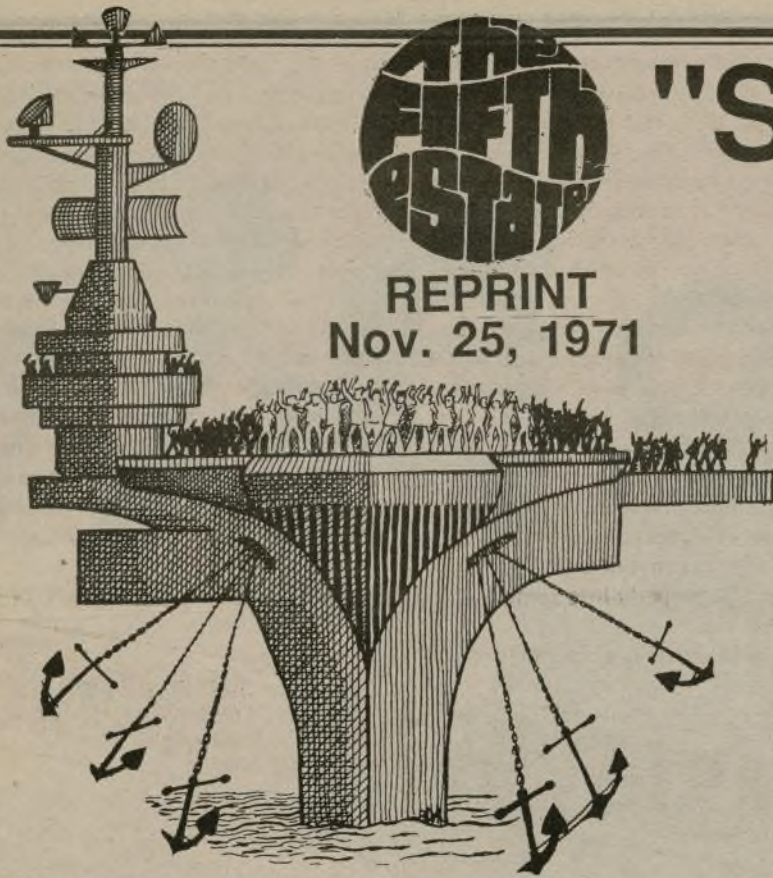
avoid" missions, intentionally skirting clashes with the Vietnamese and often holding three-day-long pot parties instead of fighting. Commanders would be threatened with "fraggings" (fragmentation grenades), forcing them to worry more about their own troops than about the "enemy." War equipment would be sabotaged and destroyed. By 1972 roughly three hundred anti-war and anti-military newspapers, with names like *Harass the Brass*, *All Hands Abandon Ship* and *Star-Spangled Bummer* had been put out by enlisted people. Riots and anti-war demonstrations broke out on bases in Asia, Europe and in the United States. By the early 1970's the government had to begin pulling out of the ground war and switching to an "air war," largely because the ground troops who were supposed to do the fighting were paralyzing the world's mightiest military force by their sabotage and resistance.

With the shifting over to an "air war" strategy, the Navy became an important source of resistance to the war. In response to the racism that prevailed inside the Navy, black and white sailors often rebelled together. The most significant of these rebellions took place on board

the *U.S.S. Constellation* off of Southern California in November 1972. In response to a threat of less-than-honorable discharges against several black sailors, a group of over one hundred black and white sailors staged a day and a half long sit-in. After docking in San Diego, 132 sailors were allowed to go ashore, and refused orders to reboard the ship several days later, staging a defiant dockside strike on the morning of November 9th—perhaps the largest act of mass defiance during the war. In spite of the seriousness of the rebellion, not one of the 132 sailors involved was arrested.

Sabotage was a very useful tactic. On May 26, 1970, the *U.S.S. Anderson* was preparing to steam from San Diego into the Pacific for Vietnam. But someone had dropped nuts, bolts and chains down the main gear shaft. A major breakdown occurred, resulting in several thousand dollars worth of damage and a delay of several weeks. Several sailors were charged, but because of a lack of evidence the case was dismissed. With the escalation of Naval involvement in the war the level of sabotage grew. In July of 1972, within the space of three weeks,

Continued on Next Page



REPRINT
Nov. 25, 1971

"Stop The Coral Sea!"

ALAMEDA, Calif.—With a Navy band blaring "Anchors Aweigh," the USS Coral Sea sailed out of the Golden Gate for Vietnam Nov. 12 despite a mass petition drive by anti-war sailors, an offer of sanctuary to deserters from the Berkeley, Calif. City Council and a threat of mass disruption from civilian picketers.

Also, three officers aboard the Coral Sea handed in their resignation requests in protest against the Indochina war.

A "Stop the Coral Sea" demonstration in which demonstrators in cars were supposed to cause a traffic jam in front of the east gate of the Alameda Naval Station was thwarted by Navy police. They waved the surprised demonstrators into the base, over a circuitous route, and out another gate.

Another disruption, in which protestors were to leave junked cars in a highway

tunnel connecting Alameda with Oakland, appeared at first to have slowed traffic in the tunnel, but it later turned out a government vehicle which had broken down was the cause.

Seventeen persons were arrested in the demonstrations, most for stopping their cars and getting out during their brisk trip through the base.

Several persons were injured by cars as they stood on the highway approaching the naval base, including one woman who had her leg broken when struck by a vehicle driven by a Navy officer. About 1,000 demonstrators in all took part.

The Berkeley City Council offered its facilities for asylum for military deserters and draft resisters, touching off denunciations from other Berkeley and Alameda County officials. The council in a 6-1 vote approved a resolution "to provide a facil-

ity for sanctuary" for "any person who is unwilling to participate in military action."

The resolution was considered to be unprecedented for a city governing body in the United States.

Edward E. Kallgren, regarded as a moderate on the council, said the action was not defying the "supremacy of the US government or its legitimate powers."

"We want to dramatize our opposition to this war and our belief that the war has a direct adverse effect on all the cities of the country."

Also, 10 Bay Area churches offered their facilities as sanctuary for military deserters, specifically mentioning that their facilities would be open for men from the navy carrier.

"Anti-war Sentiment Runs High"

The city resolution warned city employees against aiding "any investigation, public or clandestine, of the sanctuary" or joining in the arrest of any military deserter. The councilmen said city policemen were included in the ban.

The 63,000 ton Coral Sea, the attack carrier which carried out the first air strike against North Vietnam in 1965, left for its sixth tour of Vietnamese waters.

The campaign to keep the ship from sailing was begun several months ago by sailors aboard the carrier calling themselves Save Our Ship (SOS).

The men, with civilian support, collected over 1,000 signatures on a petition asking that the ship not return to Vietnam despite the effort of the ship's captain to stop the effort. The aircraft carrier commander, Capt. William Harris, destroyed one petition with 300 signatures on it and

sent three sailors to the brig and transferred 12 men off the ship in an attempt to stop the drive.

SOS received support not only from enlisted men, but from officers as well. In a statement of resignation from the Navy, three officers, Lt. James Lanier, James R. Meyer and Ensign Frank H. Philips said, "We do not wish to be a part of the continuing insanity of the Vietnam War."

It is anticipated that all three officers will be discharged from the Navy immediately, but official confirmation rests with the Secretary of the Navy in Washington.

The three also stated that "Anti-war sentiment runs high aboard the Coral Sea, not only among the enlisted men, but among the ship's officers as well."

They speculated that most persons with anti-war feelings, especially officers, were silent on the issue, perhaps for fear of reprisal by command. They emphasized, however, that "SOS is not the only group aboard who would like to see the Coral Sea stay out of the war."

Since it seems that the civilian anti-war movement, as it is presently constituted, is not capable of ending the war, that task may have to fall to those most effected by it — the GIs themselves. This is not without precedent in American history. When World War II ended in 1945 a mass GI movement was built around the theme of "Bring the Troops Home" and saw marches of tens of thousands in such wide flung areas as Manila and Paris.

Word reaching this paper says that anti-war organizing is going on in every carrier in the Pacific with the most immediate target being to prevent the USS Ranger from sailing in January.



"Forward Together," Conservative party conference 1980.
—photo Sheila Gray

Mutinies

Continued from Previous Page

two of the Navy's aircraft carriers were put out of commission by sabotage. On July 10, a massive fire swept through the Admiral's quarters and radar center of the U.S.S. Forestal, causing over seven million dollars in damage, and delaying the ship's deployment for over two

months. In late July, the U.S.S. Ranger was docked at Alameda. Just days before the ship's scheduled departure for Vietnam, a paint-scraper and two twelve-inch bolts were inserted into the number-four-engine reduction gears causing nearly one million dollars damage and forcing a three and a half month delay in operations for extensive repairs. The sailor charged in the case was acquitted. In other cases, sailors

tossed equipment over the sides of ships while at sea. The House Armed Services Committee summed up the crisis of rebellion in the Navy:

"The U.S. Navy is now confronted with pressures . . . which, if not controlled, will surely destroy its enviable tradition of discipline. Recent instances of sabotage, riot, willful disobedience of orders, and contempt for authority . . . are clear-cut symptoms of a dangerous deterioration of discipline."

That resistance and contempt for the military by enlisted people was often directly linked to civilian resistance to the war, and to the beginning of social unrest in the United States itself. Men who had learned to rebel inside the armed forces contributed to the beginnings of a wildcat workers' movement in the auto factories of Michigan and Ohio, and the coalminers' strike in 1977.

Along with the uprisings in the inner cities of the United States, the rebellions in the armed forces were the American expression of a wave of world-wide working class revolt, occurring in the same period as the General Strike in France in May 1968, the big strikes in Italy and Germany in 1969, the insurrection in Poland in 1970, a series of riots and strikes in Brazil, Argentina, and the Shanghai General Strike against the state-capitalist dictatorship of Mao Tse-Tung.

The era we find ourselves in, an era of re-emerging working class combativity on an international scale since the late 1960's, recalls in many ways the years following World War I, which like World War II, was a direct result of the competition between the major capitalist powers of the day for world markets. But unlike World War II, World War I did not end with the total defeat of one set of capitalist nations by their rivals. World War I wasn't ended by any liberal "peace movement," by pacifists or "disarmament negotiations." World War I was ended by wholesale collapse of the armies and navies of major combatant nations like Russia and Germany in *revolutionary mutiny*, by mass strikes and insurrections across Russia and Central Europe. The soldiers and sailors of different nations, who were supposed to hate and murder one another, fraternized with each other, turning their guns against their officers, and went home to fight for revolution in their own countries. There were mutinies in the British navy and in the armies of the British colonial empire in Asia. Naval bases like Kronstadt in Russia and Kiel and Wilhelmshaven in Germany became important centers of revolutionary organizations and action. The French invasion of revolutionary Russia was crippled by

Continued On Page 23



Sailors aboard the *Jaime I* who fought against their fascist officers and threw them overboard in July 1936.



A victim of a Nazi aerial bombardment. The German Luftwaffe used Spain as a practice field for its techniques in preparation for WWII.



A CNT/FAI militiaman leaving for the front. A black flag flies from an armed personnel carrier with CNT markings.

SPAIN '36

Imagine the United States split regionally into conservative-fascist and leftist popular front-anarchist zones. Civil war rages at the shifting boundary lines with half the country under the domination of an insurgent military right-wing junta determined to destroy the elected government and all individuals and organizations of the left. Then imagine that simultaneously, behind the lines in the popular front zone (say, most of the East and West coasts), there are widespread decentralized efforts to transform the society through economic and social collectivization in producers' cooperatives, free schools, free health centers, neighborhood councils, local popular assemblies—the assumption of community self-responsibility through direct action from the bottom up.

Imagine also that the organizations and individuals behind such efforts are constantly threatened with imprisonment or assassination by those in the official popular front government. Imagine all of this with an intensity at least four times greater than the enthusiasm, the polarization and the confrontations of the 1960's. At this point, we can begin to appreciate the dimensions of the Spanish revolution of 50 years ago.

How and why did the civil war begin? How could people behind the lines have the energy and vision, in the midst of a civil war, to carry out the massive efforts of social transformation? From where did such organizations and individuals emerge, with the strength and purpose to attempt such efforts in the face of repression from the very government they were allied with in the civil war? What was the quality of freedom in the experiments of the new society themselves? And, despite the impressive release of liberatory instincts and practice, what were its limitations, its compromises, and the causes of its ultimate collapse three years later? Could there have been alternative approaches, more positive and lasting?

The Spanish revolution was the largest-scale and most intense testing place of the relevance and strength of anarchist ideas in the modern world. In the midst of the international context of mounting fascist strength and aggression in the late 1930's, and faced with an attempted military coup d'état supported by fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, the Spanish anarchist movement organized the next three years of resistance.

