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Dinosauria, We

by Charles Bukowski,

from *The Last Night of the Earth Poems*, 1992

Born like this
Into this
As the chalk faces smile
As Mrs. Death laughs
As the elevators break
As political landscapes dissolve
As the supermarket bag boy holds a college degree
As the oily fish spit out their oily prey
As the sun is masked

We are
Born like this
Into this
Into these carefully mad wars
Into the sight of broken factory windows of emptiness
Into bars where people no longer speak to each other
Into fist fights that end as shootings and knifings
Born into this
Into hospitals which are so expensive that it's cheaper to die
Into lawyers who charge so much it's cheaper to plead guilty
Into a country where the jails are full and the madhouses closed
Into a place where the masses elevate fools into rich heroes

Born into this
Walking and living through this
Dying because of this
Muted because of this
Castrated
Debauched
Disinherited
Because of this
Fooled by this
Used by this
Pissed on by this
Made crazy and sick by this
Made violent
Made inhuman
By this
The heart is blackened
The fingers reach for the throat
The gun
The knife
The bomb
The fingers reach toward an unresponsive god
The fingers reach for the bottle
The pill
The powder
We are born into this sorrowful deadliness
And the banks will burn
Money will be useless
There will be open and unpunished murder in the streets
It will be guns and roving mobs
Land will be useless
Food will become a diminishing return
Nuclear power will be taken over by the many
Explosions will continually shake the earth . . .

. . . Radiated robot men will stalk each other
The rich and the chosen will watch from space platforms
Dante's Inferno will be made to look like a children's playground
The sun will not be seen and it will always be night
Trees will die
All vegetation will die
Radiated men will eat the flesh of radiated men
The sea will be poisoned
The lakes and rivers will vanish
Rain will be the new gold
The rotting bodies of men and animals will stink in the dark wind
The last few survivors will be overtaken by new and hideous diseases
And the space platforms will be destroyed by attrition
The petering out of supplies
The natural effect of general decay
And there will be the most beautiful silence never heard
Born out of that.
The sun still hidden there
Awaiting the next chapter.

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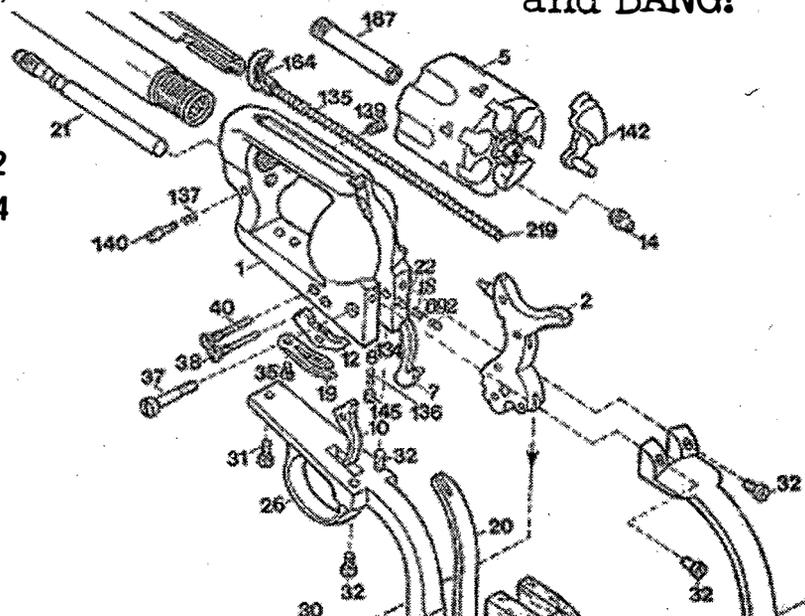
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You put the parts together,
and BANG!



EVERY MOMENT in the forest, the desert, the meadow, and dune is deeply different from the last and from the next. But the subtle shifts and transitions each life makes remain largely imperceptible. Especially to those who need significant change to arouse their senses. Some speculate that humans were once more sensitive to subtle shifts in their environment that might indicate a need to do something differently. This is not difficult to imagine. Other animals – even plants – appear to have a more immediate awareness of impending danger and imminently desirable conditions, thus a less forced reaction, than I tend to. It's amazing to watch a plant curve its leaves upward when sensing a coming rain when dry, bending downward when they've had enough. Turning east towards the sun at dawn, to the west near the end of day. I have often marveled at a bird of prey languishing on the shifting winds, the thermals that hold them aloft. Never beating a wing yet gliding endlessly to nowhere.

Change may be gradual or sudden, fluid or jarring, organic or directed, micro and macro, chaotic or ordered, cyclical or linear – though these words imply that life exists in binary states. This is the way modern humans seem to see things and I think we miss a lot of in-betweens. No matter which way change comes,

by
**Tierra
Lohor**

RIDING THE WINDS OF CHANGE

it takes an accumulation of moments to notice it. Sometimes it takes many years worth of a look-back to see what is different and why.

I have gone through so many changes in my five decades, that at times, I barely recognize who I've been and where I've come from through all my wanderings. The accumulation of some changes are visible, even expected – my gnarling hands, the wrinkles around my eyes, the stiffness in my walk. But the most intense are invisible to others, though their impact on me is stunning. I have become “hypersensitive” to the high-tech world. Intolerant of petrochemicals, colognes, florescent lighting, mechanical hums, screaming engines. I get horrendous headaches, nausea, agitation, even an inexplicable rage when I spend much time around them. This is, of course, considered an abnormality, an “autoimmune” condition. But, I think I am more like the canary in the mine shaft, only a nomadic early warning.

Some changes have been most welcome. I can hear a long way off. Feel the breeze as striations of warm and cool, of soft and tingling threads instead of a single force. I have amazingly vivid memory-visions too now, almost as if seeing “my whole life pass before my very eyes”. I remember that the changes that brought me the most joy, that increased my well-being, were those I made when I listened to my gut and my heart at least as much as my mind and others' advice. Ten years ago, my sight underwent an amazing change following a late night call from a doctor, telling me I had lymphoma. The next day when I stepped outside for an early morning, contemplative walk, trees had ceased to be blobs of brown and green in the distance. Then and now I see the fluttering of each individual leaf dancing in the breeze.

That doctor was wrong, a pattern that has repeated itself numerous times as specialists puzzle over what is going on inside me. Inside our biosphere. But I got the warning, and in listening, moved towards the simpler life away from the city I had always dreamed of. Without the things I had always

thought were necessary – the illusory stability of a job, a “real” house with electricity, a computer, phone, and the like – I regained a modicum of health lost through years of over-work, over-stress, over-everything. Everything but what I really wanted – to run free as the wind. I began to need less and less of what I didn't want to have, more and more of what I did. But a couple years ago, I went back, back into the thick of things, certain that I was healthy enough to join the fight against all the shit sickening me and those around me. Before it could fully invade my insular world, I missed something back then, it seems. Now, I am suffering again and am unclear what changes I need to make to get back to myself.

Obviously, filtering some of life's chaos is critical to maintaining an equilibrium, otherwise we would have to be too much on guard. This must be one of the key aspects of adaptation/evolution and I don't think our adjustments have ceased. Does this mean ‘hard-wired’ changes? I don't know the answer to that and neither does anyone else. What I do know is that I find myself easily overstimulated when surrounded by the constant noisome, jarring changes that define civilized life. It is difficult enough to tune into the signals of the few dangers in the natural world – poison plant or snake, the rare bear or mountain lion, the buried water flow – how does one differentiate between useful, desirable, dangerous, neutral, etc. in the city when so much spins around at the same time? In my rare visits there, I have to consciously – at first anyway – turn down certain senses while amping up others to block out what I can, but still feel safe. This is why I avoid the city like the plague. So, I understand the ubiquity of the car stereo, the boombox, walkman, and now the ipod. The downers and uppers and mood controllers and clubs and bars and sports and gadgets..., all the endless entertainment possibilities that fill the empty spaces where work and obligation can be forgotten for a time. It makes a kind of civilized sense for people to embrace newer and more potent distractions. But just as certain is the difficulty that accompanies any attempt to give up those coping mechanisms. Even when we *know* deep inside, these changes are necessary



to be stronger, healthier, more free. Radical change is hard, perhaps frightening. Most folks settle for merely a little different. For a newness that is mostly just more of the same. Yet we anarchists are audacious enough to ask – if not demand – enormous, unprecedented change from the entire world! Do we really wonder why so few are interested?

The worst possible scenario for those who want a wild human future is any sort of deterministic condition that keeps us in chains. If our brains or genes or psyche are now malformed and so crave the “comforts” of domesticated life, how can we imagine transforming into free creatures? If we need to wait until Science finds the solution to “fix” us, we are totally fucked! Scientists are not one iota concerned with helping humans move towards a free, more primal way of being. They are focused exactly where the System has needed them from the beginning: to continue refining the domestication process, designing better weapons, solving problems created with their previous experiments. To keep churning out theories and proofs, formulas and materials that convince us. They are in the right when managing – if not controlling – the unruly, organic matter pressing against Their fragile order. To push predictability to the nth degree, often by keeping us guessing which direction to turn; unable to predict what change will be foisted on us next.

Humans are big animals. We have big needs, big desires, big ideas. It makes sense that our continuum was more nomadic than fixed. Sedentism has brought with it dangerous habits. We keep getting to that oh-so-familiar point where we’ve taken too much, for too long, and our environment begins to suffer enough to grab our attention. Of course, we suffer right along with it in our struggle to keep things together as weather, water, soil, animal and plant life become nonsupporting to human life. Some folks cope with consciousness-altering rituals or substances, but even that gets old and we need more... something. We get antsy, fight more with our families and friends. Ignoring the signs inside and out, warning us that things are sliding in a dangerous direction. Eventually (and the timing is quite variable depending on where and when) we begin to exert a pressure that can no longer be sustained without breaking something. Setting off the chain reaction that keeps on and on. And we have only so many options: do nothing, change our ways, change the en-

vironment, or move on for a time. Most humans choose to squeeze every last drop out – and then some – rather than make changes that might bring back a robust and healthy equilibrium. Interesting how this pattern is reflected in our friendships. With our loves.

What if that restlessness, that boredom, that need to get new things, are signals that something about your way of life is hurting you? Or might kill you – and everything you need around you – too quickly if you don’t change? Out of fear of the unknown, confusion about how to go about it, or futile resignation, might we be ignoring an inner voice that says

“What if that restlessness, that boredom, that need to get new things, are signals that something about your way of life is hurting you? Or might kill you – and everything you need around you – too quickly if you don’t change?”



“Move on for a while. Rest and heal yourself, but come back. At least to see if the places you came to know and love are also returned to health. Return, but with a lighter, more sensitive touch.”

I am going through *The Change* now. It is a critical time of my life, I think. The way in which I acknowledge and adapt to each new body alteration, mind warp, bizarre dreamscape is key to what my remaining days will be like. For if nothing else, this change is a reminder of the ultimate change – death. The impacts we have on each other – the earth beings around me and I – during this time are

greater than ever before. Especially in the change-time called winter: I need to rip huge amounts of wood from the forest to stay warm and dry against the rains and snows that threaten to dissolve me. I need more help from others who have enough to do caring for themselves. I’ve known for a long time that I need to fly south before it turns too cold. But I have not been heeding the bone-deep aches of warning because it has become difficult to travel alone any more. And those I love most are content to stay put or have made choices that preclude a going.

