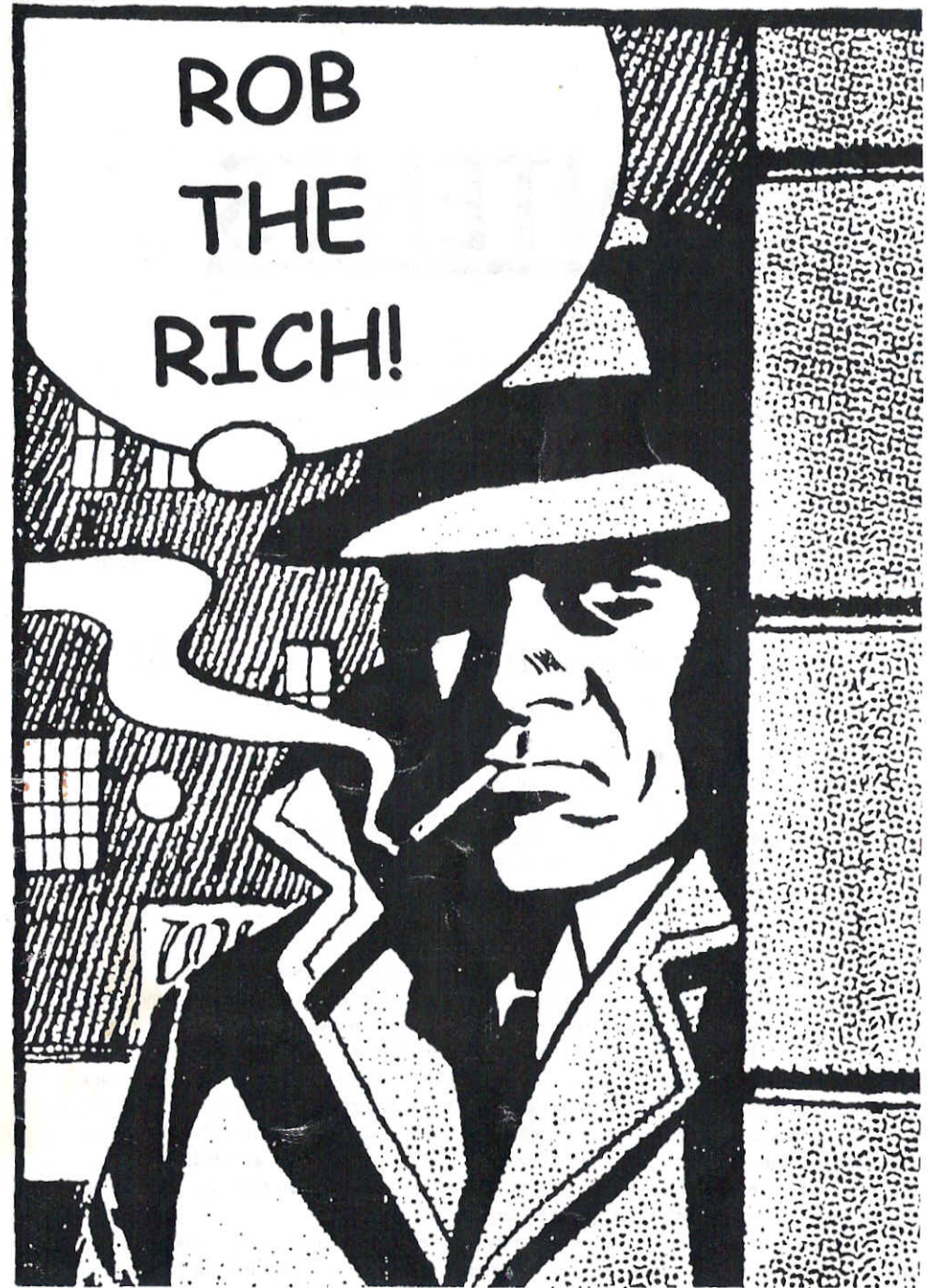


All proceeds from this pamphlet will go towards Rob's Legal Defense. You can order additional copies of this pamphlet from Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous: PO Box 11331 Eugene, Oregon 97440 USA



**Jailhouse Writings by Political Prisoner  
Robert Thaxton a.k.a. Rob los Ricos**



# CONTENTS

Introduction . . . . .	1
Kangaroo Court for Political Prisoner Robert Thaxton . . . . .	2
Robert Thaxton: Who He Is and The Movement He Is a Part Of . . . . .	3-7
Reclaim the Streets . . . . .	8-9
What Do You Think You Are Doing, Officer? . . . . .	10-11
America Prepare To Step Up Death Squad Activities . . . . .	12
Traveling Autonomous Zones . . . . .	12-14
Biocide . . . . .	14
Imposed Imbecility . . . . .	15-18

*“ I must rise in revolt to rise in the world. ”*

*Max Stirner, from The Ego and Its Own*

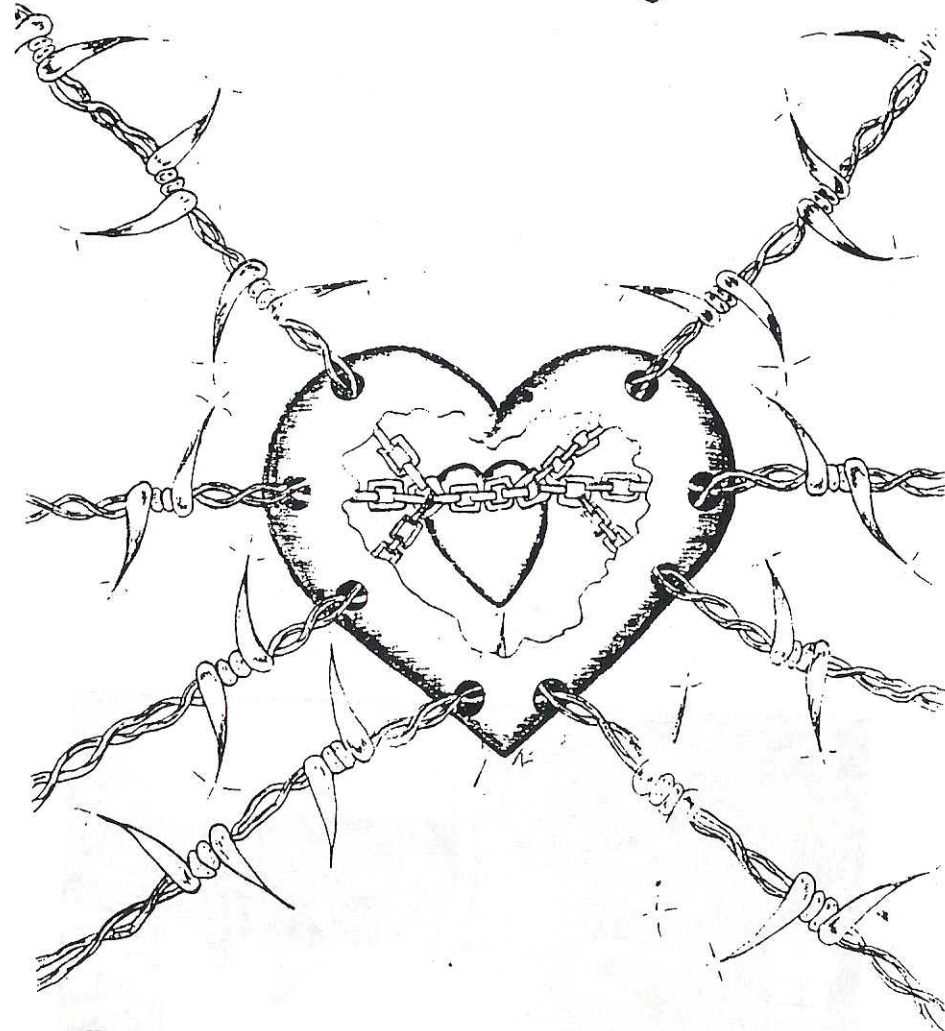
The October 13 verdict of seven years and four months in prison for Robert Thaxton was no surprise to anarchists here in Eugene, and elsewhere for that matter. Anarchists, the true enemies of the state should expect no leniency from the judge's gavel, no favors, no warm feelings from those who uphold authority. No surprise at all. For that is just one of many reasons why we are anarchists, why we foster the desire to live our lives to fullest extent possible, to experience love, beauty, nature, feasts, all unhindered by authority that is not our own.