For nearly the next three years anarchists took the greatest initiative in creating massive social experiments which put their libertarian vision into practice. During that time, tens of thousands of anarchists were slaughtered at the front lines fighting the fascists, while the official Loyalist government behind the lines and persecuted its leading forces. Later, anarchists even participated in official government positions from the national cabinet level on down, and, organizationally, the anarchist movement began to develop hierarchical tendencies contradictory to its ideals. The Spanish revolution was the time of the greatest bril-

liance of anarchist accomplishments and also the time of greatest contradiction and self-critique.

Following the fall of the right-wing Primo de Rivera dictatorship in 1930 and the monarchy itself in 1931, the second republic assumed the political task of organizing the continuing early industrialization of Spanish society and preventing the conflict inherent in this process from exploding into open warfare. Critically located within this context was the anarchist-organized Confederación Nacional del Trabajo, the CNT. By the mid-1930's, its membership of 1.5 million impoverished peasants and urban workers represented a strong moral and actively political movement several generations old, deeply connecting the conscious 19th century anarchist ideological tradition with the underlying Spanish cultural instincts of spontaneity, anti-authoritarianism and collective solidarity.

Strongly influenced by a separate militant anarchist political grouping, the Federación Anarquista Ibérica (FAI) which had some 35,000 members by 1936, the CNT was a formidable political presence—far more significantly placed than anarchists in any other part of the world. Roughly equal in strength, the CNT and the reformist-led socialist trade union UGT contained the vast majority of working class families in Spain (total Spanish population was about 26 million in 1936).

Immediately Took to the Streets

With ideological and direct material support from European fascism, the Spanish nationalist forces (led by Francisco Franco and other top generals) attempted their coup d'état against the recently-elected moderately leftist popular front government on July 17, 1936. CNT and FAI members immediately took to the streets with whatever ancient and inadequate weapons available in town after town, city after city, attempting to surround military barracks, to prevent military occupation. Joined at the street level by thousands of other anti-fascists as well, this initiative was all the more crucial in the absence of the central government's willingness to act. Like its several successors through early 1939—paralyzed between the desire to stay in power and its hostility to local empowerment—the Loyalist regime was effectively dormant in the next few decisive weeks.

Anarchists, socialists, POUMistas (Opposition Communists), and eventually the Communists (through the fascist coup and eventually the Communists' advisors) formed their own militia units to prevent further expansion of the zones where the fascist over-ride of Soviet aid and "advisors" had succeeded. In the northeastern part of Loyalist Spain—Catalonia, Aragon and part of the Levant—the CNT was their great overwhelming majority presence in the working class. To their great credit, the anarchists refused to impose an "anarchist society" on the remaining population in these areas, though they unquestionably had the strength to establish their own regime (as at-

tempted soon after by the several statist ideologies). Instead, the great majority of anarchists either fought at the front or constructed the new society in the rear.

Within several weeks, most farmland in Catalonia and Aragon was collectivized. Similarly, in Barcelona, units of workers' self-management operated the vast majority of factories, utilities and services. Yet the supply and coordination demands of a traditionally-fought civil war and the international isolation of Loyalist Spain from effective support (except for Soviet aid, which attached its own imperialist conditions) caused many respected anarchists to take official government posts, to defend coalition with the anti-fascist popular front at whatever costs, and even to attempt a form of "democratic centralism" within the anarchist movement itself (for "greater decision-making efficiency").

Most anarchists at the regional and local level tried to ignore such compromises and continued in their own efforts to develop revolutionary collective experiences at the core of their daily lives. Many, including large numbers of those most critical of collaboration, were killed off at the front or imprisoned or murdered by the Loyalist regime and Communist secret police. The armed anarchist and POUM confrontation with the Communists and other statist in the Barcelona street fighting of early May 1937 was the closest this contradiction of anarchists in Aragon to reconstruction of their farm collectives came to a direct resolution. Yet the continued determination of anarchists to reconstruct their firm collectives again and again after suppression by the Loyalist regime was also an amazing example of anarchist tenacity and courage in an incredibly hostile political context.

Ultimately, the negative side of the Spanish revolution—the internal contradictions, the triumph of the fascists—raises questions about the very model of armed social revolution inherited from the 18th and 19th centuries. How much and what type of change can be accomplished within one country alone—especially in the face of murderous weapons in the hands of counter-revolutionaries, authoritarianism and repression by leftist parties, and amidst a population generally (including many within the anarchist movement) where a clear anarchist consciousness does not yet prevail?

The Spanish revolution raises such issues and begins to suggest possible answers still of relevance today. Beyond this, from the hellish context of the late 1930's, the immense courage, dignity, constructive energy and non-hierarchical positive vision shown by the Spanish anarchist movement cannot be forgotten. From Spain, we can remind ourselves that anarchism is not simply a cultural current or a practice among small groups or individuals. Despite tremendous obstacles, it is a consciousness that can become a powerful and immensely creative large-scale social presence.

—David Porter



A workers' demonstration in Barcelona, 1937



One of many anarchist industrial collectives. Ramo del Cuero, 1937.



One of the many libertarian picnics held in Detroit during the years of the Spanish revolution to raise money for the anti-fascist struggle.



The people in arms defeated the fascist uprising in July 1936; the Spanish government's "People's Army" lost the war.



In March Jean-Luc Godard's film "Hail Mary" came to Detroit's Wayne State University, drawing sell-out audiences and violent demonstrations from christian-fascist groups. The film is a modern retelling of an already boring (and over-told) tale, the events leading up to the birth of Jesus (the little guy attached to crucifixes). In the film, Joseph is a taxi driver, the angel Gabriel is a foul-mouthed drifter, and Mary is a gas station attendant. Despite a few nude scenes of Mary, the film is rather tame, eliciting such reactions by people who saw it as "actually rather sensitive" and "a snore." True to form, the pope has condemned the film as sacrilegious.

During the week prior to the showing of the film by WSU's Cinema Guild, reactionary Catholic protesters picketed the university campus with signs like "Death to the Blasphemers" and "What Would Christ Say About This Film?" Those people we talked to who had had exchanges with this beady-eyed, slack-jawed, inbred crowd from Detroit's east side suburbs, had strange stories to tell—such as the campus worker who got into an argument with them, to hear such pearls as, "If you were in Russia the com'nists would string you up by your balls and torture you." When he replied, "I guess they'd do the same to you," the answer was, "Yeah, but I'd love it." After a while the christians got so upset they dismissed him as a "dirty christian-hating Jew," and the worker (an Italian-American) found he had to give them wide berth to avoid being harassed.

The evening of the showing, several hundred of god's elect showed up with banners emblazoned with blue crosses, a statue of the virgin surrounded by plastic flowers on a litter, a burly nun who gave every appearance of being a female impersonator, and U.S. flags and crosses. One woman harangued the filmgoers, "I wish they'd bring back the Inquisition, you'd all burn at the stake!" When some neighborhood people showed up and unfurled a banner saying "U.S. Out of Central America," some christian thugs attacked the banner and a brawl ensued. One fascist and one of the antiwar activists were taken into custody by the cops while the crowd howled for "commie blood" (though it appeared that the christians shed more of theirs in the fight). "It was really weird," someone told us afterwards, "these kids were screaming 'Go back to Leningrad,' and I said, 'Whatever happened to Moscow?' but they didn't get it. They were in a frenzy."

The film which has caused all the furor (in New York some 5,000 demonstra-

tors were said to protest it) has been labelled blasphemous by christian reactionaries, but it is not nearly blasphemous enough for our tastes. But even if it only indirectly insults the sensibilities of these good christian citizens, it deserves our gratitude. All state religions disgust us, but living in a "christian nation" makes us relish with special glee and scorn any attack on this Elmer Fudd-like christian god, his insufferable son and his ectoplastic mascot the Holy Ghost. As one of our favorite rock and roll songs of all time goes (to the accompaniment of appropriate oo-wah-wahs and she-bop she-bops), "Jesus on the cross / The blood is dripping / Get another nail / His head is slipping." Frenzied christians can only bring one thing to mind: the arena. Bon appetit!

The following declaration and open letter to christian civilization was sent to us from a group calling itself the Mad Queen Society of Incendiaries.

"God is a pig."—Andre Breton

The film *Hail Mary* has been declared blasphemous by religious authoritarians. If anything, this film is *not blasphemous enough*. We spit on god—with Bakunin, we declare that "The idea of god implies the abdication of human reason and justice; it is the most decisive negation of human liberty." What is beautiful, loving, and yes, even sacred in us can only be repulsed by state religions, in particular the judeo-christian-islamic complex which has unleashed all manner of atrocities on the world. Even if this slobbering and blood-soaked monster existed, it would be necessary to abolish him.

CHRISTIANS! Your god is the enemy of human freedom! Your religion is the sigh of the oppressed and is utilized everywhere to rationalize slavery and misery. The essence of your religion is the antithesis of human freedom: people on their knees, begging for mercy and trembling in fear of punishment. It follows that this god is the image of the patriarchal autocrat; his rule is tyrannical, hierarchic, bureaucratic. Under the dictatorship of this senile oppressor any personal or individual relationship with the cosmos and its beauty is impossible; it must be mediated by priests, a fossilized gospel, and routinized rituals. Any ambivalence is suppressed—one is either wholly the property of this astrological gangster, or damned. Because the religion itself reflects the structure of the state, it comes as no surprise that christian bureaucrats—ministers, popes, priests, and other such swine with only a miniscule number of exceptions—have

"Hail Mary"? Not Quite Christians to the Lions!

historically been on hand to bless the ammunition when contending empires march off to war and conquest.

PEOPLE! The judeo-christian-islamic state religion is the enemy of nature. The judeo-christian fear of and hatred for the natural world is well-known to anyone who has read history. For the Old Testament Israelites, living in tents was a curse, and the wilderness, rather than being a lush garden or sacred space, was a horrible realm of the devil to be loathed, to be conquered and despoiled. Streams, woods and wild places are desacralized by the christian tradition. The older animist traditions, in which the entire world—stones, plants and animals—is alive, is replaced by an abstraction in the sky. Thus throughout christian history it has been not only permissible but necessary for the christians to conquer the world and remake it in their own repressive, distorted image. The murderous invasion of the Promised Land by the Israelites fleeing from slavery in Egypt becomes the model for all future christian conquests, particularly in America, where millions of native people were killed along with hundreds of millions of animals who did not fit into "God's plan" for the "Elect." The christian fears and dreads the wilderness, the land, the night, so he has tried to establish "dominion" over the world with a series of scorched-earth crusades. Pagans, "savages," wolves,

nature-worshippers, witches, nonconformists, alchemists, poets, seers, forests, all have come under attack, all have been put to the torch and the bulldozer. And in the act of violently repressing the wilderness, christians have correspondingly repressed all that is wild and free in themselves. Christian civilization is profoundly denatured, robbed of animal truth, of genuine spiritual light. It has become so distorted that it can only respond to the other with enormous crimes—methodical and elaborately perfected technological forms of murder and plunder to repress its own inescapable dread. Christian civilization is doomed.

WOMAN! The judeo-christian-islamic god and religions are your enemies! During the time of the original community, before christian civilization and its plagues, our Mother was the Earth and our Father was the Sky, and the natural world, all the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, were our family. Wisdom resided in dreams and visions, and women were among the greatest visionaries and dreamers. Woman was a spiritual center, and birth and death were elements in an organic cycle. The land was female, and life was intimately associated with planting, gathering and animal migration cycles. The world had emerged from a goddesses' womb, and the first man was her son, and later her consort. In the judeo-christian bible one can see the counter-revolution, the patriarchal-statist

Continued on next page



"The forgiveness of God: a pretty turn of phrase to disturb us. But what can this hypocrisy do against free insolence fully developed?" —Rene Crevel

SPACE: NOT THE PLACE -2

In the last issue of the FE we noted that people should sigh with relief at the explosion of the space shuttle because of its direct relation to the Star Wars program. As General Lew Allen, Air Force Chief of Staff, said in 1979, "Whatever else the shuttle does and whatever purposes it will have, the priority, the emphasis, the driving momentum now has to be those satellite systems which are important to national security."

The connection between Star Wars and the shuttle was evident to many commentators, with the recognition of the insanity of modern megatechnics not far behind. As Adele Simmons and John Sanbonmatsu wrote in the *New York Times* shortly after the explosion, it "demonstrated with grim finality the delusion of 'invulnerable' technology," and they drew an appropriate conclusion: the Star Wars fantasy "would turn the entire nation into a space shuttle, making the existence of 200 million people [here they overlooked the millions of non-Americans who would be affected] contingent upon 'flawless' American technology." They also noted that while the space shuttle launch sequence required some 10,000 lines of computer programming, "the Star Wars software program would likely run into the tens of millions of lines."

Other grisly details trickled out after the explosion: the exposure by journalist Karl Grossman of NASA's plans to subsequently launch a space shuttle containing 46.7 pounds of plutonium-238, the most toxic substance in the universe. If that

shuttle had exploded, some 57,000 curies of plutonium radiation would have been released—theoretically enough to give 5 billion people lung or bone cancer. Government agencies continue to stonewall

investigators trying to learn about the proposed launch and studies previously done on the possibilities of failure and the results such a failure would bring.