The choices I’ve made in service to others’ ideals are haunting me – ‘if I had only known then what I know now’... I am increasingly difficult to be around. Irritable. Short-tempered. Some even say arrogant and self-righteous at times. I wish they were wrong. I don’t know why I have so little patience these days. Perhaps it’s because I see the pain and too rapid breakdown of my body, my psyche, reflected in the devastation all around me. And so I push too hard against what I interpret as a stubborn resistance to thinking deeper and doing things in radically different ways. I am also not so polite or so accepting of others’ impositions as I was too much of my life. I am breaking free from as many remaining bonds as I can, that continue to entangle me, that keep me when I want to go. Before it’s too late. Sometimes those that care for me the most, hold me the tightest. Sometimes, the heaviest chain of all is love.

Have I turned my loathing of the mundane and predictable inward? Do I cling to an illusion of a different sort of haven, a more intuitive and chaotic stability? If the way I lived was itself an act of defiance, a revolt against all that is killing me long before my time, would I, could I feel more settled? I don’t know... but soon I think, a change is coming, a big one. I feel it in some deep, indescribable part of me. Will I be the agent of that change or its victim? I know this; it is for me to decide. Alone. Are my vivid dreams and flights of fancy – that have become my refuge, the mainstay of impassioned exploration and resistance – hints of what might soon be? I lost my fear of death a good while back, but I am so afraid of dying in resignation instead of rebellion.

(continued on page 5)

Welcome to Green Anarchy

Issue #24 - Spring/Summer 2007

*The River flows
Flows to the sea
Wherever that river goes
That's where I wanna be
Flow, river flow
Let your waters wash down
Take me from this road
To some other time
All he wanted
Was just to be free
That's the way
It turned out to be
Flow, river flow
Let your waters wash down
Take me from this road
To some other time
-The Ballad of Easy Rider*

Water, Water, and more Water...

Life is wet. It is dripping. It flows on through time and space. Life is a playful trickle, a pouring rain, a cascading fall, and a crashing wave (it can also be dammed, drained, and defiled—but it's still always here). This winter we welcomed back you wet stuff. We welcomed life. The landscape seemed suspiciously incomplete in your deficiency. Quenching the thirst of the day. Reviving the weary and replenishing dreams. The water broke; *a beautiful teacher to this continually new earth.*

As Winter now concludes, Spring sets in as the rains get warmer, and Summer is in the not so distant future, we begin to peek out of the trenches that we hunkered down in, where we secured useful and sheltered positions during the long nights and cold storms. But not removed from the elements. Not isolated from life. Not alienated from its touch, its dampness, its connection. Rain on me, and wash me clean. A new day is here from the waters of animated energy. Sometimes the creative energy moves slow, as water dripping from a stalagmite to a stalactite, and at times it is sudden and fantastic as with a flash flood or detonated dam. From the wetness and darkness, life is continually born. Every day offers us the opportunity for overcoming obstacles, destroying our restraints, manifesting our dreams, and living our desires. Each day is for life (...and that also includes, of course, the night).

The Daily Grind at Green Anarchy...

While this issue is generally eclectic, our intention was to set out to cover in more depth what makes us who we are: the forces which shape us, the places we inhabit, the ways we relate to each other, the ideas we interact with, and this world through which we navigate. These questions are always interesting to explore, and hopefully open up more inquiries and possibilities. As they should, contradictions and uncertainties will arise, for this is no manual for revolution or pep talk for directed hope. It is what it is. And we gave you a lot to pick through. We hope you find a use for it. Some of the themes that are threaded throughout include the city, culture, time, change, communication, technology, and, of course, resistance. We also examine some specific ways humans have dominated each other and the earth, with articles like *China's War on Nature* by The Uncarved Block and *What We've Lost: Impoverished Biodiversity of North America* by mike.

Also in this issue, we took the opportunity to provide space for various perspectives on the Situationist International (SI), a significant, yet at times limited and divergent, influence on the anti-civilization discourse. We used the occasion to print a newly translated later work by former SI member, Raoul Vaneigem, entitled *Lines of Flight: To Liberate the Earth of Celestial Illusions and Their Tyranny*. And, as usual, the issue is filled with all your anticipated favorites (or not). And, of course, lots of action!

Things have been interesting as we live our lives as completely as possible and continue to put out a journal that remains provocative and interesting. As we present our now semi-annual compilation of anti-civilization theory and practice, consisting of ideas, discussions, prose, contemplations, songs, emotional visual intensities, etc, we are, as usual, still undefining ourselves. A project dually based both in Eugene and in rural Southern Oregon for close to two years now, *Green Anarchy* continues to go through a significant transformation. For those who hate us and paint us into a box, we probably don't look much different. Some critics will say it's getting worse, others say better. Who needs such ridiculous dichotomies? A lot depends on preference and priority, but for us, each issue feels both familiar and fresh, approaching a diversity of subjects from unique angles and a variety of outlooks, yet remaining consistent in general focus, one against civilization.

Reducing our schedule to twice a year encourages us to delve deeper into a variety of themes, often more difficult with a shorter time schedule, and it also allows for us to explore the variety of aspects and experiences of an un/de-civilized existence beyond the magazine. These factors, joined with the relatively modest size of our collective in light of the comprehensiveness of such a project, along with the all-too predictable financial dilemma, has encouraged us to re-pattern our publishing schedule. Our tentative schedule will be a Spring/Summer issue (which you are holding in your hands, and will come out in March) and a Fall/Winter issue (due out in September). Due to this change, we have decided to increase our page count significantly, without increasing the price. We hope this metamorphosis will be supported by those who value the importance of this project.

Remember, *Green Anarchy* is an all-volunteer project, costing thousands of dollars per issue. The many ways you can support it include: becoming a PAYING distributor, subscriber, or special donor. Also, consider ordering from our extensive distro (located on page 98), which includes over 80 pamphlets and zines, books, and videos. Now you can order and subscribe online with our new PayPal account. As the magazine is expensive to produce and mail, especially outside of the U.S., we will no longer be sending out bundles of copies for free unless you contact us to confirm they are arriving and wanted. If we have not heard from you in a while, you will be cut off! If you want to continue at your current number, reduce or increase, or start paying, let us know, as we are happy to accommodate this, as long as we know they are not going into a black hole. Also, we are always looking for technical equipment and supplies (check our website for details). And don't be afraid to add your voice to the ongoing anti-civilization discussion by sending us your contributions for the next issue: articles (up to 4000 words), reviews (under 1000 words), letters (under 500 words), poems, and images (as TEF's if possible or original hardcopies). We prefer that you email all contributions of text (as an RTF if sent as an attachment). At this point, we have no specific theme for our next edition, check our website for updates. The deadline for contributions is June 18, 2007. In addition, we are preparing to do another print run of "What Is Green Anarchy" from our "Back to Basics" series. As we want to re-examine anything we do, we are open to any suggested changes.

*For an Uncivilized Reality,
The Green Anarchy Collective
Late Winter 2007*

Imagine

If *re-connection* is either a sum or a difference of coherent forces. A sum when their directions are the same, a difference when their directions are contrary. Further, every *re-connection* is either unmeasurable or its components because they are homogeneous and commensurable.

It is otherwise with *emergents*. Instead of adding measurable motion to measurable motion, or things of one kind to others of their kind, there is a cooperation of unlike kinds.

Thus the *emergent* is unlike its components as they are each unique: it cannot be reduced to their sum or their difference.

Imagine

There is a tragic lack of imagination in our worlds (or so it seems when passing the endless wretched smokestacks filling our lungs with shit, feeling the heart-deep ache of futility, learning of yet one more 'revolutionary anarchist' project setting up *shop*). And before you dip a finger this way - of course! of course! How different can a mere writing project be. How different can any attempt to break free be when we're all pressed so damnably tight against the sides of a box eternally too small? The operant question is, do we really want to escape our confines (a necessary step before destroying it, ah?) or are we going to remain content to try for a bit more room, more comfort and ease? (And for you 'round pegs' who believe themselves already unfit, containment exists in many distinguishable shapes.)

Innovation gurus exhort us to "think outside the box" without even a sideways glance at their own, foolishly scrambling to go beyond it by redefining others'. Imagination strangled by selections ordered from a predefined list of "alternative" acceptabilities.

The primal eye became the conscious I only to become the I and I - the watcher watching within; exalted in formulaic cyberrealism replacing its necessary predecessor technoindustrialism. Hence

$I(n) = coolgotahaveit-letthemwatchme$

$XletmewatchmeallthetimeX$ where n = Pod, Phone, Tunes, Movie, ... and $X = 0$.

When is a brick not a brick?

When it is an amalgamation of sand and clay, water and heat, toil and sweat and blood, and ravaged hillside. Or when it's a resultant wall we can't penetrate with our eyes, nor hands alone, how about with a raging heart? It could be a chunk of rustichalk perfect for scratching dreams and blasphemous on walls of paler sand, earth, water, sweat, fire, toil, blood, ravaged earth, brick. Perhaps when it is a projectile smashing the face of whatever ails you. Or a hammer, the raw beginning of a new end... and that which remains at the end of a raw new beginning. When it is rubble. When it is the playground of thistle and mullain, inquisitive children, wild lovers, feral dancers.

If a wild still screams for release, no brick walls stacked with dull books and ancient artifacts dug from the belly of another ruinous earth place can let it loose. Turn those boundless places within - out; so no box, no walls, no bricks, no moral order, no fucking gods or masters can ever again contain us. It is time for an emergent surreality where *our release will be convulsive or not at all*.

When it's a heavyweight smashing through the tipping point...

RIDING THE WINDS OF CHANGE

(continued from page 3)

If "re-connecting" and "re-wilding" are real desires and goals and not just a novelty of another sort, why aren't we talking about and experimenting with ways to re-sensitize ourselves to the subtle indications that momentous change is coming or is necessary? To become our own curious scientists - more experiential and experimental. Sharing what we've learned for and about ourselves, without assigning good or bad, right and wrong to others' choices. Even Science need not be wholly discarded. Yet. But why give it more weight than our own experiences and of those folks we know and trust? This means making one of the most difficult changes of all, tearing up one of civilization's heartiest roots: the belief system that insist the ideas and proofs of others, particularly those set up as life's authorities, are superior to anything we imagine, attempt, and experience ourselves. And that is a change, my friends, that few seem ready to make, no matter how rad they are. And so we linger in agitated comfort and watch our possibilities get swallowed up by the deterministic few.

In the world of my dreams, the chaotic winds cease being a single homogeneous force. They are known for what they really are: immeasurable individual entities traveling together. We would feel their temperature and motion as nuanced qualities that need no measurement. To enjoy their dance of many, that only appears as one. And, only for a time. We would hear again each moan and hum. Each wail resonating inside, through, and around us. So it would be with the rain. With our love. Free again. Free as the wind.

