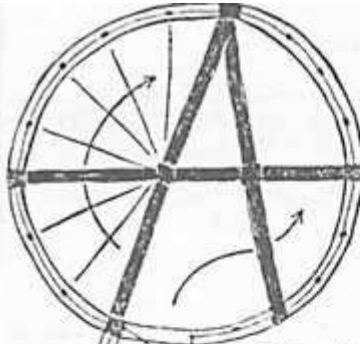


HAYMARKET '86  
PRESENTS



NARCHY  
IN ACTION

MAYDAY (THURSDAY)  
THE 1<sup>ST</sup>

THRU SATURDAY, MAY 3<sup>RD</sup>  
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Haymarket Remembered  
...an Anarchist Convention

# INTRODUCTION

## OR "WILL I GET CREDIT FOR THIS?"

The idea for this book was as spontaneous as most of the Haymarket Anarchist gathering itself. The difficult part has been the more tedious aspect of organizing it and getting ourselves motivated after periods of inactivity concerning the compilation of the materials. It has been a year since the Haymarket gathering in Chicago and our goal was to have the book ready for the second gathering to be held in Minneapolis in 1987. Deadlines are such motivators even for anarchists.

Our final decision to drastically cut many of the contributions due to the amount of material we received may not meet with much approval, but we hope the book will stand on its own. We think it does. We tried to include something from everyone, but again that was not always accomplished due to many repetitious accounts. We also decided to include sections which required that we put bits and pieces of accounts in different areas of the book. This was done to give a sense of continuity to the work in terms of chronology. At the same time, we tried to include various accounts and experiences in their entirety in order to maintain the personal experiences that people had in a more individualistic way. We hope that this method helps to construct a historical picture that is built from many points of view rather than one person's vision of an historical event. Anarchy has had enough of the singular historian's biases.

We had over 70 contributors to this book and about half that many contributing various sums of money to the project. Our decision to only include first names or pseudonyms was not intended to slight anyone; it was meant to maintain a flavor of anarchism that does not glorify heroes, leaders or personalities. It is the same with the people who contributed money to the project. \$100 was as important as those who sent only their best wishes to the project and the deletion of names merely reflects that belief.

We present this book in the spirit of the convention: anarchy in action. The historical importance of this little compilation remains to be seen. The events of Haymarket '86, however, are important for all of us to consider if we are to build a viable revolutionary movement here in the U.S.

### HAYMARKET 1886

On May 1, 1886, workers from all trades and factories throughout the U.S. went on a general strike in support of the eight-hour work day. In Chicago, a stronghold of immigrant labor and anarchists, 80,000 workers marched in an "eight-hour day" demonstration. The Central Labor Union (a revolutionary union federation organized by anarchists which had quickly become Chicago's largest and most active union center) and the anarchist International Working People's Association organized these strikes and demonstrations, which not only called for shorter hours, but also called on workers to organize and overtake their industry and society.

Before the strike action began, the management at McCormick Machine Co. (then International Harvester, now Navistar) locked out 1,500 workers over a wage dispute. On May 3rd, when pickets attempted to prevent blackleg labor entering the plant, the Chicago police opened fire on the workers, killing at least two and wounding many others.

There were other problems like possible scab lettuce being served at the banquet, but all in all I think it went great. It was sad to leave, I loved everybody.

---"b"oB  
Bowlin' For Dharma

gulp another slug o' brew, big guy.  
It's your turn--let it roll.  
Steppin' up to the mark  
parenthetically methink  
right-hand, left-brain  
good ol' line-straight eye-hand  
knock 'em down--score high.

but what the fuck?  
no line brain free hand counter-spin-slide  
slow mo. . #1 ego down  
2, 3, no split she/he/you/we!  
domino polar shit id-ee-it!  
honey-suckle spring-board  
johnnie (i.e.) two-way  
cum lately forever

i think--  
due to circumstances beyond--  
therefore--  
fridge-crust freon overkill stop  
come alive felt sense

4, 5, 6--Can you remember  
the tomorrow after yesterday?  
Fat cat got your tongue?  
Say you got no class?

7, 8, 9, 10--All've come down  
so start again, & strike again, & again,  
'til all yous losers win  
& stop playin' vulgar games  
while we go bowlin' for dharma.

---Ben Z Dream

I enjoyed the chaos, the yelling, the spontaneous theater--in short, the (dare I say it?!) anarchy at the banquet. Sure, there was disagreement, but it still felt like there was an underlying level of respect for each other--I didn't see anybody go away mad. I've been to several other national gatherings of activist types, but nowhere else have I felt the same sense of shared vision I felt in Chicago--I felt like I got a glimpse of that high, vibrant, joyous society we're all trying to create, and I went home full of energy and inspiration.

And somewhere in there, out near the gun club, we threw a bowling ball into Lake Michigan.

---Rex

Some constructive criticism:

- 1) I was disappointed by our inability to make decisions as a group, especially when it was very important that we do so. For example, we couldn't work out an agreement on what was to happen at the demonstrations. And the banquet turned into a circus, which isn't always bad, but I was hoping we would make better use of our last opportunity to all be together in the same place.
- 2) We need to not only tolerate diverse opinions, but we also need to be good sports about it.
- 3) I would have found name/pseudonym tags very helpful.
- 4) It would have been nice to have had one location for our meetings and workshops. I realize that wasn't possible due to circumstances, but that would be something to keep in mind for next time. A staffed information table would have been nice too.

Easy for me to say, since I didn't help organize any of it.

---Ed Slyboots

Overall, I had a good time in Chicago. But the best thing that came from it was the renewed enthusiasm of myself and my N.Y. comrades. Facing a bankrupt book club and other problems didn't seem as grave any more. We got together more often and felt better about things. We planned to hold a regional weekend gathering every Halloween and we even got together a newsletter that hadn't happened after four years of talking about it, called the "Sporadical." In this way, our going to Chicago influenced us deeply.

---Chartreuse Colada

Yep, Chicago was A blast. What was best for me was just meeting people and finally being face to face with those I've heard about, traded zines and letters with, etc. And of course I got to meet the good ole Rev. Crowbar. Hopefully the event will help facilitate some N. American @ unity around common projects and things. There were serious fuck-ups though that we all should take responsibility for. While the nihilistic "fuck the world" side of me enjoyed "aimlessly" running amok in the streets, I do believe an event of the Chicago type called for a leaflet to be handed out to people explaining what we were all about. This is just common procedure. Otherwise we just look like a bunch of space cases--which is OKAY AND HAS ITS PLACE--but is senseless if we are trying to make political points about serious issues and building a movement behind them. On the other hand, it was OUR holiday and OUR party and seemed to be just an attempt at getting us together (successfully too!) so if the rest of the world didn't "compute" it too well that's not necessarily a great loss this time. But next time I think it should be different. We must establish ourselves as a viable alternative to the right and the fake "left." The other dumb thing we did was not prepare for the legal end of things. Lawyers should have been set up ahead of time, a leaflet should have been drawn up on Chicago bust procedures, we should have known typical bail amounts and been prepared with the money, affinity groups should have been encouraged, etc. The experienced among us knew things would get heavy and this also should have been communicated with newcomers. Tactically also we could have had unplanned "breakaways" and such where those who didn't want to be in a bust situation would be free from it.

A protest was called for the following day at Haymarket Square. Speeches condemning police violence and capitalist oppression were given by three leading anarchists: Albert R. Parsons, August Spies, and Samuel Fielden. As Fielden, the last speaker, was concluding his address, about 200 police attacked the crowd. An unknown person hurled a dynamite bomb at the advancing police lines, killing one policeman and wounding many others. Police went wild and immediately shot scores of people, killing at least four demonstrators and even six policemen.

This was used as a pretext to launch the first major "red scare" in American history. The capitalist press across the country whipped up the flames of hysteria, with the New York Times prescribing Gatling guns and gallows to prevent the spread of Anarchist thought. Chicago police launched a general roundup of radicals and unionists, raiding homes, meeting places, and newspaper offices. Hundreds were arrested and interrogated under virtual martial law, with anarchist newspapers suppressed (and their editors jailed), mail intercepted, and union meetings and public gatherings banned.

On May 5th, 300 of Chicago's "leading citizens" put up over \$100,000 to hire witnesses and subsidize the repression. On June 21st, eight anarchists prominent in the Central Labor Union were put on trial, even though most weren't even present at the Haymarket demonstration. All eight were ultimately convicted by a hand-picked jury. Of the eight, Albert R. Parsons, August Spies, Adolph Fischer, and George Engel were hanged on Black Friday, November 11th. Louis Lingg committed suicide the day before in his jail cell. Oscar Neebe, Michel Schwab, and Samuel Fielden spent six years in prison before being pardoned. All eight were later shown to have had nothing to do with the bombing.

On July 14, 1889, on the hundredth anniversary of Bastille Day, an American delegate attending the International Labor Conference in Paris proposed that May 1st be officially adopted as a workers' holiday. This motion was unanimously approved and since then, May Day has served as a date for International working class solidarity.

One hundred years after Haymarket, millions are still working and living in dire poverty, unemployed, prevented from organizing and defending their rights and interests by government (regardless of their professed ideologies) and bosses.

Obviously, we can see that it is still time for a change! And time to confirm those last words of Spies: "There will be a time when our silence from the grave will be more powerful than those voices you strangle today!" LONG LIVE ANARCHY!

#### **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 300 to 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 same 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 workers' 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 permits 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 contingent 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.

making an issue of serving animals before it was ordered, we all are responsible.

Although we received a lot of credit for the vegan food produced, it truly was anarchy in action in the kitchen. Can't remember a moment that at least a couple of others weren't helping. The workshops were very interesting but the discussions in the kitchen, and those at Beth and Fred's, were just as enjoyable.

The whole Cook County episode was terrible of course but uplifting as well. I ran bail money and despite all the bickering on who's to blame, coming up with so much cash was incredible!

Let's do it again!

---Kaz

The nicest thing that happened to me because of the Haymarket gathering was the appreciation I got for the time and energy I put in helping to make vegan food for everyone. To be thanked for something you thoroughly enjoyed is a priceless moment.

I was very impressed by the solidarity exhibited by all to the arrests. It was as revolutionary a moment as I have experienced. To those who have become so serious about their reservations, I can only say that we are only human beings and none of us are perfect. There are too many problems in this world to be judging so harshly those who share so many of the same frustrations.

Since the gathering we have managed to stay in touch with some of those we met who live nearby. It's great to see such a high level of activity. I think that an annual gathering would be a wonderful event. There are so many beautiful places on this continent. Let's use them well! Forever!

---Gaz

Basically, I feel that the most positive aspect of the gathering was that we communicated and learned from each other and gathered contacts. The workshops gave the chance to learn about and discuss certain subjects. A couple of things that I think could have been done better with the workshops would have been to schedule them so that it was possible to be at all of them and to let the participants have a voice beforehand in choosing the topics of the workshops. Just having a group of people together usually ensures that a certain amount of communication happens. What I feel are negative aspects of the gathering were the demonstrations and the parts of the gathering that became entertainment. The demonstrations, I feel, were little more than a vent for frustration, which is not the purpose that they are intended for. I feel that a demonstration, especially ones like those that were carried out, are a poor way of communication with the public. Also, it gives the media the opportunity to write bad things about us, which is what they want to do. Chanting "pigs eat shit" or "kill all lawyers" may feel good to a certain person, but it does little more than shock the average person on the street into a permanent negative bias of anyone sharing the same label as you, in this case anarchist. All of the filming and cameras in the meeting served the purpose of turning the gatherings into entertainment, not education. Self-worship has often led to simplification and has slowed down the process of learning. If this is to turn into a big event, will it be a social or educational one? I think having bands play isn't a bad idea as long as those bands do have some form of a message. I think that the gathering was a positive thing, but it could be made better and if we aren't careful it could be made into something worse.

## Control Systems and Social Change: An Introduction

May 2, 1986--Chicago. With a weary but practiced eye, I swept in the view in front of the Chicago Tribune Building. I noted side streets, doorways, the cops, their numbers, their deployment. I was, for all intents and purposes, invisible. Others milled about, each doing their own thing in their own way. Behind enemy lines. I examined the body language and facial expressions of the policemen. I noted their clubs, their guns; caliber and make. I counted, and waited.

I heard a drum, a dim chanting in the distance, and glanced again at my wrist watch. Slowly, wordlessly, I made my way towards what the Tribune was to call the "magnificent mile of anarchy"--hundreds of anti-authoritarian demonstrators from all over the world come to Chicago to commemorate the "Haymarket Riot" of one hundred years earlier, and to plan for the future. For me, it was primarily an opportunity to assess whether there was, indeed, anything like an "anarchist movement" in America today, and, if so, what the movement was about, at the end of a lengthy assessment of that social trend I had undertaken in 1985. As the demonstrators approached the Tribune Building, I found myself surrounded by professed anarchists, nihilists, miscellaneous crazies and a few Maoist posers. And a lot of cops. It looked impressive up close, but a block away Chicago's business day went on its ordinary path, unaware. Before the day was over, 38 would be arrested, many others would play cat-and-mouse with the police for hours.

When I came to Chicago, it was against a background of 15 years of writing about anarchism. I did indeed find many people who considered themselves "anarchists" or "anti-authoritarians" during the weekend gathering, but, I was coming to realize, social and personal control systems were as deeply imbedded among this fringe segment of American society as they were in the larger social order. Instead of "anarchists"--that is, people opposed to control systems and in favor of freedom--I found mostly slaves; slaves not merely to the undoubted power of the state, but slaves also to the internalized, neurotic complexes and social conditioning that imprisoned from within. I encountered scarred, frightened people, rationalizing their own sicknesses into a host of "isms"--feminism, vegetarianism, pacifism, socialism; or narrow sectarian interests from punk to junk to bunk. Some were arrogant in their bigotries, others were merely confused. What I found precious little of indeed was a thirst for liberty, a desire for true freedom; it wasn't even on the agenda for many of those I spoke with.

There were shining exceptions; what Emma Goldman used to call "free spirits." But they were few and far between, and even these were weighed down by the host of bureaucrats, sectarians and barely concealed authoritarians. I doubted that most of those present could be, in any sense, fighters for freedom without first literally getting their heads examined, though no such prospect, I knew, was in the offing. What became clear to me was that, though there is indeed a nucleus of an "anarchist movement," no true tendency toward freedom would be possible without the personal inner emancipation of those who presumed to call themselves "anti-authoritarians." The baggage of old and bad ideas rested like a great stone upon the backs of the participants in Haymarket '86: Anarchy in Action (as it was, optimistically, called), and without the extraordinary effort it would take to realize this self-emancipation, no greater social significance will come out of this tendency.

---excerpted from Fourth World

My memories of Haymarket '86 are overwhelmingly positive, however vague. From the start, I was impressed with the CAU and other anarchists from Chicago for their flexibility in dealing with accommodations. Concerning the banquet which so many criticized--by not

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 spray painted 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 arrest, 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 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 hanged--as the state's attorney declared, 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 Champion

At first, when we heard about the anarchist gathering, we didn't want to go because we figured it'd be full of a lot of horrible leftist men and hardly any women at all. Then we met a few nice people (some of whom were men) from the anarchist scene in New York City. We talked it over and decided to give it a go. If nothing else, we could spend the whole weekend getting drunk and watching TV (and that we did, me bucks). Originally, we were going with the intention of putting to rest the "BONE CONTROVERSY," scheduled to take place in the cemetery. We planned to cash in on the liberal guilt by letting them know that, for the right price, the bones of the Haymarket Martyrs could belong to anyone, even them. We, planned at the same time, to sell indulgences to the Stalinists and social democrats. Unfortunately, the Reverend Ann-Marie ran into a snag when her housemates transubstantiated the holy bone relics into a soup which they, carnivores all, assured her was delicious. With our usual presence of mind, we decided to fuck the whole thing and write some suitably threatening leaflets a few hours before the event, which we did under the nom de guerre of the Conversational Sectional Pit Group, formed suddenly and conversationally with our friend Dave.

We didn't get much out of any of the workshops we attended, but we did get a lot out of just talking to people, getting to meet our pen-pals, etc. Final verdict: we did meet horrible leftist men, we did meet very nice ones, great girls too, but not enough of them, etc. What the fuck, let's all do it again next year.

- T.H.R.U.S.H.

(Terrifying Hags Ruthlessly Uprooting Self Hatred)

## PLANNING

### OR "WHO CARES ABOUT SHIMO ANYWAY?"

Planning got underway with a May Day 1984 planning meeting called by Impossible Books (and endorsed by several groups around the country), held at Chicago's Autonomy Center, and drawing maybe 2 dozen anarchists from throughout the midwest. It was a disjointed meeting that suffered badly from its lack of organization--a problem that was to continue, albeit not in quite so extreme a fashion--and structure. Chicago anarchists wanted a mass anarchist manifestation--where demonstrations would show that the movement was still alive, and where there would be many opportunities for folks to get together and talk/socialize. Fifth Estate argued for an orgiastic celebration of life--I was never quite sure what they meant, but it seemed to revolve around guerrilla street theater. Some people argued for an anarchist conference. A few of us Wobs were present, and we argued for a series of events including demonstrations, cultural events, etc. and a Revolutionary Labor Conference drawing in unions and workers' groups from around the world that stand in the tradition of Haymarket to discuss ways of rekindling a mass revolutionary labor movement

away what time we do have together on every distraction and space cadet we can find. This way we can build real unity--class solidarity, not "it's a warm body and it calls itself an anarchist, so it's got to be on our side" evangelicism. We need revolutionaries, not believers.

7.) The IWW people that I met were very interesting, but generally anachronistic. Their methods are too syndicalist and reformist to actually threaten the capitalists. They seem to think that the greatest imperial power in history is going to be overthrown by a PTA.

8.) Thank Christ all anarchists present at HM '86 rejected all the Bob Avakian cultists that did show up, as well as Bolshevism in all its other odious varieties, as fascist and counter-revolutionary. I hope we all realize that in times of insurrection we must be as wary of these bastards (RCP, PLP, SWP, ad nauseum) as we will of NF and KKK militias. 9.) I wholeheartedly applaud the action taken to keep those ShiMo Underground assholes out of the affair. Too bad more people like them (who want to fuck with the pigs so someone else can get arrested, beaten up, and insulin shock in various combos) weren't kept out. Rubin and Hoffman have quite eloquently shown the poverty of Yippiedom, thanks.

10.) The capitalists, statists, and their bootlickers are working full-time to control us; part-time attempts at self-emancipation are fit only for the museum. Only with the complete and wide-spread negation of bourgeois society and our positing the post-class, anarchistic society as thesis can we liberate our world, ourselves, our descendents.

---Sabre

My overall feeling while in Chicago was one of exhilaration. My mind was racing the whole time. I didn't think of things like food or sleep for most of the four days, and while I knew I was running myself ragged, it was worth it. So many amazing experiences, so many incredible anarchists from so many different places! My major regret was probably that there was never a clear space for people to talk about where they were from, and what they were doing there. This happened informally in small groups and one-on-one conversations, but I was not outgoing enough to meet lots of people just by walking up and saying, "hi."

The gathering seemed to be a pretty good mixture of demonstrations, pre-arranged workshops, spontaneous workshops, cultural events like plays and concerts, and just plain hanging out, talking and partying. It definitely was not overstructured!

There were probably in the neighborhood of 300 or so anarchists there, although the total number could be higher, as people were constantly coming and going. It was a pretty diverse group in age, background and expectations. There were many young people, in their late teens and early 20s, also many in their late 20s, 30s and 40s, and a few who were older.

Almost everyone was an activist in their community. I had feared that this wouldn't be the case, that it would be a mixture of young punks who wanted to smash windows, and older academics who weren't interested in a "movement." But I was wrong on both counts; although there were a few in each category, the vast majority were experienced anarchist activists coming out of the anti-nuclear, anti-intervention, feminist, anti-apartheid, peace-punk and other contemporary movements. And most had a clear understanding of why they call themselves anarchists. So, at least in terms of who was there, it was exactly the kind of gathering I had been hoping for--a mixture of theory and practice, and networking between diverse anarchist activists.

---Kathy

this.

2.) The major lesson I learned about anarchism at HM '86 was that a simple word, "anarchism," cannot simply sweep away the class antagonisms which repeatedly make appearances among anarchists. To try and unite into a real movement so many conflicting ideas and social tendencies because all of the participants claim to reject hierarchy is doomed to an idealistic failure.

3.) Most of the participants in HM '86 with whom I had contact were philosophers, not revolutionaries. They were talking about the "truth" of anarchism, as if the working class, the group whose interests are best reflected by revolutionary communist anarchism, could give a shit about some quasi-deduction of the "objective truth" of anarchism. To replace the abominations of capitalism they propose doctrines, dogmas, and new moralities, most of which to me bring to mind Proudhon. The creation of an underground economy is presented in lieu of a revolution. This seemingly is the best thing they can offer, a utopian attempt at what amounts to stateless capitalism or exchange economy, the historical wet dream of the petty bourgeoisie. (A. Raynd leaves that impression with me. Big business owns the state, so it's the "have-nots" who are close enough to being "haves" to like the taste of it whose interests come to mind.) To this base differing individuals add a whole spectrum of fetishisms for spice. Pacifism, feminism, spiritualism, primitivism, veganism--anything and everything which can be mystified and made into a "spook." The social backgrounds of this group, of course, leaned heavily in the direction of non-working class origins. The self-employed, students and/or those who live with parents, and those whose communal, semi-monastic settings kept them on the sidelines of capitalist society made the strongest impressions on me (I can only hope that the philosophers and mystics reading this will absolve me of using an ad hominem argument!) It was disappointing--and nauseous--to see broad-based, spontaneous working-class insurrection and expropriation rejected in favor of pie in the sky talk and "If we had some bacon, we could have bacon and eggs, if we had some eggs" reasoning.

4.) Even more gross than the philosophical anarchists were the religious ones--those who mystified anarchism beyond intellectualism. This group was just horrible; "out of the frying pan and into Nirvana" might best typify it. An ideological freak show, to the extreme of those who were convinced that even though only ten people in the fucking world thought like them, the "truth" of their doctrine would prevail over all of the Devil's wiles. Elitist gnosticism, not class struggle. The non-working class nature of these currents was desirable, of course; why, the very heavens would tremble were the "purity" of their doctrines to be defiled by working-class "philistines." Not a counter-revolutionary group, but about as revolutionary as the Moonies. There's some guy that's probably still mad at me because I don't think that much of Sitting Bull!

5.) Finally, there were some actual revolutionary workers at HM '86 in some workshops; those who did not worship "anarchist" morality, but rejected morality altogether; those who were anarchists, not because it is "true," but because it reflects their interests; those who hate capitalism, not as they read about it in college, but as they spend their 40 hours a week in a shithole; they were the ones to support a revolutionary movement and insurrection to take control of their lives forever away from pigs and abstractions. As for the others--well, we either pray for deliverance or tie our hands and feet up in moralistic algebra like pacifism. These former are the self-emancipation movement; the latter--I am content to leave them to Jesus and "human nature."

6.) In the next national, or regional, conference, the revolutionary communist anarchists should concentrate on locating each other, working on things together, and not fucking

including fighting for the four hour day.

Eventually, the meeting wound down without any real consensus, except that people generally supported the concept of doing something in Chicago to mark the Haymarket centennial, and that Impossible Books was to coordinate discussions. It was also clear that most people found the labor conference, the idea of shorter hours, and the working class in general quite boring, but that we Wobs were going to try to pursue it independently.

Fifth Estate published an account of the meeting (others may have, too, I don't really know), but no real discussions or plans were made in the following months and Impossible Books pretty much stopped responding to Haymarket mail while it went through a slow process of losing members and the Autonomy Center. (The IWW, meanwhile, went about the process of contacting AIT/IWA sections and others about the Labor Conference. Most of us who worked on organizing the Labor Conference also participated in building anarchist events for Haymarket.)

In early 1985, plans got underway again with a handful of Chicago anarchists beginning to meet and sending out letters to anarchist groups they were close to and/or had endorsed the May '84 meeting. A Shimo supporter attended a couple of these meetings, arguing that instead of organizing specifically anarchist events, the scope of Haymarket should be broader including groups such as NBAU. The Chicago group was clear from the start, however, that we wanted to organize an anarchist commemoration (though others would be welcome to attend). At the same time I, and a few others, were attending meetings of the so-called Haymarket Centennial Committee in an attempt to persuade them to tell the truth about Haymarket (and failing that, to find out what they were up to). The HCC, with the support of Chicago's Mayor, sky pilots, social democrats and liberals, CP hacks and similar scum, was committed to presenting the Haymarket Martyrs as liberal reformers and to treating the New Deal and the workers' states (I was never able to find out where these could be found) as part of their heritage. Conflict with this group continued throughout the Haymarket events. I prepared an open letter to the Committee which received wide circulation. We picketed and leafleted various of their events. HCC goons attacked us physically on one occasion, and we challenged them to a debate on the eve of the Haymarket commemoration which they originally accepted, but then backed down on.

The HCC's lies and slanders against the Haymarket Martyrs and the anarchist movement were clear from early on. Unfortunately, a handful of self-proclaimed anarchists and "anti-authoritarians" chose to work with this group, lending credibility (to the uninformed) to their efforts. Utah Phillips, Carlos Cortez and Franklin and Penelope Rosemont deserve to be singled out in this regard. The HCC--with its official character and its massive resources--proved adept at securing media coverage in the weeks leading up to the Haymarket centennial, though they were never able to mobilize the kind of support they had hoped for and were forced to drop many of their planned events.

By Spring, Chicago anarchists had received a number of endorsements for a November planning conference and for Haymarket '86, although many of the larger and more active groups and publications had not yet responded. (The latter was to prove a continuing problem, while Fifth Estate, Emancipation and several smaller and regional publications helped spread the word, Open Road and Bayou La Rose gave only brief mentions at the last minute, and Strike never gave any information about anarchist Haymarket plans at all.) We then prepared a mass mailing to North American anarchist groups known to us or listed in Blacklist (which is sadly dated), and to selected other groups around the world inviting people to a November planning conference, and asking for ideas for commemorating Haymarket.