Lions Continued from previous page

destruction of the original community with the subsequent subjugation of woman to male power. In the biblical falsification of the earlier myths, a new story is told of a male deity who first creates man, then woman from the womb of the man—an obvious reversal of the tradition of the goddess. It is not accidental that in all christian societies woman is the slave of man, his property, a breeding animal for the purpose of carrying on his inheritance; she never belongs to herself. She is either a virgin or a whore, depending on her status in or her response to male power. Women who respect themselves should have nothing but the most visceral aversion to this phallographic religion and its slave-trading godhead.

LOVERS! The christian religion is the mortal enemy of the body! Because christians hate and fear the body, woman, the night, the other in themselves; because they have violently repressed every manifestation of physical love, of ecstasy; because their myth is based on the horrid concept of sin and guilt and the necessity of work; they are the enemies of the body and of pleasure, and hence the enemies of a whole and healthy life. Christians believe that work is the punishment for original sin, and that drudgery—rather than laziness, poetry, music, dreams—brings wisdom. They have suppressed millennia-old traditions of sacred dancing, which are universal among primitive and tribal socie-

ties. They believe the flesh best clothed in barbed wire and chains, rather than by the flesh of one's lover. Their denial of love has led to the murderous fantasies against women which are so prevalent in this society. They have taken up arms against sexual freedom; they have distorted love to such an extent that a violent and sinister libertinage has emerged as a pseudo-opposition to their repression. But true love beckons, and we must heed its call. Love demands that we taste of the forbidden fruit, that the flesh be true to itself, that flesh and spirit remain one and refuse the hideous separation imposed by religion.

THIS GOD IS THE ENEMY OF THE SPIRIT! Hatred for nature, freedom, love, and our animality can only lead to the most bleak and spirit-destroying neurosis. This neurotic life has been crystallized in modern civilization. The madness that technology and science has posed as a resolution of this plague, is in actuality the result of the christian desecralization of nature and its crusade against the wisdom of dream, its pogrom against shamans, witches, healers. The unambiguous and absolutist gospel has led to the disembodied, alienated scientific "fact," destroying the possibility of genuine human meaning in this meaningless world. The christians now fear that their authority is being eclipsed by scientific rationalism, a completely instrumentalist cynicism. But it is their own joyless masquerade which has brought it about.

"You say that you believe in the necessity of religion," wrote Nietzsche to the godly. "Be sincere! You believe in the necessity of the police." The christian god is a cop which must be overthrown before true salvation—the reconciliation of the body and spirit, woman and man, humanity and nature—can be achieved. Love, poetry and freedom cannot coexist either with the state or with any state religion. We must dare to eat the forbidden fruit of the Marvelous. To christian civilization, we say: you have been advised. We have every intention, along with millions who conspire with us, of transgressing your hideous law, of abolishing your state and religion, of breaking free of your entire mystico-technocratic anthill. We will be free, we will dance upon your bones, we will drink aphrodisiac elixirs from your chalices, our covens will bring the Goddess through your decaying temples as we prepare to replant our sacred groves. Your history is reaching its end and the coyotes and the ravens are returning. Your wooden crosses will soon begin to sprout leaves and their sculpted christs will

Later came allegations, also suppressed and evaded by the government throughout the Rogers Commission (charged to investigate the crash), that the government and the White House knew of potential dangers to the space shuttle if it were to launch in cold weather, and pushed for launching it anyway to maintain its bureaucratic schedule and even perhaps to set up a televised telephone conversation between Christa McAuliffe and Reagan during the State of the Union address.

As Jonathan A. Bennet wrote in the April 16 *Guardian*, the Rogers Commission, led by Reagan appointees William Rogers and William Graham, "has accumulated a . . . record that shows a clear pattern of concealment and scapegoating middle-level bureaucrats . . . Some of the open sessions have struck the press corps and others in the audience as obviously having been rehearsed."

And finally come the revelations (in the April 23 and 24 editions of the *New York Times*) that NASA engaged in blatant fraud, waste and mismanagement of billions of dollars while cutting and delaying a half a billion dollars on safety testing, design and development. Nothing but the best for the "right stuff"!

On every level the space shuttle "disaster" and subsequent revelations have exemplified the corruption and insanity of megatechnic empire: warfare as the cutting edge of and for technological development; cynicism and stupidity in decision-making affecting not only space program technicians but the health and lives of millions of people; bureaucratic inertia, deception and out-and-out greed; and lurid technological spectacle as a transmitter for the symbols of imperial power.

Continued on page 23

I should've realized she'd be dangerous when

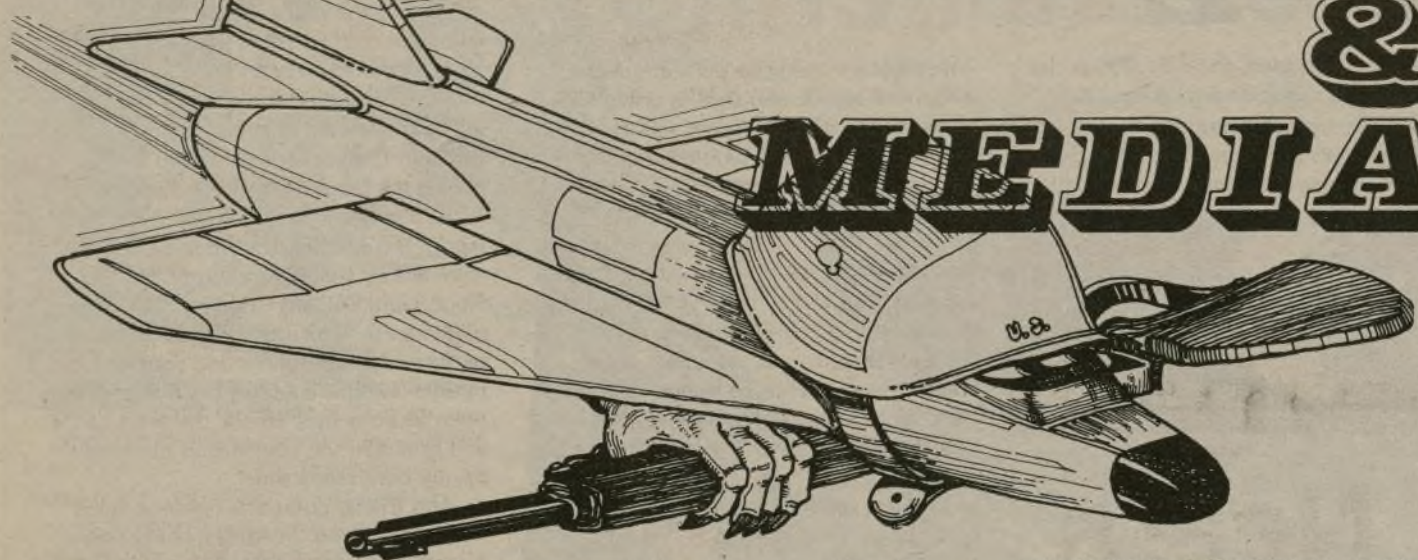


she told me how, when she was a kid, when her mother showed her a picture, in a book, of lions eating Christians in a Roman stadium, she burst out crying, and when her mother asked why, she pointed to one lion and whimpered, "Look, this one hasn't got a Christian."

graphic: M. Kasper

become praying mantises. Your children are turning against you as the spirit of the land reclaims what is hers. Our love shall vanquish yours.

TERRORISM & MEDIA



"Is any given bombing... the work of leftist extremists, or of extreme right-wing provocation, or staged by centrists to bring every terrorist extreme into disrepute and to shore up its own failing power, or again, is it a police-inspired scenario in order to appeal to public security? All this is equally true and the search for proof, indeed the objectivity of the fact does not check this vertigo of interpretation. We are in a logic of simulation which has nothing to do with a logic of facts and an order of reasons."

Jean Baudrillard, *Simulations*

Was the bombing of the West Berlin disco the work of Libyan agents, as alleged by the Reagan administration, or Syrian operatives, as West German and Israeli security forces charge, or, perhaps, the work of German neo-fascists who wished to destroy a hang-out of blacks and Turks? The dizzying pace of allegations and charges cannot be attributed to a "logic of facts," but as Baudrillard points out, to a "vertigo of interpretation."

We are caught in the word and image politics of what Edward Said in *Covering Islam* has called "communities of interpretation," each with its own agenda for influencing public consciousness. Thus, a "terrorist" bombing in West Berlin becomes the pretext for an American air attack on Libya, which, in turn, becomes a pretext for further Middle East conflict and attendant spillover into Europe.

Throughout the imperial prancing and ideological posturing, the simulated world of Mideast politics casts its shadow in the hyperreality of media America. The binary opposition of the West versus "Islam" is part of the ideological coding in media politics. Everywhere we look the media generates the message that America must embark on a new crusade to save civilization from the infidels and barbarians.

Cast as the shining knights of order and justice (through the American frontier way), the Reagan administration and its media sycophants project their racist fantasies and paranoid delusions onto the battleground of Mideast politics. Terrorism becomes for the policy-makers both a handy scapegoat for their failures and a ritual for national purification.

The Role of the Media

To understand the role of the media in all this is to understand not only the nature of contemporary politics but also what we mean by reality. The media inhabit a world in which most discourse and its linguistic roots have been shattered by the alienated structures of everyday life. Nothing appears to exist outside of the code of the media, and it is only the hyperreality

of the media that we are left with when the message appears.

Fortunately this one-dimensional world is not airtight; no code is so totalistic that we are left in a world without contradictions. As Todd Gitlin demonstrates in *The Whole World Is Watching*, while the official discourse reflected in the media during the 1960's tried to convince the American people that the U.S. was winning the war ("winning the hearts and minds of the Vietnamese"), the visual presentation of GI's slogging around and dying in the jungles of Southeast Asia contradicted the purported "light at the end of the tunnel." Thus, critics of the war were partially vindicated by the mixed messages in the media. Those mixed messages continue today in the form of U.S. allusions to "surgical air strikes" in Libya versus vivid pictures of civilian death and destruction.

Such media contradictions not only can generate certain kinds of oppositional thinking, but also engender a wider form of cognitive dissonance that can alienate the public from administration and media newspeak. Nonetheless, the power of the state and the media to set the agenda creates a circumscribed discourse that the public may repeat even though they are not convinced or assured of what they think.

As Michael Parenti contends in *Inventing Reality*, "The media may not always be able to tell us what to think, they are strikingly successful in telling us what to think about."

Critics of the media all agree that the power of the media resides in its framing mechanism, that is, the way in which things are brought into view or excluded. While there are obvious differences between print and electronic media, both forms follow certain narrative codes that reflect structural and cultural limitations. Time and space considerations as well as cultural biases dominate mainstream media. In particular, international reporting invariably reflects both government agendas and ethnocentric biases.

Thus, the coverage of the Iranian hos-

tage situation was focused on American grievances and non-recognition of the political context of the Iranian revolution. As Said has made clear, the American news media reinforced the political rhetoric of American innocence and justifiable vengeance, and for the most part failed to explore the real issues behind the "hostage crisis." Instead, the "crisis" became a test of American will power.

Manufacturing Consent

The media will always perform the role of reinforcing state ideology because the media are crucial agents of legitimacy. The media, therefore, attempt to manufacture consent, particularly in the area of foreign policy.

From this perspective the media are the critical vehicle for staging and framing the simulations of terrorism. Terrorism at this level of media hermeneutics reflects the attempt of the Reagan administration to realize its ideological agenda. From the earliest moments of this administration terrorism was the centerpiece for its foreign policy.

Concocting stories about Soviet-sponsored terrorism, the media helped to disseminate the disinformation of the Reagan administration. As Edward Herman has amply documented in *The Real Terror Network*, this disinformation helped to revive the cold war mentality and divert attention from the roots of pressing domestic and international issues. "Retail terror," as Herman calls the individual bombing, hijacking and assassination, was "overblown for political reasons, to distract attention from more substantial terror (namely that of the National Security State clients of the U.S.), and to allow a manipulation of public fears and a more efficient 'engineering of consent.'"

While an ideological agenda sets the frame for the official construction of terrorism, the image of terrorism resonates in the public mind because the media simulation lacks both content and context. Both the electronic and print media decontextualize events and issues. We are seldom presented with an in-depth analysis of any situation. Instead, constrained by ideological and structural limitations, the news media present simplified pictures of the world. Thus, moral outrage becomes a natural consequence of the images that proliferate in the media stories about terrorism. Images from bereaved widows to concerned relatives are flashed across the screens and pages of the news

media until it seems perfectly "logical" to pursue a vengeful policy.