Disclaimer:

The editors of *Green Anarchy* do not necessarily agree with or endorse all or any particular article, action, and announcement in each issue. Most articles

are written and contributed by people unknown to us. The news and actions are reported on as journalists. *Green Anarchy* intends to provide an ongoing anti-civilization discussion of theory and practice, NOT to periodically release a position paper, ideological requirements, or directive for action. Articles are selected for print when we feel that they have a nugget of interest to the wider anti-civilization discourse. Please keep this in mind when reading and do not attribute any ideas or opinions expressed to any party but the author. It is important to add that this collective is not a homogeneous block, but a combined effort of individuals with our own unique opinions, motivations, and feelings, who come together for this specific project. If you have additional questions, contact the collective (or the individual author when available).

If you have comments, write us a letter or email.

BREAKING POINT?

by
John
Zerzan

THE RAPIDLY MOUNTING TOLL OF MODERN LIFE is worse than we could have imagined. A metamorphosis rushes onward, changing the texture of living, the whole feel of things. In the not-so-distant past this was still only a partial modification; now the Machine converges on us, penetrating more and more to the core of our lives, promising no escape from its logic.

The only stable continuity has been that of the body, and that has become vulnerable in unprecedented ways. We now inhabit a culture, according to Furedi (1997), "of high anxiety that borders on a state of outright panic." Postmodern discourse suppresses articulations of suffering, a facet of its accommodation to the inevitability of further, systematic desolation. The prominence of chronic degenerative diseases makes a chilling parallel with the permanent erosion of all that is healthy and life-affirming inside industrial culture. That is, maybe the disease can be slowed a bit in its progression, but no overall cure is imaginable in this context—which created the condition in the first place.

As much as we yearn for community, it is all but dead. McPherson, Smith-Lovin and Brashears (*American Sociological Review* 2006) tell us that 19 years ago, the typical American had three close friends; now the number is two. Their national study also reveals that over this period of time, the number of people without one friend or confidant has tripled. Census figures show a correspondingly sharp rise in single-person households, as the technoculture—with its vaunted "connectivity"—grows steadily more isolating, lonely and empty.

In Japan "people simply aren't having sex" (Kitamura 2006) and the suicide rate has been rising rapidly. *Hikikomori*, or self-isolation, finds over a million young people staying in their rooms for years. Where the technoculture is most developed, levels of stress, depression and anxiety are highest.

Questions and ideas can only become currents in the world insofar as reality, external and internal, makes that possible. Our present state, devolving toward catastrophe, displays a reality in unmistakable terms. We are bound for a head-on collision between urgent new questions and a totality—global civilization—that can provide no answers. A world that offers no future, but shows no signs of admitting this fact, imperils its own future along with the life, health, and freedom of all beings on the planet. Civilization's rulers have always squandered whatever remote chances they had to prepare for the end of life as they know it, by choosing to ride the crest of domination, in all its forms.

It has become clear to some that the depth of the expanding crisis, which is as massively dehumanizing as it is ecocidal, stems from the cardinal institutions of civilization itself. The discredited promises of Enlightenment and modernity represent the pinnacle of the grave mistake known as civilization. There is no prospect that this Order will renounce that which has defined and maintained it, and apparently little likelihood that its various ideological supporters can face the facts. If civilization's collapse has already begun, a process now unofficially but widely assumed, there may be grounds for a widespread refusal

or abandonment of the reigning totality. Indeed, its rigidity and denial may be setting the stage for a cultural shift on an unprecedented scale, which could unfold rapidly.

Of course, a paradigm shift away from this entrenched, but vulnerable and fatally flawed system is far from unavoidable. The other main possibility is that too many people, for the usual reasons (fear, inertia, manufactured incapacity, etc.) will passively accept reality as it is, until it's too late to do anything but try to deal with collapse. It's noteworthy that a growing awareness that things are going wrong, however inchoate and individualized, is fuelled by a deep, visceral unease and in many cases, acute suffering. This is where opportunity resides. From this new perspective that is certainly growing, we find the work of confronting what faces us as a species, and removing the barriers to planetary survival. The time has come for a wholesale indictment of civilization and mass society. It is at least possible that, in various modes, such a judgment can undo the death-machine before destruction and domestication inundate everything.

Although what's gone before helps us understand our current plight, we now live in obvious subjection, on a plainly greater scale than heretofore. The enveloping techno-world that is spreading so rapidly suggests movement toward even deeper control of every aspect of our lives. Adorno's assessment in the 1960s is proving valid today: "Eventually the system will reach a point—the word that provides the social cue is 'integration'—where the universal dependence of all moments on all other moments makes the talk of causality obsolete. It is idle to search for what might have been a cause within a monolithic society. Only that society itself remains the cause." (*Negative Dialectics*, p. 267).

A totality that absorbs every "alternative" and seems irreversible. Totalitarian. It is its own justification and ideology. Our refusal, our call to dismantle all this, is met with fewer and fewer countervailing protests or arguments. The bottom-line response is more along the lines of "Yes, your vision is good, true, valid; but this reality will never go away."

None of the supposed victories over inhumanity have made the world safer, not even just for our own species. All the revolutions have only tightened the hold of domination, by updating it. Despite the rise and fall of various political persuasions, it is always production that has won; technological systems never retreat, they only advance. We have been free or autonomous insofar as the Machine requires for its functioning.

Meanwhile, the usual idiotic judgments continue. "We should be free to use specific technologies as tools without adopting technology as lifestyle." (Valovic 2000). "The worlds created through digital technology are real to the extent that we choose to play their games." (Downs 2005).

Along with the chokehold of power, and some lingering illusions about how modernity works, the Machine is faced with worsening prospects. It is a striking fact that those who manage the dominant organization of life no longer even attempt answers or positive projections. The most pressing “issues” (e.g. Global Warming) are simply ignored, and propaganda about Community (the market plus isolation), Freedom (total surveillance society), the American Dream (!) is so false that it cannot be expected to be taken seriously.

As Sahlins pointed out (1977), the more complex societies become, the less they are able to cope with challenges. The central concern of any state is to preserve predictability; as this capacity visibly fails, so do that state’s chances of survival. When the promise of security wanes, so does the last real support. Many studies have concluded that various ecosystems are more likely to suffer sudden catastrophic collapse, rather than undergo steady, predictable degradation. The mechanisms of rule just might be subject to a parallel development.

In earlier times there was room to maneuver. Civilization’s forward movement was accompanied by a safety valve: the frontier. Large-scale expansion of the Holy Roman Empire eastward during the 12th–14th centuries, the invasion of the New World after 1500, the Westward movement in North America through the end of the 19th century. But the system becomes “mortgaged to structures accumulated along the way” (Sahlins again). We are hostages, and so is the whole hierarchical ensemble. The whole system is busy, always in flux; transactions take place at an ever-accelerating rate. We have reached the stage where the structure relies almost wholly on the co-optation of forces that are more or less outside its control. A prime example is the actual assistance given by leftist regimes in South America. The issue is not so much that of the outcome of neo-liberal economics, but of the success of the left in power at furthering self-managed capital, and co-opting indigenous resistance into its orbit.

But these tactics do not outweigh the fact of an overall inner rigidity that puts the future of techno-capital at grave risk. The name of the crisis is modernity itself, its contingent, cumulative weight. Any regime today is in a situation where every “solution” only deepens the engulfing problems. More technology and more coercive force are the only resources to fall back on. The “dark side” of progress stands revealed as the definitive face of modern times.

Theorists such as Giddens and Beck admit that the outer limits of modernity have been reached, so that disaster is now the latent characteristic of society. And yet they hold out hope, without predicating basic change, that all will be well. Beck, for instance, calls for a democratization of industrialism and technological change—carefully avoiding the question of why this has never happened.

There is no reconciliation, no happy ending within this totality, and it is transparently false to claim otherwise. History seems to have liquidated the possibility of redemption; its very course undoes what has been passing as critical thought. The lesson is to notice how much must change to establish a new and genuinely viable direction. There never was a moment of choosing; the field or ground of life shifts imperceptibly in a multitude of ways, without drama, but to vast effect. If the solution were sought in technology, that would of course only reinforce the rule of modern domination; this is a major part of the challenge that confronts us.

Modernity has reduced the scope allowed for ethical action, cutting off its potentially effective outlets. But reality, forcing itself upon us as the crisis mounts, is becoming proximal and insistent once again. Thinking gnaws away at everything, because this situation corrodes everything we have wanted. We realize that it is up to us. Even the likelihood of a collapse of the global techno-structure should not lure us away from acknowledgement of our decisive potential roles, our responsibility to stop the engine of destruction. Passivity, like a defeated attitude, will not bring forth deliverance.

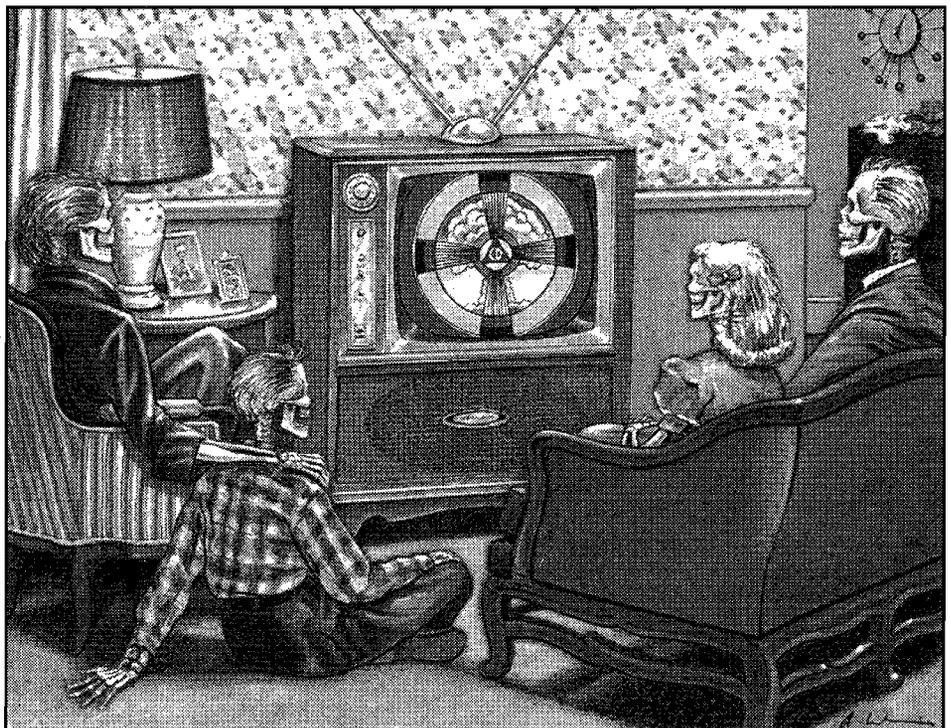
We are all wounded, and paradoxically, this estrangement becomes the basis for communality. A gathering of the traumatized may be forming, a spiritual kinship demanding recovery. Because we can still feel acutely, our rulers can rest no more easily than we do. Our deep need for healing means that an overthrow must take place. That alone would constitute healing. Things “just go on”, creating the catastrophe on every level. People are figuring it out: that things just go on, is, in fact, the catastrophe.