The November '85 planning conference pulled in people from a number of groups, and came to fairly quick agreement to do a Conference, some demos, and some cultural activities. Unfortunately, it proved impossible to move on to the specifics of many of these--especially how the Conference workshops were to be structured. This was partly due to lack of time and preparation, partly due to the fact that people kept arriving for hours after the meeting started (including many who had been in town the night before) forcing us to cover the same ground over again, and largely due to a misguided belief in spontaneity. The November conference did adopt a clear policy of non-collaboration with non-anarchist groups, excluding Shimo from participating in the planning conference on this basis. (By this time, Shimo was putting forward plans for cultural terrorism in the streets of Chicago, reminiscent of the disastrous Days of Rage; soon afterwards their paper was to seek to confuse the Haymarket '86 Anarchist Gathering with Shimo's plans.) People went home knowing something was going to happen, though somewhat fuzzy on the details.

In the weeks preceding and following the November conference, conflicts arose within the Chicago group. These essentially revolved around the structure of the Chicago group: a few people (myself included) felt that the amorphous, ill-defined way the organizing committee worked made democratic process and accountability impossible. Decisions would be made, but no provisions to implement them. A handful of people picked up the slack, and others felt frozen out. There was no way for new people to plug into the work, because so much of it was done by 2 or 3 people a few minutes here, a few minutes there. The problem came to a head over the question of mail. One person had a key to the mailbox, and would bring copies of those letters he found important to meetings or would mention what had come in over the phone. The majority of the organizing committee never saw most of the correspondence and had no real idea of the type of response (or volume) we were getting. A few people found our proposals for tighter organization and structure bureaucratic and stifling, and the rest didn't want to deal with the issue. As a result, we never really did come to grips with it.

This was reflected in mailings that went out late and without being looked over by the group, chaotic workshops (we never really did decide how the workshops were to be set up: were they discussion groups or presentations followed by discussion?; who would coordinate/facilitate?), failure to prepare sufficient leaflets for the demonstrations, and inadequate preparations for the demos (we needed more bullhorns, a method for dealing with provocateurs, and understood system for making decisions and communicating while the demos were underway).

Haymarket planning was also rendered extremely difficult by disorganization throughout North America. Until days before the events, we had no way of knowing whether we would have 100 people or 500. This made it extremely difficult to book halls, arrange crash space, as did the absence of money. Ultimately sufficient funds did come in to cover all anticipated expenses. But these funds did not come in until the very last moment, when it was already too late to put down deposits on the most desirable halls, etc. (and we didn't have enough free cash among us to front more than several hundred dollars).

The banquet problem was reflective, also, of this disorganization. Because of inadequate information and funds, we couldn't book a hall until the last minute (when most were booked). The only vegetarian caterer we could find in the city was already booked, though we did manage to find a caterer who could handle veggie lasagna. The people who agreed to handle the vegan food didn't get around to it, and didn't tell the rest of us (though there was some vegan food in the fridge that had been prepared during the day and apparently forgotten).

most people very happy with the way things turned. A very vocal minority, during the conference and after, complained bitterly about things, but never lifted a finger to make it any different than the way it turned out.

Mechanically, I believe the conference was an incredible success. Without the adventurous ones at the Friday demo, no one would have been arrested. The arrests cost well over \$1,000. More than enough to put out issues of some fine anarchist periodicals including this one.

People mailed in large amounts of money. These generous donations and our prudent expenditures netted a surplus of over \$1,000. Most of this has been returned to 14 anarchist groups in \$65 checks. There also remains seed money of around \$250 for a similar event next year.

Haymarket '86 was a somewhat representative sample of the anarchist movement in north america today. My actual contact with other people was very much restricted by the busy work that kept me so active the first few days. My overall view of the people attending was that most of them were much more liberal than revolutionary. One more "cops are our brothers and nice people" or "anarchism is doing your own thing," and I would have thrown up. I felt very little in common with most of the people attending.

My general feeling was that most of the people at Haymarket '86 had almost nothing in common with the Haymarket martyrs, Bakunin, Berkman or Goldman. Most of the people attending H '86 were not revolutionaries. Many times I felt like I was at a quaker or catholic worker meeting rather than an event honoring the spirit of revolutionaries like Spies and Lingg.

There were incredible differences at this event. Unlike some other people, I don't believe these differences are a strength. I quite simply don't feel comfortable with an awful lot of the people that attended this conference. Having talked to several people, here and elsewhere, since H '86, it is my feeling that Revolutionary Anarchist Communists should get together and meet.

---Fred

One of the strongest feelings/images that stays with me from Chicago is how it felt to walk out of the church basement of bursting ideas, arguing, mind and body connections; down the street and turn the corner onto that busy street of flashing lights, restaurant after restaurant, people milling around me with faces and words that made me feel like an alien. I realize how inward-directed our movement often is, how important it is to reach out in an honest, real way; but how we are often beat up, jailed, spit upon for expressing the ideas that we hold. at the haymarket gathering, we were mostly white people with middle-class backgrounds (it seemed)--"well," a friend remarked to me, "it is really the white middle-class who have the power of change. they can start the boat rocking." but how do we expand? will we forget and become accommodating to the system and spout liberal backwash?

---tamara

WHAT I SAW

1.) The actual event of HM '86 was an effective way to familiarize ourselves with the major currents of anarchism making themselves felt today. I thought it was successful inasmuch as



have to learn to communicate with the other slaves--  
The gathering is a liferaft--we need more of them.  
Unity is at the core of the crystal.

---gian

The Haymarket '86 international gathering of anarchists. One of the most interesting experiences of my life. The only "movement" (or social idea) that has full and equal participation of every age group: old old old all the way to young young young. It worked! 300 to 500 people communicating, listening, and functionally growing WITHOUT ANY LEADERS. I learned much more by people speaking and listening without the limitations imposed by leaders than I would have otherwise. Tonight, after three days of serious and semi-serious discussing and planning, all exploded into a fun crazy free banquet with dancing poetry drawing skits and theoretical discussing. It was beautiful. (I realize this is an entirely uncritical way to look at things but I was very excited at the time.)

---Ivan

You had to be there to believe it. Over 300 "so-called" anarchists in one spot at one time. Quite a sight to behold. Young ones, middle-aged ones, even a few older ones. Every size and shape, every lifestyle was represented. I hadn't been at anything like this since the early '70s.

Four non-stop days of activity, 9:30 a.m. till about midnight. Everything that was planned happened. The plays, all 18 scheduled workshops, many free-space workshops, the concert, videos, the demos, lots of people meeting people and the banquet, it all is now history. We lived through it and all have different experiences and views.

People complained during the event and are still complaining afterwards. When I was growing up and relatives came over on holidays, they would say, "Can we help?" or "Is there anything we can do?" Very, very few people pitched in to help. Until the banquet Saturday night the overwhelming amount of shitwork that makes something like this possible was done by less than 25 people.

I said at the "What Is Anarchism?" workshop that anarchism is mutual aid, people voluntarily working together. Haymarket '86 was an opportunity for lots of "so-called" anarchists to act responsibly and cooperatively. The Chicago people, Gaz, Kaz and John from Harrisburg and a few other people from out of town were allowed to run all the errands, prepare all the food, set all the tables, etc.

We Chicago anarchists of necessity did most of the work needed here to make H '86 possible. But it wasn't a Chicago @ event, it was a north american anarchist one. A few people here, with limited resources and no real connections, depended on help from others to pull this thing off. We made it clear in all the mailings that help was necessary.

Very few people answered the checklists we sent out. According to responses less than 200 people were coming. Nearly twice that many people actually came. Had we planned for the responsible few that answered, shortages would have been of an extreme variety. The other alternative of anticipating 500 or more would have meant horrible debts and too much food at the banquet.

All things considered, things went quite well. Most people came to Chicago expecting to meet other anarchists and not much else. Lots of other nice things happened and this made

In short, things only came off as well as they did because a handful of people--many from out-of-town--worked themselves to the bone in the few days immediately preceding and during the gathering. With proper organization, I believe this burden could have been more equitably distributed and many of the problems avoided.

---Jon

The Shimo controversy was as much a conflict with them as it was among ourselves. That is to say, there didn't seem to be a problem with the decision itself, but the process of making a decision was as problematic as anything. It was a lesson in group decision making (and group identity?).

---Anonymous

Friends of Anarchy,

The following pages represent a brief summary of the November 29-30 Haymarket Conference, in the hopes of giving those who were not able to attend a good idea of what actually happened.

After a quick tour of Haymarket Square and Waldheim Cemetery, a party on Friday night, we got down to business Saturday morning at 11:00 a.m. During the course of the day, there were about 40-50 people present. Things started off with introductions by comrades from Toronto, Boston, Hartford, New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Harrisburg, Minneapolis, Kalamazoo, Santa Cruz, Ann Arbor, Willimantic, Champaign, and Chicago. One comrade was turned back at the Canadian border, but he did make it at another crossing.

The first hours dealt mainly with a discussion of the general philosophy of the May 1-4, 1986 events. Fairly quickly, it became apparent that the general feeling in the group was that May was to be an anarchist-planned gathering. People saw this as a time to celebrate and explore our historical anarchist roots, as well as the present and future of anarchy.

Two proposals were then submitted for discussion. The Atlanta collective brought a resolution stating that although the attendance at the gathering should be left open to all, the planning and organization would be done by anarchists. It expressed their concern that committed Marxist-Leninists, Maoists, Trots, Stalinists, and other authoritarian organizations not be allowed to take control of the events. This resolution specifically named the Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP), and the discussion centered on peoples' negative experiences with this organization and what appears to be one of their national "secular" front groups, No Business As Usual (NBAU). There was unanimous agreement that all planning and organization be restricted specifically to anarchists, while attendance be left open to all.

Talk then turned to the Shimo Underground, whom many felt to be RCP collaborators. People said that this organization and its chairperson had stated both in print and in conversations that they did not consider themselves anarchists, and that they had given their unqualified support and endorsement to both the RCP and NBAU. A resolution, brought by a San Francisco comrade and expressing the opinions of comrades from San Francisco, San Diego, and Seattle, was then adopted. It was similar to the previous resolution, but it grouped Shimo with RCP.

Around 1:30 p.m., during a break, a number of new people arrived, including two

representatives from Shimo, and a review of the days events were given. At this point, Shimo was asked whether they were anarchists. They said that they were not, but that they did consider themselves anti-authoritarians and revolutionaries. They also denied that they were an RCP front. Some comrades then gave explanations to refute Shimo's assertions and a letter was read, signed by the Shimo chairperson, and printed in the October 28, 1985 edition of the Revolutionary Worker, an official organ of the RCP. This letter gave their unqualified support for and admiration of the RCP. When asked, Shimo affirmed that the letter accurately reflected their position and that there was nothing they would add or change. A motion was then approved that denied Shimo decision-making privileges, since they were not anarchists, but allowed them to stay as observers. This was adopted. Shimo then walked out.

---Excerpt from Haymarket '86 Bulletin: #1 November 1985 Conference Summary

## NOVEMBER CONFERENCE DOCUMENTS

### Atlanta Resolution:

While we wish to include the broadest participation by anarchists and progressive libertarian groups in the Haymarket activities, I should say groups and individuals, we are in favor of banning the RCP and any other Marxist-Leninist centralist parties and their members from all organization and/or planning efforts for the Haymarket centennial. (This was passed by consensus in the Atlanta area, and by all those present at the November planning conference.)

### San Francisco Resolution:

Many Bay Area anarchists plan to celebrate the centennial of the Haymarket Affair next May in Chicago. We understand that other people and organizations will be present and will seek to promote their own distorted analyses of the affair. We fully expect that the RCP and their cronies will be there. Our various experiences and those of our comrades in San Diego, Seattle, and Atlanta, with the RCP over the last year with activities surrounding "No Business As Usual" have made it abundantly clear, that the RCP, and those who collaborate with them, are no friends to anarchists. Among the RCP's collaborators is the Shimo Underground, who have written a celebration of the RCP's role in "No Business As Usual." (See their article on NBAU in "Notes for a New Underground"). With these facts in mind, we urge Chicago area anarchists to exclude RCP members and their sympathizers, and all others known to be hostile to anarchism from participating in the planning, coordinating, and exercising of anarchist activities. (This was passed by consensus by an estimated 55 Bay Area anarchists and by a vote of 23 for, 1 against, 1 abstention, at the November planning conference.)

From Revolutionary Worker, October 28, 1985:

### Revolutionary Communist Party,

Greetings and congratulations on this, your 10th anniversary of the formation of the Revolutionary Communist Party. Unfortunately, we are unable to contribute to your 10th anniversary fund drive. The financial demands that our own work place on us make it impossible, the expense of publishing two bi-monthly papers and distributing them nationwide are great. That and the other organizing we are involved in, right now primarily we are working on the "SHUT DOWN THE ARSENAL" demonstration, October 21, at the Rock Island Arsenal--the largest manufacturing arsenal in the U.S.--and we are also heavily

All sorts of rumors have been circulating as to what I've done with the funds, and I'm not sure how they got started or why. Anyway, here's what I've done:

Returned \$75 to someone needing money back.

Reserved \$200 to help three people return to Chicago at the end of their court supervision in September.

Used \$250 to purchase food and medical supplies that were taken by us to Big Mountain on July 3, along with supplies we had collected.

Used \$200 to copy and pay for postage to mail out the first version of the net-working address list that was put together by some people at the conference and contains more than 200 names. Since such a large number of people wanted this list and since it is so directly related to the conference, it was felt that this was a worthwhile project.

Sent the remaining money--\$75--to the people in Seattle who are editing a book on the conference. They are in need of money and their work is a positive offshoot of the conference.

I know this won't satisfy everyone, but that's impossible. I do, however, think it's justified. I've weighed the feelings of those at the May 4 meeting, and the conversations I've had and letters I've received since. I'm sure there's going to be hard feelings. I'm sorry, but I think it's unavoidable. I hope discussion doesn't degenerate into name-calling. The most disturbing tendencies in anarchist circles recently have been paranoia, power and ego games, and real cruelty toward one another. This behavior is frightening for people calling themselves anarchists and demonstrates a lack of understanding of anarchism. Anarchism is not simply correct politics. We need to develop a total lifestyle and way of relating to each other and the world which is not oppressive, abusive or dictatorial. Politics is a very small part of this.

---Dennis

## FINAL IMPRESSIONS OR "EASY FOR ME TO SAY SINCE I DIDN'T HELP ORGANIZE ANY OF IT"

Some of the moments are working their way into the marrow--the place where hope is lodged

Humans!

For me the gathering was like jumping into the ocean after a long separation--awakening lost political dimensions and renewing connections with humans in this land. sorely felt, previously my affinity had come from europe. for periods i had basically given up on amerika. now i feel stronger--those days in chicago were like a transfusion. i saw, talked with, marched defiantly, danced around with, lived with some of those like me who are trying to change themselves and derail the cancer--machine that envelops us.

On a logistical level, we are necessarily in an infant stage. naturally we were amorphous--the whole thing was experimental as i see it. we from denver weren't even sure if anyone would show up. so with the march--it was a good show of blood, of rage inside, but we had no leaflets and no one outside the group knew what-the-fuck we were yelling about. we

The Chicago organizers of Haymarket '86 scheduled a meeting for Wednesday, May 13 with an understanding that Dennis would attend. Although he did not attend, 11 others did. Assuming that the \$800 loan would be returned, 14 groups were allocated \$65 each. We also established seed money for the next major anarchist conference.

Only after pressure from Lysander Spooner, Resurgence, Minneapolis Back Room Anarchists, Friends of Liberty, et al, did Dennis return the \$800 loan, three weeks after the May 13 meeting. The \$65 checks were mailed June 11 after finally recovering the loan to the bail fund. Since early June, the following Chicago anarchists have been excluded from any further decision-making concerning excess bail funds:

---Rich, Kenneth, Fred, Sheryl, Beth, Jon (plus three others whose signatures are indecipherable)

On Sunday night, May 4, I realized we might have more money in the bail fund than needed. As CAU had not planned a final closing meeting, there was no formal gathering to address this problem. I did not feel that I should return this money, if there was any, over to CAU. People had associated me with the legal work and had entrusted me with the money, and not them.

At 9 p.m. Sunday, there were about 80 people at the church. I asked them to tell me what to do with the left-over money. The discussion lasted about an hour and was conducted in a fashion consistent with the spirit of the conference. The floor was open to all to speak and, although it didn't include every person who may have potentially been interested, it did include a large representative sampling. At the end, four uses were decided upon:

- Reimburse CAU for any debts they accrued in staging the conference.
- Provide money to anyone who needed it to get home.
- Legal defense.
- Purchase supplies to be taken to Big Mountain.

Finally, I asked the participants if they wanted to entrust that money to me or some other person or group for safe-keeping and deciding how much money would go to each use. The group decided to leave the fund with me and left it for me to decide how much money would be allocated for each purpose. Someone reminded us that there was a July 6 deadline for relocation at Big Mountain, and the group instructed me to use the money for that purpose prior to the deadline.

Of the remaining \$1,965, \$155 was given back to people who had put up money they needed to get home. The person who had given the \$400 check asked that \$200 be returned to him if not needed. This was done and left us with \$1,600.

CAU told me that they had no outstanding debts. They insisted on having the \$800 it contributed returned, as it was not needed for defense. The \$800 was given back to them, leaving us with \$800. CAU divided the \$800 among 14 groups who contributed to conference organizing.

It's hard for me to view the decision-making process of the May 4 meeting as non-anarchist. It was definitely in the spirit of the Haymarket '86--Anarchy in Action theme. Its decisions are as valid as those of any "authorized" body and more representative than those of any group, even the convention organizers. I feel I am obligated to stand by those decisions. As an anarchist, I don't have the right to overrule them or allow any other small faction to do so.

involved in the building struggle for a Revolutionary Haymarket Centennial, April 28-May 4, 1986 in Chicago. These efforts take up all of our organization's funds, as well as much of our personal available money.

We do want to, however, lend our voice to the many who would say that the ten years of the RCP's existence have made a major difference in the internationalist revolutionary movement. The volume, depth and integrity of your analysis of the world situation, as well as many specifics within it, have been a great contribution to the Science of Revolution and to people's understanding of it. We ourselves, individually, have greatly valued the work we have done in various struggles and projects that you have initiated, including building for and taking part in, Revolutionary May Day 1980, the campaign to keep Bob Avakian and the Mao Defendants free--culminating in the November 1979 demonstrations in D.C.--through the debate at Columbia on the nature of the Soviet Union, and NBAU. The Revolutionary Communist Party has consistently been in the forefront of the struggle to build the Working Class and oppressed peoples Revolutionary movement toward the goal of World Revolution.

Though there are some differences that we have with the RCP in terms of historical analysis and political philosophy, the SHIMO Underground Network has benefitted greatly in terms of our own political analysis, from the work that you have done and continue to do. Keep up the good work, stay out there on the leading edge. Once again, our heartfelt congratulation and support in the dangerous, bold, and decisive struggle we face and responsibility that we have. THANK YOU!!! NO MORE ELECTIONS!!! SMASH THE STATE IN '88!!! REVOLUTION IN THE '80S GO FOR IT!!!

Sincerely,  
Jim, chair, SHIMO Underground

---Documents enclosed with Haymarket Bulletin: #1

The only thing that the people from N.Y. wanted me to mention, was that they hoped it would be an "anarchist" event--and that meant no RCP involvement with the organizing. Well, I found out in Chicago that several groups wrote up resolutions asking for the same thing. This concern caused the biggest debate at the conference when a group of probable RCP co-conspirators showed up. This regression meant that we only really had time to talk about an agenda and how many people were expected to show. The 40 or so of us estimated at least 400 people would come.

---Chartreuse Colada

I am an individualist anarchist and participated in both the planning conference in November, 1985 and the anarchist gathering in May, 1986. I was glad I attended both events, but each time I came away with my cynicism about anarchists and the possibility of ever realizing a free society reinforced by the behavior of many of the people who participated.

In November, I drove out to Chicago with some friends from Boston and Connecticut. I got to the planning conference several hours late and found people discussing the Shimo people and whether they should be allowed to participate in the conference if they came. People had obviously been discussing this issue for quite a while and most people seemed willing to exclude them. A couple of people from Shimo arrived shortly after I did and people asked them questions directly about their relationship with RCP and they defended their position of wanting to work with both anarchists and leninists. I saw no need to exclude

them from the meeting, especially as my differences with many of the anarchists in the room were as fundamental as my differences with Shimo, and many of the people who spoke out against Shimo seemed as authoritarian as leninists I've met. Eventually, people decided to come to a decision on the issue by trying to agree on a resolution to let Shimo stay as observers, but not as participants, in the meeting. Since I blocked consensus on this resolution, there was a vote, and I was the only one who opposed the resolution. After the vote, the Shimo people decided to leave the meeting instead of staying as observers.

I got so angry about what had happened that I left the meeting shortly after this, and drifted in and out at different times later in the day, but didn't participate at all. It really pissed me off to see supposed anarchists using the usual tired lefty jargon and behaving in the usual authoritarian lefty way. After the meeting, I wasn't even sure I would come back for the events in May. The best part of the conference for me was the parties before and after the planning meeting itself, where I met a few nice people and had fun socializing. On the way home to Boston, I discussed the events of the weekend and decided I would go to the Haymarket gathering in May, despite my negative feelings about many of the people I met at the planning conference.

---Joe

an open letter regarding the Shimo Underground/RCP/Haymarket Centennial controversy

as far as i can recall, i 1st encountered the Shimo Underground via issue #5 of Popular Reality. i inquired as to what it was in a letter to "crowbar" (PR's editor) & received a reply describing it somewhat as a moderately widespread political conglomerate--with mention of Autonomien street fighting--unfortunately, it's too difficult for me to find his letter at the moment & i can't therefore quote him accurately. since, as a response to my public eccentricity, i've been threatened with almost daily constancy (with recent respite due to my current grayness) for the majority of my life by rednecks, jocks, racist blacks, racist whites, & repressive conformists in general (be they arm boys &/or "punks"), etc. (hopefully, evolutionarily doomed species) & since i'd recently undergone a particularly harsh spate of such hatred (see my letter in PopReal #8), my ire was of the sort that i felt inclined to ally myself with yet another non-party-line etc. group. when i ally myself with something i prefer to attempt to accomplish a concrete step toward furthering it's aims--thus i offered to publish a Shimo Underground Ant(holy)Gee & my offer has been printed in condensed form in every PopReal since. as a result of this offer i've received some, but not much, material. most of it has been from "crowbar" & Yael in california. i've only received 1 issue of the Notes for a New Underground & 1 letter from Jim. at worst, i consider "crowbar"'s interest in the proposed anthology to be in self-glorification & his (so far somewhat unsubstantial) claims as to who are Shimo affiliates to be wishful thinking--i don't consider either of these things to be substantially objectionable--i could be accused of both (but i don't feel compelled to defend myself at this time).

i hate correct line politics--they impede the flow of pleasure & the ability to perceive things freshly & clearly without the stereotyping blinders of dogma. as such, i hate stalin, reagan, lenin, mao, trotsky, marx, freud, capitalism, communism, the RCP, etc. nonetheless, as a non-correct-liner, i pick & choose things that i appreciate from each. i cohabituate with an RCP supporter--i'm generally frustrated as a response to him & i frequently berate him for his almost total lack of sense--in short i give him hell for his acceptance of dogma from the likes of Bob Avakian & simultaneously admire his dedication to a vision of a revolutionarily changed world & his dogged (albeit often awkward) attempts to bring this about through persistent activism--i even like his tactics sometimes. i appreciate the Revolutionary Worker's being bilingual & rapidly responsive to issues--i appreciate that

---Chartreuse Colada

The gathering at Waldheim Cemetery restored my energy and renewed my class hatred. It was a shame that we ruined the Illinois Historical Society's celebration for dead anarchists by showing that there's some living anarchists. The little disturbance with them renewed my faith in Stalinist police behavior. I could picture Louis Lingg rising from his grave to spit in the face of the Stalinist speakers. On ironic thing that actually happened was Utah Phillips, an invited guest of theirs, sang an anti-state song. Long Live The People, Death To All States!

---Wild Wayne

## **BAIL FUND CONTROVERSEY OR "MONEY, AS IT ALWAYS DOES, CREATED HARD FEELINGS"**

One post-gathering incident developed around that evil mediation, money, shortly after the conclusion of the events. It appears from a reading of separate and only somewhat conflicting accounts that one individual took it upon himself to disburse a rather large sum of money left over from the contributions to the bail fund collected after the Friday afternoon arrests.

An exchange of charges took place between some of the Haymarket '86 organizers and the individual, but eventually all of the almost \$2,000 was disbursed. After expenses, a large contribution was made to the Big Mountain Support Committee (which was opposed by the Haymarket group since it was not to an anarchist recipient) plus \$65 (each) was given to a number of anti-authoritarian projects and publications including this newspaper.

Money, as it always does, created hard feelings which do not seem to have been resolved.

---excerpt from Fifth Estate

Our problems with the surplus bail money go back as far as the Sunday May 4 meeting called to discuss these extra monies. This meeting, unlike most of the other H'86 meetings, was neither announced nor posted. Most of the Haymarket organizers left before its 10 p.m. start, exhausted and unaware of its existence. With them, left significant information necessary to make decisions on the matter including the loan of \$800 to the bail fund by Haymarket '86. This loan was never mentioned by people aware of it at the May 4 meeting. Assuming that Dennis would include other Chicago organizers in the decision-making process, he was entrusted with the surplus bail funds.

Immediately following the conference, Jon and Steve contacted Dennis about the surplus funds. Dennis indicated his intention 14 weeks ago to send out a survey to determine the will of Haymarket '86 participants regarding this money. Several people repeatedly attempted to contact Dennis by phone, but he was generally uncooperative in returning these calls. The undersigned all made significant contributions toward Haymarket '86 and resent Dennis' decision to exclude and ignore us in the process of distributing excess money.

A group of 30 to 60 of us attended the memorial gathering at Waldheim Cemetery on Sunday morning in a low-key action which felt to me like a perfect way to wind down the weekend. A fair number of the folks who'd gotten out of jail the day before were part of the contingent. When the liberal organizers of this gathering arrived, they found the martyrs' monument decorated with a wreath by Alan from NYC and a black flag with a red A belonging to the Chicago organizers of our centennial celebration.