Fabricated Reality

Television is the central vehicle for all image politics, but no administration has so singlemindedly pursued a tv-first policy as Reagan's. Manufactured and staged events, what media critic Alexander Cockburn has called "electronic Nuremberg rallies," have been at the heart of the "Great Communicator's" strategy, and tv has played the willing role of accomplice to such fabricated reality. Terrorist dramas, re-enacted by tv news media, have provided the necessary backdrop to and justification for military maneuvers against Libya even though the facts of Libyan involvement in such affairs as the Achille Lauro and the airport attacks at Rome and Vienna are missing. Since the truth is not important to this anecdotal and doddering President or to the logic of simulations, tv continues its obfuscatory role.

As the command center for the new epistemology which has abandoned dialogue, reason, ambivalence and subtlety, tv develops what Neil Postman calls (in *Amusing Ourselves to Death*) "anti-communication." We are no longer informed or even misinformed; we are deformed into the kind of characters who are the victims and heroes in the playing out of media and political fantasies. Then we are asked to respond as characters to lines that have been scripted for us. The world has become a stage, full of sound and fury... signifying nothing and, unfortunately, everything.

It no longer matters what is the historical context or content of an event in this imaginary social world. We are the world and we are the children—literal-minded, cognitively retarded, bloated with images with no sense of continuity. There is no past, only the omnipresent media *now*; we rally around the tube for the evening ritual of the ahistorical idealization of good and evil. In the binary opposition of the code embedded in the media, Reagan squares off against Qaddafi—the avuncular upholder of civilization against the swarthy archfiend of oriental chaos. Yet, the binary opposites feed on each other, and, in fact, mirror each other in remarkable ways.

Television's dramatic image of terrorism is a mystification of the essential terrorism that stalks everyday life in modern industrial capitalism. Since the recognition of this real world of terror is too painful, we fixate on the image of terrorism created by the media. Terrorism in the media becomes a kind of stimulant to the dull and deadened shadow existence of a dying culture. It's another recreational drug with its ups and downs, its flights of fancy and its bad trips.

Resenting being denied their right to despoil any place on earth they choose, Americans long for those vicarious voyages free from the nasty and brutish reality of the return of the repressed. Media addiction and terrorism feed off each other. Terrorism looms large in the imaginary social world created by the media and the hyperreal politics of the American Scene. But the media-magnified acts of retail terrorists can't compare with the pervasive horrors of modern everyday life. No image, no media presentation can contain this imploding terrorism.

—Norman Bates



Graphic/Carlos Cortez

Deadline Nears for Big Mountain

As the July 8 deadline nears for forced government relocation of indigenous people—some 10,000 Navajos and 1,000 Hopis—from their homes in the Navajo-Hopi "Joint Use Area," the people are digging in in preparation for a fight while the federal government is training U.S. Marshalls and the Arizona National Guard specifically for the pending removal. (For background on this conflict see "Native Peoples Resist Forced Relocation" in the Summer 1984 FE.)

The U.S. government and the incorporated tribal bureaucracies which serve it have advertised this Trail of Tears campaign as a land dispute between the Hopis and Navajos, but it is in actuality a land grab by the American state to acquire the 22 billion ton deposit of low sulphur coal (known as the Black Mesa Coal Field). In 1974 the U.S. government passed P.L. 93-531, dividing the land between the Hopi and the Navajo incorporated tribes with a barbed wire fence which, as Native American writer Winona LaDuke

writes, "literally ripped through people's land—dividing corrals from houses, bulldozers and fencing crews tore through religious sites, graves, dragged trees—everything from the earth." Big Mountain is the most well-known of such communities "on the wrong side of the fence," but there are many others.

In an interview with Winona LaDuke in the Spring 1986 *Akwesasne Notes*, Dine elder Roberta Blackgoat explained the meaning of relocation: "Our ancestors have tilled and turned this land. We can't exchange the land. We'd be giving up our ancestors. When a person dies, we shed our tears and bury the body in the land. It turns to soil. We can't leave the land, it's like leaving our dead, our bodies."

LaDuke asked Roberta Blackgoat what Indian people mean when they call the earth Our Mother. "We have four sacred mountains," she replied. "We have bundles. A hogan, it's a room to a house. Inside of this four sacred mountains is a

room, it's a Navajo hogan. All these things: uranium, coal mines, and oil drillings is not supposed to be in our bundles. We have prayer, corn pollen, and we pray for it. We pray to hold it together . . .

"The liver of the earth is coal, the lung is uranium. In this way the earth has parts to its body. Just like us. We can't leave, we can't let them take our bodies.

"When we are born, we have a fingerprint on the earth. But we're sitting on Mother Earth and she's holding us. It's worse, if she (earth) gets in pain how can we forget just like sticking a person with a stick. It hurts. That's what they are doing to her. She's in pain.

"Earthquakes and tornadoes is her breath. She's breathing heavy. She's in pain, we need to protect our mother. Fighting for her to be free. She has to be dried up to die. When they take her oil and her organs she dies. The government needs what she has in her body. The government wants money, it doesn't think of the people—four-legged people, people who crawl. These are our brothers and sisters, they have life. They talk, even the grass, you can hear it when the wind blows. You can talk to them . . ."

Roberta Blackgoat lives 28 miles from the Peabody Coal Company stripmine at Black Mesa. She told Indian activist David Seals, "There are days when the air is so foul and full of coal dust that I can't breathe. It's causing sickness among the livestock also. When the sheep are gone, then the people will die."

Seals reports that 38 mines, eight uranium mills, four coal strip mines of between 12,000 to 40,000 acres and five coal-fired energy plants lie on Navajo land, contaminating the sky and water. In fact, eighty percent of uranium resources, and perhaps sixty percent of all energy sources currently available, lie on Indian reservations.

As with Wounded Knee, Big Mountain has now come to symbolize for those who love the earth the entire process of assault on the earth and the Old Ways of the people by a voracious and cadaverous Leviathan, and their resistance to such assault. Everything must be done to turn back this assault, and to extend the fight to

put an end once and for all to this rape of the earth by the energy companies and megatechnic civilization.

"Maybe it all comes back around in a big circle and we're in Arizona again, on the sacred mountain near Flagstaff, in the Grand Canyon where the world began, on the sacred Hopi mesas where the Badger and Bird and Snake and Lizard Clans emerged after the Flood and the migrations from the South Pacific," writes David Seals, and he ends by quoting the Hopi elders: "We must realize that we do not live in a world of dead matter, but in a universe of living spirit. Let us open our eyes to the sacredness of Mother Earth, or our eyes will be opened for us."

For information on how to fight the relocation and to support Big Mountain, contact the Big Mountain Support Group, 1412 Cypress, Berkeley, CA 94703, telephone: (415) 841-6500.

The Winona LaDuke interview appeared in *Akwesasne Notes* (\$10 sub) c/o Mohawk Nation, PO Box 196, Roosevelt town NY 13683-0196. The article by David Seals, "The Gourd of Ashes," appeared in *Earth First!—The Radical Environmental Journal* (Eosar edition), POB 5871, Tucson AZ 85703.

Earth First! is an extremely interesting publication, with a strongly anarchistic, luddite anti-tech and nature-loving character. It is a loose, informal kind of federated group whose call is "no compromise in the defense of mother earth," and whose paper describes various forms of "monkey-wrenching" (sabotage) against earth-destroying companies. Some EFers are presently facing charges or have been jailed for engaging in direct action against developers. ER founder Howie Wolke will be in jail in Wyoming for six months for pulling up 1-½ miles of survey stakes from the route of a road to be built by Chevron Oil Corporation to a drilling site.

Wolke responded to the sentencing for the act of "de-surveying" or eco-defense by stating that if the judge and the oil company "think that wilderness defenders will be deterred . . . they are mistaken." We plan to print more about *Earth First* in coming issues. Subs are \$15 a year, and well worth it.

Drug Tests: Work's Next Insult

The recent clamor by employers for mandatory drug testing of workers threatens to add yet another humiliating dimension to wage labor. Both private and governmental concerns have expressed strong support for the idea, and it was recently given a boost by a report from the President's Commission on Organized Crime which recommended a national program which would subject most working Americans to urinalysis tests.

In Detroit, Mayor Coleman Young endorsed the suggestion for city employees as did the massive General Motors corporation.

This drug witch hunt should be seen clearly as psychological warfare on the part of employers against a work force already reeling under constant attack from capitalist austerity programs. Rather than intending to solve job-related drug problems, the testing programs are meant to

demonstrate to workers that they are *things* purchased by their employers who may do with them as they choose. Such programs are intended to further terrorize and demoralize those in the work force who are involved in general resistance to capitalist work patterns, or fighting wage cuts, lay-offs, and concessions.

And if being forced to pee into a bottle by some stupid supervisor isn't indignity enough, it turns out that the vaunted drug testing technology is so prone to error as to make it almost useless as an accurate indication of drug use. Error rates of 20% on individual machines are not uncommon, and one study by the American Medical Association showed that labs connected with government contracts were incorrect up to 100% of the time!

Further, the machines, which read urine metabolites for drug traces, are unable to distinguish between illegal substances



and many prescription medications, over-the-counter remedies (including some

cough syrups and decongestants) or even elements of skin pigmentation from darker skinned people. These so-called "false positive" results have already led to the discharge of numerous people, and perhaps unknown thousands have been refused employment because their tests incorrectly indicated drug use. Also, the tests are not safe from sabotage in the form of specimen switching. Two career Army officers who swear in a lawsuit that they never used drugs in their lives came up positive on tests related to promotions they sought and claim they were done in by vengeful enlisted men who administered the tests (what a pity!).

If these tests are allowed to become a permanent part of the job market, there is every reason to expect that they will be extended into other areas. For instance, people could be required to be tested before receiving state or federal benefits such as unemployment compensation, welfare or even Social Security.

Capitalist wage work amounts to a complete surrender of one's creative powers when labor is purchased as a commodity

Continued on Page 23

Taken from the Preface to *The Bass Saxophone* by Josef Skvorecky

Josef Skvorecky is a renowned Czech author who currently lives and teaches in Toronto. He emigrated from Czechoslovakia in 1968. As a young man, living under the Nazi administration, he took part in underground jazz groups. Judging from his stories, the band was obliged to play polkas and other "acceptable" music. When the coast was clear, they could indulge in their real love, jazz.

In the Preface to his novella, *"The Bass Saxophone,"* he recalls the official Nazi objections to the music his group was devoted to.

Despite Hitler and Goebbels the sweet poison of the judeo-negroid music (that was the Nazi epithet for jazz) not only endured, it prevailed—even for a short time, in the very heart of hell, the ghetto at Terezin . . .

There was even a swing band in the notorious Buchenwald made up for the most part of Czech and French prisoners . . . In a concentration camp near Wiener Neustadt sat Vicherek, a guitar player who had sung Louis Armstrong's scat chorus in "Tiger Rag" and thus, according to the Nazi judge, "defiled musical culture."

Elsewhere in Germany several swingmen met a similar fate and one local Gaul-eiter issued an extraordinary (really extraordinary? in this world of ours?) set of regulations which were binding for all dance orchestras. I read them, gnashing my teeth, in Czech translation in the film weekly *Filmovy kuryr*, and fifteen years later I paraphrased them— . . .

1. Pieces in foxtrot rhythm (so-called swing) are not to exceed 20 percent of the repertoires of light orchestras and dance bands;

The following is excerpted from a longer critique of the Emma Goldman Papers Project and its director, Candace Falk. For a copy of the complete article, write: c/o the Last Blast, Box 410151, San Francisco, CA 94141.

When we first heard about the Emma Goldman Papers, we were excited by the idea, although admittedly skeptical that a project on an anarchist was being undertaken at an institution such as the University of California at Berkeley. We had questions about who was working on the project, how it was organized, and where their funding came from. Since then, we have heard numerous accounts of problems within the project as well as a number of stories about negative encounters between the project's director and anarchists in the community. We thought that an investigation into what has gone on there could be useful to other anarchists who may have dealings with the Emma Goldman Papers. What we learned was pretty grim.