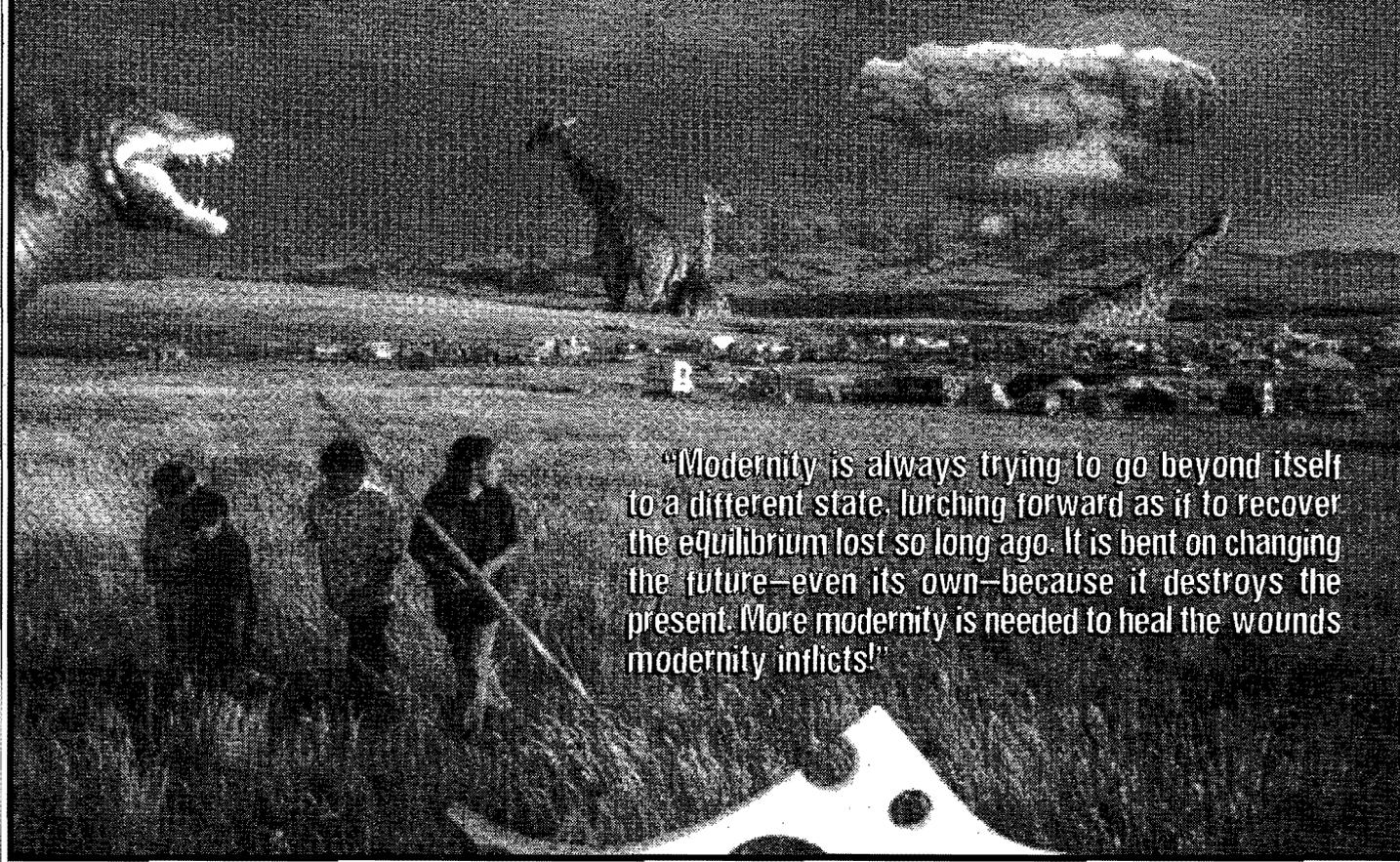
Melissa Holbrook Pierson (*The Place You Love is Gone* 2006) expressed it this way: “Suddenly now it hits, bizarrely easy to grasp. We are inexorably heading for the Big Goodbye. It’s official! The unthinkable is ready to be thought. It is finally in sight, after all of human history behind us. In the pit of what is left of your miserable soul you feel it coming, the definitive loss of home, bigger than the cause of one person’s tears. Yours and mine, the private sob, will be joined by a mass crying...”

Misery. Immiseration. Time to get back to where we have never quite given up wanting to be. “Stretched and stretched again to the elastic limit at which it will bear no more,” in Spengler’s phrase.

Enlightenment thought, along with the Industrial Revolution, began in late 18th century Europe, inaugurating modernity. We were promised freedom based on conscious control over our destiny. But Enlightenment claims have not been realized, and the whole project has turned out to be self-defeating. Foundational elements including reason, universal rights and the laws of science were consciously designed to jettison pre-scientific, mystical sorts of knowledge. Diverse, communally sustained lifeways were sacrificed in the name of a unitary and uniform, law-enforced pattern of living. Kant’s emphasis on freedom through moral action is rooted in this context, along with the French encyclopedists’ program to replace traditional crafts with more up-to-date technological systems. Kant, by the way, for whom property was sanctified by no less than his categorical imperative, favorably compared the modern university to an industrial machine and its products.

(continued on next page)





“Modernity is always trying to go beyond itself to a different state, lurching forward as if to recover the equilibrium lost so long ago. It is bent on changing the future—even its own—because it destroys the present. More modernity is needed to heal the wounds modernity inflicts!”

Various Enlightenment figures debated the pros and cons of emerging modern developments, and these few words obviously cannot do justice to the topic of Enlightenment. However, it may be fruitful to keep this important historical conjunction in mind: the nearly simultaneous births of modern progressive thought and mass production. Apt in this regard is the perspective of Min Lin (2001): “Concealing the social origin of cognitive discourses and the idea of certainty is the inner requirement of modern Western ideology in order to justify or legitimate its position by universalizing its intellectual basis and creating a new sacred quasi-transcendence.”

Modernity is always trying to go beyond itself to a different state, lurching forward as if to recover the equilibrium lost so long ago. It is bent on changing the future—even its own—because it destroys the present. More modernity is needed to heal the wounds modernity inflicts!

With modernity’s stress on freedom, modern enlightened institutions have in fact succeeded in nothing so much as conformity. Lyotard (1991) summed up the overall outcome: “A new barbarism, illiteracy and impoverishment of language, new poverty, merciless remodeling of opinion by media, immiseration of the mind, obsolescence of the soul.” Massified, standardizing modes, in every area of life, relentlessly re-enact the actual control program of modernity.

“Capitalism did not create our world; the machine did. Painstaking studies designed to prove the contrary have buried the obvious beneath tons of print.” (Ellul 1964). Which is not in any way to deny the centrality of class rule,

but to remind us that divided society began with division of labor. The divided self led directly to divided society. The division of labor is the labor of division. Understanding what characterizes modern life can never be far from the effort to understand technology’s role in our everyday lives, just as it always has been. Lyotard (1991) judged that “technology wasn’t invented by humans. Rather the other way around.

Goethe’s *Faust*, the first tragedy about industrial development, depicted its deepest horrors as stemming from honorable aims. The superhuman developer Faust partakes of a drive endemic to modernization, one which is threatened by any trace of otherness/difference in its totalizing movement.

We function in an ever more homogeneous field, a ground always undergoing further uniformization to promote a single, globalized techno-grid. Yet it is possible to avoid this conclusion by keeping one’s focus on the surface, on what is permitted to exist on the margins. Thus some see Indymedia as a crucial triumph of decentralization, and free software as a radical demand. This attitude ignores the industrial basis of every high tech development and usage. All the “wondrous tools,” including the ubiquitous and very toxic cell phone, are more related to eco-disastrous industrialization in China and India, for example, than to the clean, slick pages of *Wired* magazine. The salvationist claims of *Wired* are incredible in their disconnected, infantile fantasies. Its adherents can only maintain such gigantic delusions by means of deliberate blindness not only to technology’s systematic destruction of nature, but to the global human

cost involved: lives filled with toxicity, drudgery, and industrial accidents.

Now there are nascent protest phenomena against the all-encompassing universal system, such as “slow food,” “slow cities,” “slow roads”. People would prefer that the juggernaut give pause and not devour the texture of life. But actual degradation is picking up speed, in its deworlding, disembedding course. Only a radical break will impede its trajectory. More missiles and more nukes in more countries is obviously another part of the general movement of the technological imperative. The specter of mass death is the crowning achievement, the condition of modernity, while the posthuman is the coming techno-condition of the subject. We are the vehicle of the Megamachine, not its beneficiary, held hostage to its every new leap forward. The techno-human condition looms, indeed. Nothing can change until the technological basis is changed, is erased.

Our condition is reinforced by those who insist—in classic postmodern fashion—that nature/culture is a false binarism. The natural world is evacuated, paved over, to the strains of the surrender-logic that nature has always been cultural, always available for subjugation. Koert van Mensvoort’s “Exploring Next Nature” (2005) exposes the domination of nature logic, so popular in some quarters: “Our next nature will consist of what used to be cultural.” Bye-bye, non-engineered reality. After all, he blithely proclaims, nature changes with us.

This is the loss of the concept of nature altogether—and not just the concept! But the sign “nature” certainly enjoys popularity, as the substance is destroyed: “exotic” third world

cultural products, natural ingredients in food, etc. Unfortunately, the nature of experience is linked to the experience of nature. When the latter is reduced to an insubstantial presence, the former is disfigured. Paul Berkett (2006) cites Marx and Engels to the effect that with communism people will "not only feel but also know their oneness with nature," that communism is "the unity of being of man with nature." Industrial-technological overcoming as its opposite—what blatant productionist rubbish. Leaving aside the communism orientation, however, how much of today's Left disagrees with the marxian ode to mass production?

A neglected insight in Freud's *Civilization and its Discontents* is the suggestion that a deep, unconscious "sense of guilt produced by civilization" causes a growing malaise and dissatisfaction. Adorno (1966) saw that relevant to "the catastrophe that impends is the supposition of an irrational catastrophe in the beginning. Today the thwarted possibility of something other has shrunk to that of averting catastrophe in spite of everything."

The original, qualitative, utter failure for life on this planet was the setting in motion of civilization. Enlightenment—like the Axial Age world religions 2000 years before—supplied transcendence for the next level of domination, an indispensable support for industrial modernity. But where would one now find the source of a transcending, justifying framework for new levels of rapacious development? What new realm of ideas and values can be conjured up to validate the all-encompassing ruin of late modernity? There is none. Only the system's own inertia; no answers, and no future.

Meanwhile our context is that of a sociability of uncertainty. The moorings of day-to-day stability are being unfastened, as the system begins to show multiple weaknesses. When it can no longer guarantee security, its end is near.

Ours is an incomparable historical vantage point. We can easily grasp the story of this universal civilization's malignancy. This understanding may be a signal strength for enabling a paradigm shift, the one that could do away with civilization and free us from the

habitual will to dominate. A daunting challenge, to say the least; but recall the child who was moved to speak out in the face of collective denial. The Emperor was wearing nothing; the spell was broken.