The Illinois Labor Historical Society (ILHS), seeing us there in a fairly large contingent (one should keep in mind here that the organizers of the anarchist gathering had approached them in advanced to try to get a speaker on their program and that this particular participation was the result of their refusal to even talk to us), approached us with a proposal that we'd be given the mike for five minutes in return for our removing the flag which we'd installed in the arms of the lady on the monument. They could get no consensus from the group to agree to these terms, but when they offered the mike, Steve took advantage of it and made a short, impromptu address. The ILHS dude then tied to take the flag down, and tussled with Fred, who told him that "we never agreed to that." We then wound up reinstalling the flag where it met their verbalized concerns (that the flag impaired the sight of the monument) while not decreasing the flag's visibility. There was another slight tussle when the wind caused one of our flags (there were by then several black and red & black flags around the monument) to fall and some RCP type tried to make off with it. He gave it back, though, with neither blows being exchanged nor voices being raised. At appropriate junctures, chants were raised to the end of correcting some of the distortions of history coming from the speakers. Various of our group wandered around handing out copies of Emancipation and another handout which'd been put together Saturday afternoon. a couple speakers actually made stilted and strained references to the anarchist beliefs of the martyrs, which I'm personally satisfied that they wouldn't have made had they not felt the pressure from us. After the ILHS's program ended, there was some picture-taking and we sort of filtered off to do whatever we were committed to do for the afternoon. Alan's wreath wound up on Emma Goldman's grave.

---Pat

The next morning I went to Waldheim Cemetery. I'd been there before and one thing I knew I wanted to do again was dance on the Stalinist, Leninist, Trotskyist, Marxist, Working-Class Heroes graves. Hell, I wasn't unfair: I even danced on Voltairine de Cleyre's grave and the memorial (I have no respect for monuments per se.)

Anyway, our presence annoyed the liberals who wanted to proclaim the martyrs heroes for reform (Puke, gag!) I mingled amongst the liberals, heckling their display. They got angry and said, "If you don't like it, why don't you go home and leave us alone!" Then they were real upset when some people danced, spit, and even pissed on Stalinist row. (For those who never were there, there are some terribly offensive folks buried in a couple of rows, right next to the memorial.) This was one confrontation.

Anyway, I had to get out of there because tons of FBI guys were taking my picture. I had tried to fly my present--an anar-kite (a big kite with a circle A on it--but it didn't work. Typical, huh? then the liberals had a moment of silence and a procession to touch the monument. We immediately broke into a false faith-healing. That goes down as the most fun I had in Chicago. it was rather funny and so appropriate. It was like, "Touch the monument and be absolved from your bourgeois decadent lifestyle." Then the liberals took family photos in front of the monument.

they supported MOVE when the Philadelphia shits bombed them--who else did? & yet, i'm not an RCP supporter because i neither support communism (just another system that takes too few variables into consideration) or their particular brand of militance.

so now i come to the various claims that the Shimo Underground is an RCP front. maybe "chairman" (he's not my chairman--nor is anyone else!) Jim is an RCP supporter, maybe NBAU has been overly controlled by the RCP in some cities (it wasn't in BalTimOre), maybe in the free flow of things PopReal has picked & chosen some RCP material as supportive of its general drift--but as for the accusation that the Shimo Underground in general is an RCP front: i think that's ridiculous! & symptomatic of the very type of correct line tunnel vision on the part of the "anarchist" accusers that i dislike in the RCP!--in other words, i think the "anarchists" are guilty of the same type of reductionist rhetoric that their enemies are by reducing a polyglot (well represented in Popular Reality's cultural mix of punk, SubGenius, perverse Neoist, Left-out wing, etc.--which is why i like to contribute to it) to 1 big bad boogie-man! at the height of the idiocy (or, at least, near the peak of it) the Stalinists-Leninists are called fascist--they certainly have their similarities but let's not oversimplify to the point that we cease to perceive their differences as well. i am not any more likely to be controlled by the RCP because of my affiliation with Shimo than i'm likely to be controlled by capitalism because i use money (in fact less so)--i twist everything to my own playfully perverted ends. i get the impression that "crowbar" is the same way (& since he's 1 of 2 co-founders of the egocentrically named ShiMos i think he represents them as well as anyone else connected)--i may be off the deep end here but i think that he and Jim work together not because they agree but because they respect each other's energy & friendship enough to cooperate--that seems to be why there are 2 Shimo mags--1 edited by Jim & 1 edited by "crowbar". if these 2 mags represent 2 factions then i am more allied with the PopReal orientation.

& then there's the Haymarket Centennial that all this brouhaha stems from. some chicago anarchists notified me of their plans to hold a conference in chicago in november to plan for May Day commemorative activities (i'd already read mention of this in PopReal--so let's at least give the mag some credit for getting the word out)--this impressed me as all well & good insofar as when i call myself anything political (in the established vocabulary) it's most often an anarchist (although in what i might call a John Cagean sense, to perhaps poorly paraphrase him, by saying that what i like about zen, anarchy, & dada is that they are undefined--&, therefore, open-minded--a political party hearty of dissenting individuals who know when to cooperate without having to govern) & insofar as i have a great deal of respect for the Haymarket martyrs. however, the mailing that i got from these chicagoans smacked of dullness & lack of imagination. oh no, i shuddered, more of these stultifying banal retentives sending their leadeness to make May Day Gray(ve) Day instead of Gay Day! hence, i wrote back saying i probably wouldn't make it there. since then, i've changed my mind & decided to attend (hopefully) anyway--i want to check it out in person & meet these anarchists to find out what we have as common ground for getting somewhere together--i'm curious. i think the critique of the proposed Haymarket Centennial from Jon of the IWW as printed in PopReal #10 (pp 6&7) hits home the most accurately of anything that i've read so far--unfortunately, i can't claim to be a good enough political historian to be able to pick up on whatever self-serving revisionism there may be in his version of Haymarket history, but, he seems to have it down as far as i can tell. anyway, the point he made to me is that the Haymarket anarchists were serious revolutionaries at the vanguard of many thousands of people desperate for action against their horrendous working/living conditions. i respect them for that. what, however, do the anarchists of the november conference represent? apparently not thousands of workers/players. while they may respect the Haymarket avant guard for the same reasons that i do & may agree whole-heartedly with Jon's critique of the shallow revisionist co-opting of anarchist history for cheap facade

politico & labor union bosses' uses i wonder if they also think much about the differences between the conditions of 1886 which enabled the anarchists to so successfully organize so many people & the conditions of 1986 that lead to the authoritarian exclusion of Shimoites from organizing & to the well known in-squabbling that oh so boringly characterizes so much of the Left-out wing's interaction?

i'll never support the homogeneous masses, but i will throw the chips on my shoulder in the creative, pleasure-seeking hedonists of the free-flowing polyglot over the dogmatic dolt drums of the so-called "anarchists" any day. (or will i?)

your comrade in imperfect letter writing,  
tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE

Way back last fall, I had a shit fit when I got Notes from the New Underground. There was "Chairman" Jim calling for a rehashed repeat of the '69 Days of Rage for the same time the Haymarket gathering was to take place; that, combined with his enamored reportage of No Business As Usual on April 29th, his rapturous support of the RCP and his vague, militant, quasi-leftoid anti-authoritarian Stalinism caused my toes to curl. Out here in the Bay Area, we had nasty run-ins with the RCP and their take-over of NBAU as a new recruiting tool, and I had heard the same from other anarchists around the country. All I could think was, great, the RCP are trying to take over Haymarket, and so I sounded the alarm.

It just happens I just had begun writing Crowbar from Popular Reality about his coverage of NBAU (reprinted from the RCP newspaper, the Revolutionary Worker). I had written a critical letter to him, basically saying, hey, what's the deal here? He had written back with his response (that he thought the RCP was fucked, but, hey, there were probably a few naive souls with good intentions in it), and so began our correspondence. So after I read Notes from..., I wrote Crowbar asking for an explanation of Shimo/Notes from.../PopReal connections; according to Crowbar, Shimo was started in the early '70s by some high school students (he and Jim and others--the word Shimo is a combination of Jim's and a friend's name) that attracted the police's and FBI's attention with militant antics. Shimo was loosely organized along the same lines as the Yippies were which meant that anyone who wanted to affiliate with them could.

Shimo went into hibernation until Crowbar began PopReal (at least that's the way I understood it); as people became interested in PopReal, they also began to affiliate again. According to Crowbar, Shimo can be anything to anyone, that it doesn't really mean anything to be a Shimo. Therefore, if Jim pompously wanted to call himself Chairman and start writing in the royal we, then he could; it meant nothing. No one else considered Jim the chairman of Shimo.

This is where things get all tangled up, and people all over overreacted. Without any understanding of what Shimo was, or its relationship to PopReal (and seemingly not wanting to understand), Fred started a campaign to purge all of Shimo from the Haymarket gathering, and sent out a paranoid mailing about PopReal--Shimo. The letters flew hot and heavy from all over, and I'm sure they'll be finding their way into this collection. Jim and Pete contributed to the paranoia by issuing official proclamations and rebuttal letters to Fred, all the while referring to themselves as "we" and implying masses of militant "youth" would be arriving in Chicago and how much organizing they had to do. (In the long run, all pipe dreams.) And Crowbar made more of a mess of things by publicizing the whole brouhaha in PopReal and going out of his way to do things to irritate Fred.

know what motivated the erst of these guys, but I was just plain lame. I don't believe in flags. I don't even believe in black flags. Even less than in burial do I believe in flags. In fact, if there is one thing I do believe in the burial of, it's flags. Yet there I was, squared off with a dozen strangers against two-three hundred hostile bozos. One of the left-liberal swine stepped up and grabbed the flag, defiling it with his foul touch. Before he could pull it away, one of "Us" grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and began to haul him down. A rather large, polyester-clad stalinist union hack (or so I'm told) grabbed him by the scruff of his neck and began to haul him off the first guy's back. Immediately, I jumped on the big guy's back, twisted his arm beyond disablement, but not quite to pain and threw a carotid choke hold on him. I didn't clamp down. I didn't have to. I could have snapped his neck like a chicken bone. He was totally at my mercy, and he knew it. I knew he knew it. He knew I knew he knew it. That was sufficient. He froze, still clutching the anarchist's collar. The anarchist, probably thinking he was had, also froze, still holding the first guy's collar. The first guy, probably thinking he was about to be dashed to the concrete if he moved, also froze. His hand was still on the flag. The flag was still in the hand of the statue, the only one of us that had had the sense to remain still. There we were, four men and a bronze woman, frozen like characters in some historic tableau in a waxworks. The entire scenario resembled naught so much as the flurry of captures that resolves the rising tension of the mid-game in chess. Bozo takes flag. Anarchist takes bozo. Union hack takes anarchist. I take hack. Check. Freeze frame.

I looked over this jerk's shoulder at the monster brawl about to erupt, and for the first time all day achieved some semblance of cognizance. The key question, of course, was "How man of thee guys are packing?" Even if only 1 percent were packing (probably a low estimate for Chicago), that still meant 12 to 18 rounds. One is enough. the "key question" didn't occur to me until later. My first thought was, "Here I am, committing at least 'aggravated assault' and perhaps 'mob action against the state' in front of two to three hundred hostile witnesses, at least 50 cameras, and a TV news crew." Then I realized that I must not be "thinking" clearly or else I would not have gotten into such a position in the first place. I quickly concluded that if I were not in control of all my faculties, I would very likely come up hurt or in trouble at the conclusion. Both logic and intuition told me to pack it in. It is not my True Will to fight for mere symbols. For real things, yes, I am willing and able to fight. For Freedom, yes; for Justice, yes; for food, shelter, the necessities of life, yes. Any time. For flags, no.

I don't know what went on in the others' minds. The upshot was that we all let go of each other at once and took a couple of steps apart. A fifth guy (one of "Them") grabbed the mike and said, "OK, let's put it to a vote. How many people want to see the monument?" About one hand in four went up. "That settles it," he said, "the flag comes down." He snatched it down. I walked away dry-eyed and disgusted.

This sordid interlude was the definite low point of the gathering for me. The best parts were those times when we set aside our many differences in order to cooperate on those things on which we do agree. No, the vegans have not taken up beef to humor the omnivores, nor have the pacifists taken up arms. Far from it. But neither or these issues no any of the myriad others got in the way of our working together on jail solidarity, support of Big Mountain, etc. If this type of thinking catches on, the state is doomed.

I also liked learning some new chants. Chanting definitely alters the consciousness. My favorites were: "No More Chanting...No More Chanting..." and "One Two Three Four...Five Six Seven Eight!!!"

Sez it all, huh?

---Lee

drugs, but this in no way makes me immune to ritual. I am human. My consciousness is alterable. Even "against" my "Will."

I am not using all these quotation marks as a literary device, but to connote the arbitrariness of the definitions involved. Whenever we (arbitrarily) impose an objective/subjective dichotomy on our "understanding" of "consciousness," we open a very squirmy can of worms. "Just the facts, Ma'am."

In total sobriety, without even Partaking of the Sacred Caffeine, I set out with a good night's rest behind me and no idea what I was doing. A couple dozen anarchists and Wobblies arrived before me. Wreaths adorned the monument. A black flag emblazoned with the anarchist "trademark" had been placed in the hand of the magnificent bronze statue. To pass the time, I examined the surrounding grave stones. Emma Goldman is buried here, Lucy Parsons and Ben Reitman. But also I saw many unknown and often unpronounceable names with epithets like "he devoted his life to Liberty" and "Mother and Comrade." My breath quickened and became shallow. My heart beat faster. My blood pressure. Strangest of all, a tear ran down my cheek.

Like most males of my culture, I was heavily conditioned from an early age to repress public displays of most emotion, most especially tears. Like the song (and school, church, parents and state)sez, "boys don't cry." Though I have ("intellectually") rejected this principle for many years, I still find it difficult in most circumstances to break the conditioning without first having my consciousness altered by drugs, ritual, trauma, etc. That I should cry spontaneously when sober and rested, when I wasn't even trying to, should have clued me in immediately that some external Force was effecting my consciousness. It didn't. Without conscious thought, I reflexively invoked culturally acquired generic male tear suppression program. In a brief moment of (false?) consciousness, I "rationalized" this behavior as "suitable" for "this time and place." Though this program is usually easy to "log in ," and easier to "execute," this time it wasn't working. This too should have clued me in. It didn't. I "concluded" that it was no big deal and simply ignored a significant part of my own conscious awareness from emotion and the inevitable fragmenting of the whole which ensures is more than self-contradictory and precursive of cognitive dissonance. It flies in the face of the Logic which the Men of our People so exalt to the preclusion near all else. Why think with only part of you brain? Why engage in any inherently self-hobbling behavior, especially "on purpose?" Like the man (?) said, "Highly illogical!"

O.K. so a couple of tears fell out of my head. Big fucking deal. Ignore it. It will "go away." It is so easy to ignore your emotions, especially if any time in your life you bought any of the patriarchy's bullshit about "how to behave." To reject the dominant paradigm "intellectually" is only part of developing a truly autonomous consciousness. "Autonomy" that is not second nature is illusory. Furthermore, it would seem that for all my supposed "enlightenment" that I too am perfectly capable of behaving as lame as the next guy.

It so happens that I am privy to certain arcane techniques of mentation that could (had I had the sense to have had employed them prior to the commencement of the ritual) have prevented the fragmentation of consciousness that dictated my subsequent behavior. Even if I had but allowed myself to heed the persistent clues, I might have proceeded with a oneness of self that would have grounded my actions in reason and realism. But nooooo. I acted on impulse.

To make a long story short, some of "Them" wanted to take the black flag from the statue before ("Their part of) the ceremony began. Some of "Us" wanted to stop them. I don't

You know, Fred and Jim and Pete and Crowbar, I think you're all really fucked about this whole Shimo/Haymarket affair. Things were blown all out of proportion (and I admit in the beginning before I knew the whole story, I did my share of blowing), and the amount of time and energy and paper wasted over this makes me want to cry. Did anyone really come to Chicago because of what Jim wrote in Notes from the New Underground? Did the RCP try to take over Haymarket--as if they really cared? The only thing that came close to possible anticipated "Days of Rage" was the "anti-capitalism" demonstration and that was set up by the Chicago organizers.

---Freddie

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OR "I HAD NEVER BEEN TO CHICAGO EITHER"

Before going, I thought I would die. I was so scared of going alone! I almost missed my flight out of ottawa because I took the wrong bus to the airport. Then in toronto, I got lost in the airport. So far so good. Then the arrogant, contemptuous customs officials took their time searching my suitcase and chequing my id. Expecting this, I had mailed most of my literature ahead of time, but they were quite content to waste time going thru everything, trying to make me uneasy. Time passed, and still the officer didn't return with my id. I thought this was the end of my journey. But I did get my id back and was allowed to enter the u.s. (what a thrill!). As a result of these delays, I almost missed my plane to chicago! But I finally arrived in chicago, on wednesday in the late afternoon. I went to this guy's apartment with whom I'd spoken to briefly on the phone. He was very nice and cheerful, the first friendly person I'd met in chicago so far. In the evening we went to one of the gathering places, a church basement, to meet with other conference people. I was shy, but I did meet some people, including some penpals, which was fun.

---Nicole

the gathering actually started on wednesday night, the 31st, at the church with people mostly hanging out in their own groups, but there was some tentative ice breaking. there were refreshments, and the literature table. that literature table alone was an achievement. all through the event it seemed that something new was turning up on it. i only kept the things i wanted the very most, and even that was a bulky armload.

---Hal

April 30, 11:20 p.m.

I am sitting in a cramped room right now, watching my friends and some newly-made acquaintances slowly nod off to sleep. The room is crowded because there are about fifteen people sprawled throughout this tiny two-bedroom apartment. In addition to this, all of our stuff is piled into one of the corners taking up even more space. But I can't complain in the slightest. Rich, the guy who lives here, offered our whole group crash space the minute we walked into the church tonight and said we needed a place to stay. A lot of our anxiety about where we were going to stay has disappeared after getting to know this great person. I can already tell that this is going to be an incredible experience.

The pre-conference get-together tonight was very enlightening. Many of the preconceptions

that I had about the people who were going to attend were completely shattered. For instance, while we were on our way to the Wellington Church earlier tonight, we thought that we might pick up some beer or wine or something to relax. But we decided against it for some strange reason. I think it was because we had some peculiar notion that these people we were about to meet were going to be these very hard, ultra-serious anarchist intellectuals who would have condemned and shunned us for bringing something as decadent as alcohol to the gathering. This was very strange and as I write this I must laugh to myself to think that I had such ridiculous misconceptions. Anyway, when we arrived, we were pleasantly surprised to find an almost festive atmosphere. The energy that I felt was truly exciting. People drinking, talking, relating in a very friendly and relaxed environment. Learning experience number one. I met a great many people tonight who were very interesting and helpful. A guy named Ben who kindly drove us to rescue our packs from the Greyhound bus station lockers. His friend Lara, an incredibly interesting person that I feel I have a lot in common with. Old friends from San Francisco and countless others. I was surprised, though, at how few people were there tonight, but the word is that there are many more people on their way for tomorrow.

I am quickly fading into sleep myself as it has been a long and busy day. I feel very fortunate that we found this place to end the first day of this adventure called Haymarket '86. If today was any indication of the things to come, I can't wait.

---Tim

On Thursday morning, May 1, I arrived in Chicago on the Greyhound bus for the Haymarket gathering. I arrived at 6:00, so I had plenty of time to look around the city and walk to the church for the first workshop. I had not been involved in any anarchist groups, but wanted to see what it was like and get involved if I could. I had never been to Chicago, either.

---David

#### AN IMPASSIONED SPEECH TO THE ATTENDEES OF HAYMARKET '86

Fellow anarchists,

I cannot be with you today, because I am a quadriplegic and travel is very difficult for me. But I am with you in spirit, and hope you will permit me these few words.

When the Haymarket Tragedy occurred in 1886, the anarchist movement was large and vibrant. Its heyday lasted over 50 years, from the Civil War abolitionists to the Twentieth Century deportations. In our times, I am sorry to say, I see only a skeleton of a movement left.

It is not because there are no committed anarchists out there, or that our ranks are too tiny. Your numbers here in Chicago make a lie of that. No, I suggest the problem is a lack of cohesiveness, of true comradeship.

One of the main things Haymarket was about was unity. People with different temperaments and ideas came together to support and promote the struggle for an ideal society: a non-coercive one.

I must admit that I disagree with many of the ideas and actions behind the scenes of Haymarket. I probably hold beliefs that many of you would consider wrong. Likewise, I

## CEMETARY OR "MASS ATONEMENT CEREMONY"

Toward the end of the banquet there were beat-ish poetry readings, speeches and dancing. Someone presented a wreath to be placed on the Haymarket martyrs' graves/monument the following day. It was a large circle with--of course--an A in the middle, entwined with red paper roses and a banner proclaiming "Hurrah for Anarchy!"--the dying words of two of the Haymarket martyrs.

On Sunday (because I am a late sleeper and the transit ride out there took longer than we expected), Memo and I arrived late at Waldheim Cemetery. The scene that met my eyes was a pretty large, loose group of folks sort of milling about. There seemed to be about as many older, straight-looking folks as there were anarchists I recognized from the gathering. We joined in the milling about, talking to anarchists, visiting gravesites, taking pictures, etc. The wreath was placed on the monument, and a lot of the anarchists posed in front of it for a pseudo-group portrait. More slogans were shouted, with some antagonism toward the other people there--the older, straight-looking types. I didn't understand what was going on, why the antagonism, since I had missed all the speeches and (as I read about later) confrontations. So I wandered among the dead.

It was like walking through a library, except the books were tombstones neatly lined up on the ground, redolent cottonwoods looming all around, grass underfoot, blue sky shining through the trees--and nobody shushing the smiling people who conversed, broke into songs or chants, drank champagne from the bottle, and exchanged addresses before saying goodbye. It had been exhilarating to be with a couple hundred anarchists, and now we began heading home: Los Angeles, New York, Portland, Toronto, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Atlanta, Montreal, Detroit, Baltimore, Seattle. Now I know we're everywhere.

---Kris

#### Back From The Grave

I don't believe in burial. If I die under circumstances that make cryonics not feasible, please recycle as many of my body parts as possible. Cut the rest into convenient half-kilo segments and place them, one each and unpreserved, in safety deposit boxes in as many banks as possible. After a respectable period of time, you may feel free to burn the banks and dance in the ruins.

Prior to the Haymarket gathering, I have visited graveyards only to walk the dog, get high in private, have sex in the great outdoors, or (occasionally) to sleep. On the last day of the Haymarket gathering, forces that I have yet to fathom drove me to Waldheim Cemetery to witness and even participate (perhaps "against" my "Will") in a travesty of ritual of whose irrelevance and offensiveness I have been cognizant for years. A group of leftists, liberals, and similar bozos came together to "commemorate" the Haymarket martyrs by defaming their memory with lies, boring speeches, dull songs, and a procession featuring an Actual Touching of "Blessed" Monument Itself.

Ritual and ceremony alter consciousness. Whether well done or clumsy, performed or observed, "believed" in or not, their effect on Mind, "Spirit," and even physiology are easily confirmable by both personal perception and "scientific" observation. Personally, I prefer



CHAUVINIST CENSORSHIP in spades!). All this over and beyond the honest disorder and confusion you might expect at such a gathering. The perpetrators were not stealing from me: the lit was free. They were stealing from you, depreciating our libertarian reputation, and obstructing the progress of our movement.

A content analysis of free literature on tables shows that from 49 sources there were about 107 pieces of literature with 13 pieces showing any concern with the Middle East. Of these, nine pieces featured the subject and five of these came from one source: Fifth Estate--55 percent from one source!--and one of the five was a letter from Christopher taking FE to task for avoiding the issue for a dozen years until the Establishment Press made it "safe" but then dumping on me as anti-Semitic because I did not wait for Establishment Leadership on the issue! The (dishonesty and) treachery began long before our Haymarket '86 an-archist gathering. What are you doing to overthrow it? (In the content analysis, I did not count my own literature.)

But there was a positive side. I received several thankful appreciations for the literature I supplied to tables and for workshop discussions.

---Joffre

The Saturday evening banquet was a powerful and moving experiences. Early on there was a spirited verbal and theatrical demonstration by the largely vegan attendees against the minority that chose to eat meat, as well as against the organizers who chose to accommodate that minority. This demonstration sorta blended into a period of political speechifying and debating. Emotions soared as various political polemics flew back and forth until a few people started to climb up on chairs, shout to be heard, and deliver various statements designed to break the tension and cool things down. It did appear for a little while that this grouping of (once more, I guess) 250-300 anarchists in a church basement was about to turn into a free-for-all. Early in the evening, someone said to me that "this's certainly not what comes to mind when you hear the word banquet." The inflamed passions which caused me concern for the peaceful conclusion of the evening were, however, spontaneously cooled in response to the actions of an aware minority just in time to keep a fight from breaking out and cops from being called. Maybe the busts of the pervious evening (the last people who were busted were finally released before the "banquet" was over) had something to do with this or maybe they didn't.

After the speechifying was over, people started dancing. The music and dancing went on for a good while, with various people disrobing to differing extents. During this time, an Atlanta comrade (David) who was standing next to me said, "Consider that this is very probably the best party on the planet at this particular moment."

At about 9:30 that evening, I realized that we needed to be out of there in an hour and a half, and looked at the heavy-duty, serious partying which was happening. So I looked up one of the organizers and mentioned this to him, and was told "So YOU make the announcement." Which I didn't do, but did join the handful of other souls who had just quietly started to clean up. What happened is that a gradually increasing group just started folding up chairs, collecting empty beer cans, and generally straightening the place up. There couldn't have been more than three or four people doing this in the beginning, but by the time it was over, there were about ten times that number. We were supposed to be out of the place and have it cleaned up by 11:00 in the evening. In fact, all the folks except those working on the cleaning were gone by half past, and the job was finished in another hour. The church's minister and his wife were there for the last hour and a half or so, and my impression was that we left them with a good taste in their mouths despite being an hour and a half behind schedule getting out of the basement.

probably disagree in some fashion with each one of you. But that does not matter. Ideas do no harm, only actions do. So long as we act peacefully, and interact voluntarily, all the rest are irrelevant preferences and prejudices. They define our individual personalities, but we should never allow them to interfere with anarchist unity, not now, nor in our anarchist future. When we get there, our "major disagreements" will become the spice of life in a truly pluralistic world. It is toward that end that I strongly urge you all to do as Voltairine asked us, namely, be "anarchists without adjectives."