The state of the planet is not a welcome one as nature continues to be paved over and shit upon and our daily life represents more and more that of a machine. How drab and monotonous so many lives have become. Yet there are those who refuse to made into machines, who refuse to become one of the living dead. And in this refusal, they experience real adventure and come closer to owning their own lives, and living it to the fullest, the way we were intended to do.

The June 18th riot in Eugene was just one more collective refusal. The leftist spin put on the day of protest against capital couldn't contain the emotions that so many felt, and the cops efforts to quell those emotions only fanned the flames. Protesters did not play by the rules that day and outflanked the cops on a few occasions. But for all the excitement and victories that were had on that day, there were some losses. Twenty people were arrested, the stiffest sentence thus far has been handed to Rob. Another person arrested on that day, Christopher Smith, was convicted of riot and has yet to be sentenced

That day has been highly controversial in Eugene. Even anarchists have mixed feelings about it. But as many still continue to sit around and bicker about whether the riot was good or bad, death is still outrunning life.

THIS ZINE IS DEDICATED TO ALL  
POLITICAL PRISONERS AND FREEDOM  
FIGHTERS ACROSS THE GLOBE.



DON'T LET THE  
BASTARDS GRIND  
YOU DOWN!



their thought crimes with their freedom or their lives, but the imbeciles must denounce them and subject them to abuse and humiliation in the process. More interested in kissing the ass that shits on them than trying to stop the flow of shit over them, the imbeciles wail and rash their teeth to think that anyone, any one person anywhere at anytime, would dare to live outside the structures of domination which define the life of the imbecile.

The rewards of imbecility are a heightening of the helplessness and impotence of the faithful. The privileged must be protected from the rest of the herd - secreted away behind secured barriers. Unable to perform even the most basic task, the privileged must obtain surrogate mothers to tidy up after them, to procure and prepare their meals, to make plans for their activities. These utterly incompetent fools are worshipped by other imbeciles, who fetishize and envy those who have risen above them. This gives the privileged a feeling of power. The implied power is sanctified by the herd, many of whom aspire to partake in this exclusive state of advanced imbecility. To prove their worth, the imbeciles must demonstrate their idiocy through ruthless obsequence to everything that diminishes human existence. Compassion is seen as weakness. Love is a matter of ownership. Annihilation is called progress. Anything that can be done to generate profit is justifiable. Mountains are leveled, rivers dammed, forests murdered, species of every sort of living thing obliterated to provide the imbeciles their privileges. Remember, the imbeciles can only survive by forcing the uninitiated, the under privileged, even the remaining free human beings to provide for them. Once reduced to destitution, the marginalized can be bribed into becoming the armed enforcers of imbecility, ensuring the comfort and safety of the imbeciles of the world and removing anything or anyone not being utilized for the never satiated demands of expansive imbecility.

### **Death Watch of the Imbecile.**

A lifetime of loyal service to the continuance of imbecility is rewarded with the misery and pain of slowly dying in increasing pain. Their bodies have been ruined by their labors, by their exposure to lethal industrial processes and its by-products. They have poisoned themselves with cigarettes, pharmaceuticals and liquor, horrid food, filthy air, stress, anger, hatred. The fortunate ones can then pay for the privilege of correcting and lessening the impact of this damage through medication, surgery and the intervention of medical technology. The exhausted people do not demand that those responsible for causing this damage accept responsibility for the harm they've caused. Nor do they demand that the responsible parties and their methods of production cease to continue inflicting this damage upon their descendents and the world in general. They are, after all, imbeciles. Indeed, many of these people's continued miserable existence is dependent upon the continuation of the processes of industry which wrecked their bodies and their lives.

What is to be done about all these imbeciles? Those of us unwilling to perpetuate the domination of imbecility must break free of its grasp. We must learn to care and provide for ourselves and invite others to share in our adventures in self-(re)discovery. In this way, we can create a new cycle of expansive, life-enhancing existence, an undertow of liberation to pull back the tide of death-dealing industrial states.

Reject imbecility by embracing your own ability to meet your needs outside the sanctified disability of the imbecile.\*

### **Kangaroo Court for Political Prisoner Robert Lee Thaxton**

Sgt. Larry Blackwell is known throughout the Whiteaker neighborhood as a menace, specializing in threats, racism, and intimidation. He joined the Eugene Police Department directly from the LA County Sheriff's Dept. after the 1992 rising. "I got to shoot some of those motherfuckers", is one of his utterances in reference to Hispanics in L.A.

Toward the end of "Reclaim the Streets" on June 18 he charged Rob Thaxton, who threw a rock at him in an effort to get away. Blackwell had made no order to stop or any other comment and was coming at Thaxton with obvious violence, against one with no record of violence.

In a two-day trial marked by outrageous prejudice from the bench toward the defendant, he was convicted July 3 of Assault 2 and Riot and acquitted of Attempted Assault 1. Sentencing occurred on October 13 in which Rob was sentenced to seven years and four months in a penitentiary (because of a mandatory minimum of 70 months in the Assault 2 conviction).

Judge Beard distinguished herself by consistently siding with the prosecution and denying every defense motion. She refused to acknowledge the stated bias of several jurors against anarchists seating them anyway, having already refused that defense counsel (Charlie Porter) be allowed to interview prospective jurors individually. Also denied was a defense motion to admit into evidence material on Blackwell's personal record or allow any witnesses about his behavior or character. Two witnesses were going to discuss the historical record and nature of anarchism, to address the bias against Thaxton as an anarchist. This, too, was not allowed.

Slurs about anarchists, however, were permitted by Prosecutor Gorham, who also brought in extraneous, unsupported charges (e.g. that Thaxton also threw a bottle at Blackwell) and committed other irregularities. The local injustice system went all-out to make Rob an object lesson in what to expect. This one-sided affair was a total sham, as expected. An appeal of his conviction is underway.

Please write to comrade Robert Lee Thaxton #12112716 O.S.P. 2605 State St. Salem, OR 97310

All mail sent to Rob must have a return address.

All donations to Rob's legal defense should be sent to Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous PO Box 11331 Eugene, OR 97440 All checks are to be made out to John Zerzan and can be received through the above (AAA) address.

Donations to Rob personally must be sent in the form of money orders only and be mailed to: Department of Corrections Central Trust 2575 Center St. NE Salem, OR 97310 and must be made out to Department of Corrections Central Trust for Robert Lee Thaxton #12112716

Letters should be sent separately from literature and all literature must come directly from the publisher or a bookstore. Zines, in this instance, should have the same address printed on the envelope (if any is used) as is printed on the zine itself.

No felt tipped pens can be used, or colored markers or crayons or anything fun like that. However, photocopies (color or b + w) can come in. Photocopied collages are especially welcomed. Smudged, smeared and stained letters will most likely be rejected. So, to be safe use ball point pens only.