Anarchy Radio

with John Zerzan

Tuesdays @ 9pm (PDT)

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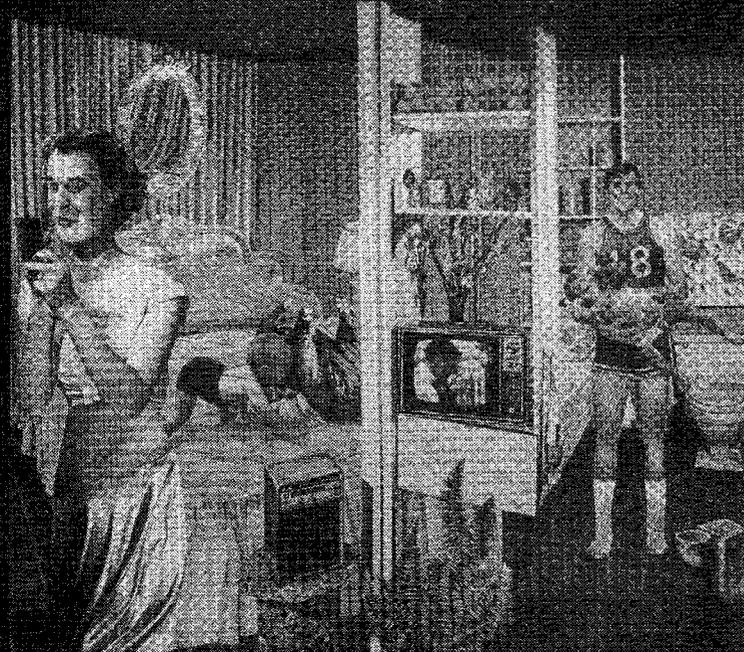
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Also, check out:

www.johnzerzan.net

A NEW LEAF



We wonder, needless to say, what 2007 will be bringing us, with the present situation quite grim enough. Biggest story last year, along with the war in Iraq of course, was arguably the full-bore industrialization going on in China, with its mammoth impacts across the board.

Ecocide plunges forward throughout the world while we ponder our prospects for challenging it. The other side of the coin of the enveloping crisis, the social and personal, seems to be equally threatening. The number of American children with serious emotional disorders has tripled since the early 1990s. Last October a Pennsylvania mother used her 4 week-old infant as a weapon, swinging the baby through the air striking her boyfriend.

In January a four year-old was beheaded by her father and left for her mother to find (suburb of Raleigh NC). The episodes of multiple homicides-suicide mount – terrorist "suicide bombers" anyone? More anxiety, stress, depression, obesity, isolation, cynicism... The arrival of new horrifying phenomena speeds up in the barren technoculture.

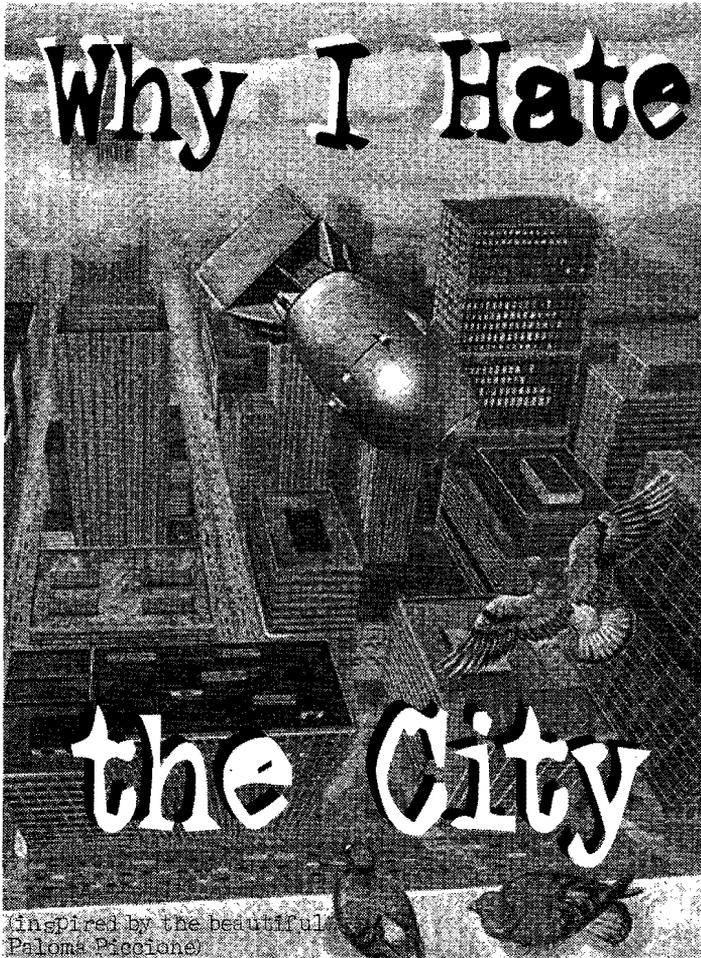
We know that the Left has no answers to what is overtaking us, inspires pretty much no one. Very possibly this explains a curious non-event last spring in New York. Hundreds were expected for a screening of long-out-of-circulation films by Guy Debord and to this much-publicized occasion five people showed up. We are going through a transition period in which something is dying out and something new is struggling to fully emerge.

We may in fact have the opportunity to take the offensive this year even though the present relative vacuum remains closely guarded. Visions that take on mass society and domesticated non-life can respond to pressures for something different, challenging the very nature of what we're stuck in and offering liberatory perspectives on all that should no longer be taken for granted (not just capitalism surely).

Our friend Aragorn!, on the road for several weeks last summer, was surprised to learn of anarchists in many small towns he'd never heard of. Another hopeful sign is a small tide of new books that speak to growing doubts about

modernity itself, including Steven Jones' *Against Technology: From the Luddites to the Neo-Luddites*, Victor Li's *The Neo-Primitivist Turn* and Kirpatrick Sale's *After Eden: The Evolution of Human Domination* (see Reviews, page 83). Books like these reflect the stark and widening gulf between what the dominant culture is trying to sell us and an ever more insistently estranging, oppressive reality. Something else has to emerge and it is in fact emerging. Now it's truly our turn to step up. To the energies of resistance in so many places on the earth a deepened idea of our targets must come forth. We can contribute to that starting here and now in our own areas, by every means possible.

by John Zerzan



(Inspired by the beautiful Paloma Piccolane)

From "Misadventures of a
Dissatisfied Civilian:
At War & Going Home"
by Sal Insieme

As I walk barefoot down the soft and soggy floor of a fir, cedar, and madrone forest, there is no unevenness of balance between thought and feeling, no uneasy longing, no displacement. It is damp, as the trickle from the trees during a brief pause in the rain continues the downward pattern of water falling, but slower; more relaxed, while other sounds can now be perceived during this interlude. In the distance, a stream that empties into a creek can be heard as the ceaseless travels of water continues. Entering my awareness are the rustle of leaves from a hardy bird, the cautious approach of a hungry deer, and the cleansing smell of moisture fills me. I am calm and alert... content and enthusiastic. As I continue down this worn and familiar path, a glimmer of sun peaks through gray sky, casting faint shadows from the trees. I reach to pick a...

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

SLAM!

Fuck. Why does it always have to end like that?

GREEN ANARCHY #24

I attempt to focus my eyes away from the white room and out the window. Across the street, I see a repetitiously ornate facade of an older turn-of-the-century stone building, and in one of its windows, the reflection of hyper-spiced motion from the street below. I really hate this place. I need more sleep and I roll back over and try to think of something more pleasurable. With absolutely no desire to enter that world quite yet, it's not hard to initiate and embrace a rush of images, feelings, and thoughts, and before I know it, *I fall dizzily back to the misty mountain forest, only now the sun has opened up more of the sky, to where a sizable portion of pale blue seeps through. An old friend is approaching, as I spot a patch of luscious fungi I have tasted many times before, near the decomposing remnants of an ancient douglas fir. I bend down next to this treasure and begin to examine it more closely. I notice minute aspects of this variety that I have never noticed before. I remember all the places in this area where I have gathered this sort of mushroom and a wave of joy and warmth moves through me as I also recall those I shared the discovery, preparation, and consumption with. I begin to...*

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

SLAM!

Damn. Why does that sharply abbreviated return to connection almost feel worse than none at all? My mind argues with itself as whether to fall back again, or face the day. Believing that my long-term stress will increase every time I choose the short-term solution of delay and evasion, I grumble as I sit up and rub my eyes in disbelief at the sheer ugliness and rigidity of this place. I wonder how much more I can take, but what puzzles me even more, is why I have chosen to come here at all. I hate the city and I wanna go home.

Luckily, I am only here temporarily, some brief affairs to attend to, some friends to see, some exotic foods to eat, and then I can return to my rural existence – not exactly wild, but a hell of a lot closer than this (probably the next best thing to fully going feral; for me, a reasonable and interim detour on my gradual, but deliberate, journey back).

I have spent considerable time in the city, and this one in particular. For a few years, I even called it my "home" and saw it as a "natural" habitat for a creative and anxious youth looking to experience as much as I could as quickly as possible. In the end though, it was merely a momentary place of residence for me, filled with temporary distractions, dead ends, frustration, and an occasional meaningful or adventurous experience. It was not the idealized vision of a positive human socialized existence (that's how I viewed it in my over-educated, utopianized, and mostly domesticated mind, one still in recovery from, and reacting to, a youth of suburban sterility, strictness, and boredom). Time, experiences, growth, new questions, and dissatisfaction, however, eventually sent me on a different path, away from this malignant and soul-swallowing concrete, steel, and cultural maze. Years later, I am still wrestling to move completely away from its entanglement.

I proceed to prepare myself for the world out there. I get dressed, making sure to have all of my attire for this terrain, including...boots (to cushion my feet against the thick layer of inflexible concrete), sunglasses (so as not to have thousands of strangers peeking into my thoughts and feelings, and so they don't see me peeking into theirs), backpack (to securely contain all my nomadic treasures, procurements, and emotional crutches), propaganda (for various pre-determined and unexpected distribution points along my route, or for the random outcast and future escapee), sharpie (for more spontaneous propaganda and alterations),

water bottle and snacks (since you can't eat or drink anything which grows or flows here, and everything else must be purchased – if I was really prepared, I'd have a pee jar to avoid the perpetual search for a free place to urinate), book (for all the brief retreats from this reality, where one can grow both dizzy and bored in the middle of thousands of contrary things happening at once), notebook (to jot down random thoughts coming into my head, like these before you now), address book (with all the phone numbers I need to know for any possible situation, as I am venturing into the equivalent to what the civilized view as the wild), walkman and tapes – mostly jazz (for shutting out the constant horrendous screeching, scraping, beeping, and grinding sounds of this place and to remind me that some provocative beauty is actually created in this frantically charged atmosphere; and no, I don't have an iPod), and, of course, my reusable vessel for the substance which keeps it all going, that oily bitter alacritous nectar – coffee (no cream or sugar please, you ain't cuttin' it with nothin'!). At one time 10 cups a day, my extreme dependence on coffee (not to mention other dysfunctional or unbalanced behaviors, dependencies, obsessions, and abuses – based on my own self-reflection and desires, not any moral judgement) is an addiction that has come and gone with me throughout my life, and directly proportional to the degree to which I was immersed in the urban condition. Just to get into the rhythm of the city, its pulses, its voltage, its abruptness – usually out of sync, and often at odds, with rhythms of the earth – requires us to tweak our bodies, minds, and spirits in some notably extreme ways. The city never sleeps, and often we are drawn to, or at least expected to endure, that same lack of slumber. We might miss something. We need to stay on top of so much heading in all different directions at once. Who cares when the sun rises and sets or what direction is south or where the food and water come from in this superficial mecca of distortion, artificiality, and performance? This reality is almost entirely constructed for completely different reasons than we are, or any other organic life form or process. It is a self-perpetuating mechanism, and as long as the fuel is consumed, and periodic repairs are made, it progresses forward as it builds its own methods and values, ones we must submit to, despite their seemingly arbitrariness to life. I feel both expressionless and deranged among the armies of alienation.