You who are here now have a vivid sense of our past. By making new friends, I hope you also have a much firmer grasp of our present. But what about the future? As you all depart, I beg you think about three things:

1) Live anarchy. Find peace in your own minds, bodies, and souls. If you do not, you are no use to yourselves, much less anyone else. And when you do find inner peace, direct your lives in every way toward happiness, fulfillment, and liberation. Every action you then take will almost instinctively lead in the direction of freedom.

2) Cooperate. For the sake of all that can be good in the world, put aside personality clashes and irrelevant disputes. It sounds trite, but we are the future. We are the ones who came, battered but still moving, through all the garbage authoritarians threw at us for most of our lives. If we cannot learn to live, work, and love together, then the hope of anarchy is dead. Period.

3) Get serious by getting passionate. Academic research and philosophical treatises have their place, but what we really need are more "converts." I put that in quotes as a warning because finding converts is the work of missionaries and politicians. They find new followers by preaching, educating, cajoling, and threatening. We do not want converts; we want more free-thinking anarchists. The only ways to do that are by persuading, sharing, caring, and the most important--setting an example.

Haymarket had a lot to do with anarchy and dynamite. Anarchy is dynamite--passionate, all-encompassing love of freedom. There are millions of people in the world who already live in a sort of de facto anarchy. At the very least, they, unlike the rock-hard statists and deists, have open or just confused minds. So I beg you, go home and reach out to your neighbors, gently, in every way possible. It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness.

The candle we carry is dynamite, and only we have the choice of how to use it. If only we all begin to practice understanding, cooperation, and passionate action, I truly believe the future can be salvaged. We owe that to the Haymarket martyrs, and most importantly, we owe it to ourselves.

---Paul

The experience of shared community on the bus provided as much @ learning as the conference (not to slag the conference). We sang May songs to practice for our may pole. Many of the people had just met. There was food to share, beer to drink and rest stops to negotiate.

By the time we arrived in Chicago, we had developed a true sense of camaraderie. Despite the hour, excitement ran high. We dropped those of our members off who opted for a "real" bed in a "real" house. We then proceeded to the next day's Anarchy Central, renewed our beer stock, hunted for an enormous parking space. We parked under the "E!", one-half

block from our destination and cracked a new beer. Our presence immediately stirred the curiosity of the neighborhood. One of the folks on the block came to check us out.

"What're ya doin' here?"

"Parking."

"What for?"

"To sleep."

"Where?"

"Right here."

"Right here in this thing?"

"Yeah."

"Nah, don't lie ta me, man. You guy's a band or somethin'? What're ya'll doin' here?...No really?...No shit?"

Well, the neighborhood seemed to like us and look out for us. Our "friend" of the first night stopped by almost every night. He brought us coffee one morning and he brought us tapes to listen to. He talked to us and listened to our ideas, he and a myriad of other people from the conference and the city.

Throughout the days of the conference, the proximity of our bus helped our little group maintain a sense of connectedness and continuity. We would occasionally check in, regroup and proceed on.

---Rea Lies

## MAY DAY

## OR "RCP GOES BACK TO THE MASSES"

### PILSEN MARCH (MAY DAY)

One hundred years ago Pilsen was a Polish-German working class neighborhood characterized by labor radicalism. Located nearby was an open-air farmers' market--Haymarket Square. The Square itself fell victim to developers and wholesale grocers who, quite deliberately, pushed the farmers out of the city. Pilsen has become a working-class Chicano neighborhood. The radicalism lingers on in barrio politics and the annual Pilsen March which commemorates the Haymarket anarchists.

This year the march was led by the Hispanic Centennial Committee and included roughly equal numbers of RCPers, Wobblies, and anarchists from the Chicago Anarchist Gathering (CAG)--about 400 marchers in all. The parade route, from Haymarket Square to a neighborhood park, was lined with sympathetic and curious residents. Although some members of the centennial committee expressed disgust with the indelicacy of some RCP and anarchist slogans, the main part of the march was low-key.

Near the end of the route, however, the anarchist contingent, disgusted as ever by the RCP, decided to cut in line ahead of them, just to do it. This maneuver placed us beyond the permitted parade route. As very few of us knew Chicago's streets and none felt like hearing speeches, we just kept marching. Things were getting interesting.

is made Jewish Chauvinists pull out a lot of liberal (not anarchist) rhetoric, saying: "YOU DON'T ATTACK RELIGION." Thus, under the hypocritical guise of being polite to religion, they protect both Jewish domination and monotheism. This Jewish Chauvinist doouublleettaallkk is only accentuated by the fact that the chauvinists preface their remarks with a disclaimer of being Zionist (and the paucity of concern for the Mid-East in the @ press demonstrates their lie). Comrades: our cause, if it is to keep (or win) the respect of the public, should show that its practice is fair and unbiased. If you're going to piss on religion, make it certain and clear that you piss on Judaism as well. It's more important to be fair than to be atheist...Also, in my answer to the woman who introduced the Star of David issue, I made the pacifist point that David was a war criminal and they should read the Bible for confirmation. There is more than one reason why we an-archists atheists should be ESPECIALLY devastating on the Jewish monotheism, but one of them is that it is Zionist strategy to strengthen Jewish religion at the same time they undermine and weaken other religions (or subordinate them to Israel as in the case of Jerry Falwell/Born Again religions). Not only has the Holocaust (an outcome of Zionist support of Hitler) been incorporated into Judaism, but they are even conniving to teach it in public schools. And this will generally be at the expense of blacks because they are not about to tell you that the transAtlantic slave trade was significantly a Jewish thing and that Jewish money organized the slaughter of a million blacks a year for 20 years in the Congo, 1885-1905.

A woman (the same?) attacked as anti-Jewish my use of the dollar sign in the fifth letter of "Jewish." This referred to my Haymarket Centennial poem: "Lucy Parsons is Black as well as Indian and she married a confederate soldier." She distorted it by citing out of context. The \$ occurred in "American Jewi\$h Committee" which I explained was formed by rich German Jews. I would not be surprised if she were one of those in our May 2 demo who shouted for all to hear: "EAT THE RICH/FEED THE POOR" (anarcho-cannibalistic vegetarianism).

For a long time now, reasonable people have found Jewish Chauvinists impossible to reason with because they employ every contradictory and illogical argument to suppress criticism of Israel, Zionism and collateral issues like Judaism. I found some of this in the banquet scene, where one guy stood up to say that Jews are a race and that my graphic attacks on the symbols and crimes of Jewish nationalism were racist attacks (!) on him as a member of that race! I waited long and hard for someone amongst those hundreds of people to contradict his racism but no one did. In the 1984 electoral season, I went to a dialogue on black-Jewish relations and threw in the observation that the UN has designated Zionism (not Jews or Judaism) as a racism. (Jews, as well as others, know how to score Naziism as a racism without saying that Austrians, Swiss, Dutch, etc. constitute a "race.") The chair person abandoned nonpartisanship to say Jews were not a race (who said they were?) and therefore the UN finding was invalid. And in that synagogue gathering, larger than the anarch gathering, no one corrected or contradicted him. Such Jews are successful in having it both ways even while the same Jews would apply rapier logic to cut down non-Jews trying to get away with the same thing. It is our fault as an-archists (or simply as fair-minded persons) if we let god's chosen people get away with it and you can do something about it if you are not already subjugated and defeated by the Jewish Chauvinist Drive to World Domination.

There was treachery at the an-archist gathering. Piles of literature I set out on literature tables disappeared without comparable reductions in literature next to them. And not just once. A pile of my poems was knocked off the table onto the floor. Literature collected at the end of a day at Crosscurrents--the gathering operated out of two spaces, about three-quarters of a mile apart--did not appear for the next day a CC. The readings I set out for the censorship workshop were deliberately turned face down to discourage use (THE JEWISH

distributing what they believed to be anti-semitic material. I actually agreed with Joffre in the sense that I feel that zionism is wrong and this is what he repeatedly stated his literature dealt with. it just did not appear to be anti-semitic to me and even if that was his intention, he should be allowed to distribute it freely with all the critical analysis and questioning that people felt was necessary. He should not be conveniently eliminated simply because he holds an unpopular view. So that is why I left and felt compelled to come out here and write.

A friend of mine just told me that he was also condemned for supporting Joffre. He said that one of the same womyn that he got down on me the day before yesterday had just told him, infuriated, that if he didn't get the fuck out of there, she would kick him in the balls. A real liberated person she must be. I can't imagine what would have occurred if a man at the conference had bade a similar statement to a womyn here. Such a fucking double standard. Something is eating me away here, slowly but surely.

---Tim

Conference plans enunciated at the Wednesday night meeting included a projected gathering of the whole (at least one)at conference term, whereby to collect reports from workshops, but such good intentions seem to have fallen into chaos and I never experienced such much-desired wholeness.

The nearest thing to a plenum was the banquet scene in the church basement Saturday night. The peak experience of the conference was around these tables, after the meal.

Someone denounced as anti-Semitic a graphic engaged on one of my anti-apartheid leaflets which attacked the Zionist connection to a range of imperialist evils we don't like. The drawing, from a Brazilian artist, showed a rabbi holding a religious object which threw the shadow of a swastika: an obvious comment on Israel's role since 1948. The denouncer got firm applause. I answered that I was confident in the faith that there was no anti-Jewish literature circulating in our conference but there was a lot of Jewish Chauvinist Bias which converted attacks on Zionism into anti-Semitism. Light, uncertain applause...Another graphic showed the symbol of the Zionist state, the Star of David, blocked, cancelled out by the diagonal bar which in traffic signs, means "wrong way," prohibited. Thus, my negation of a mini-Superpower--or, if you like, a super-Superpower, considering that Zionism dominates and directs USA foreign policy--was attacked as 1) an attack on Jews and 2) an attack on religion. I pointed out that anarchists of our persuasion are SUPPOSED to attack religion (not protect or conserve it) as atheists. I pointed out that regardless of whether the Star of David was a symbol for the whole Jewish people, it is quite correct for us, anarchists, to attack and denounce it because the Star of David is the symbol of KING David and we are anti-King, anti-Rule, anti-Christ, contra-cratic, etc. Two people were wearing T-shirts which proclaimed "NO GOD/NO KING." I pointed to them as correct examples of what we are about as anarchists and asked one of them to stick out his chest to make my point more visible, but he did the opposite. Jewish Chauvinist Hypocrisy in this area is quite extreme. Our May 2 demo which brought Anne R Key to Chicago's Magnificent Mile and 38 under "mob action" charges in jail, included a sign which explicitly included a direct attack on the Catholic church, but no one found anything wrong with this. The cover for SRAF bulletin #93 attacks Christianity. The conference organizers, when they had the Autonomy Centre, had there an installation which constituted a bitter, angry attack on Christianity. You might say they ritually crucified Christianity (including Jesus), and this passes as correct, without comment, except for my preference for less confrontational but more efficient method (see SRAF bulletin #94). But when an attack on a political symbol, the Star of King David which flies, quite appropriately, in the Israeli flag,

Passing a post office, one of us took a fancy to Old Glory and commenced pulling it down. One of Chicago's finest took issue with this display of disrespect and began to make an arrest. Fast as you can say "direct action," he was surrounded by 100 screaming anarchists. The gendarme made a virtue of necessity and let the fellow off with a warning. Though the Stars and Stripes yet waved, we were flushed with our victory over state terror.

Marching boldly on to nowhere in particular with no object in mind, we were determined to hold the street, potholed as it was. Our ambiguous dreams of rebel glory were dashed when a squad of Chicago cops sealed off the street and snatched two hostages to get our attention: "Get out of the street and go home!"

Not having considered any of this, it took some time to get communications going. "Please, officer could you point the way to Halstead? And by the way, we won't go till you let these guys free." "They're as good as free. Just start moving." Uh-huh, a stand-off. After twenty minutes of speculation and deliberation everyone got their way. We got our comrades back and went home to dinner. Two victories over the state in one day!

---memo

Well, the RCP was trying very hard to have a boring march, but then we showed up. Some people invented some funny chants like: "Smash the state and have a nice day" and "No governments left or right--RCP ain't too bright." We went single file up to the front. This severely pissed off the RCP. On the way up an RCP peace pig grabbed me and said we can't go past the truck carrying the official banners and big wigs. I asked "Why not?" and he said "that's just the order of things" and I said "I don't recognize your order" and nobody else there did either. All of the anarchists (and friends) went past and kept on marching. Unfortunately, we didn't know where we were marching. But, it was fun. Then RGS from Boulder tried to steal a flag off a bank, but didn't see the cop. Jim from SF, I and a few others ran up there because he was being frisked and we got the others to stop marching and come harass the cop. Alone, surrounded by 300 people shouting "Let him go!", he flashed a smile and waved and let our comrade go.

We kept going and Bob from N.Y. and Tentatively were abducted. Then started the great stand off with the police. Some stood back and others of us went up to the paddy wagon to harass the cops and convince them to free our friends. Their demand was that we not necessarily disperse, but to clear the street. Towards the end of our stand-off, when things weren't quite resolved, I heard the police radio for the riot squad. On the dead end street that we were on (it wasn't actually a dead end, but there was no place to go either) if we had confronted the riot squad we would have taken a pretty awful beating. Finally, after about 30 minutes (maybe more), we said we'd go and although lots of us walked on the streets anyway, we split.

---Chartreuse Colada

We started out toward the end, behind the RCP. Many of our people arrived at the last minute, so we were not too organized. As we got going, we ran ahead of the other groups until we got to the front of the parade. I somehow ended up carrying the big banner in front. When we got to the end of the parade route, we kept on going, planning to march to Haymarket Square. The person carrying the banner with me seemed to know how to get there and this would involve turning off the street, which might have kept us out of trouble. But by that time, the cops were there and had put a stop to the march. They had arrested one or two people but finally released them, and we walked back along the sidewalk.

The public demonstrations revealed how costly they can be. The justification for a public demonstration is that it gets a message across to an uninformed public. But the method of getting that message across has to be carefully considered. If not carefully planned, both the demonstration and its message can backfire.

Public demonstrations have an unfortunate capacity for attracting people with strong exhibitionist impulses. They know how to use the demonstration to exhibit themselves by smashing fixtures, spraying paint on store fronts, burning flags or dollar bills and other immature antics illegal enough to give the police their alibi for making mass arrests. And the exhibitionists know how to disappear before the arrests are made--leaving the peaceful and orderly to be arrested, imprisoned and charged, such as the peaceful demonstrators from other countries who were arrested and may now always have difficulty in trying to re-enter the United States. And those from distant places who must now spend time and resources returning to stand trial. And the gentle girl of 16 who the police handcuffed to a wall for hours.

Nor is it always the exhibitionists who take over the demonstration. The authorities and the power structure know how to plant persons in a demonstration with instructions to commit a small crime against property in order to give the police an excuse to arrest masses of peaceful demonstrators. They know the bail bonds, the court costs and legal fees can be enough to bankrupt the organization.

The lesson learned is clear: either plan your demonstration with care or others will plan it for you.

---Bert

On Friday, everyone met downtown in the financial district for another demo. This time it was an anarchist "organized" event. Thru-out most of it, we just went walking around to various financial and governmental landmarks, chanting and waving black flags, doing some street theatre, etc... It was fun for a while, because it was just so great to be out with so many like-minded people, showing our feelings to this capitalist, imperialist world. After a while, people started dispersing and getting lost. Then chaos broke out (oh no, not anarchy!). My friends and I were at the front part of the demo and our section sort of broke away from the rest, which got very scattered. People ran in and out of a hotel and some rich stores (Gucci, Neiman-Marcus) chanting. Total damage: 2 light bulbs smashed and a bit of spray painting. But now the cops got fed up because we weren't following them around anymore and were making a lot of noise and running around. People got even more scattered, but a small group of us stayed together, trying to decide how to get out of there!

Not knowing where to go, we asked directions of these two cops just standing around. They gave us vague instructions and told us to wait a minute, which we did and which was incredibly STUPID of us!! A WALL of cops descended on us, told us we were all under arrest and proceeded to drag, push and shove us into a waiting police wagon. They never read us our rights or told us what we were charged with.

Well, I won't give you a detailed account of our ensuing 24 hours in jail, but I will talk briefly about it. First, I was scared, as I'd never been arrested before. 13 women and 25 men were nabbed in all. The women were transferred (by some asshole, incredibly insulting goons) to a women's jail for the night. We were treated roughly, but most of the abuse was verbal. At one point the goons, trying to intimidate/frighten us, suggested that we'd be raped in the women's prison. We were all getting sick of all this shit, and Sue replied that we'd probably enjoy it as we were all lesbians! This shut them up. Eventually we were told we'd be probably charged with "disorderly conduct" and "mob action against the state" (the "mob

gave everyone eating meat a copy of our flyer.

this event lasted no more than a few minutes, and it should be said that even a good number of "anarcho-beef people" enjoyed the theater, as it was rather humorous, and wasn't so much of a personal attack--something which certainly cannot be said about our flyer, which drew forth a response both at the banquet as well as months later, that could hardly be considered "good-natured" (and, of course, we never expected it to be. we attacked the "anarcho-beef people," it's only right that they should attack us back. i have to admit, though, that i'm a bit pissed off that none of the "counter-attacks" were to our faces).

after people had time to read the flyer and digest the whole of its meaning, quite a lot of faces began to redden. i tried to talk to a few of them about it, but all i got was "i don't want to talk to you, don't preach to me" from people who looked like they were about to cry (for fuck sake, i wish someone would have at least punched me, rather than holding all their anger in, for that's surely what they wanted to do). towards the end of the night when a good number of people had gone outside, we were helping to clean up when we found a few of our flyers wrapped around pieces of chicken as well as roast beef (or some kind of beef--i'm no expert!). that was such a cowardly, spineless thing to do, it makes me sick! people are so afraid of a confrontation, they end up pulling this petty symbolic bullshit of wrapping a flyer around a dead animal. big fucking deal! i hope the cowards all choke and die (how's that for reactionary?!)

of course the attacks months later in magazine reviews as well as in letters (to other magazines, of course--no one having the guts to write us about it, all preferring to backstab instead), were really great. it's funny how people who have nothing to say to you at the time suddenly have quite a lot to say when you're not around to defend yourself.

actually, though, these reviews and letters didn't anger us in the slightest. if anything, they were a great inspiration to keep writing more articles that are inclined to piss everybody off.

so say what you will about us--that we're reactionaries, fanatics, etc. we love this world and those living upon it, so if in order to protect this world and it's inhabitants we have to offend a few crybaby anarchists, then that is what we shall do. "enjoy your burger--and may it be your last."

---love kilgour  
king of "the bombflict bozos"

May 3, 9:35 p.m.

It is now several days into the conference and much has happened since that first joyous meeting three nights ago. Many differences have developed, many possible friends have been lost. I have actually been overtaken by a deep depression, something that I never expected would have occurred. I am sure many of the problems that I have had here relating to certain people are my fault, my ingrained attitudes and my personal being. But these are universal problems that I believe all people have and so I can't expect myself to take all the blame.

I am sitting here watching a dance right now, a scheduled event of the conference. Well, actually it was the banquet which developed into this dance. First the banquet saddened me, all this dead flesh everywhere and people so close-minded about the alternatives that it made me sick. Then I get alienated once again for defending Joffre's right to have his controversial opinion. There were people who wanted him expelled from the conference for

creature, at least been considerate enough, for one night, to refrain from doing so, out of the simple realization that it would greatly offend a good number of people (who for some odd reason don't like watching their animal friends being torn up and chewed on).

but of course, it was naive to believe such a thing--for there's no reason to expect that just cos someone's an "anarchist" that they're gonna be more respectful of others, let alone for the lives of animals. quite the contrary, it's probably more likely to find such inconsiderate behavior among "anarchists," who often times, like most people concerned with "politics" more than anything else, tend to be quite selfish (involved in the "struggle" only because they don't want anyone ruling their life, not because they give a fuck about the millions of other lives being ruled, used and destroyed).

a few hours before the banquet was to start, when the details began to come in as to what was actually being served, how much money was being spent, etc. my feeling of disappointment became a feeling of anger as i found out that somewhere around a thousand dollars was spent (and please correct me if i'm wrong. i hope i'm wrong, but from what i've been told, that is how much was spent) on catering the roast beef and chicken, while hardly anything was spent on vegetarian meals and even less was done for the vegans (at the banquet at least we vegetarians got some lasagna--which i should add ran out right away, leaving many unfed--while the vegans got nothing at all, except for some lettuce and that's about it. only later, when someone went and bought some vegetables and rice, with their own money, did the vegans get anything of substance).

a good vegetarian meal could have been served for everyone attending for a quarter of the cost, if even that, of what the meat cost alone. yet, a thousand dollars was being spent for the meals of only a portion of those attending (again, please correct me if i'm wrong about the money spent. it makes me sick to think of that much money wasted.) this, along with the fact that it was such a fuckin' hypocrisy in the first place (meat being served at a banquet by people supposedly against oppression and enslavement) propelled us to print up the "anarcho-beef people" flyer (from our magazine NO MASTER'S VOICE) which was initially written for the "anarcho-punks" in our area, for whom this type of behavior has become commonplace.

realizing that the flyer alone would not quite have the desired effect (that being to force the "anarcho-beef people" into facing the fact that eating meat amounts to much more than their "right to decide," that it causes thousands of needless deaths every day, and that they're to blame), we sought out a group of people who had been doing street theater at the demos, and asked them if they could think of anything to do through theater that would shove the reality that "meat is murder" that much closer into the faces of the "anarcho-beef people."

after talking it over with them awhile, we all decided on something which we felt would best get across the point we were trying to make. for those of you who didn't get to see it, here's what happened:

the tables at the banquet were set up in four different rows, put together making a square with a large space in the middle of them all, which for our purposes acted as a stage--the tables surrounding it creating a sort of amphitheater (i'm sorry, but this is the only way i can describe it, short of a drawing. if you can't picture it you're just out of luck). during the middle of dinner, the signal went out and a group of people (or should i say "cows," as that is what they represented) crawled to the space between the tables, mooing and chewing on lettuce along the way. once they got to the center, another group of people (this time the "butchers") walked to where the "cows" were and proceeded to "slaughter" them and "gnaw" away at their arms and legs. while all this was happening, we walked about and

action" brought many smiles, chuckles and yahoos!). We were able to make our one phone call each, so most of us called the church where a crew of people were faithfully answering the phone, collecting bail money and rushing down to the jails. We're very grateful to all who helped! We women gave our real names from the start, not really seeing any point in delaying the processing--sitting in prison is not accomplishing anything. But we feared the men would not co-operate, and of course they didn't until the middle of the night when they were freezing and couldn't stand the cold anymore (the guards decided they needed some air and opened all the windows, meanwhile Sue and I roasted in our cell!). During the night 3 women were released on bail, and a fourth was put back in jail because she refused to sign her release papers without reading them first! In the morning, all the women were reunited; we exchanged news. We were also put with the other women prisoners from the night, who were all black (don't any white people get arrested besides anarchists?). We were brought to a county courthouse for our arraignment hearing. An episode in the holding tank once again reinforced the marked racism. One woman's money was stolen, and Sue, myself and a handful of black women were suspect because we had all sat next to this woman. Sue and I, being white, were simply asked to take our top sweaters off and we were just pat searched. The black women, on the other hand, were told to remove all their clothes and were strip searched. Fun. On top of it all, those particular guards were black! Well, the money "mysteriously" turned up, we went to court and we were released on our own recognizance, with bond set at \$1000 each. By noon, we were out. There was a small crowd of fellow conference people waiting for us outside the courthouse, which was really wonderful! We learned then that the men had decided to co-operate and were gradually being released on bail.

---Nicole

We walked right into a bunch of cops. They were arresting a guy with long brown hair and it looked like they were being rough with him. A woman with cornrow braids (who I later found out was named Teresa) asked a police officer where they were taking the people who were arrested. He told her to get out of the road. It looked to me like she refused, and then she was arrested. One of the cops said that the protestors were being arrested for marching without a permit. Then cops said to us, "Disperse, or we'll arrest you". One cop was really yelling at us, telling us to go away. I had no desire to get arrested, so I started walking away.

I was about half a block away and a passerby, a foreign man, asked me what was happening. I told him that people were getting arrested for marching without a permit, and that we were doing it in commemoration of the Haymarket riots. He seemed sympathetic and we looked back and about half a dozen cops were coming in our direction, and he suggested I get going. I asked him for directions and I started walking. The cops were still coming up behind me. One of them said something like, "Hey, lady!" I ignored them and continued walking. They came up behind me and one cop grabbed me and said, "You're under arrest." I said, "Fuck you" and he said "oh, yeah?" with a sneer on his face. I was really angry because I had been obeying police orders when I was arrested. I didn't resist at all, though. I complained to the officer for not reading me my rights, and he said he didn't have to unless he was questioning me. The cops led me over to the paddy wagon and put me in. There were already four other people in the paddy wagon, one woman and three men. Everyone seemed kind of dazed. We introduced ourselves; I only remember the woman's name, Jeannie. The one guy ripped up his ID and shoved the pieces out a crack in the door while we were being driven to the jail.

When we got there, the men and women were separated immediately. The women were put in a holding cell--a "bull pen"--and more women joined us shortly. There were 13 of us, but

---David

so, that evening was the time of the may day march. twenty of us piled into a van and were making our way across town. there were already people assembled when we showed, including people from the iww and the inevitable repers. the march started off. it cut right through the heart of downtown chicago's chicano barrio. people watched the march go by from doorways and upstairs windows. some were amused, some were curious. a lot of young children thought the marchers in "punk" garb were highly entertaining. the march was evenly distributed with red and black flags. the head spokesperson for the rcp was droning on incessantly through her bullhorn, "world revolution! not world war!" the anarchists responded by rushing to the head of the march. it was black flags in front, with a few red flags mixed in. however, the rcp was half a block behind.

after the march had completed its planned circuit, we just kept on walking. nobody knew where they were going, at least it seemed to me. i was starting to get nervous because we weren't seeing any police. that could only mean that they were actually keeping the march under close surveillance and planned on meeting us somewhere. when the march turned onto a four lane stretch, i would have laid my last nickel that the cops were just ahead, or around any given corner. sure enough, a cop car came cruising by, admonishing us to get onto the sidewalk. no one made any movement to do so. down the middle of the lane we trooped. like lost puppies, the rcp followed at the rear. we came to a rise in the road. as we made the top, there they were, chicago city cops everywhere, some on foot, some in cars. there were paddy wagons and blue lights flashing everywhere. a bullhorn ordered us onto the sidewalk. myself and several others started for the sidewalk. then, about a dozen cops rushed the marchers. out came the clubs. i had no intention of facing down an attacking cop, especially when there had been no plans made for a violent confrontation. i bolted between two houses and came out onto a side street. i stood there for long minutes, expecting a rush of terrified marchers. i strained my ears to hear the sounds of street violence, but all i could hear was a mixing of voices as before. i returned to the gathering. everybody was on the sidewalk. i learned that one person had been arrested and some people were negotiating for his release. the man was released. a lot of people were upset about "compromise with the cops" but, face it! we do it every waking moment of our lives. the march then started back for where it began. keeping on the sidewalk, the anarchists formed a tight web of people and most unceremoniously informed the rcp that they weren't welcome along. they marched off chanting, "world revolution! not world war!" as insults rained on them.