The Emma Goldman Papers at the University of California at Berkeley was established to collect all of Emma's papers—correspondence, essays, speeches—for publication on microfilm which will then be sold to libraries. The director of the project, who represents herself as an authority on Goldman, seems to cling to an image of Goldman as a feminist with just a casual interest in anarchism. In her recently published book, she dismisses what she calls "the anarchist doctrine" as essentially flawed for attributing "all that



RULES FOR NAZI MUSIC

2. in this so-called jazz type repertoire, preference is to be given to compositions in a major key and to lyrics expressing joy in life rather than Jewishly gloomy lyrics;

3. as to tempo, preference is also to be given to brisk compositions over

slow ones (so-called blues); however, the pace must not exceed a certain degree of allegro, commensurate with the Aryan sense of discipline and moderation. On no account will Negroid excesses in tempo (so-called hot jazz) or in solo performances (so-called breaks) be tolerated;

4. so-called jazz compositions may contain at most 10 percent syncopation; the remainder must consist of a natural legato movement devoid of the hysterical rhythmic reverses characteristic of the music of the barbarian races and conducive to dark instincts alien to the German people (so-called riffs);

5. strictly prohibited is the use of instruments alien to the German spirit (so-called cowbells, flexatone, brushes, etc.) as well as all mutes which turn the noble sound of wind and brass instruments into a Jewish-Masonic wowl (so-called wa-wa, Hat, etc.);

6. also prohibited are so-called drum breaks longer than half a bar in four-quarter beat (except in stylized military marches);

7. the double bass must be played solely with the bow in so-called jazz compositions;

8. plucking of the strings is prohibited, since it is damaging to the instrument and detrimental to Aryan musicality; if a so-called pizzicato effect is absolutely desirable for the character of the composition, strict care must be taken lest the string be allowed to patter on the sordine, which is henceforth forbidden;

9. musicians are likewise forbidden to make vocal improvisations (so-called scat);

10. all light orchestras and dance bands are advised to restrict the use of saxophones of all keys and to substitute for them the violoncello, the viola or possibly a suitable folk instrument.

When this unseemly Decalogue appeared in that story of mine (*"I Won't Take Back One Word,"* published finally in 1966 as *Eine kleine Jazzmusic*) in Czechoslovakia's first jazz almanac (it was in 1958), the censors of an entirely different dictatorship confiscated the entire edition.

Goldman Papers Seized

was negative in society . . . to government and institutional forces, while human nature was inherently benign."

From interviews with half a dozen people who have worked for the Emma Goldman Papers, we heard that the director of this project knows little and cares even less about anarchism, past or present. (In her interview with us, she kept on confusing historians of anarchism with anarchist activists, and seemed to think that they were one and the same.) In fact, all of the former employees that we talked to were convinced that this project was more a vehicle for the professional advancement of the project director than a serious study of Emma Goldman. All expressed real doubts that the project would ever be completed.

As we mentioned, the director of the project, Candace Falk, has published her own biography of Goldman called *Love, Anarchy, and Emma Goldman*. (If you read Mother Jones, you may remember how the seedier parts of this book—the overt sexual references in Emma's private correspondence with Ben Reitman—were excerpted under the title *Amorous Anarchist*, with a cover teaser *Found: Emma Goldman's Erotic*

Letters). The text of the biography is studded with examples of Falk's attempts to collapse Emma's political conviction into a mess of psycho-jargon. According to Falk, it was largely Goldman's loveless and unfulfilled childhood which drove her to seek the unattainable, both personally and in her politics; anarchism is constantly referred to as an "ideal" and seems hopelessly utopian. The challenge that Goldman poses for herself and others for the possibilities of creating new social relationships seems to Falk almost designed to create utter despair; wouldn't



Goldman have been happier had she not reached so far? Falk apparently thinks that if someone believes in anarchism, they must be at least a little crazy.

This project started in 1980 and there are currently about a dozen employees, yet only one (a former Communist Party

member who works only one day a week) has ever lasted working for Falk for much more than a year. All the anarchists, as well as most leftists, and "non-yuppy" feminists have found working with Falk intolerable, and have been forced to quit the project.

Falk has solicited money from anarchists to help finance her projects and has received at least \$10,000 from the anarchist community. When approaching anarchists who have money, she acts as if she is an anarchist. But to others, she emphasizes that she has absolutely no sympathy whatsoever with anarchism (which she seems to regard as a kind of *infantile disorder*). She seemed to scoff at the notion that people might automatically assume that the founder of such a project was an anarchist or fellow-traveler. She criticized as "closed-minded" the idea that the anarchist community would act differently toward her if she was not a comrade, and likened this to McCarthyism. She maintained that her work on the collection is a "gift" to the anarchists, and that she should be appreciated for it.

It seems clear enough that each employee's decision to leave stemmed directly or indirectly from Falk's attitude of ownership toward Emma Goldman's papers and from her "management style."

It sounds to us that all of these folks did well to leave Candace Falk to the world of academic opportunism where she belongs. It's a shame that such a vast collection of Emma Goldman's papers is imprisoned there with her.

—Marie Berneri & Francois Ravachol

Farley Mowat on the Assault on Wildlife

A Sea of Slaughter

Sea of Slaughter, by Farley Mowat, 1985, Atlantic Monthly, 438 p. \$24.95.

In a world where the victor writes the history books, we are grateful for Farley Mowat's eloquent and dissenting account of the rape of the North American continent.

The ravagers came in search of oil, furs and food. The life they led was adventurous; it was also dangerous and violent. Mowat quotes the eyewitness report of a Professor J.B. Jukes, who in 1840 went as an observer to the main sealing patch in the brigantine *Topaz*:

"We passed through some loose ice on which the young seals were scattered, and nearly all hands went overboard, slaying, skinning and hauling. . .

"When piled in a heap together, the young seals looked like so many lambs and when from out of the bloody and dirty mass of carcasses one poor wretch, still alive, would lift up its face and begin to flounder about. I could stand it no longer and, arming myself with a hand-spike, I proceeded to knock on the head and put out of their misery all in whom I saw signs of life . . . One of the men hooked up a young seal with his gaff. Its cries were precisely like those of a young child in the extremity of agony and distress, something between shrieks and convulsive sobbings. . . I saw one poor wretch skinned while yet alive, and the body writhing in blood after being stripped of its pelt . . .

"The next day, as soon as it was light, all hands went overboard on the ice and were employed in slaughtering young seals in all directions. The young seals lie dispersed, basking in the sun. Six or eight may sometimes be seen within a space of twenty yards square. The men, armed with a gaff and a hauling rope slung over their shoulders, whenever they find a seal, strike it a blow on the head. Having killed, or at least stunned all they see, they sculp them. Fastening the gaff in a bundle of sculps, they then haul it away over the ice to the vessel. Six pelts is reckoned a very heavy load to drag over the rough and broken ice, leaping from pan to pan, and they generally contrive to keep two or three together to assist at bad places or to pull those out who fall in the water.

"As the men came aboard they snatched a hasty moment to drink a bowl of tea or eat a piece of biscuit and butter; and as the sweat was dripping from their faces, and the hands and bodies were reeking with blood and fat, and they spread the butter with their thumbs and wiped their faces with their hands, they took both the liquids and solids mingled with blood. Still, there was a bustle and excitement that did not permit the fancy to dwell on the disagreeables, and after this hearty refreshment the men would hurry off in search of new victims: besides every pelt was worth a dollar!" (pp. 354-5)

This "profession," requiring its particular type of domestication-dehumanization was a forerunner to the job of clearing the continent of its original inhabitants. For those of us who are ap-

palled at the callousness of people who could carry out this latter task, Mowat's book reminds us that Indian-hating is one short step away from animal hating. The "hating" is built into the activity—comes with the job, so to speak. If a "buyer" will exchange a sum of money for some feathers, whale oil or furs, no additional rationale is needed. Perhaps these early ravagers did not "hate" the fish, birds and beasts which they exterminated, but they treated them as commodities, objects whose function was to assure the hunters's survival. This attitude persists in the vocabulary not only of businessmen, but of government officials and "conservationists." They speak of pelt "production" and "harvesting" the salmon.

Ownership and possession were unquestioned foundations of the Western World from before the 1200s. Interest in the North American continent came from the inconceivable plenitude of sea, air and land life on the eastern seaboard. The first explorers sought grants to exploit sea coasts and fishing waters. Only

aries that still endure in the eastern States and Canada's Maritime Provinces.

"So secretive did [the bobcat] become as a result of centuries of persecution that it was not until the late 1960s that the existence of a relatively large bobcat population in the wilderness regions of central Nova Scotia was revealed as a result of a survey of fur-bearing animals conducted by the provincial Department of Lands and Forests. Once discovered, it was decided to 'utilize this resource' as a means of attracting hunters to the province.

"This led to the establishment of the World Bobcat Hunt, centered on the town of Truro where, in the words of one advertisement widely published in U.S. sportsmen's magazines, 'there are always plenty of cats for your hounds to kill.' The first World Bobcat Hunt was literally a howling success as something like 600 hounds, mainly from the eastern and central United States, were loosed in the Nova Scotian woods. Hunters followed the hounds in 4 x 4 trucks or all-terrain vehicles. Some of the more afflu-



BOOK REVIEWS

when these had been depleted did land become the prime property.

In Mowat's eyes, most wilderness management professionals are toadies of the system that spawned the devastation. He scathingly debunks their double-talk, double-think duplicity; this makes good reading and effectively discredits the type of bureaucrat labeled "conservationist."

Mowat also heaps scorn on the modern hunter who travels with sophisticated weapons and machines into the few remaining wilderness areas of the continent. As various species become rare, they become more valuable. "To find them was to kill them" sums up the degrading "sport" of these modern-day adventurers.

In concluding his account of the bobcat removal, we learn that the "invaders eventually reduced the cat to vestigial numbers throughout most of its formerly widespread range, virtually extirpating it from the eastern portion of the continent except for the few forest sanctu-

ent ones used helicopters. Like most cats when pursued by hounds, bobcats tree readily: They can then easily be shot, but many hunters do not kill the animals outright, preferring to disable them only enough so they will fall to the ground where the hounds can tear them apart while still alive.

"The highlight of the annual hunt is the suspension of a captured bobcat in a wire cage from a tree limb, while as many as a hundred frenzied hounds form a milling mob at the base of the tree. It is of interest to note that, while Nova Scotia's Department of Lands and Forests forbids the private possession of captive bobcats, its officers supply the ritual sacrifice for this event." (p. 149)

The bad faith of these avid sportsmen is transparent. Since they want to kill bears, they claim bears infringe on someone's property rights; since they want to kill birds (and seals and whales . . .), they claim the birds (and seals and whales . . .) eat the fish that humans need. Their lust

for killing hides behind a utilitarian pragmatism which they assume all will accept.

Mowat eagerly discredits these feeble excuses. Here is what he says in answer to people who say the buffalo was doomed: "Apologists for the destruction of the buffalo admit that their end was unfortunate, but they insist it was inevitable. The buffalo had to go, they say, to make room for more effective use of the land. That is another example of the dubious rationale used by modern man to justify the destruction of other species. Specialists studying the question of the meat-producing capacity of various ranges and grazing animals have recently concluded that the ability of the western plains to produce beef under human management has never exceeded, or even equalled, the ability of the same range to produce buffalo meat *without* human husbandry. All that was achieved by exterminating the buffalo and replacing them with cattle was to substitute a less successful and less valuable domestic animal for a more valuable and more successful wild one.

"In any case, the buffalo were not butchered to make room for farmers. That excuse had not yet been invented at the time of their massacre. The brutal truth is that one of the most magnificent and vital forms of life on this planet was destroyed for no better reasons than our desire to eradicate the Plains Indians and an insatiable lust for booty . . . and for blood." (pp. 142-3)

The resourcefulness of modern trappers who use technologically advanced and scientific methods has sinister implications. In the spring, wolf hunters attach a transmitter collar to a young wolf they have live-trapped; in the winter airborne hunters can locate the wolf as well as the others in its family. Mowat reports the success of a fox hunter who put a number of caribou carcasses in the vicinity of his cabin. White foxes regularly came there to feed on the carrion. In the late fall when the "hunter" determined that their furs were at maximum thickness, he laced the caribou remains with strychnine tablets.

Sea of Slaughter is a documentation of how the Europeans ravaged this continent. The story is not a pleasant one. "The all-embracing nature of the slaughter was awesome tribute to the genius of modern man as mass destroyer." (p. 364)

Mowat's history indignantly shows that the slaughter was not inevitable. It was perpetrated by some powerful men and many, many powerless ones. He wants us to confront this history—a holocaust, a "biocide" which continues today. Ultimately, our fate may not be so different from the flocks, schools, herds, packs and loners who at one time relatively peacefully inhabited this continent and its surroundings: "Greed took its toll of men as well as seals at the West Ice. During the spring of 1854, the skipper of the British sealer *Orion* dispatched a rally of his men to kill what appeared to be a patch of hoods [seals] amongst a torment of upthrust ice. The patch resolved itself into the frozen corpses of seventy shipwrecked Danish sealers, keeping company with hundreds of blueback carcasses with which the doomed men had tried to construct a barricade against the killing edge of a polar gale." (p. 362)

Is there any possibility for us to be neither victims nor executioners?

—Alice Detroit



News & Reviews

A little belatedly we have received *The Alternative Press Annual*, for 1983 and 1984 published by Temple Univ. Press, Broad & Oxford streets, Philadelphia PA 19122, both of which contain articles by Fifth Estate writers. The 1983 edition has E.B. Maple's article "The Pain of America and the Tylenol Killings" (FE Winter 1982-3) and the 1984 volume (the most interesting to date) features Lynne Clive's "Newspeak and the Impoverishment of Language" (FE Winter 1984) as the lead article. Publication price is a whopping \$34.95 meaning it was published primarily with library reference sections in mind, where it might be a good place to read it.