My goals at the moment are much different than my usual day outside of the city. They are more short-term, have preciseness to them. They are not the chop wood, fetch water types of my daily routine, nor the project-oriented ones, nor the spontaneous and celebratory excursions. No, it seems like a carefully plotted military maneuver, with me prepared for whatever comes my way. Ready to trudge through for the mission. No time to enjoy the doing, just strings of tasks

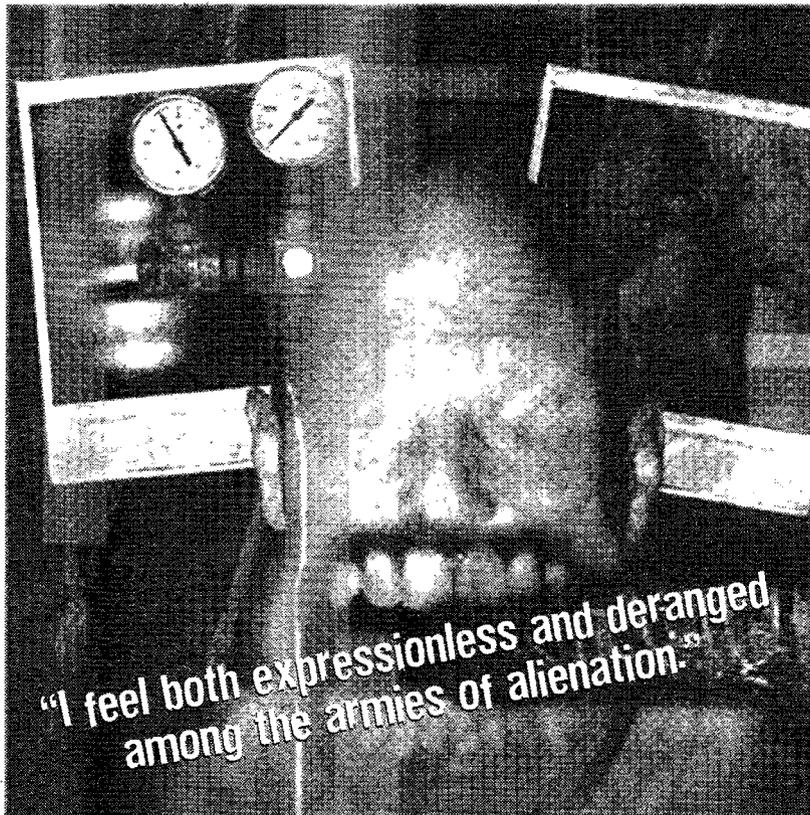
and cold space between them. No time to sit and soak in the life around me. Shit, I don't even think about closing my eyes out there. I guess this approach can happen anywhere, but the city seems to have something inherent in its form and function: impersonal scale, velocity driven, and economically focused.

Of course, life does drift in this mess. Some in its margins. Some against its grain. And some, which can more easily adapt to adverse conditions, even seem to flow with the energy of this place. This is mostly an illusion, though, something we tell ourselves so as to avoid being fully honest and risk a completely crushed soul. The hyper-promoted fantasy of cosmopolitan adventure and unending possibility is nothing but the dangling carrot, the cheap lipstick, the polished sports car, the surgically enlarged penis of the system; it really has little behind it, and it just might really hurt you in the end. Officially sanctioned activity varies widely from city to city, neighborhood to neighborhood, even person to person, especially if you ain't got the do-re-mi, but off the radar, you can find the weirdest shit. Now, I ain't no prude and I ain't no moralist. Whatever people wanna do or think they need, that's great, as long as they ain't hurtin' anyone, but down some of the darkest alleys, behind some of the funkier doors – shit, in some of the swankiest apartments – you can find people engaged in things you never even imagined. But often what passes for the unleashing of desires, is merely the leashing of each other or the desiring of leashes, and mostly the leeching out of desires as our life-force slips away and we become the white noise of the metropolis. Often, people are playing out the most extravagantly obtuse performances because their lives are empty, built on nothing but the urban buzz, designed from a distorted collage, fabricated in either a boardroom, chemical lab, or chat room. Novelty for novelty's sake, shock for shock value, faster and faster, and you better not get too old around here. The vampiric qualities will eventually turn you blanched and anemic.

Anyway, following an afternoon of poking around town, I have a few used records, a couple expired bus tickets, a queasy stomach from some off-Chinese food, a layer of brownish-gray film on my skin, and a headache from way too much java to show for it. I awkwardly hop on a crowded bus back to

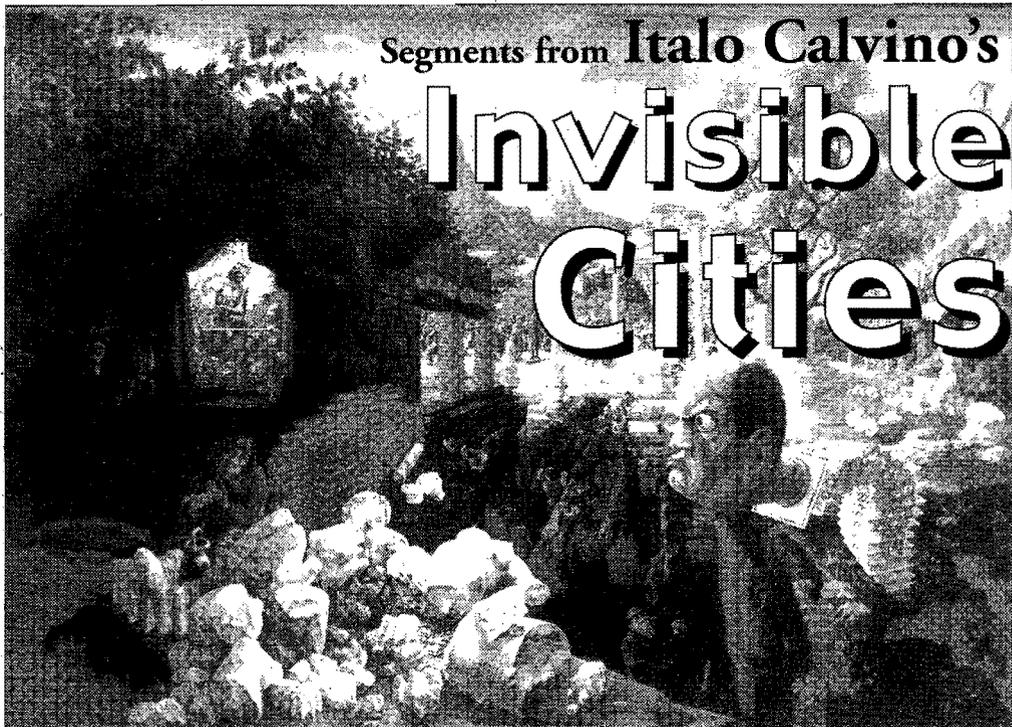
my friend's place so we can rendezvous with others for dinner at some exotic restaurant that allows you to pretend for a night that you're a hip globe-trotter, then, maybe see some expensive mediocre band where one drink costs more than all the alcohol I made in a year at home.

(continued on next page)



Segments from Italo Calvino's

Invisible Cities



The following segments from Calvino's classic book, *Invisible Cities* (1972), were chosen as illustrations exhibiting various attributes of the same place, *the city*, as experienced by one visiting and passing through them. In this case, it is Marco Polo's fictional retelling of his travels through Kublai Kahn's empire to the ruler himself. Kahn's empire is facing its twilight, and so is the city.

...It is the desperate moment when we discover that this empire, which had seemed to us the sum of all wonders, is an endless, formless ruin, that corruption's gangrene has spread too far to be healed by our specter, that the triumph over the enemy sovereigns has made us the heirs of their long undoing. Only in Marco Polo's accounts was Kublai Khan able to discern, through the walls and towers destined to crumble, the tracery of a pattern so subtle it could escape the termites' gnawing...

Cities & Desire #2

At the end of three days, moving southward, you come upon Anastasia, a city with concentric canals watering it and kites flying over it. I should now list the wares that can profitably be bought here: agate, onyx, chrysoprase, and other varieties of chalcedony; I should praise the flesh of the golden pheasant cooked here over fires of seasoned cherry wood and sprinkled with much sweet marjoram; and tell of the women I have seen bathing in the pool of a garden and who sometimes - it is said -

invite the stranger to disrobe with them and chase them in the water. But with all this, I would not be telling you the city's true essence; for while the description of Anastasia awakens desires one at time only to force you to stifle them, when you are in the heart of Anastasia one morning your desires waken all at once and surround you. The city appears to you as a whole where no desire is lost and of which you are a part, and since it enjoys everything you do not enjoy, you can do nothing but inhabit this desire and be content. Such is the power, sometimes called malignant, sometimes benign, that Anastasia, the treacherous city, possesses; if for eight hours a day you work as a cutter of agate, onyx, chrysoprase, your labor which gives form to desire takes from desire its form, and you believe you are enjoying Anastasia wholly when you are only its slave.

Cities & Signs #1

You walk for days among trees and among stones. Rarely does the eye light on a thing, and then only when it has recognized that thing as the sign of another thing: a print in the sand indicates the tiger's passage; a marsh announces a vein of water; the hibiscus flower, the end of winter. All the rest is silent and interchangeable; trees and stones are only what they are.

Finally the journey leads to the city of Tamara. You penetrate it along streets thick with signboards jutting from the walls. The eye does not see things but images of things that mean other things: pincers point out the tooth-drawer's house; a tankard, the tavern; halberds, the barracks; scales, the grocer's. Statues and shields depict lions, dolphins, towers, stars: a sign that something - who knows what? - has as its sign a lion or a dolphin or a tower or a star. Other signals warn of what is forbidden in a given place (to enter the alley with wagons, to urinate behind the kiosk, to fish with your pole from the bridge) and what is allowed (watering zebras, playing bowls, burning relatives' corpses). From the doors of the temples the gods' statues are seen, each portrayed with his attributes - the cornucopia, the hourglass, the medusa - so that the worshiper can recognize them and address his prayers correctly. If a building has no signboard or figure, its very form and the position it occupies in the city's order suffice to indicate its function: the palace, the prison, the mint, the Pythagorean school, the brothel. The wares, too, which the vendors display on their stalls are valuable not in themselves but as signs of other things: the embroidered headband stands for elegance; the gilded palanquin, power; the volumes of Averroes, learning; the ankle bracelet, voluptuousness. Your gaze scans the streets as if they were written pages: the city says everything you must think, makes you repeat her discourse, and while you believe you are visiting Tamara you are only recording the names with which she defines herself and all her parts.