---Hal

Thursday afternoon was the May Day march, celebrating its 100th anniversary. Apparently, the annual march is generally made up of a small group of sectarian leftists, including the RCP. This year they were all but outnumbered by the assortment of anarchists in town for Haymarket. At first it was just real exciting to be walking down the street with so many other anarchists; so many black flags, so much energy. Then I became frustrated. The RCP had lots of literature to hand out; we, apparently, had none. They shouted slogans, we shouted counter-slogans; I began to have an uneasy feeling about what all this would look like to the people whose neighborhoods we were marching through, and stopped chanting, which at that point had degenerated into leninists and anarchists trying to drown each other out. At one point, one of "them" was trying to find some common ground, and chanted "Somos un Pueblo, sin fronteras" ("We are one People, without borders." We were walking through several Hispanic neighborhoods.) and was met by an anarchist, who evidently doesn't understand Spanish, chanting some version of "Smash the State." All in all, rather annoying. If we can't work with the leninists at all, then why are we marching together? And we should have had our own literature, so we wouldn't appear to be represented by

"If you are a carnivore, you are an oppressor. You are no better than the state and its executioners" and "the blood is on your hands where there is none on ours." (Special thanks must be extended to Gary and Karen from Harrisburg, and those who helped them make all their delicious food.)

---Lawrence

For the Spooners, the central event of Saturday (the day following the march) was the 7:00 p.m. banquet in the Wellington Avenue Church basement. It was heartening to see so many anarchists celebrating, eating, talking and dancing together under one roof. This culminating event impressed us with the realization of the months of hard work on the parts of the Chicago organizers and many others. Our spirits were further buoyed by news of the release of most of the arrested marchers. During the festivities, a group of vegetarian anarchists spontaneously performed a skit criticizing the meat-eaters among us. As a vegan, I did not object to their theater--but many of us did strongly object to the hostile, accusatory literature they circulated, as well as to their loudly expressed holier-than-thou attitude. (It's hard to convert people to your cause when you are alienating them with rudeness and immaturity.)

---Lysander Spooner Collective

The Haymarket Gathering got back to as normal as could be expected on Saturday night. All those arrested had been released or were expected to be let go. The banquet was great with a lot of drinking, eating, arguing and general insanity. It was a delight to be called a fascist for eating meat. I'm sure that all of the Haymarket martyrs were strict vegetarians and refused to associate with any workers who were depraved enough to eat meat.

---Wild Wayne

conversation between two black-clad, dictionary-toting, college-bred anarchists in chicago: "these gosh-darned punks sure like to stir up trouble, don't they, buffy?" "they sure do, skip--and just look at all the foul language they use." "i suppose they're nihilists or something--i mean, they don't even know how to spell." "oh well, no use dwelling on it--please pass me the steak sauce."

HOWEVER THE FUCK WE SPELL IT--YOU'RE STILL A HYPOCRITE!

during my first few days in chicago i was greatly looking forward to the banquet--a time, i thought, at which we'd all be able to put "politics" aside (as much as they can possibly be put aside with a group of anarchists) and just meet each other on a more "social" level, as people rather than just their ideas.

unfortunately, when the news came that meat was to be served, it became obvious that the night of the banquet would be no exception from all the others--it too would be filled with much heated debate as well as flared tempers.

when i first heard that meat was to be served at the banquet, it shocked me. i didn't feel much anger at the time, only a great sense of disappointment.

i had begun to assume that anyone committed enough to travel (in some cases, all the way across the country) to chicago, for the haymarket centennial (to yet again make the voice be heard that cries out for freedom and liberty and sings loud of the beauty of life) would have if still not having rid themselves from the ugly habit of eating that which once was a living

# BANQUET

## OR "TO BEEF OR NOT TO BEEF"

By the banquet Saturday evening, everybody was out of jail and we could celebrate without worry about the valiant who'd been charged with "mob action against the state." There was even one brave felon who'd desecrated the flag. The banquet itself was basically a food line with a few impromptu speeches later. The food caused some controversy, because there wasn't enough of it and because about half of it was meat--fried chicken and roast beast in gravy. Not a lump of tofu in sight. The vegetarian food contained eggs and cheese, so there was literally nothing for the vegans to eat until somebody cooked up some brown rice.

The street theater crowd from San Francisco began milling around the middle of the room on all fours, mooing and clucking and being herded by a vegan speechifier with an imaginary whip. The speeches continued, the beer and wine flowing, more and more people getting up on chairs to pontificate, until a shouting match erupted over Joffre's voluminous hand-written flyers. He claimed his materials are anti-Zionist; many insisted they were anti-semitic, and wanted Joffre thrown out because of it. His flyers were the only printed materials the local TV news had put on the air in their silly coverage of the anti-capitalist demo the day before. The shouting match grew more heated, and suddenly the street theater people jumped into the middle of the ring of tables and began shouting "Shut up!" "Shut up!" and pointing fingers at each other, getting incredibly angry and red in the face. Good tactic! The gathering broke up in laughter, and those who wanted to keep roasting Joffre did so more quietly, so everyone else could continue talking to one another.

I took copies of all of Joffre's materials I could lay my hands on and read them later in my motel room, and decided he's probably not anti-semitic, but a lousy enough communicator to confuse anti-Zionism and anti-semitism through his vagaries and curious rhetoric. There's such an intolerance among the left for expression of anti-Zionist views (as I've experienced in working on the collective of a small "underground" newspaper) that I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised to encounter this in Chicago. But I was. Israel is just another fucking state like all the others--it's even worse, it's a religious state. Surely anarchists don't support either religions or states? Surely we can oppose a totalitarian state without being considered racist? This particular issue exemplifies the disturbing tendency of some anarchist "positions" to be fairly akin to right-wing libertarianism. Joffre's views are unpopular, and he presents them in a particularly sloppy, rather melodramatic manner. But I didn't think he should be "kicked out" of the gathering, what was left of it.

---Kris

On Saturday evening there was a dinner made for everyone. This event was another example of poor planning, and the blame must be placed on the Chicago organizers; for the reason that they don't like vegetarians. The catered food supposedly consisted of macaroni salad, potato salad, green salad (made with scab iceberg lettuce), cheese lasagna and lots of meat. I say "supposedly" because the only food I could have eaten was gone by the time I (and about 20 other vegetarians) arrived at the serving table. Besides, there was altogether too much starch and almost no protein. The easiest way around this would have been to have the dinner entirely vegetarian; if the meat-eaters had really wanted to have some beef or chicken they could have gone out for a burger. I resented having to help pay for the meat by donating money to defer the cost of the dinner. Also, the vegans wouldn't have had an excuse to pass out their stupid moralist leaflet which included such memorable quotes as:

them. (Actually, I do believe in working with leninists, and with liberals, and assorted others in coalitions, without illusions, both because I feel it's necessary for the survival of all of us, and also to infuse an anti-authoritarian presence into these settings.)

After about an hour, a group of anarchists got bored or something, and decided to march on a different route than the one for which permission had been obtained. We were heading in the direction of Haymarket Square, which was about 3 miles away. I don't know if anyone had actually intended to go all the way there. After a few minutes of this, we were met by a group of about 10 police and a paddy wagon (which is always a clue to start looking for side streets, just in case. Here there weren't any). They said we couldn't keep going, but a group of about 50 of us did, and walked past the police lines. But we had no particular destination in mind, it seemed, and when the rest of the march called to us to come back, we did. At some point the cops grabbed two people for no apparent reason; although we all may have been guilty of "demonstrating without a permit," the two arrested were doing nothing any different than the rest of us. We formed a rough semi-circle around the paddy wagon, and started chanting "Let them go or we won't go!" (I think this was when the RCP types started calling for a "retreat", "back to the masses," who, it seemed, were just a few blocks back, waiting). I was holding the bag of one of those arrested--I had been next to him taking pictures when the cops were bending his arm back with their sticks, and he had told me to get the bag when they dragged him to the paddy wagon. So I knew I was going to stay around and see what happened. After a few minutes of chanting, and some negotiating with the police, the two were actually released! We were all delighted and surprised, and started making our way back to Crosscurrents and the church; many of us probably anticipating the next day's anarchist anti-capitalist demo through Chicago's financial district.

---Kathy

I attended both demonstrations and was arrested at the second one. The first one was on May Day in the Pilsen neighborhood. The parade was officially sponsored by some other group. I would estimate some 150 people of the anarchist persuasion were there. The parade went on its route and we marched in it and among it. At one point, someone attempted to remove an American flag from a flag pole. He was confronted by a cop. A few people at first saw the cop and realized what was going down, then the anarchist contingent at large crowded around the cop with his collar. We were chanting "leave him alone." I was near the front. I saw the cop scan the crowd, suddenly realizing he was at our mercy. Prudence told him to "leave him alone," so he did. I was charged up, but somehow uneasy after that. The @ contingent got off the parade route, talk had it we were gonna march all the way to Haymarket Square. We were cut off at a viaduct by police. The cops set up a sort of "line of death" (line of arrest). A person or two was grabbed by the cops. It was finally hammered out that we would peaceably disperse in return for the "hostage." Thursday night's events concluded quietly.

---Anonymous

THE NINTH HAYMARKET MARTYR SPEAKS  
The Untold Story (yuk, yuk)

So, at the May 1 march, the Communist Party (the initiators of that march) and the RCP split and the A's have the street. I happen to be at the head of the march when the heat begins to block it. The sergeant commanding the police unit barks out for us to disperse, etc., and seemed to be directing a lot of attention to me--especially as I started to countermand his orders with my own, like "Fuck you, no way!" So Sarge says "You're

gonna be the first to be arrested, Buddy," and I say "Try it, Motherfucker," and, of course, he does. Sarge foolishly grabs this A Superboy, as in the week preceding May Day I get in plenty of push-ups and street fighting classes. It was easy to wrestle away from him (he kept saying "Go ahead and hit me--Take a swing!") and I make a run for it. Now what I had done was a VERY VERY bad thing and must not go unpunished. I must pay for my evil ways. So another porker nabs me. The gig is up, and I'm cuffed and marched to the ole' paddy wagon. Oh well. The thoughts running through my head at that moment are "Shit, ya gotta go and be a fuckin' hero" and "I hope mom doesn't find out" and (most importantly) "No partying tonight" and also just plain "Sheet!"

Well, just before they shove me into the paddy I sez to good ole' Sarge, "Gimme a break. Yer gonna bust me--for what?" Sarge sez, "We'll let you go if you call off the march." So, I get confused--"Was I the leader of this?" But I do some quick thinking anyway; the crowd is mad and coming to my rescue--somewhere around this time Tentatively A Convenience tries to spring me and they dump him into the wagon and lock the door. I say "Okay" to Sarge (smirk), "but you have to let me and the other guy go, otherwise everyone will riot." Sarge tells me not to worry--they don't want the hassle of the paperwork of a couple of chickenshit arrests. I believe him. I figure these boys wanna go home, relax, and then beat their wives and stuff.

But I do have to tell the crowd something, and refusing to collaborate with the fuzz on calling the thing off I figure I can use language that's masked enough to tell the crowd to keep doing their thing, keep marching and we'll catch up at your tale end when the cops see you moving out. So we have the ridiculous spectacle of the cops walking me to the middle of everybody and me having to tell people, "Yo--Keep partying!" but make it sound to the fuzz like I'm telling 'em to go home. I thought people could clearly infer from what I was saying that they should simply move away and keep on keepin' on. But people initially kept hanging by. Later everyone told me they were just confused and/or didn't trust the heat to let us go. Around this time, a buddy from home announces to Sarge that if they take me they gotta take him. I think that made the cops uneasy. They were just too tired after a hard day of beating people up to haul us in and beat US up. They wanted to go home, relax, and watch Kojak do it.

I figured it was a good time to have some fun. I said to Sarge "The crowd will love it if you uncuff me. They'll think you're a good ole' boy"--and they did it! Next, I said "Gee Sarge, why don't you let the guy in the can go and you can keep on holding me. The crowd will probably think you're an anarchist just like them." (Naw, I didn't think to say the latter part, but I will next time!) So, they let the dude go! Shucks, I felt like the commanding officer.

Well, by now the crowd got the hint and started to straggle away. Sarge gave me one last fatherly lecture (to scare us out-a-towners, no doubt) on why we should go home because crazies from the bars in the area would probably haul out and start shootin' at us. This NYC boy stared at him incredulously.

That was about it. They released me, I caught up to the crowd and said, "There's nothin' like being the center of attention", got some laughs, and marched on with everyone.

---"b"oB

At the Mayday march, complete with permit, Bob (sultan of sex) was the first arrestee. He addressed the cop who told him the march route had ended and he had to get out of the street with a "fuck you." When the cop informed him that he'd be the first one arrested, Bob reiterated his statement. He was arrested. tENT decided that if 200+ anarchists couldn't rip

about the cities of glass buildings and money holders. i believe the sense of humor and mocking of conventions (sliding down city monuments) are the best things that the demo and possibly the whole movement has going for it. the seriousness of commercials and car payments is how we are all strangled. we forget about dancing and playing.

---Tamara

On June 13, 1986, twelve defendants of some 38 or 39 arrestees appeared in court. One defendant was tried separately and I assume acquitted. The other eleven made the decision to get in and out of court ASAP. This meant a bench trial on that date at that time. Our lawyer went to a back room with the prosecutor and the judge. When he came back, he said he had a deal worked out where 4 defendants would be acquitted, four would get a continuance and 3 would go to trial that day. We talked it over and said no. Our lawyer went to the back room again and reappeared with another deal: seven of us would be SOL's and 4 of us would go to trial that day. It didn't matter to the court which four. SOL means the charges are dropped, but the state has 90 days within which it can reinstate the charges if they so please. Reinstatement of charges is very rare. So it came down to getting 4 volunteers willing to take a dive. Four volunteers came forward and went to trial (a bench trial). They pleaded not guilty with disposition to the evidence or some such disposition to some shit. What this meant was they considered themselves not guilty, but they agreed that the prosecutor's evidence was fact. The judge proceeded with 10 minutes or so of legal rhetoric asking them yes and no questions and getting them to recite various verses of law. These recitings were that the judge said something and they repeated it after him.

The charges faced by all defendants in court that day were: mob action , a state charge, and disorderly conduct , a city charge. The city charge of disorderly conduct was dropped, because the City of Chicago prosecutor failed to appear in court.

Among the prosecutor's "evidence" was testimony from cops who didn't appear in court. The testimony was that two of the defendants knocked people down or hit people during the demonstration. The two defendants committed no such acts. Our lawyer challenged the prosecutor to produce these cops and challenged the prosecutor to have these cops actually perjure (lie under oath) themselves. It was too late though. The judge was already influenced by this lie.

What I found ironic was two of the four defendants were, according to the first deal, to be acquitted. It was these two who ended up with social service supervision. For those of us who were rookies in the arrest game, it was sobering. The falsehoods of the "justice system" became quite apparent.

Well, the four defendants were sentenced to 3 months supervision, though not found guilty. Two got court supervision, meaning they must appear in court on 9/11/86. Two got social service supervision meaning they must deal with a social worker and appear in court on 9/11/86. This supervision deal means, don't get busted for a penal offense between 6/13/86 and 9/11/86 or you will get fucked. At least that is what the judge implied.

Those who didn't appear got warrants for their arrest and \$3000 bonds. It should be said that extradition on misdemeanors is unheard of.

---Anonymous



releasing the names of those who did "cooperate"), hats were passed to raise the thousands of dollars in bail money needed, and the press was kept at bay (TV camera crews kept trying to invade the gathering that night). Criticism and self-criticism sessions followed. Many people learned more about how demonstrations should and should not be organized--knowledge which will hopefully be put into practice in planning future activities. Some San Francisco anarchists criticized the demonstration as "long, boring, and typically leftist," although by midwest standards it was quite atypical. Reportedly, the organizers of the "shopping spree" have since changed their minds about the practical wisdom of what was done, although others (including some who were arrested) applauded their actions.

---Lev

Excerpt from Anarchy: a journal of desire armed

At a wide-ranging post mortem discussion on Friday evening of the downtown action, there was a large and fervent concern over lack of communication. It was pointed out that most of the people who'd been at the action had no advanced warning that the actions which led directly to the arrests were even being considered, and were totally unaware of the impromptu strategy meeting which had happened the previous evening. A heated discussion on the subject of the validity of property damage as a tactic arrived at a general if not total consensus that property damage might, under certain conditions, be called for. But to launch into such a program with no prior agreement on tactics was an example of lack of solidarity with, and concern for, other members of the overall action. It was suggested that folks who wanted to participate in such actions might better choose targets a few blocks away from the main march route. The differences between demonstrations for propaganda purposes and those devoted to "having fun" were discussed, along with serious questioning of the total validity of demos as an agent of social change and propaganda in the current social/political climate. A demo in front of the jail was suggested, briefly discussed, and rejected. Two firm decisions came out of the Friday evening meeting, that some of us should be present at court the following morning for moral support at the bail hearings and that we should redouble our efforts to come up with bail money. Both of these things were actually done. In view of the fact that the busts didn't start until the cops had pressured the group into splitting in two, it seems evident that the number of arrests could have been greatly reduced if the majority of the marchers had any idea of what was impending and if the cardinal rule of "stick together" hadn't been broken.

---Pat

our friend was arrested the day after we arrived in chicago, so that we spent much time and energy around getting her out of jail and most of our contacts were made with people who had friends in the same situation. i didn't have a chance to attend many workshops. the shit we went through getting christine out of jail was the tough "reality." the wheeling and dealing, racism, sexism and hatred in that courthouse was staggering. the guards and cops kept asking us (the prisoner support group) who our leader was. they wanted to direct their power of manipulation at one person's eyes. they said the courtroom where our friends were pleading was full and that we could not go in, although we saw it was half empty. they threatened us with imprisonment and the fires of hell if we spoke above a whisper or moved a hand in the wrong way. there was not a shimmer of fairness or justice. they were so threatened by a colorful, motley crew of young people caring for their friends, that maybe it should have made us feel powerful to bother them so easily. but it is their world we live in and i felt fear of their hatred.

i liked the tug and pull that went on in the discussions about the demonstration and examination of our motives. my gut reaction is that i liked the demo. i liked the power, the energy running through the streets. how little opportunity i have to express how i really feel

ONE person back from the cops, they weren't worth a fuck. Obviously, he wasn't thinking straight--I'd fed him about 4-6 grams of mushrooms a couple hours earlier--so he shoved thru a couple dozen cops, grabbed Bob and was trying to shove his way back out of the knot of cops when they grabbed him and threw him in the pig van. Heh. At this point I noticed that Fred had gotten real quiet, put his back flag down, and virtually disappeared across the street to the back of the crowd--back with Jim somewhere. They obviously knew how much one could count on anarchists. I, on the other hand, pockets stuffed with fungus, was with the clowns and dykes inciting folx to tip over the police van. Surprisingly, the crowd surrounded the police for over 1/2 hour, until they walked Bob out into the middle of the intersection, took his handcuffs off, let him address the crowd, and then they released tENT. Big people's victory.

---crowbar

"2-4-6-8, Fuck the Commies, Fuck the State" rang through the streets of Chicago during the annual May Day March. The next evening the band, Group of Individuals, belted out a Clash classic with a twist: "I'm so bored with the RCP." Why did hundreds of anarchists from so many places share this contempt for the Revolutionary Communist Party? Why should you care?

The RCP is a Maoist sect that has decided the anarchist movement is the best source of gullible new recruits. They are carrying on a tradition of using and abusing anarchists that began when Marx's attacks on the anarchist Bakunin split the early socialist movement. This tradition was picked up during the Russian revolution when the Bolsheviks slaughtered the Anarchists of Kronstadt and the Ukrainian Makhnovists. During the Spanish Civil War, the Communists stabbed the anarchist led revolution in the back, eventually delivering Spain to the fascists. In May 1968, in Paris, the Communists failed the revolutionary movement that was infused with anarchist principles.

The RCP belongs to this tradition of power hungry "revolutionary" politicians who try to hijack every anti-authoritarian rebellion for their own glory.

In Chicago, when the May Day march was stopped by the police, it was the "vanguard" RCP that was conveniently taking up the rear.

---Chris

#### MAY DAY POEM

As the official rally ends  
A primal scene unfolds  
A new passion play  
As mounted police  
Cocked like a trigger  
Look on  
Dumbfounded  
A Surging Circle Dance of Dreams  
Replaces Wailing Death Moans

Haymarket Square 1986  
One hundred years of the eight hour day is enough  
Let this dance, this celebration of life  
Be the memorial to the martyrs

Those terrorists of old  
With nooses  
Instead of neckties  
And the bright fire of anarchy  
Burning wildly in their eyes.

---Ron

## WORKSHOPS OR "OH SHIT, THAT WAS A HOT ONE!"

One of the best workshops I attended was the one on "Punk & Anarchy." It wasn't on the original list for the conference, but happened when a time and place for it were written on the bulletin board. I unfortunately missed the beginning so can only report on part of it.

It was really nice to see a roomful of people in their teens and early twenties sitting in a circle discussing how to apply anarchy to their daily lives, and what "punk" means to them. There was a sentiment that "Punk is Dead--Long Live Punk," reflecting the need for a continual breaking of new ground to keep it real and avoid being co-opted. People listened to each other a lot more than usual, and the process whereby the person talking chooses the next to speak worked pretty well. There was definitely a feeling that isolation was being overcome; these folks had been doing their thing in their hometowns, often with a lot of harassment from police, parents and nazi-punks among others, and were clearly excited to be with others who had been through the same shit. They have accomplished a lot, having developed an extensive underground network of bands, zines, and independent record labels. (One of the best magazines covering this is Maximum Rock n' Roll, which has scene reports from many different areas, pages and pages of very political letters, and lots of other good stuff.)

People at the workshop talked about the hassles of living communally--what do you do when so & so never does any dishes, etc. They talked about parents and hair, and whether it was better to drop out of school or to stay and subvert it from within...sound familiar, anyone? But they also seemed to have learned something from the mistakes of the sixties. (Having several feminists there didn't hurt.) Having seen the pattern of rebellion-becoming-fashionable, attracting poseurs, and finally becoming an item at Saks, they seemed determined not to get stuck in a certain style, but to retain the spirit beneath it. They may be far and few between now, but I have a sense that this anti-authoritarian spirit is on the upswing among teenagers. High school principals may yet tremble. Just when they thought it was safe to bring back the draft. We shall see.

---Kathy

Having been somewhat of a skeptic about the ecology movement since the 60's, the workshop on "Anarchism and Ecology" intrigued me. Feeling that the ecology movement was dominated by college educated, white, middle-class pacifists and extremely "well managed," I was convinced that the title, "Anarchism and Ecology," was a contradiction in terms. I must admit, though, I attended the workshop primarily because it was the first one offered.

---Dennis

When it became clear that a number of people had been picked up by the Chicago police, the rest of us swung into action. I fondly hope to see such effective decentralized action again in the future (ideally directed towards some nicer cause!). No one gave any orders, no one called on a previously set up plan, no one tried to exert authority based on previous experiences with arrests in general or the Chicago police in particular. Instead, a bunch of people--everyone there--pitched in and started doing stuff.

Anyway, people pitched in, and I know who at least some of them were. Chicago's Dennis ended up going down to the 18th Precinct, where everyone was being processed, along with a bunch of other people: Laura, Freddie, and David were there at one time or another, but there were lots more. Meanwhile, back at the church, the pay phone was beginning to ring, and Guy and myself did most of the answering, aided by at least half a dozen other people. Lee got in touch with the press, and soon we had at least a rough number from CBS as to how many had been picked up. Others were running around helping out, either in the continuous meeting that was going on or in talking to the press (the Chicago Trib reporter was particularly confused, I think, that none of us claimed to be any more a spokesman than anyone else). A couple of people hunted up lawyers who were willing to lean on the cops for us.

Dennis kept in touch from the Precinct, and passed the news back via the pay phone. From him, we found that most of the guys weren't cooperating, and that the whole station was shaking as they yelled and stomped their feet. A round of applause greeted this, followed by another when we learned the charge: Mob Action Against the State, Disorderly Conduct, and Desecration of the Flag. Conflicting reports of the bail amounts came through, depending on who talked to which cop, ranging from \$50 to \$150 each. The hat was passed several times, and by the time the night was over about \$2000 in bail money had been collected from the two or three hundred people present--it was amazing how much people were willing to donate, often without any idea who it was going to help.

11:00 and church closing sneaked up on us with a lot of things still up in the air. Four different people organized ways to keep the phone lines open and people in touch, and ultimately what was left of the core group with the bail money ended up at Max-Works, an anarchist collective south of downtown. From there we were able to get to both the 18th Precinct and the 11th Street jail, to which the women had been transferred, and were actually able to bail a few people out before morning. A few others made their own bail after cooperating, and I believe 8 or 9 were out by dawn. We could have had one more, but she refused to sign the bail papers without reading them and the asshole cop at the jail wouldn't give her time to do so ("We're busy"--with no one else in the place but us!), and back upstairs she went. So it goes.

By about 4 a.m. those of us still up decided to call it a night. Arraignments were set at 9 a.m., and the cops weren't going to finish processing anyone else before that. I turned the bail money over to some of the folks at Max-Works, and hitched a ride back up to the hotel where my stuff was for a couple of hours of sleep.