# Robert Thaxton

## Who He Is And The Struggle He Is Part Of

### Who is Rob Thaxton?

I first met Rob Thaxton - better known to his anarchist comrades as Rob los Ricos - in 1991 in Austin, Texas. For as long as I have known him, he has been involved in anarchist activities. In Texas, he had connections with Earth First?! And helped to organize anarchist gatherings in Houston and Austin. While living in Portland, Oregon a few years ago, he was involved with the anarchist info-shop that existed at the time. This past winter, he lived in Columbia, Missouri helping to publish Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed and Alternative Press Review, as well as working on book projects of the Columbia Alternative Library Press. Rob has also shown interest in indigenous and Chicano issues, being Chicano himself. He spent the summers of 1997 and 1998 on a piece of land in southern Oregon where several people, including some anarchists, are experimenting with natural, low impact gardening techniques, permaculture, eco-friendly architecture and low-tech living. Rob views this project as a part of becoming a person more capable of living without the industrial monster, and so better able to fight it. He had planned to stay on the land again this summer and had been there one month before his arrest. He had spoken of settling there long-term to really learn the skills he wanted to gain. Rob also has a 3-year-old daughter who is living with her mother in Portland. He views his revolutionary activity, as well as his experiments in low-tech living, as in part, a gift to his daughter whom he loves dearly.

Rob has no desire to be a martyr. He wants and, to the best of his ability, acts toward anarchist revolution for himself and those he loves. But the police and prosecutors wanted a scapegoat for June 18. Rob was not a local. The authorities believed he was a transient. Add to this that Rob was a Chicano, and that one of his arresting officers, Larry Blackwell, has been heard to make slurs and threats against Chicanos, Rob begins to look like the perfect scapegoat. So after being beaten to the ground, his nose broken, his eye blackened, his scapulae injured, his brain concussed, he found himself facing charges of rioting, first-degree assault, and second degree assault. This last sentence has a required 6-year minimum sentence. His bail was set at \$240,000, keeping him from the land he loves and the friends he loves.

### Revolutionary Solidarity

With a friend and comrade in a situation like Rob's, of course, basic support work is necessary - building a defense, getting together funds for a lawyer, all the banalities that come up in such a situation. But, from an anarchist perspective, revolutionary solidarity is equally or even more essential.

Revolutionary Solidarity is expressed through the continuation of the struggle against this society, the continuation of the attack against the institutions which judge and imprison ourselves and our comrades. So, although we will certainly not deny Rob all the tools he can use to defend himself, we will not let our struggle be deflected into petitions to the authorities. Rather we will battle the authorities with all means that can be used in an anarchist way.

As anarchists, we have no interest in the justice system. Rob says he did not commit the crimes of which he was accused, and we will certainly do what we can to prove this. But from an anarchist perspective, the guilt or innocence of a comrade is not important in determining our solidarity with him or her. This concept of guilt and innocence is just another aspect of the democratic system of justice and law which we reject.

The justice system, justice as it exists in the present society, is a system of judgement, a system which allows certain people to determine that others, who these judges have never met

In the times before the era of childhood, young people spent all their time in the company of adults, mainly their parents. Infants are observant and intelligent. They could see what their parents did during their day - cooking, grooming, creating things, working their gardens. By the time they were old enough to walk, they were capable of helping their parents out, if only in very slight ways. The more the young person grew, the more the person contributed to the maintenance of the household and the well-being of its members. This was a source of pride for the young man or woman. Is it any wonder then that a person raised in this manner would be capable of starting their own household at the age of 13, 14, or 15? Having encountered few limitations other than those of their physical and experiential development, these young folks grew steadily in confidence and ability until they knew they were ready to move on to adulthood.

In the prison of childhood, the child is protected from the demands of the real world. Pushed aside, ignored and neglected, the child is protected from being a person and is treated like an imbecile. Taught to be quiet, still and out of the way, the child is left dependent upon the family, or more often - total strangers, who take great care to stop the child from growing, from realizing their abilities, from claiming their rightful place as living beings in a world of abundance. The nuclear family is just the first method of repression the young person experiences. Later, the expectations of society are made manifest through the school system. This is just a training ground for the life of meaningless drudgery to follow.

### - Into the Herd -

The child is forced to undergo years of imbecility training. Total strangers shall prevent the child from developing opinions, from thinking independently, from thinking critically. The child is taught to be quiet, be still, to repeat what they are told, to obey unquestioningly, to speak only when spoken to. But the young person is full of energy and curiosity. To be still and quiet is unnatural, repulsive even. In having the discipline of school forced upon them, young people learn the most important of all lessons - those who behave in the most unnatural way are rewarded and praised. They also learn another lesson: deviations from expected behavior will be tolerated so long as one gives the appearance of fulfilling the authority's expectations. This is the most important lesson. In this way, the normal acting out of childhood energies is reified as rebellious, troublesome behavior. As the aging children grow past the point where they could have - in an earlier time, passed into adulthood, these same childish urges are still seen as rebellious behavior: talking out of turn, doing what adults do but forbid their children to do, not doing what they are told to do. Imbecile rebellion is allowable as long as the supposed rebel otherwise goes through the motions of fulfilling society's expectations. This isn't a problem for almost everyone. Their heightened state of imbecility prevents them from challenging society's hold on their lives, from realizing their birthright. After serving their sentence, the old child is paroled into the outside world. Here they will put into practice what they've learned - to obey without thinking and not challenge authority. Abhorred behavior is punished by sending the unruly child to a sexually segregated re-education center called jail. Here the old rules are once again emphasized: do as you're told, speak when spoken to, lights out and go to bed. The rules of imbecility are simple. Imbecilic rebellion is mildly punished. More severe punishment is meted out for superseding the rules of imbecility, by ignoring the rules and making a greater imbecile of oneself. Severe punishment is reserved for those who interfere with other's imbecility. These people can be locked away for life, even put to death. But more severe still is the penalty for suggesting that one's existence need not be imbecilic. True rebels are the only actual danger to the forces of the industrial nation-states. Not only must they pay for



# Imposed Imbecility

"... that made you a moron - potential H-bomb..." - the Sex Pistols, *God Save the Queen*

One of the greatest obstacles to overcome in the struggle against capitalism is the sense of dependency its methods of production have forced upon us. By forcing people to spend most of their time in productive, redundant and unskilled labor, people must depend upon the specialized production of other workers to provide the food, clothing, shelter and countless consumer gizmos that we're trained to want. Prior to the era of industrial enslavement, most households and families were considered functional or not by that household's ability to be more-or-less-self-sufficient. This has been true of societies from the time of nomadic bands through the ages of village communities. The dislocation of peasant populations by the various states during the (on-going) period of enclosure forced people into desperate poverty and into factory labor and immigration to the newly-conquered colonies abroad. Both the rise of industrial capitalism and European conquest of the new world would not have been possible if not for this immiseration of peasant households. After all, why go abroad to seek one's fortune, why buy shoddy, mass-produced dry goods, when everything one needs is at home? Living, in the days prior to industrial enslavement, was what people did throughout the course of the day - preparing food and things that would be necessary for one's comfort and survival in the future. Now, however, people must make a living. Not only are we forced to make profits for corporations, but we are also compelled to structure our lives around our labor activities. To make also means to force. Whereas life once flowed in gentle rhythms of light and dark, now we must structure our days according to regulations of the clock. Our society jumps according to the dictates of the factory.