However the city may really be, beneath this thick coating of signs, whatever it may contain or conceal, you leave Tamara without having discovered it. Outside, the land stretches, empty, to the horizon; the sky opens, with speeding clouds. In the shape that chance and wind give the clouds, you are already intent on recognizing figures: a sailing ship, a hand, an elephant...

Trading Cities #2

In Chloe, a great city, the people who move through the streets are all strangers. At each encounter, they imagine a thousand things about one another; meetings which could take place between them, conversations, surprises, caresses, bites. But no one greets anyone; eyes lock for a second, then dart away, seeking other eyes, never stopping.

A girl comes along, twirling a parasol on her shoulder, and twirling slightly also her rounded hips. A woman in black comes along, showing her full age, her eyes restless beneath her veil, her lips trembling. A tattooed giant comes along; a young man with white hair; a female dwarf; two girls, twins, dressed in coral. Something runs among them,

(continued on next page)

an exchange of glances like lies that connect one figure with another and draw arrows, stars, triangles, until all combinations are used up in a moment, and other characters come on to the scene: a blind man with a cheetah on a leash, a courtesan with an ostrich-plume fan, an epebe, a Fat Woman. And thus, when some people happen to find themselves together, taking shelter from the rain under an arcade, or crowding beneath an awning of the bazaar, or stopping to listen to the band in the square, meetings, seductions, copulations, orgies are consummated among them without a word exchanged, without a finger touching anything, almost without an eye raised.

A voluptuous vibration constantly stirs Chloe, the most chaste of cities. If men and women began to live their ephemeral dreams, every phantom would become a person with whom to begin a story of pursuits, pretenses, misunderstandings, clashes, oppressions, and the carousel of fantasies would stop.

Cities & Eyes #1

The ancients built Valdrada on the shores of a lake, with houses all verandas one above the other, and high streets whose railed parapets look out over the water. Thus the traveler, arriving, sees two cities: one erect above the lake, and the other reflected, upside down. Nothing exists or happens in the one Valdrada that the other Valdrada does not repeat, because the city was so constructed that its every point would be reflected in its mirror, and the Valdrada down in the water contains not only all the flutings and juttings of the facades that rise above the lake, but also the rooms' interiors with ceilings and floors, the perspective of the halls, the mirrors of the wardrobes.

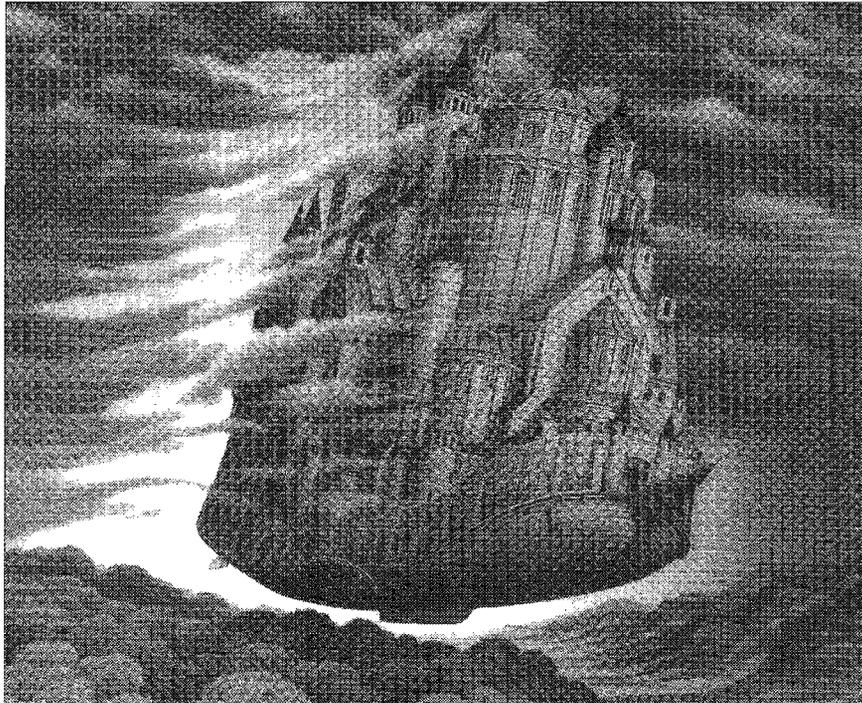
Valdrada's inhabitants know that each of their actions is, at once, that action and its mirror-image, which possesses the special dignity of images, and this awareness prevents them from succumbing for a single moment to chance and forgetfulness. Even when lovers twist their naked bodies, skin against skin, seeking the position that will give one the most pleasure in the other, even when murderers plunge the knife into the black veins of the neck and more clotted blood pours out the more they press the blade that slips between the tendons, it is

not so much their copulating or murdering that matters as the copulating or murdering of the images, limpid and cold in the mirror.

At times the mirror increases a thing's value, at times denies it. Not everything that seems valuable above the mirror maintains its force when mirrored. The twin cities are not equal, because nothing that exists or happens in Valdrada is symmetrical: every face and gesture is answered, from the mirror, by a face and gesture inverted, point by point. The two Valdradas live for each other, their eyes interlocked; but there is no love between them.

Thin Cities #5

If you choose to believe me, good. Now I will tell how Octavia, the spider-web city, is made. There is a precipice between two steep mountains: the city is over the void, bound to the two crests with ropes and chains and catwalks. You walk on the little wooden ties, careful not to set your foot in the open spaces, or you cling to the hempen strands. Below there is nothing for hundreds and hundreds of feet: a few clouds glide past; farther down you can glimpse the chasm's bed.



This is the foundation of the city: a net which serves as passage and as support. All the rest, instead of rising up, is hung below: rope ladders, hammocks, houses made like sacks, clothes hangers, terraces like gondolas, skins of water, gas jets, spits, baskets on strings, dumb-waiters, showers, trapezes and rings for children's games, cable cars, chandeliers, pots with trailing plants.

Suspended over the abyss, the life of Octavia's inhabitants is less uncertain than in other cities. They know the net will last only so long.

Cities & the Dead #3

No city is more inclined than Eusapia to enjoy life and flee care. And to make the leap from life to death less abrupt, the inhabitants have constructed an identical copy of their city, underground. All corpses, dried in such a way that the skeleton remains sheathed in yellow skin, are carried down there, to continue their former activities. And, of these activities, it is their care-free moments that take first place: most of the corpses are seated around laden tables, or placed in dancing positions, or made to play little trumpets. But all the trades and professions of the living Eusapia are also at work below ground, or at least those that the living performed with more contentment than irritation: the clock-maker, amid all the stopped clocks of his shop, places his parchment ear against an out-of-tune grandfather's clock; a barber, with dry brush, lathers the cheekbones of an actor learning his role, studying the script with hollow sockets; a girl with a laughing skull mills the carcass of a heifer.

To be sure, many of the living want a fate after death different from their lot in life: the necropolis is crowded with big-game hunters, mezzosopranos, bankers, violinists, duchesses, courtesans, generals - more than the living city ever contained.

The job of accompanying the dead down below and arranging them in the desired place is assigned to a confraternity of hooded brothers. No one else has access to the Eusapia of the dead and everything known about it has been learned from them.

They say that the same confraternity exists among the dead and that it never fails to lend a hand; the hooded brothers, after death, will perform the same job in the other Eusapia; rumor has it that some of them are already dead but continue going up and down. In any case, this confraternity's authority in the Eusapia of the living is vast.

They say that every time they go below they find something changed in the lower Eusapia; the dead make innovations in their city; not many, but surely the fruit of sober reflection, not passing whims. From one year to the next, they say, the Eusapia of the dead becomes unrecognizable. And the living, to keep up with them, also want to do everything that the hooded brothers tell them about the novelties of the dead. So the Eusapia of the living has taken to copying its underground copy.

"A fortress of indestructible leftovers surrounds Leonia, dominating it on every side, like a chain of mountains."



They say that this has not just now begun to happen: actually it was the dead who built the upper Eusapia, in the image of their city. They say that in the twin cities there is no longer any way of knowing who is alive and who is dead.

Continuous Cities #1

The city of Leonia refashions itself every day: every morning the people wake between fresh sheets, wash with just-unwrapped cakes of soap, wear brand-new clothing, take from the latest model refrigerator still unopened tins, listening to the last-minute jingles from the most up-to-date radio.

On the sidewalks, encased in spotless plastic bags, the remains of yesterday's Leonia await the garbage truck. Not only squeezed tubes of toothpaste, blown-outlight bulbs, newspapers, containers, wrappings, but also boilers, encyclopedias, pianos, porcelain dinner services. It is not so much by the things that each day are manufactured, sold, bought that you can measure Leonia's opulence, but rather by the things that each day are thrown out to make room for the new. So you begin to wonder if Leonia's true passion is really, as they say, the enjoyment of new and different things, and not, instead, the joy of expelling, discarding, cleansing itself of a recurrent impurity. The fact is that street cleaners are welcomed like angels, and their task of removing the residue of yesterday's existence is surrounded by a respectful silence, like a ritual that inspires devotion, perhaps only because once things have been cast off nobody wants to have to think about them further.

Nobody wonders where, each day, they carry their load of refuse. Outside the city, surely; but each year the city expands, and

the street cleaners have to fall farther back. The bulk of the outflow increases and the piles rise higher, become stratified, extend over a wider perimeter. Besides, the more Leonia's talent for making new materials excels, the more the rubbish improves in quality, resists time, the elements, fermentations, combustions. A fortress of indestructible leftovers surrounds Leonia, dominating it on every side, like a chain of mountains.

This is the result: the more Leonia expels goods, the more it accumulates them; the scales of its past are soldered into a cuirass that cannot be removed. As the city is renewed each day, it preserves all of itself in its only definitive form: yesterday's sweepings piled up on the sweepings of the day before yesterday and of all its days and years and decades.

Leonia's rubbish little by little would invade the world, if, from beyond the final crest of its boundless rubbish heap, the street cleaners of other cities were not pressing, also pushing mountains of refuse in front of themselves. Perhaps the

whole world, beyond Leonia's boundaries, is covered by craters of rubbish, each surrounding a metropolis in constant eruption. The boundaries between the alien, hostile cities are infected ramparts where the detritus of both support each other, overlap, mingle.

The greater its height grows, the more the danger of a landslide looms: a tin can, an old tire, an unraveled wine flask, if it rolls toward Leonia, is enough to bring with it an avalanche of unmated shoes, calendars of bygone years, withered flowers, submerging the city in its own past, which it had tried in vain to reject, mingling with the past of the neighboring cities, finally clean. A cataclysm will flatten the sordid mountain range, canceling every trace of the metropolis always dressed in new clothes. In the nearby cities they are all ready, waiting with bulldozers to flatten the terrain, to push into the new territory, expand, and drive the new street cleaners still farther out.