Jailed for Peace: The History of American Law Violators, 1658-1985 by Stephen M. Kohn describes the history of resistance to military conscription from colonial times through to the present. It documents, from the beginning of the European occupation of this continent, how men fought being used by the state against their will. Another expensive one: \$29.95 for 166 pages from Greenwood Press, 88 Post Road West, Box 5007, Westport, CT 06881—but they note, "review copies to journals and newsletters on request."

Errata: In our Haymarket article "Who Threw the Bomb?" the correct spelling for the governor who pardoned the jailed anarchists is Altgeld, and the pardon took place in 1893. See last issue.

Tuli Kupferberg has sent us *In Media's Feces*, a collection of his recent wacky cartoons, collages and songs which hilariously lance the media's pretensions of "objectivity." His minimalist, almost child-like drawings look more like wall graffiti than what normally passes for cartooning, but Tuli, since his days with the Fugs rock band, has never let formal standards of excellence stand in the way of expression. The confidence with which he draws and his satirical wit combine into an appealing "primitive" style for his attacks on the foibles of government and its media. Available for \$1 from Vanity Press, 160 Sixth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10013.

A prisoner correspondent of *The Fifth Estate*, who writes under the *nom de guerre* of E.X. Boozhie (taken from an FE Bill Griffith cartoon) has published *The Outlaw's Bible: How to Evade the System Using Constitutional Strategy*. It gives essential advice to the potential lawbreaker on what to expect from the cops and courts upon his/her transgression and what can be done to minimize the risk of getting busted. Available from Loompanics Unlimited, Box 1197, Port

Continued on Page 22



FE BOOKSTORE

The FE Bookservice may be reached at the same address as the Fifth Estate Newspaper, P.O. Box 02548, Detroit MI 48202 USA, telephone (313) 831-6800. Visitors are welcome, but our hours vary so please call before dropping in.

HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL:

- 1) List the title of the book, quantity wanted, and the price of each; 2) add 10% for mailing costs—not less than \$.69 U.S. or \$.96 foreign (minimum charge for 4th class book rate postage); 3) total; 4) write check or money order to: The Fifth Estate; 5) mail to The Fifth Estate, P.O. Box 02548, Detroit MI 48202 USA.

NEW ARRIVALS



HAYMARKET SCRAPBOOK edited by Dave Roediger & Franklin Rosemont

A profusely illustrated centennial anthology by contemporary labor historians and anarchists of the period. It focuses on the Haymarket Affair of 1886-7 and on the incredibly varied and enduring influence the event exerted across the world.

Charles H. Kerr 256pp 8X11 size \$14.95

Books on the Spanish Revolution

On the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the Spanish revolution, we offer our small collection of books on the subject as a worthy introduction to a knowledge of the era. Although by no means exhaustive, each gives a unique perspective to the anarchist upheaval which swept Spain in 1936.

Lessons of the Spanish Revolution by Vernon Richards

Just reprinted by Freedom Press, this edition contains new footnotes by the author and a review of Hugh Thomas' *THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR*. Richards' critical views of the revolution, the role of the CNT and FAI, and libertarian tactics, makes it as controversial and valuable as it was when the first edition was published 30 years ago. Highly recommended.

Freedom Press 256pp \$5.75

ANARCHISTS IN THE SPANISH REVOLUTION

by Jose Peirats

Written by a participant in the events of the 1930's, this volume traces the history of the anarcho-sindicalist union, the CNT, from its origins through to the Revolution. Not an apology or glorification, but a thoroughgoing analysis of the successes and failures of the anarchist movement.

Self-Published 400pp \$3.50

TRAPPED IN SPAIN by Carlotta O'Neil

An account of the Spanish novelist's experiences during the 1936 revolution. The horror of the fascist victory, prison and finally flight are chronicled in a human manner often lost in historic narratives.

Solidarity Books 165pp \$2.50

A DAY MOURNFUL AND OVERCAST

by "an uncontrollable" from the Iron Column
This moving and frequently unsettling text

MEAT IS MURDER

by M. Spiegel

An examination of various aspects of our carnivorous society: the staggering contradictions apparent in economically starved Central American countries caught up in the monopoly of meat production for export to the insatiable U.S., the noxious and unhealthy results of eating "factory" meat and drinking "factory" milk, and the positive and healthy alternatives in vegetarianism.

Self-published 22pp \$1.25

FEMINISM AND ANIMAL RIGHTS: Essays & Excerpts ed. by M. Spiegel

A compilation of essays by various women focusing on the connection between torture, manipulation, and objectification of animals and women in modern society. From one of the essays: "Nowhere is patriarchy's iron fist as naked as in the oppression of animals which serves as the model and training ground for all forms of oppression."

Self-published 30pp \$1.25

SOCIAL ANARCHISM: A Journal of Theory & Practice Issue No. 10

Featuring articles by Susan White on Post-Vietnam War Films, Kirkpatrick Sale on Anarchy and Ecology, and Dan Georgakas on the IWW. Essays, reviews and more.

Atlantic Center for Research & Education \$3.00

by an escaped convict who fought in the anarchist Iron Column during the Spanish Revolution, is an angry protest against the militarization and hierarchicalization of the column in 1937.

Self-published 52pp \$1

EMMA GOLDMAN: Una mujer en la tormenta del siglo by Jose Peirats

Feminista y militante libertaria, Emma Goldman tuvo una participación activa en las luchas sociales de Estados Unidos a comienzos del siglo y una presencia activa y crítica durante los primeros años de la Revolución Rusa. Vino a España en 1936 y 1937 y contribuyó poderosamente al movimiento de apoyo a la causa popular.

Editorial Laia 312pp \$3

VISION ON FIRE: Emma Goldman on the Spanish Revolution edited by David Porter

VISION ON FIRE is a carefully chosen collection of Emma Goldman's significant, yet largely unpublished writings from the tumultuous final four years of her life. It is a powerful sequel to *LIVING MY LIFE*, her well-known autobiography published in 1931. Frankly revealed are her struggles with the deep contradictions of the Spanish Revolution of the late 1930's, her efforts to maintain personal integrity and vision within the heat of passionate involvement. Sexism, violence, a hostile international context, leftist vanguards, common front strategies and organization are issues faced by her in Spain.

Commonground Press 346pp \$7.50



ANTI-SEMITISM & THE BEIRUT POGROM by Fredy Perlman

A Fifth Estate reprint. "The long exile is over; the persecuted refugee at long last returns to Zion, but so badly scarred he's unrecognizable, he has completely lost himself; he returns as anti-Semite, as Pogromist, as mass murderer." Left Bank Books 16pp \$.50

FASCISM/ANTI-FASCISM by Jean Barrot

"There is no revolution without the destruction of the state." Using this as a guide, Barrot constructs a devastating critique of revolutionary movements which defend "democratic" forms of the State against its right-wing variants.

Black Cat Press 37pp \$.75

THE ABOLITION OF WORK by Bob Black

"No one should ever work," writes Black in this very thoughtful essay. "Work is the source of nearly all the misery in the world. . . In order to stop suffering, we have to stop working." His solution to forced labor? "Relax." With marvelous graphics by Donna Kossy.

Out-of-Kontrol Data Corp. 16pp \$1.00

THE SAMI PEOPLE & HUMAN RIGHTS Charta 79

Although popularly known as "Lapps," the Sami people of Northern Europe are an oppressed minority of indigenous people who live in upper regions of Scandinavia. The Samis are in a fight to save their language and culture and to stop the exploitation of their lands by hydro-electric projects.

Charta 79 72pp \$1.50

NEUTRON GUN assembled by Gerry Reith

"There will be people who say that mere 'ideas' cannot be dangerous . . . well, they just never had any ideas like these. *Neutron Gun* doesn't just open Pandora's box, but literally tears it apart. More than just a book, this is a concussion device. . ." —Denis McBee
The late Gerry Reith and friends with explosive fiction, inventive graphics and weird fliers.

Neither/Nor Press 72pp \$2.95

RESISTANCE TO THE PLAN HAS BEEN HEAVY by Raken T. Leaves

When I picked up this little hand-painted photocopied book of collages, I had the feeling I often when I see the work of our friend Raken, that in a direct, playful, and untheoretical way, she expresses our own critique and hatred for the modern megamachine. Using automatic techniques to cull technological language combined with unsettling collages of machinery, this book indicts technological civilization by way of black humor and convulsive energy.

16 pages, handpainted photocopy \$5.00

1984 by George Orwell

Signet Classic reduced: org. \$1.95; now \$.75

NEW ARRIVALS

New Art for a Dangerous Age (NADA)

An imaginative zine which focuses their current issue on health and medicine. Each copy has unique addition of clip-art and color. Blend of reprints and original articles. Order from us or direct from NADA, 195 Garfield Pl., Apt 2L, Brooklyn NY 11215. Self-pub. 10pp \$5.00

HERE & NOW No. 3—Spring 1986

This Scottish anti-authoritarian magazine contains articles on life in the Eastern Bloc, the British riots, animal liberation, more. 20 pages \$1.00

HERE & NOW No. 2—Summer 1985

Articles on "The Subversive Past," "The Search for Authenticity," "The Remaking of Community," "Sex and Destiny," and "Fifth Generation Computers." 20 pages \$1.00

SIMULATIONS by Jean Baudrillard

"The very definition of the real has become: that of which it is possible to give an equivalent reproduction . . . The real is not only what can be reproduced, But that which is always already reproduced. The hyperreal . . . which is entirely in simulation."

Semiotext(e) 159pps. \$3.95

IN THE SHADOW OF THE SILENT MAJORITIES by Jean Baudrillard

"The whole chaotic constellation of the social revolves around that spongy referent, that opaque but equally translucent reality, that nothingness: the masses: A statistical crystal ball, the masses are 'swirling with currents and flows,' in the image of matter and the natural elements. So at least they are represented to us." Contains four essays: "In the Shadow of the Silent Majorities," "...Or, The End of the Social," "The Implosion of Meaning in the Media," and "Our Theatre of Cruelty." Semiotext(e) 123pps. \$3.95

A PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES by Howard Zinn

"...engaging, informative, passionate and extremely well-written...the best critical survey of American history available." - from the Fifth Estate review of the book. (See Fall 1982 FE)

Harper/Collins Books 614pp \$8.50

HUMAN SCALE by Kirkpatrick Sale

The title contains the realization that everything has gone in the opposite direction—massification. Sale shows that scale effects every aspect of human existence from architecture to war and that a human society must feature decentralization or suffer the outrages of modern society.

Perigee Books 554pp was \$8.95, now \$2.50

THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY

by Jacques Ellul

"The Technological Society is one of the most important books of the second half of the twentieth century. In it, Ellul convincingly demonstrates that technology, which we continue to conceptualize as the servant of man, will overthrow everything that prevents the internal logic of its development, including humanity itself..." -Robert Theobald, The Nation

Vintage Books 449pp \$4.95

SOUTH AFRICA 1985: The Organization of Power in Black and White by S. Thompson and N. Abraham

As white rule in South Africa crumbles, two tendencies have arisen among those held subject for so long. One is the spontaneous actions of the toughest, most politicized proletariat in the world today; the other is a battle for hierarchical power, not a battle against it. The structure of power and its coveters are examined closely in contrast to those who would shatter it.

No pub. listed 24pp \$1.25

A listing of Fifth Estate back issues is available with book orders or a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

bits of the world in brief



WELLINGTON, New Zealand—A

Maori land-rights activist, driving a van with a traditional native people's insult painted on its side, was arrested in February when he tried to join visiting Queen Elizabeth's motorcade. The Queen was the repeated target during her visit of Maoris protesting the continuing theft of their homelands by the New Zealand government.

The van, driven by Dun Mihaka, carried an image of a Maori baring his buttocks, an act called "Whakapohane," and expressing great contempt. Freaked-out Wellington police rammed the van and arrested Mihaka on charges of dangerous driving before he could join the royal convoy which was heading for a wildlife preserve. Prior to European domination the so-called "preserve" had been designated wilderness open to all.



We recently came across a seemingly throw-away clause in the Business section of *The New York Times* which inadvertently gave an insight into the nature of monopoly capitalism. The article in which it appeared was a long blather about the effect of world oil prices, but quoted one Benjamin Hardy, whom the "newspaper of [capitalist] record" described as "vice-president of Equator Bank Ltd., a Hartford-based Bahamian banking subsidiary of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank that deals exclusively with sub-Saharan Africa." In this three-continent labyrinth of capital, winding in and out of both capitalist and communist nations, a small cadre of international financiers manipulate the lives of billions. So distant is this process from popular control and so elusive and widespread are its tentacles that dreams of reform are impossible. Hope lies only in its destruction.