---Mike

Meanwhile, back at the gathering, dealing with the arrests took up a lot of time and energy, diverting people's attention from the other events. People tried to determine who was arrested (since many arrested didn't give names, and the cops were being very slow in

of Chicago today, etc. You can imagine. Anyway, although I hate the straight media, I agreed to do three interviews. In a way I'm glad that the other anarchists (and friends) missed it, because the last thing I needed right then was criticism (although later a large group of us did the same thing with Dennis making some pretty good comments), but on the other hand I felt justified in trying to explain why we were in Chicago (know thy history), what I thought anarchy is and why non-violent direct action doesn't hurt people, just property and that we are autonomous individuals. We do as we think appropriate and that doing damage to the Marriot was their choice, but I thought the Marriot wouldn't feel the cost of undoing their damage. After, I spent about an hour trying to explain to Adlai Stevenson why we call the event the Haymarket Tragedy and not the Haymarket riots. (Referring, of course to 1886. Just try to talk history to some people.) But I made it clear that I felt that anarchy was a rejection of all hierarchies, social and political. I said we are all autonomous people loosely associated with each other and we are all individual sovereigns who behave in a way which they see fit as long as it doesn't hurt or infringe on the rights of others. (But I wouldn't give my name or anybody else's, or tell where our meetings were.)

While I was sitting around, the cop made all sorts of sexist remarks towards me about the way I look. There was also an imaginary line which I was told I couldn't cross or I'd be arrested. Then I had to go upstairs to sign for a rat. (Of course, Emma Goldman actually signed for it.) They wanted to kill it, but then they said that it was a white rat and they only would have killed it if it was a black rat. I asked "what does that mean?", and a cop relid, "That's a racist joke, honey." They told me that was called pesticide. I told them that's funny. I thought killing a cop was called pesticide. Of course, they made all sorts of disgusting remarks. I was shocked. I've never met more offensive cops.

---Chartreuse Colada

As you know, 38 people were arrested and fingers have been pointed in all directions. Some have blamed the Chicago organizers for the arrests and I feel that it's inappropriate. I am not a member of Chicago Anarchists United (CAU), the conference organizers, but had worked with them in the past. I know some of what they went through planning events, and think it's out of place to blame the arrests and legal difficulties on them. People were told that if they were arrested, CAU did not have the resources to take responsibility for them. Their fault was a reluctance to adequately organize and plan the route. One which twists and turns through an unfamiliar city, has a course known only to a few participants, and ends by marching down a major tourist and financial strip which itself ends 2 blocks further, is a setup for problems.

People have blamed those involved in the Marriot action for the arrests, since most arrested had nothing to do with it, and were simply victims of the police response. They feel that this action coming at the end of a 2-hour demo which pushed the police further and further only gave them an excuse. Most have said that the police response was inevitable after the action at IBM. Others said they heard talk, between police, of planned arrests as early as the Tribune Building. The police had lost their patience and realized that we weren't the type of demonstrators that they were used to--the kind who play it safe and give the names of those to be arrested to the police ahead of time as tokens.

We have to remember that people were arrested by police--we didn't arrest each other. The fact that we exist is reason enough for them to arrest us. Whatever the causes were, after people were arrested, solidarity was required to release them. It was great to see people get together the way they did. When something needed to be done, people did it. When money was needed people gave what they could, sometimes not saving enough to get home. The total collected over the next 2 days was \$3165, of which \$800 was given by CAU.

Joining a circle of people from all over the U.S., some from Canada and a woman from Australia, I was keenly aware that women were in a conspicuous minority. The workshop was being facilitated by a person from Earth First!.

The discussion quickly took its own course and people were speaking up without hesitation. The focus was in three areas: technology and ecology, workers' control and ecology and waging campaigns against ecologically disastrous practices.

The technology debate brought out two main issues about the intrinsic nature of technology: whether technology was a neutral tool, free of any value except that of the user, or that it embodies the values of those who created it. Some even suggested that technology has created its own value. The idea that technology was just a tool of the user was in a distinct minority that kept encountering a vocal opposition at every suggestion.

This led into a discussion of workers' control over production. Some IWW people insisted that once workers were in control there would be no more ecological damage, since it would not be in workers' interests to damage the environment. This position was immediately countered with the view that the technology itself will put demands upon workers that are ecologically dangerous since human values have become alienated from the needs of the natural world. It was argued that laying hands on a technology used to serve bourgeois interests was like the workers using the bourgeois state (or any state) to get to a classless society. The present technological infrastructure must be smashed in order to develop an ecological form of technology. The values of the society are built into the technology and are self-perpetuating regardless of who uses it. Production by a technological society, even though controlled by workers, was not a guarantee of an ecological society. It was pointed out that hierarchy and specialization were built into technological systems and would, by necessity, create the need for these values. The suggestion that technology would subvert workers' control was not well received by the IWW.

The emphasis by many present about the need to make ecology relate to workers' concerns, other than on-the-job health issues, led to many people sharing their experiences in local ecological battles. Some discussion ensued around ecotage/monkeywrenching, a modern Luddite movement, and it struck a responsive chord, although the tech supporters obviously cringed at the idea of their personal computers being permanently unplugged.

The problems of united fronts with people concerned simply for their own safety and not having a deep ecological perspective was raised. Working with right wing people around single issues without infusing a more radical perspective was also a major point of concern. It was questioned whether or not a false unity was important to win a specific battle or a long term political development more important. The Earth First! person missed the point and happily reported that a woman that worked with EF! on an issue had gone on to a politically active life: fighting abortion. There was a stunned silence before the storm broke. A general outcry led by women and some of the men drove home the point; ecology, without a deeper social perspective, is as bankrupt as anything else!

The workshop had a dramatic impact on my thinking, as I had been attempting to put together changes I had been going through into a cohesive philosophical outlook. I realized that a new radically different outlook fusing anarchism and ecology was developing: a mutualist ecology between humans and the natural world. This perspective had never before developed on a massive level in the modern industrial experience and it may now be on the verge. A philosophy that removes anarchism from an historical footnote and places it in a

modern revolutionary position could be developed. Eco-mutualism will be a viable alternative to capitalism and Marxism with its technological solutions.

---Craig

The first workshop, on anarchy and ecology, took place before most people arrived and was attended by a fairly small group, so we sat in a circle and had a discussion, which went well. We talked about things like encouraging workers to take action if they know something is going on that is bad for the ecology, monkeywrenching bulldozers, and whether technology was necessarily bad.

In the afternoon we had a workshop on "Building the Anarchist Movement," which was much larger than the first one. This one did not go well. The organizers of the workshop had prepared an outline and were going to give a presentation on the subject, but someone thought that the outline didn't fit the topic of the workshop and wanted to have a discussion more in keeping with the subject. At first, most people seemed to want them to go ahead with the workshop as planned, and have a discussion afterward. They started to do this, but a few people objected to them not listening to the objections. Then we got into a big debate on what we should do, if it was acceptable to vote on this, if we should divide into groups, and other organizational matters. In the end we had little time left for the presentation, which was good although I don't remember very much of what it was about.

The next day, I went to the workshop on pornography. A woman who had done a lot of work against pornography in California put together a slide show on these things. She had organized protests against pornography and related issues. It was encouraging to see how effective they were, more so than the method I usually associate with anti-pornography people, which is to try to get laws passed. Also, she was protesting more general issues than what I normally would associate with pornography, such as the way women are treated in society and in advertising, and sexist indecent exposure laws.

---David

after a while, it started to get toward time for the banquet. a couple of other people and i started off for the church, knowing that we'd be able to catch the tail end of the workshop entitled "what is anarchism?" nothing much was solved during this discussion, but some of the more glaring problems were brought out: the needs and desires of the individual opposed to the consensus of the majority, non-violent activism opposed to violent confrontation, and problems of handling personal friction, this last problem exemplified by heated argument between a local organizer named fred (i believe) and the always controversial joffre. not much was accomplished, but anybody who didn't fully appreciate the enormity of building a mass anarchist movement could hardly avoid the realization at the end of that discussion.

---Hal

Thursday, I attended 3 workshops. I was pleased with the fact that a lot more time was allocated for each workshop (2-3 hours) than most workshops I had attended in the past. Also, there were no leaders or facilitators, and most workshops went quite smoothly, tho of course, some people spoke a lot, and a number didn't speak at all (like me). The first workshop was "technology vs. anti-technology." I thought it was interesting, but didn't get far enough because so many things had to be defined and redefined and argued out, like a stick used to pound something is technology but is ok or good compared to a bomb or a computer. Then someone said that the stick really was a tool, not a technology--made a

After I got out of jail on Saturday, I went to the banquet and hung out with friends. I was pretty tired so I didn't really get involved in any of the discussions or activities that evening, but did meet some new people and enjoyed myself.

---Joe

While I don't mind doing jail solidarity (I have such a winning smile, and after fourteen years of secretarial work, I have the social graces that allow me to deal with cops--one bureaucracy is just like another), I felt like I ended up spending way too much time down at police stations and courthouse--from 3:30 to 10 p.m. on Friday and from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. on Saturday. On one hand, I don't feel bad about what I did; I would freely and gladly do it again. I'm always happy to do solidarity work for people who need it. When I was arrested here in San Francisco at the 1984 Democratic Convention, I learned the hard way how those on the inside are totally dependent on those on the outside to get them out of jail. There is nothing like a long, cold lonely night in jail to teach you that.

On the other hand, I'm mad both at myself for doing it so long and at others for not doing it and seemingly not caring that there were 38 people in the hands of the state. I was also infuriated by the attitude of "well, they got themselves arrested, let them get themselves out; it's not our responsibility," which assumed most of those people arrested had done something to deserve being arrested for. Sort of like blaming a rape victim of bringing the rape upon herself.

I also didn't like the attitude of some of the people arrested. One woman was upset that we weren't down there at 7:30 a.m. to bail her out. The men were very upset that a) the cops had left the window open all night and it was cold so they couldn't sleep, b) they were only served bologna sandwiches once while they were there, and c) a couple of them had their hair pulled when they resisted. You know what they did for such ill treatment? They fucking called Amnesty International. I'm from a working class background; in 1970 the Chicago cops beat my sister into unconsciousness with a rubber hose--her crime? She was a sixteen year old runaway high on acid who resisted. They were treating people with kid gloves compared to the normal treatment of prisoners. Dennis from Chicago spent a lot of time with me down at the jail. He works in an Emergency Room and was telling me about the police-beating victims he gets all the time. I guess I got angry that a lot of those arrested were young, white, and privileged middle-class who had no understanding that when you break the rules (or even if you didn't, but the police get their hands on you anyway), the state will not treat you very well at all.

---Freddie

When I got to the church, I heard that maybe some people got arrested. A couple of us headed to the jail to find out. Danny and I went into the station and I walked up to the desk. Then I saw that my friend was being arrested. I tried to block the police and asked why, and when they told me, I asked if they could prove it. I was told if I took one more step I'd be arrested too. I didn't want to add myself to the list. After all I felt good that I managed not to get arrested.

I tried to get names of those in jail, of course not thinking that people weren't going to give their names right off. So there I was, being harassed by cops and by the news media.

Then I heard the proposed intro into the story, which was the #1 news story on the first edition, #2 on the next and somewhere at the end on the 11:00 news. Anyway, they wanted to say a group of teenaged punks calling themselves "anarchists" caused chaos on the streets

And try to cage us in their zoo  
Taken from our homes  
And now enclosed in iron  
After those in uniform  
Play with their sirens.

There's blood on your hands from our faces  
And we get charged with assault in your kangaroo court cases  
You're the aggressor, not the protector  
The court jesters peace-seeking people molester.

We hold up two fingers  
You reply with one  
We speak with our mouths  
And you with your guns  
The more you use your fists  
The less you use your mind  
The mask you wear over your helmet  
Has made you blind.

A billy for a bully  
Yes! We will resist arrest  
Clubbing us like baby seals  
Your violence we can't accept  
Pinned down three to one  
There's no way to flee  
Like seals on the ground  
Struggling away to be free...free!

We're beaten and beaten, and tied up and tied up  
Then dragged and scraped, then dragged and scraped  
Now thrown in to interrogate, a guise for you to intimidate.

---Group of Individual's

I spent the next 22 hours or so in jail and it was pretty awful. We weren't fed for about 20 hours and the place was real cold, especially after they opened the windows on us since people were making so much noise. Some people were in jail longer than others, since they initially refused to give their name or be fingerprinted, but eventually everyone cooperated and was released on various amounts of bond.

Apparently, some people who participated in the march did some property damage at a couple of places along the march route, which was the pretext for the arrests. What pissed me off most about the whole affair was that in November people had wanted to exclude Shimo because they were encouraging confrontations with the cops and would get people arrested, and it turned out that some anarchists ended up doing the same fucking thing. I have no objections to doing property damage, but I prefer to choose when I take risks instead of having them imposed on me by others. I had thought that some people were going to try and disrupt business as usual at a few places and risk arrest for themselves, but didn't realize that they were going to do what they actually did, so I really didn't give too much thought to avoiding arrest. Next time, I'll be more cautious and not get separated from friends.

distinction between tools, which are "good", and technology, which is "bad." Like a hammer is a tool, but you need technology to build the hammer. Then someone brought up the example of solar energy being an appropriate technology because, unlike furnaces or power plants, it doesn't use up oil or coal or whatever. But when someone else pointed out that the solar panels and equipment still had to be built and who would want to work in a mine and factory to build them. Ok, that's great, but where do we go from there?

I also went to a workshop on @ and children, which was really good--how do we raise children with "our" ideals of freedom, love, etc., without brainwashing them? What happens if your kid wants to be a cop? Do you support him/her and let them do what they want? What came out of it all was that no matter what the children choose to do (how they "turn out"), we have a responsibility to raise them in a loving atmosphere and not to restrict them. There were 2 women there who had children, and it was interesting to hear how they felt about certain issues and what their experiences had been, tho I don't remember anything specific.

Then, gender politics--oh shit, that was a HOT one. Every time a man said something, some women would immediately talk back. I felt really uncomfortable because I too felt mad at "mankind" for all the shit women have gone thru/still go thru, but I didn't like the aggressive attacks back at men. Men are repressed too--and perhaps that's the difference, women (among others, i.e. races, species, etc.) are oppressed while men are repressed (into being oppressors). Then again, at times the outbursts felt like defenses coming out of totally frustrated desperation. I dunno--I'm still confused over this one. But that workshop basically ended up in an argument over semantics--which may or may not be a start. We probably needed a whole week on gender politics to really get anywhere. I wrote this part a couple of days after returning to ottawa. Now, in rereading it, I feel I sound very critical of women. I felt a great deal of solidarity between us because human relationships are affected by the power structures imposed on us/around us. I agree that feminism isn't a totally separate thing from anarchism--anarchism represents freedom for all, not just men or women or whoever. And I'm sorry to have to say this, but men just don't know what it's like to be a woman and have to deal with certain pressures because of it. I'd like to see us all sit down together and carefully analyze each relationship and element in our lives and decide on how to live with each other as friends/equals (but different) without getting really heated up about it. I think some men have to learn to listen more or better. But then again, so do some women. Oh well, I don't think this really cleared anything up--too bad, it just reflects my own confusion.

---Nicole

The next workshop I took part in, "gender politics," was not as pleasant. I milled around Crosscurrents for a while still high off the previous workshop and ready for some serious discussion. The workshop began and what I found was the familiar reiteration of the same old arguments and notions of womynhood and the spiritual place of wymmyn in this world. Someone in passing said something about an anarchist perspective, but it was generally ignored. It was stated by several sisters, that wymmyn, differing from men, don't tend to gravitate towards hierarchical relationships and that wymmyn must reclaim what is feminine in themselves and use it as a viable political alternative. It was also stated that wymmyn needed to gain power as wymmyn, not over men, of course, but in balance with them. This all sounded very interesting, but it was offering nothing new. I soon began to have a problem with the content of the discussion and as soon as I could, I stated my point. I brought up the idea that the only things that were being said here were the same old arguments that simply perpetuated the archaic labels and definitions that have kept us, and will continue to keep us all, divided. I proposed that we discuss a truly new perspective, an

"anarchist perspective" if you will, on gender politics. Since the discussion was mainly focusing on the feminist aspect, I thought we could discuss a new viewpoint on feminism, a way of thinking where wymmyn would not get trapped in the traditional state of feminism whereby once they gain a recognition of themselves and realize the problems that face them as wymmyn, they stagnate. This new perspective would, indeed, involve realizing oneself (your wommynhood?) and that there is a problem with the way wymmyn are viewed and treated in this world. But it would then allow wymmyn to move on to a new state of personhood, recognizing people as people first and not as wymmyn or men first. This viewpoint comes from the opinion that when wymmyn take the position of recognizing their wommynhood and then claim it as a distinct entity, they take hold of a power and this recognized type of power that is created can lead nowhere except to sexism, the very thing that we are combatting. Power is power and can only do harm to others. I stated that what is needed is education and a recognition of all people as absolute equals, thus leading to our ultimate sense of "power," as a common humanity. Now I understand that I am not completely purged of any sexist remnant in my personality and I did not once make this claim. But I sincerely struggle with this everyday to fight the biases and attitudes that society has ingrained in me. I was ready and open to hear some respectful and helpful criticism to my view, but all I got for standing up and baring my feelings was ridicule and scornful criticism. When I made the fatal mistake of saying that we should look beyond the simple difference of me having a prick and wymmyn not, I wasn't politely questioned about my wording of the statement, but was instead laughed and jeered at. I then shut my mouth, hurt at this childish display of disrespect and resentful of the fact that my viewpoint, which I feel is just as legitimate as any other, was dismissed without even a response besides the guy hissing at me from behind. I saw something new about these people at that moment. Something that angered me beyond words. Anarchist is an easy claim to make, but so many of the people there were just caught up in the same traps as most people. Caught up in the same disrespect, close-mindedness, and hate that is so characteristic of the world out there. I can't help wonder if it would have made a difference if the things I said were stated by a wommyn? I was later approached by people who said that they agreed with what I was saying. Why didn't you speak up when I desperately needed the support? The workshop soon broke up after that, so people could go and attend the traditional May Day Pilsen march. I took part in this march as well and it was a fairly uneventful liberal march except for the interaction with the dreary RCP and the very uplifting sight of all those black flags waving in the streets.

So as I said this was a very unusual day. A strange mix of thoughts ran through my head this evening as we sat around discussing the day's events. I wasn't particularly interested in attending the plays tonight so I guess I'll sign off. Much still to come.

May 4, 9:30 a.m.

More about yesterday's activity. Before the conflicts at the banquet later on in the evening, myself and some friends decided to get together a spontaneous workshop on "punk/youth cultures and anarchism." We felt that maybe this would be a good idea since there seemed to be so many young people at the conference, many with punk backgrounds. We were also inspired to hold this workshop simply as an alternative to the ridiculous "what is anarchy?" workshop going on at the same time in the main room of the church. So we put up a sign and convened in the kitchen as it was the only space available. Everyone discussed different aspects of their scenes and the various problems that we all face with skinheads, RCP, and others. This truly turned out to be incredible and definitely the highlight of the weekend for me. For the first time during the whole conference, I felt comfortable and at home talking openly about the way I felt. I am sure that this had a lot to do with our familiar backgrounds and experiences with punk and the fact that many of us were introduced to anarchism

Most of the people who came down from Toronto were in jail, so we got to spend 2 days together. The 3 of us caught up on Toronto happenings and spoke of our travels with our friends. We did a "workshop" on Big Mountain in the jail, and there was one on the Vancouver 5 too.

Memories in jail: the cat who came to visit us and let us know that life will prevail--the guy getting beaten on by the pigs for not standing up and getting dragged by his hair--Michael and his skirt--the mixed blessings of the open window. a) It was freezing cold for 2 days, and b) people could talk to us from outside! Finding the strength to grin and yell, "We love you" while being stuck in a stupid box. The shit they pulled on Walter--hearing the women on the other side when the doors were open, and howling and banging and chanting and yelling and screaming to each other. And being alone in the jail for 3 hours after everyone was released, not sure what to expect because they took my prints twice, and the FBI was around, and everyone else was gone. I was hoping for deportation back to Canada. When the cops finally came in I thought it was time for the little room, but they only wanted my money. And I was out, amazed, and too late for the banquet of the anarcho-beef-people, but instead just in time for an evening getting high and being happy to be able to touch and talk to my friends.

---Ken

#### WORLD CIVIL WAR (LYRICS)

I see the start of a world civil war  
See the Start of a world civil war!

Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!

No military or police can keep peace in the streets  
For peace is never what they ever seek  
Our funds are spent on building and killing machines  
Instead of an environment where true life can prove supreme.

Man's best progress has been finding new and improved ways  
To destroy mankind and all within days  
And it wasn't through our freedom of choice  
Rather, it was through the suppression of our voice.

The judges are meant to be sentenced  
The juries are meant to be tried  
The weapons are to be stripped of their power  
And the soldiers are meant to die!

Overpopulation escalation of starvation in all nations.

---Group of Individual'S

#### POLICE BEAT (LYRICS)

We call for peace  
The bastards in blue call in for reinforcements

another seized me just as quickly. The two officers started pulling me toward a paddy wagon and one of them hit me on the head repeatedly. I went limp and allowed them to put me in the wagon. Several other police officers crowded around and one of them said, "A passive resister, huh?" and they then hit and kicked me repeatedly. While they were putting me into the paddy wagon, they continued to hit me all over. I heard one of them say two or three times while I was being hit, "Watch his face! Watch his face!" I was handcuffed as I was put into the wagon.

When the wagon reached the police station all the women were ordered out. A few minutes later, all the men were ordered out and into the police station. We were put into a holding cell. I was sitting in the cell when an officer opened the door. I'm not sure what he said at first, but he looked at me and ordered me to go with him. I asked where and why I was going. The officer yelled, "Come on, let's go!" or something like that. I asked again where and why I was going. The next thing I knew, I was being dragged out of the cell by my hair. I was taken to a room in which other officers were standing and sitting. I gave them identification cards (driver's license, library and bank cards). The officer emptied my pockets and requested my shoelaces. They returned the cash I had in my pocket, but kept everything else.

I started asking some questions and got a few short answers. I remember being somewhat confused as to what was happening, and what I was supposed to do. I heard one of the officers say, "He's a refusal." At this point an officer started to lead me back toward the lockup. I hesitated and tried to ask what was happening, at which point another officer joined in pushing me toward the lockup. The two officers knocked me down, hit me repeatedly in the head, and kicked me in the groin.

At that point, I declared out loud that I would go. They led me to the lockup. I was put into a separate cell. Before too long, six more detainees were led into the cell. We all sat there for several hours.

Then an officer came by and asked if we wanted to be fingerprinted. We asked him many questions, but got few answers. We ultimately decided not to be printed at that point. We sat in the cell for some time more. I believe it was well into the evening before the officer again offered to print us. We wanted to make a phone call and consult a lawyer before we were printed. We told this to the police, and they responded that we would not be allowed a phone call or legal representation until we were printed.

The night passed. Early on Saturday morning, the officers again offered to print us. Some agreed to be printed, and others continued to refuse, still asking for an opportunity to make a phone call. I think it was about 11 a.m. when an officer came by and told us that we would never talk to a lawyer or anyone else outside until we had been printed/identified. He said we were in a legal limbo, a limbo that could last indefinitely, and in which we had no right to make phone calls or have legal representation. He said that if we would not agree to be printed at this time, we would wait until Monday morning at 7 a.m. when an officer would again offer to print us.

At this point I agreed to be fingerprinted (approximately 11 a.m. on 5/3/86), and I was. After being printed/identified, I was allowed a phone call and then returned to another holding cell which contained some people arrested at the march who had also consented to be printed. As the morning went on, everyone from the march who was being held in this lockup agreed to be printed, and was put in this cell.

---Anonymous

though our music. This is the way that I envisioned people communicating at this gathering. I only wish that we all could have been as honest and comfortable with our feelings the whole weekend as we were in this small, rather unimportant workshop of ours. But it did turn out to be quite important for many of the punks who attended. Many people expressed my same sentiments as we talked. As the workshop progressed, it seemed to become kind of popular. As people floated in, disillusioned from the next room, still trying to define anarchism, the kitchen began to get so crowded with interested listeners that we were forced to move into larger rooms. As I said, this was a highlight for me yesterday. It was the only thing that made the banquet bearable as I sat and discussed things with some friends that I had made in the workshop. I don't really know what it was, but I just seemed to be able to relate to these people on a much more intimate level, overlooking a lot of the crap that indeed had intimidated us at the other times during the conference. Our honesty paid off as we were able to openly discuss our lives and feelings. I learned a great deal.

---Tim

My first physical encounter with the Anarchist May Day/Haymarket Centennial was a workshop on "anarchism and the resurgence of neo-fascist groups." One might hope that such a workshop would present a realistic picture of the political right and a range of strategies and tactics from the past and present. The participants' images of neo-fascists tended to either skinheads and survivalists on one extreme to anyone with whom they didn't agree, including Marxists, yuppies, and other anarchists, on the other. Actual experiences seemed limited to shouting matches at demonstrations and to fending off skinheads. The skinhead case involved about a dozen skinheads who were harassing shopkeepers and rolling winos in a San Francisco neighborhood. Their depredations were stopped by exposing them to public ridicule on a local public access TV show. Their leaders were scared off with your basic physical threat to their health. An interesting solution, but hardly the stuff of revolutionary resistance.

A lot of discussion involved the merits of forming single-issue coalitions with leftists, Greens, and even the right. Opinions varied from "never" to "when advisable." The (defunct) Seattle Anti-Klan Network was mentioned as an example of this type of organization, as was the Dworkin-rightwing anti-porn crusade.

One ill-considered tactic was political assassination and systematic violence against fascist groups. A participant argued against this with a story from Denver's barrio: a group of adventurers set off a few homemade bombs. Another group of seeming radicals picked up the challenge and adopted the same method of operations. For their finale they planted a bomb in the basement of one of the community's leading radical lawyers, blowing him and his girlfriend to hell. To the public, it looked like a homemade bomb gone awry. The police (the "seeming radicals") were thus able to use the cover of radical violence to discredit and eliminate an effective voice of the Chicano community. The moral: at this point we're no match for the armed violence of the police.