Most people accept this unquestioningly. Most people are not only unwilling to take a critical glance at these imposed conditions of their lives, but are actually incapable of doing so. All the institutions of industrial society serve one main purpose; to enforce a feeling of helplessness upon the masses. Their master stroke is achieved by convincing people to embrace their dependency upon the industrial nation-state by selling it to them as empowerment. Even the most intelligent, capable people of the modern societies have fallen into this trap. They can't help it. They were trained to be self-repressing imbeciles from the moment of birth on.

## The Nuclear family - incubator for imbecility.

All of us are born as free beings in a thriving, dynamic world of abundance. The totality of nature's plentiful banquet is ours for the taking, for sharing, for cherishing. This must be denied us, at all cost by the forces of the state and capital. Should we awaken to and demand our birthright, all industry and nation states would vanish, made irrelevant by our refusal to accept their limitations.

Unfortunately, the machinations of industry are so entrenched into our lives that the denial of our birthright begins at the moment of our birth. Immediately we are subject to the regimentation of numbers - weighed, measured, timed, classified, documented. Once in the grasp of the nuclear family, we are shackled into the role we are expected to play all our lives - that of the helpless, drooling idiot, someone to be looked after, cared for, spoiled and tolerated.

The straight jacket called childhood enshrouds us and few escape its bonds during our lives.

and know nothing about, should be locked up, forced to give up certain freedoms, even killed... Such a system is beyond any sort of reform that could be acceptable to an anarchist, because at its heart it is authoritarian. Thus, an expression of revolutionary solidarity with an imprisoned comrade would be a struggle aimed at the destruction of the justice system.

This requires an understanding of the justice system. It is courts, judges, prosecutors, the entire trial process, but it is also prisons, police, and laws. There is no use in pursuing prison reforms. No matter how gentle and homely a prison becomes, it remains a prison, a place for locking up one who offends the law. Nor are better behaved police of interest to us. No matter how well behaved the cop is, he or she remains the armed protector of state power and private property, both of which the anarchist seeks to destroy. And better laws only reinforce state power. Their purpose is to protect the present social order, to maintain social peace. And social peace is based in the violence of domination and exploitation, the violence of power.

So our struggles in solidarity with specific prisoners such as Rob base themselves in our struggle against the social order. They use the anarchist methods of attack against that social order not the democratic methods of accommodation and negation. This does not mean that we won't use every weapon we can to get Rob free. But we will leave it to the lawyer to battle on the terrain of law - an appropriate term for liberals and civil libertarians whose interest is "justice". Our interest is the destruction of the present social order and the flowering of individual freedom in the context of equal access of all to the condition of life and free creation - this calls for another sort of struggle, a destructive upheaval against all the institutions of power.

## The True Nature of the Justice System

The democratic justice system is intended to maintain social peace. It does this through the use of institutionalized terrorism. The acceptance of state and corporate power, of private property and of every other form of domination and exploitation upon which social peace is built can only be maintained by the patrol of armed thugs with the right to abduct anyone who they think is not conforming to the needs of society. The abductee is then brought before a court which puts the veneer of social consensus over the terrorism while deciding how to violate the abductee. Since terrorism is the systematic use of terror in the form of violence or threats of violence to coerce conformity to the terrorists' will, this system must be considered straightforward terrorism.

Master terrorist Bill Clinton has said "There can be no compromise with terrorists." As a master of that art, he should know, and we should take him at his word. If we are interested in the freedom to live our lives to the full, we cannot accommodate to a system of terror intended to turn us into cogs in the social machine. There is no room for negotiation. Only in attack against this monster can the struggle have a chance.

## June 18<sup>th</sup> and the Nature of the Riot

When the street party of June 18<sup>th</sup> stepped up a notch to become a riot, this was not a matter of anyone lying to the pigs about what was going to happen. The riot of June 18<sup>th</sup>, like most riots, was a spontaneous expression of rage and rebellion. There is no place for apologies when such events happen. Rage and rebellion are healthy responses to the present social order, and apologies simply play into the hands of the authorities. When laws are broken, as they will be in such an uprising, apologies are a kind of confession, a way of telling the authorities (whose conceptions of right and wrong anarchists reject) that "we" did wrong. Furthermore, since the actual perpetrators of illegal acts are rarely the ones to apologize, the apologies also amount to authoritarian auto-delegation of the right to speak for others to oneself and a form of snitching. I know its harsh in this world of tact and good manners to call things by their real name, but as long as we continue to euphemize, we will continue to be ignorant of the real significance of our acts.

So-called radicals in this country, including most "anarchists", prefer to keep insurrection at a distance. Even people who are not ethical pacifists prefer that we remain safely nonviolent, using tactics which guarantee the continuance of their role as "opposition" (Is this why even the most militant of this sort of activist prefer to talk of resistance rather than attack?) So they relegate insurrection to exotic lands like Palestine or Chiapas or distant times like Paris 1871 or Catalonia 1936. This keeps the violence of such events distant and abstract, allows to believe



that we can remain nice, polite, moderate people and still be radical because we give verbal support to the right causes.

But anarchist revolution has its basis in uprisings against authority, in insurrectional attacks on the present social order. Willingness to apologize for such events indicates a willingness to compromise and for us, compromise is defeat. We do not have the upper hand against power, and every time we compromise it is a step forward in power's control and a step backward for us.

### What is Anarchy?

Behind the willingness to apologize and to accommodate that far too many so-called anarchists exhibit, is a fear for the good image of anarchy. This is laughable because anarchy has never had a good public image. The state and capital control the image-making apparatus and would never allow a truly good (in the sense of both positive and inspiring to action) image of anarchy to exist. But this desire for a good image is most troubling because it reflects a lack of understanding of the nature of anarchy.

Anarchy is not a religion or a god to which we want to convert people. Its essence is not idealistic in the platonic sense - that is, it is not an ideal above us to which we aspire. A nice, clean image, a pie-in-the-sky vision is of no practical use to us since our purpose is not to convert. All such attempts to transform the world, schemes which guarantee that real transformation never happens because that would destroy these ideologues' comfortable role as loyal opposition in the present world.

Anarchy is not a product to be sold, another flat opinion in the ideological marketplace. A media-palatable image of anarchy is, thus, an unworthy goal. Mass media serves the state in two ways which make it useless to anarchists. It is the processor of democratic opinion. It takes any idea presented to it, however vital and dynamic, and flattens it into just another opinion separated from life, another of the many ideologies that democratic discourse can allow to be discussed. For this reason, trying to make a media-palatable version of anarchist thinking upholds the present social order by reinforcing the image of our tolerant democratic institutions. The other task of mass media is to create images for consumption. When anarchists play into this, they merely become another one of the many sub-groups of this society, separated from the general mass and put on stage to perform. Such performance doesn't inspire, it simply entertains and enforces passivity.

The best image the media has ever granted to anarchy is that of an eccentric, anachronistic philosophy. Even this image is only granted so long as anarchists remain impotent. Apologies and a willingness to accommodate one's enemies is a sign of impotence. A strong anarchist movement, no matter how small, will always be vilified in the mass media. The alleged horrors of every uprising will be trumpeted as this institution does its job of helping to maintain social peace and the state monopoly on violence.

But for those who are ready to rebel and struggle against their oppression, exploitation and alienation, those who are enraged and ready to act on their rage, there is no need to paint a clean, prettified picture of anarchy. It is precisely the rage, the violent passion of anarchy to which they can relate. The number of people who fit this description is rising. One need only look at the letters to the editor in the Register-Guard or the Eugene Weekly that were sympathetic to the June 18<sup>th</sup> riot... or the recent editorials in the Portland homeless paper... or listen to the anger expressed at the August 24 People's Forum in Eugene. In southern Oregon, where I live in the summers, anti-government sentiment is strong and sympathy for outlaws high. Some even refer to Ted Kaczynski as a hero. The rage is there, the hatred of authority is there. What do anarchists actually have to offer?