We are saddened to have to report that the Vancouver 5 has become the Vancouver 4, as former Direct Action member Julie Belmas has testified against her co-defendants during her appeal. Faced with a twenty-year sentence, she began supplying the Crown with informa-

tion needed to assure the continued imprisonment and denial of appeal for Ann Hansen and Brent Taylor whom she characterized as the "ringleaders" of the group which was convicted of a series of bombings against military and anti-ecological targets.

According to sources close to the case, Belmas experienced a complete collapse in prison, begged the court for leniency and agreed to cooperate fully with the authorities. The most harmful aspect of this development has been that Belmas passed on information previously unknown to the Crown which provided a further basis for denying the appeals of Ann and Brent that were heard in February.

Other Direct Action members Gerry Hannah and Doug Stewart are in medium security prisons, but Ann and Brent remain in maximum security where they may be for years. Doug had a parole hearing in May, but the results are not known as of this writing. The *Four* need our support now more than ever. They can be reached care of Free the Five Defense Group, P.O. Box 48296, Bentall Sta., Vancouver, B.C., V7X 1A1, Canada.

UPDATE—The British Columbia Court of Appeals on March 18th upheld the lengthy sentences of both Ann and Brent, while as a "reward" for her cooperation, Belmas had her 20-year sentence reduced by five years.

The much played Jerry Falwell Game may be over, and its goal of bankrupting the right-wing religious faker, if not accomplished, has at least cost him an incredible chunk of cash. People all over the U.S. have been calling the appropriately named Lynchburg Baptist Church facility at its toll-free number and either hanging up or making fake pledges to support Falwell's racist, anti-gay, pro-war ministry. (See *FE* last issue.) The Reverend reports in his latest letter to the faithful that "militant gays and others" have made a million "profane and harassment" calls to him at a cost to the church of \$1 a call; an estimated 50,000 sets of bibles have been destroyed at the cost of \$600,000 and 25,000 "fake" calls seeking "Christian counseling" have jammed his phone lines to the point where Falwell has been forced to disconnect his toll-free number.

Might be time to move on: another right-wing ministry worthy of gaming is Rev. Pat Robertson's 700 Club. Robertson, an arch-conservative, is considering running for President. The toll-free number for his "prayer line" is 1-800-446-0700 and he is just waiting for the faithful to call.

The Heather Science Monitor, Box 3181, Minneapolis MN 55403, suggests a war "game" as the next target for freedom phone commandos. Dial 1-800-USA-ARMY for the Army's toll-free "hot-line" and ask them some "hot" questions about their boss' plans for invading Nicaragua and other countries.

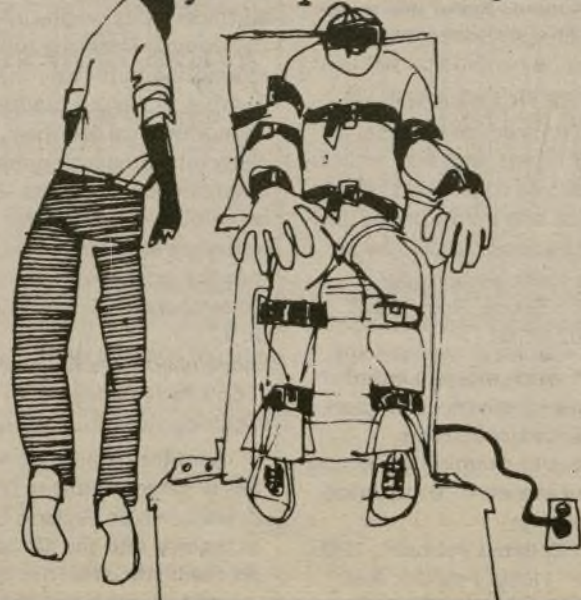
UFO aliens could be sponges

DON'T BE surprised if the first alien from outer space is a sponge, confides a world-renowned physicist.

"If and when intelligent aliens make their presence known, they may turn out to be sponges," claims Ronald Bracewell.

"I see no reason why such beings could not control technology similar to our own," says Bracewell.

capital punishment means them without the capital get the punishment



MORE NEWS & Reviews



Townsend, WA 93868, for \$11.95. By the way, from the address change we recently received it looks as though E.X. has been released from prison. Now we can see how his own advice works.

Loompanics, the above mentioned publisher, is a story in itself. Its 175 pp. catalog contains a wide range of right-wing, survivalist and how-to-kill manuals mixed in with a growing number of anarchist titles and even includes an essay by loose-cannon Bob Black. Although it appears that its appeal is to rebels toward the right end of the spectrum, it may be that Loompanics editor Michael Hoy is beginning to see the spectrum as increasingly irrelevant.



A tower of clocks at a Paris train station by French sculptor Armand. Rather than an aid to commuters, none of the clocks tell the correct time.

SEARCH FOR ARTICLES & IDEAS

We are planning to produce a special issue on trees and forests, and seek articles, excerpts and graphics concerning trees in all their ecological and mythopoetic dimensions. All correspondence will be answered, all ideas seriously considered. Send to The Fifth Estate, Box 02548, Detroit MI 48202 USA.

Nuisance, in French, means a harmful thing—not necessarily trivial. The quarterly periodical, *Encyclopedie des Nuisances*, sets out to examine the all-too-numerous painful aspects of contemporary Western society.

Issue Number 2, dated February 1985, is devoted to the "History de Dix Ans." The history begins with May '68 in France

the "ten years" are counted from the revolution in Portugal in 1974. Spanish and Italian social upheavals are subsequently discussed and the history concludes with the aborted revolution in Poland in the 80's. "The Polish proletariat's most glorious victory was to have restored to our lifetime the freshness of the revolutionary project for a classless society, thereby refreshing everyone's historic memory while exercising its own (which, since 1965, it had never lost)." (p. 42)

The authors, who remain anonymous, extol the autonomous actions of the proletariat; they also insist on the need for a coherent theoretical analysis: "When the unifying force brought into action by 'the real movement which dissolves existing conditions' disappears from social life, then the need for a unified critical theory reappears." (p. 43)

Issue Number 4, dated August 1985, contains a critique of the leftist Paris newspaper *Liberation*, an essay on the transformation of quantification and measurement from exciting new techniques into the all-pervasive bonds they have become. "In these times when everyone's spirit daily has to endure the torture imposed by the business economy's separated, mechanized and automated quantification within the substitute environment which it has erected, its absurdities make it clear that *measure* and its instruments are definitely historical objects determined by a scale of values and a human project . . . The commercial measurement of the world and the retention of all the inhuman proportions of the economy lead directly to the destruction of values which were the basis of an earlier development and to the abandonment of all human projects worthy of the name. Once God became a useless hypothesis, the place from which he was ejected has never been occupied by humanity's conscious activity; rather, it has been invaded by material and intellectual instruments of a knowledge which can continue to pass itself off as objective only by restricting and impoverishing what is real." (pp. 72-73)

The final essay in Issue Four deals with the ruling class' attempts to rationalize the city. Here is the introduction to this essay: "The cry, 'A bas!' ['Down with ...!]' expresses the antagonistic feelings central to all revolutionary endeavors which always begin by articulating what is no longer wanted. Such feelings clearly motivate this *Encyclopedie*. However, the urge to destroy what exists, to be finished with the intolerable weight of history can lend support to measures undertaken by the ruling class which is eager to obliterate all traces of its origins in order to postpone its demise. Thus, the ruling class is attempting to destroy the European city in order to make a *tabula rasa* out of the memories recorded there, memories which allow inhabitants to remain in touch with another epoch's efforts—evidence of a consciousness, sensitivity and competence which are admittedly frozen, but richer than the poverty-stricken ersatz which contemporary society is imposing on us." (p. 77)

Encyclopedie des Nuisances, B.P. 188, 75665 Paris Cedex 14, France. Annual subscription of four issues of 100 francs.

Another publication which is more or less uncategorizable is *The Voice of Zewam*, which declares that "as the task of inquiry into the life of Zewam Amola proceeds, the affinities linking Zewambulism to surrealism are becoming increas-

ingly evident . . . Both take an uncompromising attitude to the integrity of the individual and the 'convulsive beauty' of the dream state. Both harbor deep distrust of authority and its soul-withering, regimental, ratiocinative, utilitarian impulses. Both encourage and esteem non-conformity as a weapon to thwart these impulses . . ." According to the newsletter, Zewam Amola (1895-1957) was a native weaver and visionary poet from Labrador whose work prompted Andre Breton to write in 1938, "I derived an almost tangible satisfaction from the recognition of the surreal undercurrent that flows through your poems: your rivers pulsate with the power of your imagination; your porcelain skies glaze my eyes with their hallucinatory beauty . . . Such is the power of your verse that I fear my own poetry will never be the same again . . ." Write PO Box 196, Dobbs Ferry NY 10522 USA.

Another publication which has come our way is the *Graffiti Times*, containing interviews with graffitiists from Chile and El Salvador. "The walls belong to the people, and we have every right to paint them, to do with them what we want because they are ours," says the Salvadoran, for whom graffitiing walls could bring an instantaneous death sentence. The publishers tell us in a letter, "We see graffiti as a free expression and we write about it in all its social, political, cultural and artistic forms." They want info on graffiti from other areas. Write I.G.T., Box 299, Prince St. Station, NYC NY 10012.

The Nuclear Resister, which is published to support jailed and imprisoned anti-nuclear activists, has moved. They can now be contacted at P.O. Box 1503,

Ukiah CA 95482. Contains much info on anti-nuke direct action, for example that of Tom Hastings of Wisconsin, involved in work against the Navy's installation of the Extremely Low Frequency (ELF) communications grid in Wisconsin and Michigan's upper peninsula. Hastings decided to commit an act of direct disarmament when he read of the 8-18 year sentences handed out to the Silo Pruning Hooks people for their jackhammer disarmament of a missile silo near Kansas City. Hastings proceeded to cut down a transmitter pole and has joined the ranks of antiwar activists facing jail for his act of conscience. One of many such stories in this valuable newsletter. (For info on Hastings and anti-ELF, write Box 364, Webster WI 54893.)

Another related publication is *The Nuclear Free Press*, which carries much in-depth material on the nuclear plague, war, industrialism, and more. A recent issue contains an eight-page supplement on the genocidal war waged by Indonesia against East Timor and West Papua, compiled by the Indonesia East Timor Program (PO Box 1672, Peterborough, Ontario Canada K9J 7S4). This secret war, which has gone on since the Indonesian invasion of East Timor in 1975, has caused 250,000 deaths—over one third of the Timorese population—by murder and starvation. The supplement also details the genocide perpetrated by this U.S. ally against the people of West Papua. The publication also contains articles on star wars, chemical war research on animals, and more. Write *The Nuclear Free Press*, Trent University, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada K9J 7B8.

Reagan Is Given Lethal Injection After Apologizing for His Crimes

In 1923, two issues appeared of what could be considered one of the earliest of the modern self-published zines, *Bilboquet* (French printers' slang, meaning job printing of stationary, visiting cards, announcements, etc.), written entirely by Antonin Artaud under pseudonyms. The following editorial statement from his publication appears in *Antonin Artaud: Selected Writings*, edited by Susan Sontag, from the Noonday Press.

"There aren't enough magazines, or if you will, all existing magazines are useless. We are appearing because we believe we are responding to something. We are real. This excuses us from being necessary. There should be as many magazines as there are valid states of mind . . .

"All magazines are slaves to a way of thinking and as a result they despise thought. They all have the serious defect

of being edited by several people. Thus they imagine that they are reflecting a state of opinion, when they are really only a grab bag. For there is no such thing as a state of opinion, there are various opinions which are more or less worthy of being expressed. But humanity is incurable. No one will ever prevent people from being sure of their own thought and suspicious of someone else's; if someone who has a valid point of view wants to give it an audience, he has no choice but to start a magazine. We have a point of view that is worth expressing. Circumstances external to the fact of thinking correctly or incorrectly prevent existing magazines from accepting this point of view in its absolute nakedness. There are no free magazines; all magazines have what amounts to a creed. Thus we are choosing the only means of being ourselves and of being ourselves totally . . ."



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39A

Status of Draft Registration Prosecution

Violation of Selective Service laws and regulations:

6,500,000+ by SS & GAO

Non-registration: 500,000+

Incomplete registration: (no

Social Security no., etc):

1,000,000+

Late registration: ? (millions)

Invalid registration (change of address w/o notice to SS:

5,000,000+

Counseling, aid or abetment of

resistance: ?(millions)

Conspiracy to counsel, aid, abet,

or resist: ?(millions)

DON'T REGISTER!

DON'T FIGHT!

M.P.'s expelling draft protester from the Selective Service regional office in Colorado. Photo and statistic from *Resistance News*, Box 42488, San Francisco CA 94142.



Mutinies to End War

Continued from Page 11

the mutiny of the French fleet in the Black Sea, centered around the battleships *France* and *Jean Bart*. A revolutionary in the French navy was quoted at the time as saying, "The workers of Germany, Austria and Hungary were fighting an armed struggle, and revolutionary strikes were raging in Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and all over Europe, and in faraway Argentina... the French soldiers and sailors saw before them the revolution which was rousing the masses of the people of France."