The commonest view of reality was that the full apparatus of the state and its socialist-lumpem collaborators is squarely aimed at the anarchist movement and its threat of immediate elimination of all hierarchy. Darlings, it just ain't so. We've got a lot of work to do before we're that big a threat.

The next workshop was "Gender Roles and Anarchy," which quickly developed into a sophomoric debate on whether anyone had said women are more anarchic/better than men. At least most participants had the wit to admit that embracing anarchy is not equal to ridding oneself of sexism. Moving on from there we stepped in the mire of androgyny. The

argument is that the only true nonsexist is the pansexual who looks on the whole range of (human?) sexual variation as appropriate for his/her couplings/triplings/etc. This is a hell of an intolerant attitude for an anarchist to take, somewhat representative of the hip-o-centrism evident there. This particular argument should be examined in the light of Madison Avenue's emphasis on sexual experience as the measure of individual success. Another participant rose to defend the feminine virtues of sensitivity and nurturing. Actually all of these attitudes have their validity, but the heat of debate revealed how little tolerance there was among us. Obviously, everyone should select their personality types from a wide range of options. Just as obviously, they're not all going to get along perfectly, ever. The level of acrimony was as painful as it was unnecessary. Fortunately it was interrupted by the Pilsen March.

---memo

Notes that I scribbled to myself in the workshops:

Workshops...TECH/ANTI-TECH--1) Technology that is appropriate to immediate community...2)BUILDING THE MOVEMENT--Organize locally through mutual aid. (This stuff is what I learned). SPAIN 1936--There was a difference between the ideas of "Civil War" and "Revolution": many communists stopped using the word, "revolution," and buried many of its ideas, because it scared the large democracies from which they wanted support. The CNT "carried the entire population, so far that it 'disappeared' as an authority or leader." Anarchists were dying at the front, communists were writing at the back. The Communist Party was not only out to eliminate the anarchists, but all dissidents (Trotsky, etc.). WHAT IS ANARCHY!!--"We are the teachers of the most advanced social idea on earth." "@ is not an invention, it's a discovery." Diogenes was a classical anarchist. He administered the first defeat of Alexander the Great. There was a point when the king went to Diogenes' house and asked him if there was anything in the world that the king could get him and Diogenes said, "Yes, get out of my sunlight." @ is a mysterious movement; it has survived repression a long time. There is something in human nature that leans towards @. No two generations have ever been alike. Different environments have arisen, and many governments have risen and fallen. The church, the patriarchal family, etc. are voluntary institutions that have survived all political systems. The man said this to make the point that every society depends upon voluntary infrastructures..."Inside every person is an anarchist." Each law makes you a prisoner of a political system.

In this workshop, most people were bringing up their own ideas and interpretations of anarchism, much of which appeared contradictory, causing great frustration and discord within the group. At this point, I scribbled the following note to myself: one recent change in my thinking has been in anarchists diversity. I used to be frustrated by our inability to agree, until I realized that what gives our idea such vibrance is the different ways that we interpret and utilize @. It is one tool, to be used along with many others, by individuals freeing themselves.

(Still in the same workshop.) I then brought up something that I thought was important, which none of us were touching upon (the group's discussion remained entirely upon the surface, e.g. political and technical while avoiding more personal, visceral, artistic, "spiritual," or psychological interpretations). So I asked if anyone identified with other aspects of anarchism that are more "wordless," that which expresses itself in art and music, that place which is often without the conditioned authority of the words, ideologies, and fears that guide our minds and bodies. An appreciative "m-hmmm" came from a few people and the discussion returned to killing our bosses.

were watching a small plastic television.  
i had been assigned a public attorney.  
where was s/he? i looked them all over.  
more blue suited clones. no way to tell who was who.  
a small group of people were waving to me-  
they had waited hours in the court.  
maybe i would get out of this.  
maybe i was going home.

they made me properly face the judge.  
he lifted his head.

judge: YOU HAVE BEEN CHARGED WITH THE DESECRATION OF THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WHICH IS A CLASS 4 FELONY.

prosecutor: YOUR HONOR THIS MAN HAS NO TIES TO THE COMMUNITY--AND THEREFORE I RECOMMEND THAT THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE BOND BE SET.

judge: YOU WILL HAVE A PRETRIAL HEARING MONDAY, MAY 4.  
BOND IS SET AT 5,000 DOLLARS. TAP TAP.

i felt nauseous as they led me off. i was swaying.  
they put me back in the cell.  
a cop looked at me as he locked the gate-  
"WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD.."  
it was true, the real world of the NON-reality.

My Friends stepped forward with money.  
bail was \$500, 10%, and They Had over \$2000.  
i didn't know how safe i was in the hands of Cooperation,  
Mutual Aid, and Love.  
the pigs were shocked. it was only too obvious.

they Let ME OUT! I Was OUT!  
back to those weird looking Anarchists.  
one guy had pants made entirely of zippers.  
another gave me two copies of Reality Now!  
Lets Get The Fuck Out Of Here!  
i want a pizza.  
we went through the metal detectors.  
out of the courthouse. some invisible force was holding me up.  
but-  
was i coming out or was i going in.

it was back to the other prison for me.  
where people hide with their T.V.s  
behind locks and laws.  
we live our lives never knowing whos in the cell next door.  
in quiet ignorance, together and completely alone.

back to the other prison Where I Could At Least THROW BRICKS.

As I was half way to two-thirds across the street, a police officer seized me, and then



if i couldnt pay bail.  
there i would be stripped.  
i would have an 'exam' and take a 'shower'

i went for my money in a backpack behind the desk  
they wouldnt let me take it.  
how will i pay bail without my money?  
oh. yeah. why am i being so naive.

they put me in a paddy wagon. mustve been around 7.  
driving through the town, all i could see were streetlights  
strained by the tiny grates near the ceiling of the truck.  
we stopped outside a garage. we were nowhere.  
i thought this meant six bullets for tryin to escape.  
or at least a few days in the hospital.  
they smoked in silence.  
they opened a garage door. no one said a word.  
i walked in, between the cops,  
and i couldnt tell if i was ready.  
inside was a holding cell. and another cop.  
"HERES THE ANARCHIST FLAG BURNER"  
i thought to myself in the closet with bars:  
im just trying to be a Human Being.  
and i didnt even burn the flag.  
-it wouldnt light.

in the cell--just iron and cement  
carved initials and the human animal smell.  
i pissed. another steel bench with four coats of grey paint.  
i daydreamed of being home  
warming myself near a bonfire of amerikan flags.

they were coming for me.  
i could hear the metal keys and the leather boot heels.  
LETS GO.  
walked me outside to an armored school bus  
i was being thrown around the inside of an enormous bus  
with every turn-  
and the drive began again.

i arrived for the last session of nightcourt.  
another cell--the walls were tattooed, initials  
gangs. nothing political.  
through the bars you could reach a phone.  
they told us to use it  
to call whoever would bail me out.  
and that was the plan.  
there was 10 minutes left.  
even if i had someone waiting with money  
they could never make it across the whole city of chicago  
they could never make it in less than 1/2 hour.

i was called in. the judge and court cronies

---Ivan

The morning was taken up almost entirely by the workshop on Censorship, Pornography and Free Speech, which I thought was a pain in the ass. If there were some way to separate the porn discussion from the discussion on free speech and censorship, I think it would be worth doing. As it was, the anti-porn agitators (led by someone who drove in from Wisconsin that morning, and frankly I think she should have stayed there) monopolized the floor, and to no real purpose. Those who already felt that porn was exploiting them were perhaps pleased to find a sister, but speaking as a male who has never exploited a woman in his life, I found the whole thing pretty offensive. I also thought it didn't show a great deal of judgement to project slides of graphic nudity while 8 year olds from the daycare center were passing through to the water fountain.

---Mike

The workshops were encouraging and stimulating although there were conflicts that arose because of differences of opinions. I guess one would think it was inevitable when a large group of opinionated people sit down to discuss such topics, and this might be true. But if nothing is learned from these disagreements, then it was in vain--pointless.

If it wasn't for the demonstrations (overtaking of the Pilsen march; the anarchist march through the city and the visiting of Emma Goldman's grave), the sense of unity might have increasingly grown thin.

Yes, I believe that the workshops were left unfinished. It's possible that initial workshops with directed themes were needed, but only as a catalyst for the real heart of the matter. There was too much time spent on semantics of the re-hashed and surface issues. It seems to me that what took place was an attempt to formulate a dogmatic consensus. This is futile. We did open up some new ground here and there, however, especially in the anarcho-feminism workshop. It just wasn't enough. We, as anarchists, should have been able to rise above our frustration and set aside our prescribed doctrines to dig into the conflicts that were taking place. There we were, discussing world views and how politics interfere with humanitarian logic, and we couldn't see the very same political tendencies taking place within our workshop. It's as if the systems of the past have roots that cling deep to our hearts and minds. It is these roots that hold us back from a future of freedom. We were raised by tyrants of the past and they are a part of us, unless we dig deep within ourselves to the roots of the problems. Otherwise, our efforts are in vain. Next time we gather, I would like to form a workshop on "human nature," that sets out to prove it can be changed.

In conclusion, Haymarket '86 was a success and I am satisfied with all I learned. Next time I wish to start where we left off. I hope we are not forced to form the same type of discussions because our memories and creativity fail us.

---Kermit

The Haymarket 1886 workshop was more of a seminar led by Paul Avrich, anarchist historian and professor at Queens College, a well-informed, engaging speaker. He talked about his current research, which leads him to believe that the bomb-thrower on May 4, 1886 was an anarchist named George Menge, rather than an agent provocateur, as is widely speculated. Before we could discuss the ramifications of this for anarchist history and anarchist activism today, Avrich had to leave and the rest of us filled up a bus en route to the traditional May Day march through Pilsen.

Another workshop I was interested in, the anarcho-feminism workshop, was held during the aftermath of the "war chest" protest on May 2. The workshop was held in the Wellington Church basement (anarchist central, since it had a phone), which was one big room with a flimsy portable divider. On the other side of the divider was a bunch of people, easily as many as in the workshop, discussing the arrests after the war chest protest and trying to keep communications open with those at the jail. Since I didn't know if my traveling companion had been arrested or not, I paid more attention to the rumors flying, announcements coming haphazardly from the jail, and discussions among others concerned about the arrests. I would have liked to sit in on the anarcho-feminism workshop, but I was too distracted.

The noise level between the workshop and arrests "committee" was pretty distracting in itself. Each group frequently asked the other to quiet down, often with impatience. Both groups obviously felt their agenda took precedence over the other. I'm sure there would have been very little friction if there had been two rooms available. But the two or three people who took charge of the anarchist-central end of the arrests committee were quite frustrated that so many would prefer to talk in a workshop without announcement of the latest news, or passing the hat to raise bail money. To those who worked nearly 14 hours nonstop to get the arrested out of jail, it seemed that some who'd come to Chicago didn't care. I doubt that many people actually felt that way, but the tension ran pretty high once in a while.

---Kris

## @ DEMO OR "SMASH THE STATE AND HAVE A NICE DAY"

SMASH THE STATE AND HAVE A NICE DAY!  
(for Steve)

black flags flying,  
running gleefully in and out of stores yelling  
ENJOY LIFE!  
Cops after us,  
quick, down a side street  
wait here--I'll be right back--in to look for a bathroom  
BUT YOU WERE GONE when I came back  
The fuckers arrested you all by yourself for  
MOB ACTION AGAINST THE STATE  
(Hey, hotshot, teach the rest of us to be that dangerous)  
Next time we'll know better,  
quick down a side street  
and onto a Bus!

---Kathy

fingerprinted two by two. and then you got a phone call.  
the cop didnt even notice my fingers were bleeding  
-my fingerprints looked more like an etching.  
they took my mugshot. they transferred us.  
we were being collected in the holding cell

a brother was led off to the ink pads  
and he closed a window.  
officer trzebny opens two.  
AND WHO TOLD YOU TO DO THAT?  
COME ON!

In Our Cell This Fine Alaskan Morning  
is an aging alcoholic  
obviously from the more elite part of town.  
He groans and rolls side to side  
on the concrete floor. and He tells us everything-  
Hes an alcoholic. He has pancreatitis.  
He needs to go to the hospital.  
officer! officer!  
theres a sick man in here!  
o-ffi-cer!  
they SLAM another metal door.  
and even sound is entombed with us.  
a few hours go by and the Pain-  
I-Cant-Stand-It-Anymore, Man  
He starts forward, his fingers down his throat  
just like He had said, just like what he had said  
He was puking orange juice  
Pancreatic Bile.  
Hed have to wait hours on that floor-  
for officer trzebny to come for him.  
and return him  
telling us he was full of shit-  
just faking it. im sure.

officer trzebny brought a wagon of "food":  
preserved animal flesh and wonderbread.  
a greasy sopping mess.  
"proud to be Hog Butcher. proud to be Hog Butcher."  
could we have cheese?  
WHAT IS THIS! THE HOTEL HILTON! (he laughed.)  
Fuck You Pig. I Wont Eat This shit. ill starve first.

9 hours later we were released two at a time.  
50 bucks apiece. mob action, disorderly conduct.  
misdemeanors--thanks for the money,  
and dont come back to our town.

they "escorted" me out.  
i was going to nightcourt: 6-11 p.m.  
i would be transferred to the county jail

i had a black and red haymarket button on my shirt.  
and plenty of time.  
with the pin i scratched off my fingerprints.  
they brought me back downstairs.  
they had divided their prisoners,  
from the holding cell we were split into groups and rejailed.

officer trzebny appears:  
"WE HAVE TO FUMIGATE."  
where have i heard this all before  
when have i lived this through the sight  
of thousands suffering  
and why, why the fuck has nothing changed.

"WE HAVE TO FUMIGATE."  
he opens a row of windows.  
and in our concrete room, the heat  
is sucked out by the cold of the night.  
all bodyheat is lost to the steel benches.  
and an eternal draft, like opening the refrigerator,  
on your neck all night.  
with luck it will get down to 34 degrees.  
in a loose fitting shirt  
my body begins shaking convulsions.  
and this is how i pass through the epileptic night:  
watching roaches strafe the floor  
7 in a two man cell  
singing solidarity forever  
eating breatharian pizzas,  
reciting my poetry of disgust.  
Were the Haymarket 37  
And Our Love grOWS Stronger  
Much More Stronger Than your hate Could Ever Be.

i paced to keep warm. we followed each other on an oval track.  
it was a cycle of sitting, shivering, and walking.  
i lowered my sore ass onto the bench.  
my head dropped into the sleep of exhaustion  
i could see color--not grey,  
not the thick coats of grey on the bars  
on the benches. the prison grey.  
dreaming i was outside-  
it was the kind of dream when you know  
that youre dreaming-  
and i fought to stay asleep.  
But the Cold ShOoK me AWAKE.

friday morning we decided to cooperate.  
we realized we were never getting out.  
they could hold us here for weeks.  
outside comrades shouted to us through the open windows-  
"Were Trying to Get You Out--but they  
Wouldnt Let The Lawyer In."

We'd planned to attend Thursday's May Day March, but we couldn't mobilize the group in time. Instead, we went to the Wellington Avenue Church basement for an evening of socializing, putting faces to the names of familiar correspondents, re-establishing ties with comrades, and exchanging literature. Three of us also attended the meeting where plans for Friday's demonstration were discussed and crystallized. Although some of those participating talked about strategies for confrontation and spontaneous actions, it was amply clear that the Chicago Haymarket organizers wanted to emphasize the following points:

We should stick to the pre-arranged route;  
Comrades should look out for one another (there would be no marshalls along the route);  
The police would be out in force, but despite the fact that we did not have a permit to march, the cops would probably leave us alone if we stayed on the prescribed route;  
We should not enter buildings or subways or antagonize cops or bystanders. People who did these things would be on their own--bail funds and legal support were not available;  
Those at the meeting should return to their individual groups with information about the demonstration.

On Friday, after a perilous ride on one of Chicago's public buses, the Spooners arrived at Federal Plaza just as the line of demonstrators (about 400 strong) began to move out. We were joined by an anarchist we knew from Boston, who, at the end of the march, got separated from the group and was arrested (he was wearing a political button and happened to be standing on the "wrong corner at the wrong time"). Before this unfortunate event, however, most of us enjoyed the march through Chicago's business district, experiencing the demonstration more as a festive occasion than as an angry expression of our views. Emotions did run higher, though, when marchers gathered at the Fountain Of Thieves (a memorial celebrating the white man's domination of the red man), chanting "No More Genocides," as well as when we congregated at the Chicago Tribune to show solidarity with striking newspaper workers. Our route also included stops at the Federal Building, the Board of Trade, the Federal Reserve Bank, the American Bar Association offices, the IBM building and the Court Building where the original Haymarket Anarchists were hanged.

Our Spooner Group never got as far as the Water Tower. We were tired and hungry and we saw that the demonstration essentially had broken up. We did notice some marchers scurrying underground into the subway; we wondered what was motivating them to depart from the established route. Later, we found out that some of the marchers briefly entered Neiman-Marcus, but we never could confirm whether or not any minor vandalism occurred as reported by the mainstream press. It was at this point in the march, when people were dispersing, that the cops began arresting people at random. Those snatched up into paddy wagons were charged with "mob action."

---Lysander Spooner Collective

The Cops at the War Chest Tour

When I arrived at the square in downtown Chicago, I saw a gathering maelstrom of anarchists with black flags, bandannas over their faces, noisemakers (tin cans with rocks in them), banners ("Fuck Authority" was one), and wearing their assorted funky garb. The crowd gathered, dancing around, some arguing with the handful of RCP (Revolutionary Communist Party members) to leave.

From the beginning, there were cops following us. They were few in number and they kept their distance. It seemed that they didn't know what to make of us. As soon as we started to

march in a disorderly fashion towards the next square, the cops came within very close range, trying to contain the three hundred or so anarchists from going into the street. The parade spread out over half a city block. The number of cops increased dramatically.

I stepped back to get a picture behind the march. I was still on the sidewalk. I felt a hand touch my back and the next moment felt a powerful electric shock. I turned to see what it was and saw a cop with heavy black gloves walking away (that cowardly chickenshit didn't even have the guts to show me his face). This came so early in the day that my premonitions about cop behavior were solidified.

We were marching without a permit. We broke every traffic law on record. We crossed streets in the middle, stopping traffic. The cops would try to stop the traffic. To a degree they knew how to keep things "under control" as long as they could.

In front of the IBM building, we held the most intensive part of our march, attempting to shut down the building and going all out on theatrics and noise making. One anarchist attempted to burn a flag, at which point a half dozen cops surged through the crowd and grabbed him, dragging him into the street before he could get the flag lit (it was his flag anyway). As one cop started dragging him away, hundreds of anarchists began chanting "Let him go!" so he let him go. The anarchists definitely had the power to make the cops release arrested people and we used this tactic throughout the day. The cops were powerless as long as we stayed a tightly knit group.

The cops would completely freak out if some anarchists tried to enter a building. Even going around and around in revolving doors of a bank would cause the cops to flip their teeny brains. They would surge into the crowd, throwing people aside until they got to the doors, which they would guard. Once we discovered that the cops would put considerable energy into keeping us out of the "houses of capitalism," this could be used as a tactic. First, for humor. Outside of a Cook County Court building the cops sealed off the doors so our chant began, "We want a tour!" I guess we weren't deserving of a tour, so we moved on.

The cops ultimately were there to protect private property of the rich, so when they discovered that two anarchists had busted some lights inside the Marriott Hotel, they decided to stop the march. A race began between the anarchists in the front, who were running, and the now about 150 cops. The cops started rounding people up and throwing them into paddy wagons.

Thirty-seven people were arrested. It was reported that the cops were arresting people two blocks from the scene just because they had anarchist buttons on. There was nowhere we could be safe from this purge as long as we stayed on the streets. Chris and I, with cops behind us and in front of us, hopped on a city bus and cruised out of there, joining our unjailed anarchist pals back at the church.

---Barry

the marchers, once assembled, started off through downtown. i was keeping my eye on the police escorting the march. there were a good number of them flanking both sides. like the people in the hispanic neighborhood the previous night, they seemed amused and somewhat curious. i guess even a cop likes a break in the daily routine. i, for one, didn't know the exact route that we were going to be following, even though i had a general idea. the first stop was a ghastly looking correctional facility where many of the marchers filled the courtyard and treated it like a giant playground. we all got together and shouted slogans in unison, hoping that the inmates inside could hear us. there was absolutely no way we could

did HUMAN BEINGS become police,  
or were police already pigs before they were given  
a license for pain.

and here in this room the answer was obvious:  
"YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF THIS FLAG."  
its the flag of imperialism. why should i be proud.  
(infuriated-standing up), "PEOPLE DIED FOR THIS FLAG!"  
my cousin died in vietnam-  
alot of good the flag did him.  
YOUR COUSIN IS A HERO YOU LITTLE BASTARD  
my cousin is a corpse. he doesnt know if we won or not.  
IF I HAD A SON LIKE YOU ID BLOW HIS HEAD OFF.  
if i had a father like you, id blow his head off.  
i lied. but explain nonviolence to a proud soldier  
of The Army Of The Rich.  
explain it to a room full of 40 year old wanna be rambos.  
explain love--even for other animals--to a room full  
of overweight carnivores.  
Drinking huge glasses of coke, eating McShit  
and holding their flag. of course.  
they all voted for reagan.

the fbi (?) showed up. they whispered and left.  
three men in dark suits with their sears catalogue of law.  
what could they get me in time for summer?  
CLASS 4 FELONY--COCKSUCKER!  
i sucked on an invisible dick.  
officer maurell asked another cop how to spell 'desecration'.  
they stared at me. WOULD YOU RATHER BE IN RUSSIA?  
you mean im not?  
they gave me some generic proamerica rhetoric.  
delivered with that twisted smile they all had.  
and i could smell the hate. "BROADS" "COONS" "FAGGOTS"  
they reeked of ignorance.  
"YOU'RE GOING TO THE COUNTY JAILHOUSE  
WHERE SOME BIG COON IS GOING TO FUCK YOU UP THE ASS."  
thats fine. im homosexual.  
and ive had this cold for months.  
they didnt get it.

they brought in a womyn--a "minor."  
15 years old. she sat next to me.  
she was worried about the others.  
she was strong. they took her over to the typewriter.  
WHATS YOUR NAME?  
why?  
WHERE DO YOU LIVE?  
why?  
STEP OVER HERE.  
no.  
SPOILED LITTLE BITCH.

she made me stronger. she made them weak.

thursday night  
my wrists are sore from the cuffs  
where officer maurell smiled "WAIT A MINUTE"  
and crushed them together as tight as they would go  
into cartilage and muscle polished masochistic chrome.  
the police are the gestapo of the city.  
ask any of its poor. they patrol  
they arrest. and it becomes an ordeal  
of money never justice. the pigs  
are there to protect your right-  
the right to obey.  
HERES THE ANARCHIST FLAG BURNER  
they sneer through the bars  
in sadistic macho pride.  
they treat all prisoners the same-  
guilty until proven innocent.  
theyve standardized ignorance here.  
the police are the gestapo of the city-  
and im in jail with the citys poor.  
numbers tattooed on my hands  
in permanent marker telling me  
im next, telling me what ive done.  
again and again they demand.  
COOPERATE. YOU MUST COOPERATE.-  
OR YOU'LL STAY HERE FOREVER.-  
but he needs insulin.  
COOPERATE. NO ONE LEAVES UNTIL THEY COOPERATE.

we decided not to cooperate.

they took me upstairs and handcuffed me to the wall.  
i sat on a bench in the report room.  
with twenty cops.  
so this is what they do. arrest and type.  
anything in between isnt accounted for.  
they were pig secretaries now.  
typing up lies to make the charges stick.  
no need for me to be in this room  
except the cops sick yearning to use me  
as an example, to show me his power.  
there was the flag i had burnt.  
there was the flag i had torn, and ruined.  
except it wasnt burnt.  
and was already worn and ragged  
when it was torn from the back of a jacket  
and held in protest, not by me-  
but even so, the first amendment says  
nothing. its meaningless to these nazis  
they want revenge. they hate my guts.  
thats all they understand. im guilty.  
if i wasnt, i wouldnt be there.

ive always considered one question:

know for sure. as the march started off again, the cops started yelling to us that we were heading in the wrong direction. now the charge of bad planning has been leveled at the organizers on more than one occasion, and i think this is a classic example. there was some grumbling about, "who's holding this march, us or the cops?" but the march was redirected to its originally scheduled route.

through downtown the march went, people passing out posters and pamphlets, and every one chanting slogans, "we mean business!", "smash the state, but have a nice day." people in the office skyscrapers were looking down on us and were greeted by choruses of, "jump!" and "join us!" i thought the high point of the march was when we assembled on the courtyard of the city government building and a bunch of the marchers were using pablo picasso's ridiculous statue as a playground toy. it was fitting: pablo picasso was a major voice in radical artistic consciousness from before the first world war up until the end of the second war. from there, he became a "pet" of the bourgeois patrons of the "arts." picasso presented his absurd structure to the fascist government of richard daley when picasso himself was a member of the communist party. that says much about supposed differences between "left" and "right" wing governments. a small group then formed before the sculpture and presented a marvelous little piece of guerrilla theatre-dance that had been choreographed by some people from san francisco's mud theatre. i was wandering around in the crowd, trying to get some reactions from the bewildered onlookers. not once did i hear any real hostility on the part of any of the police, but the same couldn't be said for a lot of the business executives in their three piece suits. the marchers milled around the plaza, then started off for the i.b.m. building chanting, "daley is dead! we're still here!"

the marchers encircled the i.b.m. building, then gathered in front of the building's main entrance. people started pounding on the metal pillars and there was more dance-theatre as we all chanted, "turn the world upside down!" i noticed with great amusement that one of the women police had joined in the chant, but she stopped when admonished by a fellow officer. there were several anti-colonial chants, then the march started off again amid chants of, "let's go shopping!" we made our way to the north channel bridge, beyond which lay the chicago tribune building. we all stopped long enough to venerate a sculpture commemorating an incident of indian genocide which is considered a significant event in the early history of chicago. from there, we made our way down to the tribune building.

the tribune building was the only place where i found passersby who showed any real interest in talking with the marchers about what anarchism was all about. many of us were talking to picketing strikers. the r.c.p. was also trying to worm their way in, but the anarchists were right there to denounce them for what they are: a group who wanted to usurp the conference for their own ends and who wished to smash the state merely to replace it with another one with themselves in charge. the word then got around that the south african consulate was in the building across the street. the police weren't letting anybody near the front of the building. several people tried to gain access through an underground parking ramp. had the police been out to bust heads, these people would have been in grave danger. they were cleared out without any violent confrontations.

as we started moving up the street from the tribune building, we noticed the r.c.p. was holding up a haymarket commemorative poster that also had one of their own self-appointed martyrs on it. the word was quickly passed around: once we assembled at the water tower, we were going to snatch their banner away from them and destroy it. at the same time, we were passing by some posh department stores. people were smearing graffiti on the windows with soap. others were running around and around through the revolving doors. it looked like great fun, but i couldn't see that it had much to do with anarchy. a little farther up, i could see the water tower to the left. i expected everyone to turn, but they kept

going, and that was when they ran into the first line of police. at a dead run, the crowd bolted across the street. i expected everyone to assemble there, but no, they kept running up the street. at that point i thought to myself, "no good will come from this." i had already lost sight of the front of the march when i heard the sound of screeching tires. i was still moving up the street, but walking, trying to get a view of what was going on. the next thing i knew, the crowd was running toward me with an army of police in hot pursuit. they grabbed several guys right near me and held them, slipping on the cuffs. one cop snatched a banner and broke it, the guys who had been carrying it scurrying away. practically within arm's length of me, i saw a woman from san francisco getting cuffed to a tree. on a side street by the park, some redneck had one of the marchers in a hammerlock up against a car. that was the only time during the whole four days that i wanted to punch somebody, but the cops were there in seconds to arrest the holdee. i decided at that point that my vantage point wasn't the best--that probably the only reason the cops hadn't jumped me was because of my comparatively "straight" appearance. i moved across the street where i could keep an eye on the goings-on. upset as i was at seeing my friends incarcerated, i was gladder than i can express at nobody getting beaten or otherwise physically abused.