To figure this out, we must figure out what anarchy is. It is, in part, a utopian idea, a vision of a world in which there are no institutions of power, domination and exploitation and the individual is free to explore all of their capabilities and fully develop themselves as they desire. But such visions, such ideas, are only useful to the extent that move one to act. So anarchy must also be a personal ethic: to refuse to delegate one's life away; to project one's life for oneself; to refuse ever to be ruled or to rule. The refusal to be ruled is particularly important as this is the real source of our strength in the struggle. But, most importantly, as a tool to be used by

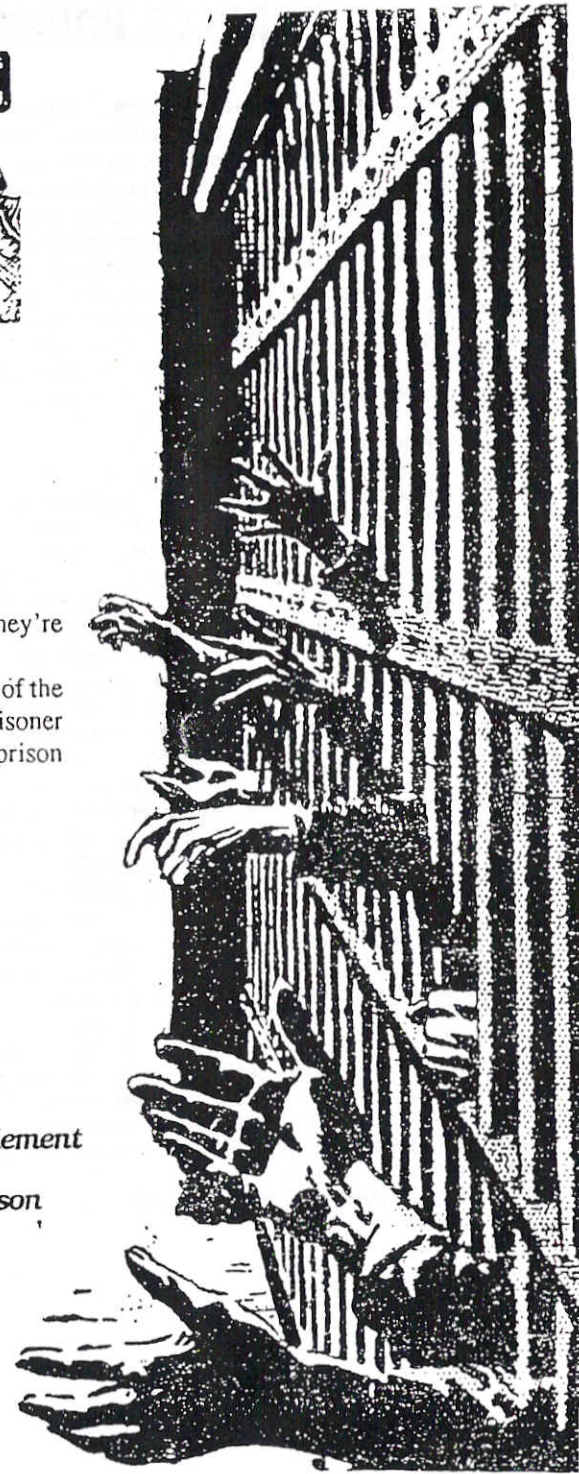


"If they kill me in the morning, they're gonna kill you in the evening."

-Dhoruba Bin Wahad, member of the Black Panther Party, U.S. political prisoner recently released from a 19 yr. prison sentence.

*While there is a lower class  
I am in it  
While there is a criminal element  
I am of it  
While there is a soul in prison  
I am not free*

*-- Eugene Debs*





anarcho-campers would be difficult to keep up with, even in the anarchist community. These problems are easily overcome by using available technology, such as radios or cellular phones. All in all, 'temporary' or 'traveling' autonomous zones can easily be created by people with the will to do them. In this way, a clear demonstration about how non-state communities could function would do more to educate people about mutual aid and cooperation than almost any other vehicle for the promotion of anarchist ideas. It's one thing to think/talk/write about your beliefs, but it is much more meaningful to actually enact them! Let's get busy, y'all!

"Traveling Autonomous Zone" originally appeared in *Imminent Strike* and was reprinted in *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed*. #36. Spring 1993.

## BIOCIDE

A tiny minority of people are waging an unrelenting war against the Earth and it's inhabitants. Knowing very well [that] they can never rule the entire planet, they've decided to destroy what they don't need and hoard what they do.

They use methods which proved effective in the era of European colonialism - dividing populations so that they constantly make war on one another, poisoning the water supply, forcing people into concentrated population centers to better control them, rewarding "leaders" who will do the dirty work for a piece of the action, eliminating "troublemakers", etc.

The most hideous aspect of this death culture is that the powerful have convinced the weak to desire their obliteration. Actually, the powerful get the weak to destroy themselves and do it as a sacramental duty.

Some of the weak can see the destruction they are visiting upon their world. They do what they can to limit the destruction they cause. They utterly fail to realize that the lesser of two evils is *still evil*. These "kinder-gentler" destroyers are so afraid of looking at the consequences of their actions that they fight whole-heartedly to defend the rights of the powerful to destroy our world and denounce any efforts to oppose the machinations of the death-culture.

Because, you see, not everyone is blind to the workings of the killers of the Earth. Not only that, but there are still millions of people who are not connected to the apparatus of the death-culture. These two types of people not only try to minimize their impact on the living planet, but they fight to stop the death machines.

The powerful and the weak alike hate the primitivists. The powerful must destroy them in order to maintain their privileged status. The weak must destroy them so that they don't have to face their own cowardice. Also, they - being weak - are totally dependent on the death-culture - without it, they would suffer and perish immediately, rather than slowly.

The powerful and the weak make war on the uncooperative, the wild and the free. They are as effective as they are heartless. The powerful use fear to force the weak to kill the rebellious and the free. The weak are motivated by fear - fear of offending their masters, fear of losing their [illusionary] status, fear of being killed themselves.

If fear is the only motivation the weak understand, perhaps it's time for the uncooperative to make the weak fear that which they have embraced. Perhaps it's time for the brave and free to make the powerful awake in their bunkers.

Perhaps it is time to go on the offensive and make the powerful and weak alike pay for their crimes against nature. Perhaps it's time for a two-sided war.

insurgent people, anarchy is a methodology for struggle. This methodology is an insurrectional methodology incorporating a few essential elements:

- 1) Direct action - The struggle against the institutions of power, in order to be effective, can not use petitions to any authority. Rather, those in struggle act directly to realize the objective they have chosen.
- 2) Autonomy - Those in struggle to refuse to delegate decision-making to any formal organization such as unions, parties and the like. Specific organizations for a particular struggle with a clear aim that dissolves once the aim is met and that serves only as a means for coordinating the autonomous efforts of individuals and small groups based on real affinity, not as a decision-making body.
- 3) Permanent Conflictuality - Those in struggle have to recognize the reality of their conflict with the exploiters, and always act against them. The struggle needs to consist of constant and effective action against the authorities aiming toward the specific objective that has been chosen. The terrain of capital and the state is everywhere, so there are targets everywhere. Thus, we can be doing small actions that can be easily imitated across the social terrain, keeping the pressure on and building insurrection without recourse to leaders or vanguards.
- 4) Attack - There is no place for compromise or accommodation with the state and capital in any aspect. They are our enemies and we are out to destroy them. This is reflected in our actions by our practice of attack against the specific physical manifestations of power.