The horrible wars of this century, the more than 40 "small" wars raging all over the world today, the threat of extermination of the human race and of all life on this planet, the butchering governments and death by starvation and malnutrition of one out of every six human beings aren't caused by "human nature." They are the direct result of capitalist society, the world of social relations based on the exchange of objects and activity through

money, the system of wage labor and the market economy which finds its values created and reinforced by religion and the family, schools and the news media, organized sports, the sex industry, and the work ethic.

Capitalist society was born in warfare and has only continued to exist in the 20th century through a terrible cycle of international war, reconstruction and economic collapse. The basis of power in capitalist society is the modern nation-state. The state is only the monopoly of armed violence by which a ruling class maintains its dictatorship over the rest of society in general and over the working class in particular. And the basis of the power of the state is the armed forces.

It is very clear that one of the most important functions of the NATO and Warsaw Pact forces is to prepare for the suppression of social unrest in Europe, the way the Polish army did against the Solidarity movement in 1981. In the na-

ten faced with the choice of either submitting or losing their livelihood.

The testing machines can be foiled, however. A double handful of salt or a capful of common household ammonia dumped into your urine sample will send the machine haywire and show a "drug-free" read-out regardless of your actual condition. This will occur since the machine will not even recognize the specimen as urine and register a "0.000" count or urine metabolites.

All of us have differing views on the propriety of drug usage, but should realize their prohibition by the state has always been used as a weapon of suppression against minorities, political dissidents and non-conformists. This latest technological wrinkle simply will increase the reign of terror already present in the workplace and must be fought. The battlelines have always been clear: capital wants our minds and our bodies 24 hours a day.

Fuck work before it fucks you.

Rockets Fired at Summit But Missiles Miss the Target

By CLYDE HABERMAN

Special to The New York Times

TOKYO, May 4 — Penetrating the extraordinary security surrounding the economic summit meeting, attackers today fired five homemade rockets at the state guest house during welcoming ceremonies there for the leaders of the industrial nations meeting in Tokyo.

Asked tonight at a reception at the Prime Minister's residence whether he was concerned about the rocket attacks, Mr. Reagan replied, "No, they missed."

NASA Says Rocket's Failure Cripples Launching Capacity Space

Continued from page 15

Though in the last case, we found it encouraging that people ignored (or quickly forgot) the televised platitudes about American destiny and the space program and were telling space shuttle jokes *within hours* of the crash. (Example: Why didn't the shuttle crew bathe before the launch? Answer: they knew they'd wash up on the beach.) Despite the disquieting element of indifference to the loss of *any* human life evinced by people rapidly going from mediatized mourning to humorous trivializing of an event which was at least tragic for those involv-

ed (who can forget the look of disbelief and horror on the faces of Christa McAuliffe's family and students?), the pervasive jokes can only be seen as evidence of an erosion of loyalty to the empire as people mock its most hallowed representations.

Lately, of course, NASA hasn't been able to get *anything* to stay up—in the last year, besides the shuttle, a Delta rocket, two Titan 34-D rockets, and a Nike-Orion "sounding rocket" have all blown up or crashed. If we felt a sense of relief before, how can we feel anything but *glee* when we read of these failures?

—Gus Grissom

tions of Latin America, the only real purpose for the armed forces is the suppression of working class movements toward revolution, like in Chile in 1973.

There are no "free societies" anywhere in the world today. No ruling class in history has ever given up its power and its existence without a fight, and the men who rule the world today won't be any exception. It may not be very long before the crisis of capitalist society forces into being an authentic anti-authoritarian rebellion against capitalism in other parts of the world and even here in the United States—one that goes beyond even the most radical moments of the workers

movement in Poland in 1980 and 1981.

At that point, the conscious revolutionary collapse of the army and navy will be necessary not just for the possibility of a successful social revolution, but for the very survival of humanity. The managers of capitalist society in both the East and West blocs find their system heading into the gravest crisis in the history of the capitalist world. The response they are planning to "save" capitalism could lead to our total extinction as a species—unless the basis of their economy and power is collapsed from within by the working class men and women who they depend on.

Drug Tests

Continued from Page 17

for use in production. That period of 40 hours a week is dead time; it belongs formally to capital, but the illusion remains that our off-hours are "free-time"—free from capital's dictates. Rather, that period of our lives is where consumption of commodities and leisure takes place simply mirroring wage work. With the advent of widespread drug testing, that relationship becomes even clearer; you smoke marijuana at a party on Saturday and you will pay the consequences on Monday morning after a piss test.

Although there is tremendous opposition to these tests from almost all workers, many unions and civil liberties groups, those from whom the tests are demanded—prospective job seekers or isolated workers in low-paying industries—are of-

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Kent State

Continued from Page 8

willing to risk re-arrest after a heated meeting one night about which was the best way to proceed to halt the construction. The construction had been started, but was halted by a temporary court order. Sixty-one of us did a middle-of-the-night guerrilla sort of action where we hopped the fence which had been put up around the area while supporters created a diversion of loud noises around the other side to decoy the police.

This time the head of campus security and the Portage County sheriff came to have a private council with us. Amidst the television lights and shouts of supporters we were essentially begged by these two men not to make them go through this again. They were reminded by someone that they had no obligation to go through with it, that they could always resign their jobs if they did not wish to compromise with evil. But this argument unfortunately did not have the intended effect. So we were arrested once more, this time split up into smaller groups and bused out to different counties. I was with a group that graced Cuyahoga County Jail in downtown Cleveland for three days, later dubbed the electronic people crusher because of its Star Trek-like doors and futuristic design.

Well, to make a long story short, we lost the battle (as for the war, the results are still not in). The new gym annex was built, and to this day stands fully operational. The controversy between the university and the parents of the slain, wounded and their supporters over how the killings should be memorialized has not yet been resolved.

Won't Let May 4th Die!

In 1978 national attention was once again directed toward Kent State when the University administration refused to accept a memorial sculpture by artist George Segal depicting Abraham bearing a knife over his son, Isaac, who is bound and kneeling before him. Two years later, the administration proposed a monument which would "acknowledge the event without interpretation," but it was met with such overwhelming opposition that the idea was dropped. A school official said, realizing that a decade's time had not stilled anger over the killings, "People aren't ready to let May 4th die. . ."

I think that perhaps though inadvertently, this official has summed up the feelings of many of us better than we could, in a thousand words. No, we are not ready to let May 4th die. Although I am not out getting arrested every day protesting the imperialistic acts that our country commits either at home or abroad, ever since my involvement at Kent State, I have chosen to live my life in such a way as to not let the meaning of May 4th die.

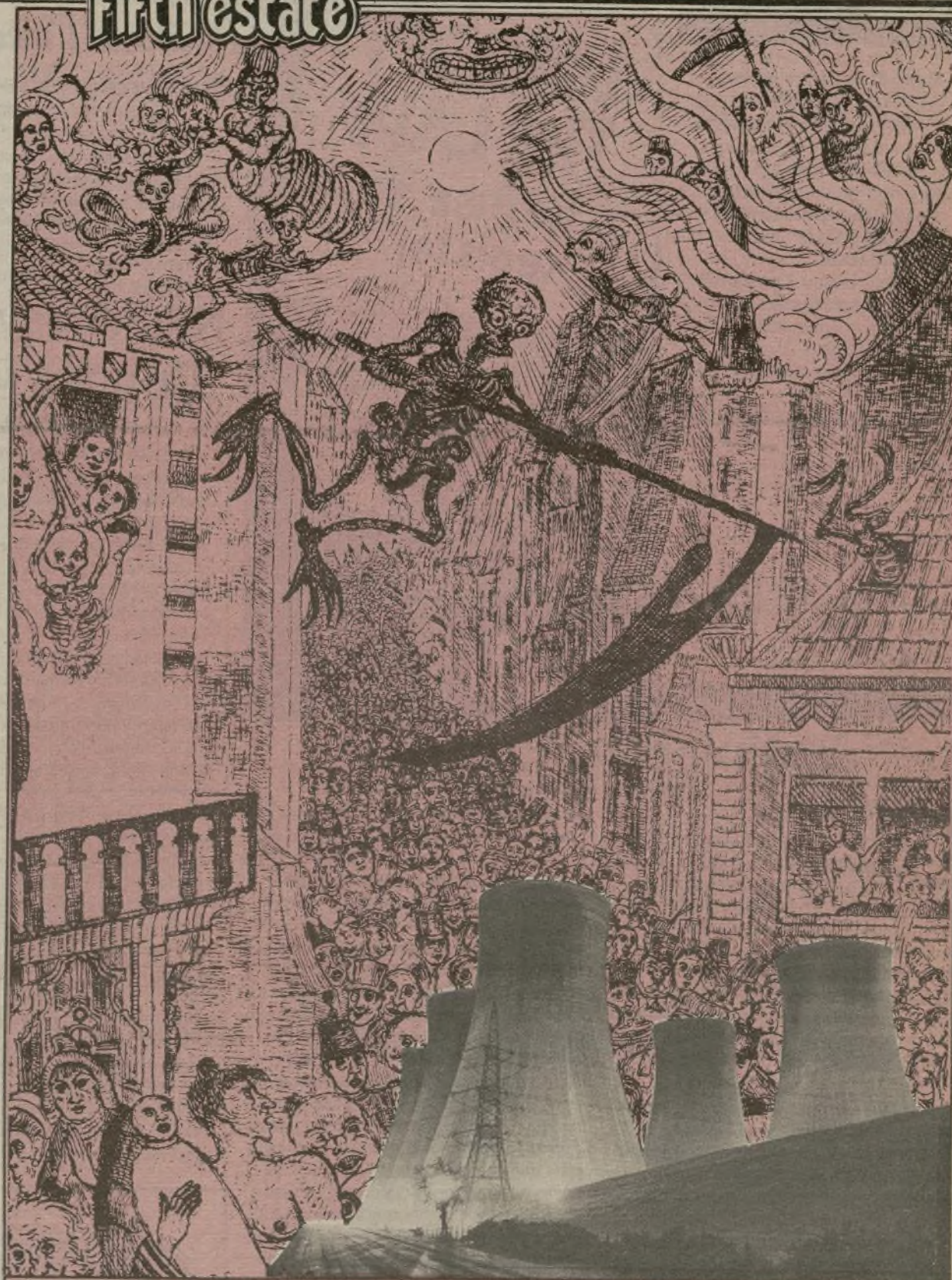
And whether that means my being with the Catholic Worker dealing with the daily victims of the system, or choosing to live simply and in such a way as not to oil the wheels of that system. It is all intimately connected with not letting May 4th die.

Between the early '60s and the early '70s, literally millions of Indochinese people and thousands of Americans lost their lives half way around the world in an immoral war which accomplished nothing other than to harden people's hearts and create a near permanent state of war and chaos in that region. On May 4th, 1970, a little bit of that war came home to the innocent, rolling hills of northeastern Ohio, and for a moment we were able to glimpse what it might feel like to have brown or yellow skin and live in a Third World country which has been declared of "strategic importance" to the United States. It seems to me that this is why Allison Krause, Jeffery Miller, Sandra Scheur and William Schroeder died, and this is their legacy to us. Let us therefore live our lives in such a way that we may know they did not die in vain.

—Bill McCormick

FE Note: Since receiving Bill's article several months ago, Kent State University has announced that a memorial for the slain students has been selected which appears to have wide-spread support.

fifth estate



after chernobyl

We are too much in the rain.
The fallout swells.
The fallout swells.
Staring at an ashen birdless sky,
we lost our wonder.
Very little time left now,
much thunder.

—L. Clive

HAYMARKET

Continued from page 9

buried (along with Voltairine de Cleyre and others). There was a brief scuffle with liberals and stalinists over a black flag hung on the monument, but in the end it stayed. People drank champagne and took snapshots of each other, finally gathering at the grave in a linking of arms to shout some spirited hurrahs for anarchy. I may be a sentimental fool, but I loved it. And we made our point—the Haymarket victims were not liberals, labor reformists, or historians. They were unrelenting rebels who had the courage and the vision to demand the impossible in an impossible society. That is why they were hung—as the state's attorney de-

clared, it was anarchy that was on trial—and that is why the last words of George Engel and Louis Lingg were "Long live anarchy."

In spite of any criticisms, it was exciting to be there with so many people who, even if their interpretations varied widely, were drawn to an event based on those last defiant words. Let no one be mistaken: anarchy cannot be stamped out. Anarchy lives.

—Dogbane Campion

FE NOTE: Space limitations kept us from printing a series of reactions from others, including a letter from the eight Torontians who were arrested. We plan to print them in our next issue along with letters from readers who were there (please be brief). Other reports of the gathering appeared in the June Northwest Passage (1107-B East Pike St., Seattle WA 98122) and the BTB Newsletter (1369 Haight, SF CA 94117).