---Hal

We were totally not together in the morning and got split up and missed the beginning of the march. I borrowed a sweater and jacket from Gaz and Kaz "just in case" (and am I glad I did!). We found the demo somehow and I don't really remember the places we stopped at--it's all shit anyway. I was really enjoying myself roaming around the streets with a huge gang of intelligent, angry people. And the black flags and bandannas over some faces was a nice addition to the scenery. I remember sliding on the big sloping metal "objet d'art" that we probably weren't supposed to run around on. The street theatre was great, but we should have had more propaganda to give to the people who were trying to figure out "what's going on?" Holding hands around a building, going on the Tribune picket line (they have pieces of lots of other buildings on their building), and then my heart began beating a little faster as we crossed the street to the S. Afrikan thing and the cops were a little freaked out.

Running down the road next to someone I don't know who's yelling at a cop--"C'mon ya fat pig, run piggie, run!". When I saw large amounts of cops, I decided it would be a good idea to leave, but which way? And what's going on over there with my other friends? I stopped at a drinking fountain trying to regain calm and still see what was going on, and then I was arrested. I protested that I hadn't done anything, and the cop said, "Me neither, I haven't done anything all day, but now it's my turn."

No one would tell me what I, or anyone else, was being arrested for, but it doesn't really matter because they do what they want and make it up later anyway.

---Ken

Free in Chicago

At the risk of sounding dramatic, Chicago was an adventure. It was a situation where many things that really affected me came together all at once. At a few times throughout the gathering I was overwhelmed by the experience of what was happening and have been struggling to come to terms with them since returning.

One of these was on the "War Chest Tour." In this demonstration we meant to point out not only just how many fucked-up things there are in society, by going for a stroll downtown and finding how much there is to criticize, but also to suggest that the world and one's life can

The biggest failing of the day was that so many of us failed to take into consideration the way in which the political climate had become increasingly repressive. Militarism against third world peoples is once again being matched by repression at home. The war against terrorism will be waged at home as well as abroad. In the third world, a certain number of demonstrators would have been killed to make a political point about protest. In Chicago, a certain number were arrested and had their wrists slapped. In both a legal and social sense, the realm within which opposition is tolerated, is becoming narrower. And they don't like slow learners.

---The Toronto "86 38/8"

## JAIL AND BAIL OR "NOBODY FUCKS WITH MY FLAG"

HAYMARKET MAY 1ST  
"NOBODY FUCKS WITH MY FLAG."

the cops hand wrung my throat. like crushing a beer can  
i heard my hair crunching as he pinned my skull to a brick wall  
the cracks sunk into my back.  
the police were trying to stampede us down the sidewalk  
we were getting closer. to tiffanys neiman-marcus  
they told us to stop and wait and not cross the street  
and then everyone was running. across the street.  
and then i was running-  
now we were dragged down the street. a cop the size  
of three people  
led me and a womyn to the paddy wagon  
she was crying: "i cant believe youre doing this to me.  
youre so gross"  
YOU PEOPLE ARE ALL ON DRUGS.  
"i dont take any drugs, i dont drink, i dont smoke  
i teach mentally retarded children-  
im a good person. i have done nothing,  
i cant believe youre doing this to me.  
youre so gross."  
and i said: dont waste your tears.

at the wagon someone was passively resisting  
they were dragging him. all i could see  
were fists and boots. i said get up  
its not worth it.  
i stepped onto the wagon. WAIT.  
they searched my knapsack and left it open,  
pushed me inside and everything dumped.  
through the pain i picked it all up. i was inside-  
tiny grates for windows, rivets, mental. exhaust fumes.  
all over the stainless steel bench i sat on  
was a skin of dried blood.

We got off easy, and we should learn some valuable lessons.

Too many of us have become a little complacent about demonstrations. Mass arrests at demonstrations are quite rare these days unless they are part of a civil disobedience strategy. Demonstrations have come to serve as community events where experiences are shared and energies renewed; this community purpose is as important as the expressed political intent of the demonstration. The seemingly restrained response of the police at the beginning of the demonstration fed this more celebratory approach to the march. It is unclear if the police knew from the beginning that arrests would come at the end, or whether that decision was triggered off by the move into the stores. But when the boisterous display at the IBM building precipitated no major response, it seemed that the demonstration would be allowed to burn itself out.

The lack of pre-arranged legal support is also a function of too many years of "peaceful demonstrations." Legal backup should be a matter of course. It is ironic but true that an anarchist community needs lawyers. Their function is simply one of serving as technicians dealing with the mechanics of the legal system. There is also a pressing need for more legal knowledge on our part. Once arrested, we had little accurate knowledge of the workings of the Illinois legal system so we were handicapped in making our decisions. This is particularly true for people from out-of-state or from across the border. We had not even been legally informed as to what charges we faced.

The strategy of the men to refuse to give their names was logical as a form of solidarity and protest, especially since peace demonstrators had been released on "John Doe" warrants in other areas. Ironically, we could have saved a great deal of difficulty if we had realized that all we had to do was give "a name," any name for that matter as well as our fingerprints, in order to be released. (This is potentially problematic for anyone whose fingerprints are on file). No ID was checked, but the fingerprints were sent off for checking. The financial charge for such checks, imposed by the jurisdiction asked to do the search, limit the extent of the search. Theoretically, we could have all walked out without giving them one correct name. It would be quite useful, if local laws and practices were checked out. Such knowledge might come in useful some day.

The jail experience was quite informative since it encapsulated many of the features of our repressive, sexist and racist society. Rape was openly suggested as a possibility for one woman and a man was told that he would be thrown into the local jail to be raped. Another woman was openly called a "nigger-lover" because she had her hair in braids. When she asked a black woman cop about how she felt about such terms, the cop said that she didn't hear anything. The women arrested found themselves included amongst the black hookers who had been arrested that same evening in the cops "Business as Usual" arrests. The theft of money from one of the women nearly precipitated a major incident and the theft was used by the police to harass the hookers.

The men, on the other hand, were essentially spared any such threatening scenes, and had little contact with regular prisoners. We were not fed for nearly a full day, then it was baloney sandwiches and white bread. One man suffering from diabetes spent eight days in hospital afterwards as a direct result of their refusal to give him medical attention. The windows were also opened on a cold night to cool us down. Since we were crowded six or seven in a 10x10 cell, without blankets or mattresses, it was a miserable evening. But, certainly, this was only the normal abuse heaped upon most people coming into this mini-gulag. Similarly, the use of lies, misinformation, threats and general piggishness is part of the normal operating procedures.

be so much better, by being positive.

In this, we in the march would smile and laugh and sing silly, yet meaningful, slogans like "Smash the state, and have a nice day!" Many of the things that we said and did were completely spontaneous. We made stops that no one had planned, such as a statue at the end of a bridge depicting a "heroic" soldier killing an Amerindian, and made up a lot of slogans on the spot, like when the rather indignant shout of "Lies!" at the Chicago Tribune Building was twisted into "Liars, liars, pants on fire!"

I felt that I was using my freedom. I wasn't merely sitting around talking about being free, as I sometimes feel I do, nor was I marching around with any sort of anger or moral superiority, but was out in the world letting the world know what I feel in a way that I felt good about.

At one point in the demonstration, we ran into a courtyard and began using a statue (by Miro I believe) as a slide. One part of it was slanted so we could run up the slant and slide down it. There were dozens of people sliding up and down on it. Whee! Art has a purpose! Life is fun!

We then danced and chanted in the courtyard in some impromptu street theatre done by a group of wonderful people from San Francisco. It was, for me, the perfect blend of being fun, creative and intelligent.

This infantilization brought out of me a lightness of spirit and the killing of what Nietzsche called "the spirit of gravity"--a seriousness towards life that we are taught is part of "maturity," but is really a restraint on living our own lives. (Take the image of the old wise man--mature, serious, and nearly dead!)

Second thoughts on this (gravity pulling me down?) made me wonder if this was really freedom. Surely there's more to freedom than running wild in the streets.

I think "freedom" is a very illusive concept. Like "love," who knows what it means? And since I can function without knowing what love is, I can do likewise for freedom. Like everything else, it's ultimately meaningless as a term. But I still think it needs examination, because this term is central to most political, social, and personal philosophies.

Keeping this in mind, I will philosophize that there are two kinds of freedom, what the anarchist-egoist Max Stirner called "inner" and "outer" freedom. Inner freedom is the freedom of the mind, such as not being a conformist to anyone or anything else. An outer freedom is being "physically" free--able to go or say what you want. This is the one most people think of. I like to think of the idea that you can escape from a cell two ways: you can break out, or you can not desire to leave.

Perhaps during the street episode I had outer freedom. I did what I wished and mentally I was momentarily freed of controlling desires. On the other hand, I was doing what others were doing. I was part of the group, even though I was acting on what I felt were my own desires. This gets very complex, so I think I will leave it off here, since I am still thinking about this.

---Scott

THE DISTINGUISHING BLANK

pouring, flowing, welling up to and through  
you sweeten the way with your juices and nectars;  
scattered and yielded seeds of common fare  
call forth your secretive blends of spice;  
second skins woven in your true colors  
to fit the cycle of contour and season;  
the transparent shell fits all  
who will fill in the distinguishing blank.  
it's all exquisitely ready-made-to-order and absolutely free  
though unavailable in any market  
the native aliens, full-time tourists  
and posture specialists seek  
but never find such  
being too busy making money,  
money!  
money to pay  
for the mainstream tap of convenient poison  
essence canned,  
staples for refined malnutritions,  
pre-packaged hungers,  
shrink-wrapped identities,  
split-level consciousness  
with beautiful stone facades.

FOR HAYMARKET '86 GATHERING

---Ben Z. Dream

There were a couple of reasons why I didn't go on the demonstration. One was that I personally couldn't afford to get into any trouble, and the circumstances seemed prime for some trouble to happen. A second was that if there was trouble, someone would need to be out of jail. A third was that I wanted to talk to friends more than I wanted to shout at enemies. A fourth was that I really didn't see the point, and the final reason was that I'm not all that opposed to capitalism in the first place. Regardless of which of these was the most important reason, I stayed back at the ranch while others were out getting arrested. So it is that I can tell the story of the aftermath, but can give no account of what led up to it. I hope that someone will fill me in.

---Mike

I mostly hung around the edges of the downtown demo on Friday, talking to the cops and the rest of the audience. I experimented with trying to shake people's hands, asking them what they thought about the demonstration, asking them if they liked their jobs. I was struck by how much some people seemed to enjoy their alienation.

Seeing the IBM building surrounded was inspiring--"I hate Mieses to pieces"--especially since they offered me a job once, as an electrical engineer--\$25,000 a year to program microprocessor and integrated circuit test equipment. I tried to explain this but they still wouldn't let me inside.

At the Tribune Building, I talked to a man who said he fought in WWII so that punks like us could do this sort of thing--although he seemed to think we shouldn't be allowed to get away with it. He told me to get a job. I told him I had a job. He told me that if I was

horrible. This only strengthened our commitment to struggle against the continuation of political and social imprisonment.

The people who were arrested were those who had become separated from the main body of the demonstration for one reason or another. Many of us did not know that the stakes of the demonstration had been raised by others going into stores and the Marriot Hotel to create "scenes." Nor was everyone aware that a meeting had been held the night before during which the question of "spontaneous actions" had been debated. We, in no way, "blame" those who did the spontaneous actions which might have precipitated the arrest. We support such actions in general, and the ones which were done in particular.

The situation was classic for arrests given that the numbers had been reduced and the demonstrators were spread out. We became more like tourists than demonstrators by this point, looking for the transit, Haymarket Square, the march, friends or even food. Various small groups of demonstrators found themselves surrounded and outnumbered by the police. Most people were arrested while dispersing on command from the police. Some were even picked up while entering the transit stations. It was obvious that a decision had been made to start arresting people so it was mainly a question of luck which determined who was arrested and who wasn't. It seems as though three distinct areas were swept by the police. It can also probably be assumed that it was a conscious decision by the cops to avoid creating a potentially more riotous situation by picking off those who were isolated rather than confronting the larger and more cohesive mob.

When it became apparent that arrests were about to be made, some of those eventually arrested made the decision to continue forward to see what was happening. If people are being arrested, it is useful on a number of levels to have sympathetic witnesses. This assumes that such arrests are of specific people for specific actions, rather than being random arrests. Witnesses can have the effect of lessening any explicit use of force in the arrests, can take information, can begin jail support more quickly. Such decisions are up to the individual and are made on the moment without full information. At least one person was arrested when she went to verbally intercede on behalf of another who was being roughly handcuffed with his hands behind his back while pushed against the hood of a car. But the principle remains, that in these circumstances people should not be totally abandoned at the moment of arrest even if the potential witnesses themselves are more likely to be arrested.

The ways to avoid such situations are clear, though their implementation is more difficult. Everyone on the march should have known that "spontaneous events" had been anticipated. Those who wished to avoid such situations could then have left the march earlier, as some did with this knowledge, or otherwise they could have taken more precautions. Maps of the area could have been issued which would have enabled people to make decisions as to how to get away from that location and people would have been freer to dash off on their own. The problem is that this information would have had to be distributed without revealing the plans or, even worse, could even be used for more serious conspiracy charges.

If, as we would like to see, demonstrations become more common, and more militant, then techniques need to be developed through which spontaneous decisions can be made. In such cases, march routes should not be publicized. This would make it more difficult for the police to mass their forces at some known points along the route. Decisions could be made at different points along the way as to where we would go next. As different tactical possibilities became apparent, then they could be quickly discussed and appropriate decisions could be made. Granted, this would not be easy, but on the other hand, not only is it necessary to develop such techniques, but our politics should allow for such development.



one woman was a minor and she was removed pretty quickly. Some female officers came in to get everyone's name and address. I gave my true name and address, cooperating fully. While we were in the cell, men in business suits came in to look at us a couple of times. One of the cops said they were detectives, but I heard someone else say that they were store owners who were trying to identify us. This was the first I heard that any windows were broken, and I didn't really believe it. I still haven't talked to anyone that saw it.

We sang and talked and chanted to amuse ourselves. We were in the cell a couple of hours, at least. At one point we heard a guy screaming downstairs, and we assumed it was one of ours. We got in a circle and chanted and screamed, and after a while we got an answering scream from the men. I was handcuffed to Nicole at that point, I believe. We sat in a room with a bunch of cops for a time, while they were waiting for the paddy wagons or something like that. The cops were rude and one was a fat guy who said things like, "Do your parents know you're doing this?" I got mad and said, "You don't have to be such a patronizing bastard." That set off a lot of insults. One cop called Christine "ugly" and made some crack about her not being a woman. Another one of the cops asked a woman if she had ever had a job and paid taxes, and she said no, and he said, "Then you have NO RIGHTS!" They made fun of me because I said I had a college education. They treated us as children.

---Karry

It was Fun  
How Fast we Run  
Pigs and pointlessness diverge  
I came to And it was gone  
But as before the dream lives on

---Anonymous

The recent anarchist gathering in Chicago held to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the Haymarket massacre was highlighted, appropriately enough, by the arrests of 38 people on charges of "Mob Action" and "Disorderly Conduct" after a "No Business As Usual" march through the streets of downtown Chicago.

Eight of those arrested were from Toronto. We felt that we would like to give our perspective on the events since there are important lessons to be learned. It is not our intention to cast blame on anyone, though all the way down the line decisions could have been made both on a group and individual level that would have altered the outcome.

We would like to thank all those people who contributed generously to the bail fund. We also appreciated the people who worked hard to ensure that we were, in fact, released. Jail support in many ways can be even more trying than incarceration itself.

It was clear, as we sat in jail that we were there for our ideas and for what these ideas represent. Certainly, it wasn't a very pleasant experience, but less than two days in jail is not the worst thing that has happened to anarchists. We were nourished by good humor, interesting discussions and renewed political clarity. The shared experience strengthened the community and political bonds that we feel towards each other. If we had to go through such an experience, it was easier in the presence of friends. Since all of us from Toronto have been actively involved in prison support work, our friends and comrades in prisons and jails throughout North America were never far from our thoughts. Even under the relatively benign conditions in which we were held, the experience of imprisonment was

working for him I wouldn't...well, O.K.

---Boog

One stop where time was well spent was the IBM building. We all held hands and encircled the building. We also were able to heckle the people inside pretty well, seeing as there was clear glass. After the ring around the rosy episode, money was burned (an act criticized as being wasteful), and that's not all that we tried to burn (of course money burning's a federal crime). This leads me to the question of direct action on the march. I tried to burn the american flag. It wouldn't light but I really wanted to. Did I think of the possible consequences of doing this? Of going to jail for a felony? Or perhaps having the police go crazy and arrest people right there? No. At that moment I thought fuck these police. I've never let a cop think that I respected his or her assumed authority over me and when at all possible I like to confront them with words and actions that show my contempt for their laws and the institutions which they are created to uphold. I wanted to do everything illegal that I could think of. Would it have been worth it if I'd been arrested? Well I don't like to get arrested, but this never stopped me before. Following the logic of trying to avoid arrest at all costs, does that mean no spray paint, no shoplifting, no mob action against the state? Or should those who are willing take risks, but only when they are not with people who aren't willing to get arrested? Of course this hadn't crossed my mind during the march; after the flag was taken I tried to burn a red RCP flag and managed it on my second attempt. The police didn't care about a red flag going up.

---Chartreuse Colada

We finally moved on to the Chicago Tribune Building, where we stopped for a little bit, then went on. We got to a point where some people wanted to cross the street to the South African consulate, and some people thought we should go on. I eventually crossed over. We stood in front of it yelling, but there were cops who stood on the line between the sidewalk and the tiled area in front of the building making sure we didn't cross it. We moved on and after a few blocks people started running, then turned around to run in the other direction. The cops started arresting people. One of them grabbed a girl who was only a few feet from me. She started screaming to let her go, she was really a good person--I don't know if she was scared into believing the cop was there to arrest bad people or if she was trying to make the cop realize that she wasn't--but other people who were there and I told him to let her go because she hadn't done anything. The cop threatened to arrest us if we didn't leave him alone. Farther on I saw some more cops who had two or three people and a cop grabbed another one for carrying a black flag. They told me to get away or they would arrest me, and by that time I had lost the rest of the group, so I walked around for quite a while. I finally found some guerrilla theater members who were talking to an interested observer about anarchy. They told me that everyone had broken up, so we went back.

---David

May 2 4:15 PM

Sitting here at the church. Just got back from the anarchist demonstration and march through downtown. I am still not sure what has happened, but the word is that there have been a lot of arrests. I did not see any of these as I broke away from the march the minute we hit Michigan Avenue. I was at the front of the march when someone broke away and yelled "shopping!" I joined in and ran into a shopping mall-type-place and never looked back. My adrenalin was really flowing as I started to hear windows breaking and people yelling throughout this whole complex. I almost got caught as I was running out the doors,

not by police, but by two hired security guards of this place. They had me pinned down on my back and I was trying to talk my way out of the situation when they told me to shut up and that I was going to take all the shit for the damage done. So I had pretty much given up hope when before I knew it some friends of mine returned to find me. I was then liberated from these two goons as everyone proceeded to beat them off of me and we all escaped, as they seemed to have no intention of taking on ten screaming anarchists. It was really beautiful. I had this complete feeling of dying and being brought back to life. It is difficult to explain. Someone just said that about forty people were arrested, all around the area where we broke up. Actually, I am quite surprised that the police allowed us to go that far. The march had no permit and we were causing some fairly serious disruption all along the way. At the IBM building people were spray painting circle A's everywhere and blockading the entrances. I am overhearing comments by people who are saying that the march was nothing special, that we could have done much more. Personally, I think a lot was done and that it was rather successful. It was, in fact, one of the most radical marches I have been on in quite awhile. People are starting to filter into the church now and others are beginning to hustle around with info about those arrested. Some others are trying to get the scheduled anarcha-feminism workshop going. I don't know if I will attend this or not considering my position with this particular group of people. But I would very much like to hear where they are coming from on some important issues. Perhaps I will just sit back and listen. Yes.

---Tim

shortly after the actions at the Marriot, Neimann-Marcus, etc. it became obvious that the police were preparing to make arrests--they zipped up their jackets, moved into a military phalanx, and began trotting in the direction of some of the vanguard anarchists who weren't looking behind themselves to realize what was happening--several of us who did realize, started attempting to discreetly chase after those who didn't, hoping that we could get to them and warn them before the police caught them--we were, unfortunately, unsuccessful and if i remember correctly, at least 1 of us was arrested in the process of going to the others' defense--i filmed the arrests that i witnessed (not far from Water Tower Place), trying to zoom in on the treatment of those arrested and on the license plate of the van into which they were forced--i then ran off to try to find other anarchists who could help set the process of freeing the prisoners.

as i was running away, 1 of the reporters who, presumably, wrote the "Magnificent Mile" article tried to stop me to interview me--i gave him some quick answers and explained that i was in too much of a hurry attempting to go get help for the hostages to talk to him more, suggested that he talk to as many anarchists as he could manage under the circumstances (for the obvious reason of getting a more representative sampling), and then ran on.

skimming the article now it seems that a fair amount of anarchists were interviewed--thusly, at least, making the article an exception to the general press inclination to single out people to make into "stars" and "leaders"--so i think we can give them some credit for having assimilated our emphasis on equal individuals--otherwise the article is the same old, same old--especially in connection with it's over simplistic and misleading "history" of the original Haymarket event.

later, at the jail, there were some particularly obnoxious reporters who seemed to exemplify what it is that lead many anarchists to not want to interact with the press in any cooperative manner--1 of them, a tv glorp, "confided" to a group of 5 or so of us that he "thought" he was "really" a "closet anarchist!"--such an obviously insincere play to get our sympathy was made clear to have fallen flat when 1 anarchist responded with dry and obvious cynicism to the effect that she "hardly thought so"--he succeeded in losing most, if not all, sympathy

from us from that point on.

during his "live" broadcast, i attempted to interpolate from the sidelines: "Stop Normality Before It Stops You!" but i don't think the microphone was sensitive enough for it to have been broadcast--or they/we were already off the air by the time i shouted it.

at another point a reporter (from the Chicago Tribune?) was asking me and various other people (including "crowbar") various questions the answers to which he consistently didn't note on paper because they were too flippant (i assume that's what he thought) and he was getting angry and frustrated that we weren't talking seriously like his idea (again i assume) of how a "revolutionary" should be--he didn't realize that we were trying to instigate a fun revolution (by our standards) and not give a lifeless dialectical blither.

he asked us what some anarchist slogans were and i told him: "No More Punching-Bag Clowns!"--to which he responded with a gesture of disgust--it seemed to me that he just wanted us to say what he expected us to say (perhaps something like: Kill the Pigs--or some such cliché) and was only willing to quote us if we didn't do anything but fit his pre-conceived stereotype--this strikes me as a common syndrome with reporters--this tendency toward a preconceiving which limits their ability to pay attention--of course, reporters are hardly the only ones "guilty" of such a tendency--the very use of language for framing thought creates parameters of perception.

later, i explained again, in response to questions, to another tv reporter, that the restrictingly rectilinear "sculpting" of the "vandalized" buildings' architecture had not been vandalized!--as should be obvious, i explained, the buildings had molecularly reorganized to form what superficially appeared to be spray painted anarchy symbols and broken glass in order to express its solidarity with the blessed biomorphic joy of chaos! idiotically, the reporter thought i was joking! (so what?!) and, once again, shrugged off the possibility of quoting me--and to think that i was so proud of myself for having (so i thought) freed the spirit of anarchy so beautifully!

best wishing wells,  
---tentatively, a convenience

Nobody knew the details of how the demonstrations would conclude. The Chicago organizers didn't make any concrete plans on how to conclude the demos. I see reasons for this. First, I wouldn't feel comfortable with a strict agenda for something as an anti-capitalism demo in one of the most intensely capitalistic parts of the city. Second, I realized the potential spontaneity and I felt that the risks of spontaneity of any possible arrests, far outweighed the certain criticism that would have been generated by denouncing and/or discouraging spontaneity. I felt that the organizers had very little, if any, right to dictate the nature of events.

As I see it the arrests resulted from a series of factors: loose planning, loose organization, and the lack of consensus as to the nature of the demos. It would have been difficult to reach this consensus prior to the demo, but during the conference it would have been possible, when those involved were there. Difficult, because of the short time span and the equally stalwart differing opinions involved.

---Anonymous