This methodology is anarchist in its refusal of any form of authority, but can be used by all in struggle whether they call themselves anarchist or not. It prevents the recuperation of the struggle by any power structure and strengthens those who use it.

### What is Revolution?

Anarchists hope that the struggle for specific aims using the methodology outlined above will expand and lend to a revolutionary break. Revolution is not something that drops from the sky, but rather something that develops from real struggles as the awareness of the need to destroy the present social order becomes increasingly conscious in the course of struggle. The insurrectional anarchist methodology has within the seeds of such an awareness.

Although revolutions are not spontaneous eruptions, they tend to catch us by surprise. It is in this light that we need to be aware of the nature of revolution. There is no such thing as a non-violent revolution, any more than there can be a non-violent storm. A revolution is an upheaval of social conditions, the chaotic opening up of the unknown. An anarchist revolution would involve the destruction of all institutions of power, an upheaval of social relationships comparable to the natural upheavals brought about by tornadoes, hurricanes and earthquakes. Even if no blood were shed, such an upheaval would have violent effects, destructive effects. Those who are afraid of this would do well to avoid anarchist ideas and practice.

But the upheaval of revolution is necessary to bring about the end of the present social order which is, by its nature, a constant upheaval forced upon all of those without power by the forces of the state and capital. This constant upheaval fucks over most of us leaving us to feel like unhappy puppets of a hellish fate. The upheaval of anarchist revolution places people's lives into their own hands, making people the creators of their own destinies. This is the case because anarchist revolution places people's lives into their own hands, making people the creators of their own destinies. This is the case because anarchist revolution can only grow out of struggles which use an anarchist methodology and that methodology bases itself in the autonomy of individuals and small groups and their increasing ability to act for themselves. Thus, the upheavals of anarchist revolution are intentionally created by those in struggle in order to destroy the institutions that enslave them.

By Wolfi

for more information on Rob Thaxton, Anarchy, Revolutionary Solidarity and related topics please contact:

Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous/P.O. Box 11331/Eugene, Oregon 97440



## Reclaim the Streets - 6/18 - Eugene

I'm standing with my hands cuffed behind my back. Blood drips from my nose. It's broken, but I don't realize that until the next evening when I see my face in the mirror. I'll be shocked then to see how badly swollen and discolored my left eye is. Now, though, my thoughts are on my scapula (shoulder blade), which I believe is broke (again). Two cops, a man and a woman are shouting at me. They're trying to get me to sympathize with a cop who was slightly injured - perhaps bruised - by some thrown objects. I feel dizzy from the truncheon blow to my head that stopped me from running. I'm not breathing properly. The injured cop is threatening me, he tells me I'm lucky he doesn't pull out his gun and shoot me. I am so damned lucky. He threatens to "get" me in the holding cell later.

### How Cliche'

There was no hint of the craziness to come when the event first started. It was boring, actually. No one had prepared a speech or had much to offer in the way of an explanation as what we were doing or why. Someone made a very, very brief statement. Someone read a poem so quietly that I couldn't hear her on the bullhorn, just 12 feet away. Suddenly, there's more noise from down the street. Some folks bring up some electrical gadgets - a phone, a stereo and some other stuff - and dump them in the street. Then smash them, to much cheering from the crowd.

We are gathered in the street, illegally blocking traffic. This shall be a recurring theme for the day. We're just kind of milling about. Some topless women who have painted their torsos silver are dancing. Others join them. Nothing much else is happening. Someone suggests some chance. "The people united, will never be defeated".

"How cliche'", I tell her. Someone earlier had burned a flag. That was enough. I try to recruit someone to do an anti-civ rant. No one is up to it. I have a rant in me, but I believe it to be inappropriate. "Fuck connotation". As things turned out during the course of the day, I was wrong.

Someone finally gives a speech. I miss it because I went into Taco Time for something to drink. The cute young woman at the counter flirts with me. Robliviously, I tell her "watch it". I'm possibly the same age as her dad.

### Moving right along

A cop car pulls up and instructs us to leave, as we are illegally blocking the street. We raise a half-hearted cheer and take off the opposite way, still in the street. The car follows. It threatens us with pepper-spray. We are approaching a luxury hotel. The staff is taking down the huge American flag. It's at half-mast when some of us begin to cheer. Some hotel dweeb orders the workers to put it back up. Some masked youth rush over to...who knows?!! Likely, they have a lighter or two between them. I don't pay attention to them; my eyes have been attracted to some movement. About a couple dozen cops in riot gear move out to block the street.

The cop car follows us, still threatening us with gas and arrest. A few of us get off the street as ordered and continue up the sidewalk. The cop line shifts so that the sidewalk is blocked off, too. We can't be in the street and we can't be on the sidewalk. The cops are beating with their batons, lusting for flesh to pound.

I go back to the crowd, but my attention is drawn to the cop car issuing orders and threats. I go and ask the driver: "Tell me where we can go if we can't be on the sidewalk and we can't be on the street". He issues more demands, ignores me and drives away.

I am familiar enough with police tactics to know that it's dangerous to leave the group, so I get back into the crowd.

An Earth First'er is calling it a day, telling us how we have made our point and can go home now. Damned hippie. He means well, really. He just hasn't been around angry anarchists very often. We don't demand that people take non-violence training to come to our demos.

We turn away from the police and wander around town for a while, stopping every now and then to regroup. The crowd is mostly young. They don't know that cops like to sneak up on strays and stragglers, beat them to the ground, pepper-spray them and haul them to jail.

I feel unthreatened still and have no mask over my face.

*"We don't know what we're doing,  
we don't know where we're going".*

# TRAVELING AUTONOMOUS ZONE

In his book *Temporary Autonomous Zone*, Hakim Bey suggests that we not worry about changing the world, but instead take charge of our own lives whenever possible. He reminds us that, even though such insurrections as the ones in Paris 1871 and during the Spanish Civil War were ultimately crushed militarily, they at least achieved a period of autonomy for a portion of their lives, which is more than many of us can say. One recurring argument that comes up with anarchists I discussed TAZ with regards the word 'temporary'. "I'm not so sure I agree with his flippant attitude towards permanence," wrote South Dakota prisoner Phil Smith. "I am interested in changing the world to the extent possible, and it seems that Bey is willing to accept these temporary autonomous zones flickering in and out of existence while capitalism abides. Fuck that! I want more!" Indeed, we all want more, but the point is that we are nowhere near the point that we can overthrow capitalism. Should that prevent us from creating oases of liberation whenever and wherever possible? Certainly not! To put things in another perspective, think of time in a geological sense. Ten thousand years is merely a bat of an eye when discussing epochs of geological history. Ten thousand years ago, much of the Americas was under immense sheets of ice or was the floor of shallow oceans. Of course, these were only temporary conditions which have changed radically since. In a historical timeframe, human beings have only been recording their doings for five thousand years. Capitalism has only been around a minute fraction of that time, and it will eventually disappear, just as the era of Assyrian or Babylonian empires passed. In the meanwhile, why not ditch the system now and again to understand that nothing is permanent anyway, certainly not on this planet. However, I also want more than an afternoon of liberation or a few months in a squat. I have a fascination about nomadism that led me to scheming about Traveling Autonomous Zones. Perhaps the greatest example of a Traveling Autonomous Zone would be an ocean-going one. A sixty-foot long yacht could easily contain a commune of twelve people. The ship could spend most of its time in international waters, beyond the laws and borders of most nations. The opportunities for organizational mayhem are incredible in the open sea: pirate radio, clandestine landings, disrupting whaling and other mammalian massacres by commercial fishers, not to mention ferrying outlaw activists to places of relative safety. The only times the ship would have to come into contact would be to stock up on supplies (fresh water, food, medicine, etc.), and the necessity of such contact could be reduced by a resourceful crew. In times of bad weather a harbor would be a desirable place to be. On land, a bus or small caravan of vehicles could transport TAZ from one area of liberation to another as time and necessity dictate. The members could transport materials from region to region (things like 'zines and other literature, clothing, small trade items, etc.). This would be an extremely valuable resource for the anarchist community, as it might lend itself to more secure distribution (though somewhat slower) than the U.S. mail. Also, it seems that nomadic bands are more naturally resistant to hierarchy than stationary communities. Of course, this visibility would also be a danger, as it might attract the attention of unwanted, watchful eyes. Still, it would be better to travel in numbers than to do it alone. In areas where there is not a strong squatting movement, the squats could move from one place to another as their presence became more noticeable than is comfortable for the squatters. By moving from one campsite to the next,



## America prepares to step up death squad activities.

The U.S., like any tyrannical nation which feels threatened by its own citizens, resorts to the use of para-military terrorist organizations to do the dirty work of crushing dissent. Just in my lifetime, this has happened frequently. City, county, state and federal forces have armed, trained and supplied logistical support to dozens, if not hundreds, of death squads. In the '60's, a militia group called *the Minutemen* went around killing anti-Vietnam War protesters, unimpeded by law enforcement agencies. The federal witness protection program was used to shuttle rapists and murderers from one hot bed of dissent to another in order to terrorize the peace movement. Hired goons were cheap and easy to find in order to carry out terrorist attacks against American Indian Movement activists, supporters and their families. Gangsters were used to knock off Black Panthers. FBI informers were continually linked to the assassinations of civil rights activists and leaders.

This tradition of using unofficial assets to wage war on dissidents in America found its greatest achievement in the bombing of the Murray federal building in Oklahoma city. As is typical of these operations, eyewitness accounts and other evidence of federal compliance with the act were ignored once the *patsies* were offered up for sacrifice. This attack was used as justification to pass some of the most repressive legislation in American history - the federal *anti-terrorist* act. The few legal restraints the federal government were supposed to follow in gathering intelligence on its own citizens were lifted. "Terrorist" organizations such as Pastors for Peace, Concerned Clergy and Laity, Witness for Peace, the War Resister's League, the Sierra Club, and the Union of Concerned Scientists can expect even more infiltration, wiretaps and intimidation than they ever experienced under the Nixon, Reagan and Bush regimes.

Just today (7/12), there was an article in Eugene's *Register Guard* about the FBI and "militias" announcing a new era of mutual support. The message for anyone with more than 25 years of political activism should be loud and clear.

The governments and their overlords have had enough with citizen's initiatives, dissenters, activists and protesters. It's time to take off the veneer of democratic restraint and shed blood. And lots of it.

From this day on, the forces of profit-at-all-costs will take fewer prisoners, since their law enforcement facade is not enough to keep the public pacified. Their new allies do not even have the authority to arrest people. Nor the will.

### Further Reading:

*The War at Home* - Brian Glick

*The Prosperous Few and the Restless Many* - Noam Chomsky

*Cointelpro Papers: Documents from the FBI's Secret Wars Against Domestic Dissent* - Ward Churchill and Jim Vanderwall (see also their *Agents of Repression*).

I try to start some chants as we meander around downtown. "We don't know what we're doing, we don't know where we're going" Only a few join in. Which is cool. I'd lose respect for a crowd that sheepishly bleated everything they heard. I pull a few more gems from my days as a Texas Anarchist Organizer. "Three word chant!" "Four word chant, now!" "Stop the chanting!" (this one is actually effective) "One, two, three, four, I don't wanna chant no more!" "Eight word chants are too much to remember". No one is as amused by this as I am. We need booze. I think. We pass a liquor store and don't loot it. Shame.

### "I want to make a withdrawal".

We pause to regroup.

There is a bank nearby. Some masked youth approach. They laugh; "They look scared". "They locked the doors". Nope. I think it's illegal for banks to lock up during business hours. I walk over. "Really?" I ask. I open the outer door. "This one's not locked". I go in and lean against the automatic door opener. The door swings open. "See, it's not locked". I walk in. "This is no way to live." I tell the customers in line. We have a brief dialogue. A bank executive tries to shush me. I give a brief rant against artificial lifestyles. The police have followed us in. I keep moving to the other side. Thankfully, there are no more cops there and we leave the bank unrobbed. Pity.

### A nice spray in the park.

We move to a park and start to lose momentum. As people scatter in different directions, a bold cop squad drives up and attacks some people holding a banner. These are the first arrests of the day. We were leaving, but suddenly surge back into the site of the assault. The cops in riot gear show up again. We start to form up again, but a couple of cops drive up a head of us, get out and shoot gas cans at us. We throw them back at them. They retreat.

Some people flee the park. We are at the opposite corner from where the arrests were made. The riot cops form their lines and shoot gas canisters at us. The brisk breeze blows the gas straight back at them. They shoot more cans and they are lost in a gas haze. Idiots.

### "It's better to burn out..."

We wander around some more. We're at the edge of the Whiteaker neighborhood, where many co-ops are and some anarchist hang-outs. Our members have doubled as people from the neighborhood follow us. We can't make up our mind where we're going. We occupy another intersection. I argue to let traffic through, since we're not doing anything but standing around.

Out of sheer boredom, a Taco Bell is attacked.

An anarchist comrade is hit in the head with a wrench by an irate motorist who stopped to fight. We hang around and wait for an ambulance.

We're losing energy. As some of us drift along the street, police cars suddenly pull up and attack random strays. I decide to go back to the main body, but am cut off by a police attack. I'm hungry and I want beer. I also want the company of at least one of the brave, cute comrades I've seen and talked to throughout the day. A cop car cuts me off again. In the following onslaught, I find myself looking into the gas mask of an enraged cop. Something was thrown at him. He sees me. "Now he's mad," I hear an on-looker exclaim. I turn and run. Two blocks later, I zig when I should have zagged and a truncheon whacks me behind and above my right ear. I can't run anymore and I'm hit again across my back and forced face-first into the ground.

In the car which will take me to the county lock-up, several cops come by to make accusations against me. One insists that I be booked on attempted murder. I fear they'll take me someplace and work me over before I make it to jail.

Finally, they bring in another arrestee. She's someone I've seen a lot throughout the day. I feel safer with her there and tell her so. I want to lay my head on her shoulder. All day, she's looked so serene, so brave, so determined. She'll stay on my mind constantly for the next few days.

I'm in jail still, months later. They gave me Vikaden for the first four days. I was fucked up. I'm looking at least 7 years in prison. The case against me looks strong. But not unbeatable.





# What Do You Think You're Doing, Officer?

Being a police officer is a dehumanizing experience. The wearing of a badge puts a barrier between the civilian population and the law enforcement community. People are wary of inviting police into their homes, even socially. They'll be polite and put on a veneer of respect for the police person, but they watch their step around cops. And their words. You don't want to offend someone who is armed - with guns, clubs and information. Information, which, can also be more than weapons.

Cops were young people - just like anyone else - at one point in their lives. They deny it. They'll deny that they vandalized neighbors houses/property. They'll deny that they ever drove home drunk from a party, a club or tavern or a friends house. They'll deny that they ever misguided people in order to protect their friends or family. They'll deny that they've ever exceeded the speed limit or committed any other of the dozens of petty traffic crimes that everyone commits everyday. To be a police officer is to lie to the civilians you encounter doing your job; to forget how spontaneous life is; to forget that circumstances dictate actions regardless of laws; all this in order to justify the tickets, arrests, beatings and killings that police do because it's their job. Police talk like they're beyond everyday human impulses. In doing so they shut off that part of themselves that makes them human. They recreate themselves in a graven image and worship that image. They become a priest-warrior caste, an elite sect. They are the law.

## Three Urban Parables

Their attitudes come to dictate their thoughts. Their vision becomes myopic. A group of black fathers, brothers, and sons stand on a corner chatting, cutting up, laughing. What the officer sees is a gang of black drug dealers. The officer will keep an eye on them. At the slightest provocation, the officer will arrest one of them. Even if the slight is only imagined. That's why half or more of all black men in America are under court supervision or are incarcerated right now. The drain of resources this causes their families is enormous. The effect of this on black communities cannot be measured.

A young black woman steps off a bus. She's headed home from work. She's wearing a short skirt and nice shoes. She anticipates seeing her lover this evening and stops at the corner market to pick up some beer for later. As she crosses the street, a police car pulls up. "What's in the bag?" the officer asks. She doesn't need this hassle. She's tired. She wants to go home. However, she doesn't make it there tonight. Tonight, she's going to sleep in jail - if she can sleep at all - because the officer thought that she looked like a hooker. "They all look like hookers" is a short step from "they are all hookers". Will she still have a job when she gets out? Will that cop remember her and try to make a "better" arrest next time?

A group of teens is headed home from school. They've stayed late, making preparations for a function tomorrow morning. A police car cruises by. The officer doesn't like the look of this. The officer calls for back up. Several cars pull up and they surround the students. The kids proclaim their innocence. The police aren't interested. They're busy taking down the kid's names. This information will go into police lists of possible gang members. From now on, these kids will have to explain this to prospective employers, universities, and courts.

Black men, black women, teenagers of all colors - the jaded eye of the law enforcement professional sees them as drug dealers, hookers, gangsters. They're all the same. They mock the law. They get away with murder. Someone has to teach them a lesson. That someone wears a badge. That someone has a job to do. That someone can't waste their time thinking about what the effect this attitude has on people's lives, how this, in turn, effects the neighborhoods these people live in. There's no time for reflection. There's work to be done.

## Yet Another Tale

There are a lot of angry people in the woods near a park. A development corporation wants to build a strip mall and some condos on previously unused land. The people of the neighborhood opposed the developer's plans. They petitioned the government to stop it. They challenged the development in court. They won every step of the way with overwhelming public support. The court orders the developers to cease their construction. Today, however, the bulldozers arrived and began clearing the woods for construction. The people in the neighborhood poured out of their homes and confronted the workers, who are all just following orders. The people tie themselves to the trees. An executive of the development corporation arrives. He calls the police on his cell phone. The police arrive and demand that the trespassers leave. Some timidly back away. The police arrest the others, making sure to pepper spray the ones tied to the trees first.

One woman challenges the police. "What are you doing, officer, they're the ones violating the law. We have a court order to stop this development".

"I don't know anything about that, ma'am," the officer approaching her lies. The officer read it in the newspaper, saw it on TV - even signed the neighborhood association's petition.

"I'm just doing my job". The officer sprays the young mother of two with pepper spray, then unties her and arrests her.

The police, like the construction workers, are just following orders. Their orders were given by the same man, the executive with the cellular phone.

We all, police and policed alike, are entering the 21st century in legally ambiguous times. Outlaw corporations have destroyed entire bioregions despite laws protecting the environment. The fines imposed on them do not make the slightest dent in their profits, if the corporations even bother to pay them. When the people whose homes, land, and health were devastated by illegal corporate activities try to do more than call their congressman (again) to stop these activities, here comes the police to protect the corporation's right to ignore the law. And they do it gladly. It's the law.

In 1930's Germany, it was illegal to harbor or aid (or even just not tell the police about) Jews. Many people broke these laws. Many people shared the fate of their Jewish neighbors when breaking these laws. In pre-Civil War America, abolitionists helped slaves from the South escape to Canada. This was illegal, too. Some things are more important than laws. Like neighbors. Like human dignity. Like unspoiled land and clean water.

Civilizations have risen and fallen throughout the course of human existence. Many civilizations were destroyed by outside forces - hostile neighbors, natural disasters, famine, disease, you name it.

According to some peoples oral traditions, though, some people abandoned their civilizations and voluntarily returned to a simple life of gardening, feasting, dancing and raising babies. They gave up their cities and the technologies that created them because they had the wisdom to see what their civilization cost them - not only environmentally, but in terms of their existence as living, loving creatures - and decided it was too great a price to pay.

## Are We that Wise

Here's how you make beer - you put a bunch of yeast into some water that's been loaded with sugar. Yeast love that! The yeast flourishes. It eats up all that sugar and reproduces like crazy. Yeast's are not clever things though. Eventually, there is so much yeast that they die, choking to death on their own excrement. Then they ferment and I drink them. Yummy!

Are "civilized" human beings of the 20th century smarter than yeast? Yeast can't help it. They don't have brains. But, more to the point, there is no elite warrior-caste of yeast that force them to consume and reproduce.

Under our present global capitalist economy, all laws serve to protect corporate property and their "right" to make profits. All people must devote their lives to making corporations profitable, to act as couriers by moving money back and forth between corporations and banks. It's our job.

People who do not wish to live this way run afoul the law. There is no other way to exist in a capitalist economy.

It is the function of the police to take these people and put them into prisons, where they are forced to work at gunpoint. Or suffer the consequences.

Yet our planet is being killed by people who only see nature as "resources" to be "developed". The genocide committed throughout the America's was justified because the land was being "wasted" - not utilized for monetary gain. Many people of pre-Columbian America didn't even have a concept of money, much less profit. Entire regions based their "economies" on gift-giving.

Everyone alive today faces the decision whether they want to be part of a living, dynamic world, or whether they are yeast, doomed to drown in their own waste.

That includes everyone who has a job to do.

That includes you officer.

The police forces of every community have this choice to make: they can continue to follow "the law" regardless of the consequences of their actions; or they can abandon their role as a warrior elite in order to embrace their communities, and act as facilitators of change, bringing people together to work out their differences and acting as peace-makers rather than enforcers.

After World War Two, a war-crimes trial was held. One of the results of these trials was to establish that citizens of all nations have a right to not only dissent against what they consider unethical laws and governments, but to actively oppose and resist them. It is in my opinion that the current state of ecological crisis has reached a point that to continue with everyday business-as-usual existence imposed by the laws of the capitalist nation-state is to embrace suicide.

I am not suicidal. I love life. I love sharing my home with the people I love, working in the gardens with them in the mornings, drinking down those dead fermented yeast at night.

But I can't live according to my desires. The laws will not allow it. I must, therefore, oppose the laws with every fiber of my being. I owe it to my daughter to create a space for her to live and grow as part of a living, thriving world. It's her birth right.

I am willing to put my life on the line to create that space, to force the capitalist nation-states to respect my human right to determine how I will live my life. There is no room in North America for autonomous village communities. Yet...

There are, however, armed forces to prevent me and those I love from creating such places.

So, how about it, soldier? How about it, officer? Will you help facilitate the changes that are necessary to make this world into one we can all share? Or will you blindly enforce the rule of laws that force people into their roles as yeast?

What do you think you're doing, officer?