Hidden Cities #4

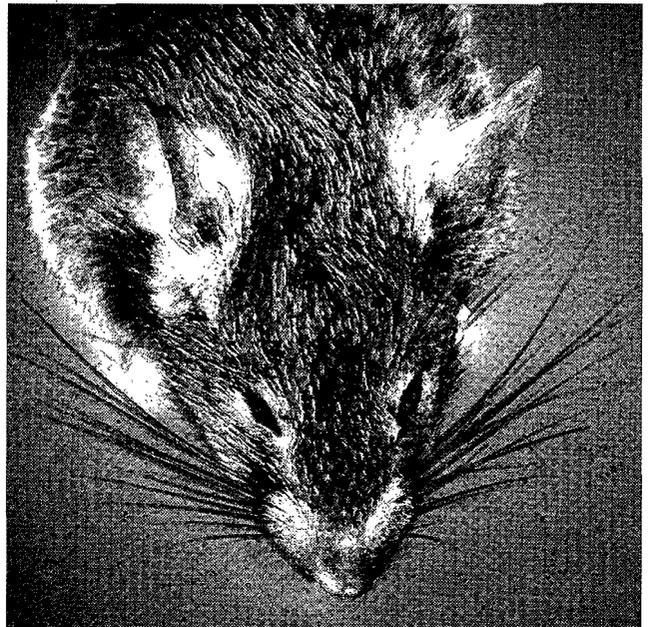
Recurrent invasions racked the city of Theodora in the centuries of its history; no sooner was one enemy routed than another gained strength and threatened the survival of the inhabitants. When the sky was cleared of condors, they had to face the propagation of serpents; the spiders' extermination allowed the flies to multiply into a black swarm; the

victory over the termites left the city at the mercy of the woodworms. One by one the species incompatible to the city had to succumb and were extinguished. By dint of ripping away scales and carapaces, tearing off elytra and feathers, the people gave Theodora the exclusive image of human city that still distinguishes it.

But first, for many long years, it was uncertain whether or not the final victory would not go to the last species left to fight man's possession of the city: the rats. From each generation of rodents that the people managed to exterminate, the few survivors gave birth to a tougher progeny, invulnerable to traps and resistant to all poison. In the space of a few weeks, the sewers of Theodora were repopulated with hordes of spreading rats. At last, with an extreme massacre, the murderers, versatile ingenuity of mankind defeated the overweening life-force of the enemy.

The city, great cemetery of the animal kingdom, was closed, aseptic over the final buried corpses with their last fleas and their last germs. Man had finally reestablished the order of the world which he had himself upset: no other living species existed to cast any doubts. To recall what had been fauna, Theodora's library would preserve on its shelves the volumes of Buffon and Linnaeus.

At least that is what Theodora's inhabitants believed, far from imagining that a forgotten fauna was stirring from its lethargy. Relegated for long eras to remote hiding places, ever since it had been deposed by the system of non-extinct species, the other fauna was coming back to the light from the library's basements where the incunabula were kept; it was leaping from the capitals and drainpipes, perching at the sleepers' bedside. Sphinxes, griffons, chimeras, dragons, hircocervi, harpies, hydras, unicorns, basilisks were resuming possession of their city.



Smashing the Petri Dish?

Abbreviated Inquiry Into Abandoning the Concept of Culture—Take One

cul'ture, *n.* 1. Cultivation; tillage. 2. Act of developing by education, discipline, training, etc. 3. The cultivation or rearing of a particular crop 4. The enlightenment and refinement of taste acquired by intellectual and aesthetic training. 5. A particular stage of advancement in civilization or the characteristic features of such a stage or state. 6. *Biol.* Cultivation of microorganisms, as bacteria, or of tissues, fungi, etc, in prepared nutrient media (culture media); also, an instance or product of such cultivation. —Webster's Dictionary

by A.
Morefus

The following are questions I have recently asked myself:

Why abandon culture? There are countless reasons to begin to challenge, seriously realign our relationship with, and perhaps abandon the concept of *culture* — the historic, contemporary, and projected assemblage of social dynamics and features by which we define ourselves and which collectively frame us as social groupings. Culture contains the all-too-familiar civilized notions of expectations, projections, customs, taboos, values, morality, and rituals, as well as being anthropocentric in nature, and in general, limited as it defines the human condition of a place, time, and context only in terms of human relationships or how we use other things. The human-animal, unrestrained by such an understanding of reality, and in tune with applicable concerns of connected subsistence and curious play, needs not for culture as something to belong to or to be guided by. Instead, they are what they are, a composition of all they are connected to, yet unique unto themselves. And if relationships are fluid, unbounded by artificial concepts, and based on mutual desire, than what use or need is there for culture, except to define and confine these relationships. It might be proposed then, that our search for liberation may fall outside the parameters of the concept of culture, and in fact, may be in contradiction with its very existence. Culture, whether ethnic, religious, national, tribal, pop, alternative, or counter, acts as a definer rather than minimalizer of the borders within and between ourselves, each other, and the rest of life.

Can we challenge the current basis of our relationships to each other?

For many, to abandon culture seems a project too daunting, shocking, and counter to what we may have always believed. But when we talk of undoing the entirety of civilization, are there questions too colossal to ask and material too compact to cut through? To dispute culture itself, and the physicality of its politicized manifestation, society, is to question civilization's very premise, that we are controlled and manipulated by external forces that have an agenda ultimately incompatible with that of the individual, regardless of their desires (although there may be illusory moments of adaptability). Whether there are direct lines drawn to individuals or groups in power, or the rigid formation of patterns and textures over time, culture controls. It must, or it ceases to exist. Culture can be viewed as the summation of who we are as social beings, or the parameters we live within. Both are unsatisfactory for one attempting an uncivilized and unrestrained existence. If we are to live entirely different, than what seems foundational and what binds all of this (civilization) must be unglued. The imprint must be erased. The structures must be shattered, so as to open up the space for our unimpeded wild selves to roam.

Is there an intrinsic element of cultivation that leads to the formation of rigid socialization? The cultivation of crops and tillage of the earth created a different context in which we dwell than that of the human-animal in a pre-civilized context. With the domination of the land, stratification of society, accumulation of power, creation of economy, and religious mystification of the world, culture takes root as an all-encompassing means of control. To put it simply, when there are things to keep in order, an orderly society is preferable. With this comes the standardization

of society, the suggestion of values, the implementation of codes, and the enforcement of regulations, be they physical, intellectual, or spiritual. Overt force is always adjacent (at least the allegation of it), but to convince people they are a part of an abstract grouping, and that it is superior to any other, cultural identity is a much more effective means of control. And, to convince them of their need to view contrary or deviant inclinations of the belief system as an Other, also sets the ground for the defending of culture. The abstraction of unmediated relationships might be where we start to see concepts of culture as necessary. Before (or outside this perspective) what purpose would it serve?

What about the process of domestication is inevitable in culture? Development of humans as individuals and societies in general through education, discipline, and training, seems to require obedience to societal norms, recognized largely as cultural. The goal, as with any other form of domestication, is to obtain a uniform and productive crop or yield in as efficient means as possible. Individuality and fluidity are seen as hazards to be reigned in or plowed under. Possibly, depending on how bumper a crop that season, or how much power the domesticator has accumulated, some unruly weeds are allowed to exist on the periphery, but even they are still largely controlled, if only due to the proximity to the disciplined ones.

Are socialization and control implicit in the perpetuation and acceptance of culture? Culture attempts to express and prescribe meaning to our world. This meaning is typically, and I would argue inevitably, used to obtain and maintain power and control.

Culture regularly has both a conservative and progressive character to it. Both securing society and pushing it forward – stability and innovation. Traditional cultural values which sustain the contemporary aims of a society's influence and momentum are often supported while the proposed future for that society is often portrayed as intrinsic trajectories for that culture. The tension between them keeps things moving. At any particular stage of advancement in a civilization, the characteristic features of such a stage are described as its culture. So that what is described as permanent, is never so, and that which is promoted as temporary is often an illusion of change. The bottom line is, the path of a society, and the cultural aspects of it, are quite arbitrary, yet presented as predetermined. To not be acquiescent in this set-up places one, for all practical purposes, outside of cultural reality. But the rejection of culture is certainly not a rejection of social interaction. The isolated human, rarely a healthy, connected, and successfully functioning being (by any standards), is typically the product of extreme alienation and trauma. Anti-social behavior, as a specific description, is relative to the context of the society, but it describes more of a disconnect from the ability to interact than a rejection of that society's values. One can be positively a social being (and possibly they must be) and still attempt to dismantle that society and its social characteristics, especially if their processes of social interaction are from outside that society. As interaction and relations removed from the alienated and mediated civilized methods tend to be more direct, fluid, and intuitive, without the clunky dominating, and often insincere methods we are instilled with, it seems key to any sort of positive alternative.

Ever notice the "cult" in culture?

Socially, there is great pressure, from authoritarianism to tension between "civilians", to create a mindless following that is pervasive throughout society. There develops an affiliation of accomplices who adopt complete and societal belief systems or faiths. Those who move too close to the margins are regarded and handled as outsiders, which strictly maintains the definitions applied to a culture. In addition, the progressive linearity of cultural enlightenment and refinement through intellectual and aesthetic training occurs at all levels, from fashion to philosophy. Details and motivations of our actions that are obtained, recorded, and remembered through vastly different perceptions and bias perspectives, acquired through a cultural context and individual views, are filtered, averaged, and distilled to create a prevalent, repeated response system.

But what about primitive people and useful traditions? There is probably more from the past that we have carelessly discarded

than we have critically shed, especially concerning earth-based peoples from gatherer-hunters to horticulturists to pre-technological agriculturists and homesteaders (in my opinion, there is less to appreciate as we move onward in domestication, but from where we are located in history, there is still some value in critically assessing small-scale cultivators for some useful aspects). Examining the dynamics and methods of these various types of groupings for everything from food procurement to social organization (not that they aren't inevitably linked) will reveal a great diversity between peoples and the strategies and patterns that have developed, and typically, unfortunately, formed into a culture. This investigation can also reveal common threads in how situations, needs, and problems are dealt with, which we can filter through our own unique and communal desires and contexts to apply to our lives, without adopting cultural parameters and definitions. Techniques are valuable, cultural explanations are useless, unless they reveal a relationship between things that can be utilized without socializing.

Life contains some underlying stability of circumstance, yet within it is an infinite and intricate shifting, fracturing, and supporting over time. A never-ending improvisation of reinforcing and interfering, but never repeating. Even the seemingly firmly structured parts are composed of limitless variables. We might be inspired by the way the Kaluli tribe of the Papuan Plateau perceive and interact with the world. For instance, they do not hear singular sounds in the rainforest, but instead an interlocking soundscape they call *dulugu ganalan*, or "lifting-up-over sounding"; millions of simultaneous sound cycles, starting and ending at different points. People's voices layer and play off of this reality, as drums, axes, and singing blend together in rhythms and patterns creating an instinctual vocabulary understood by the group.

So what might living outside of culture look like?

To start with, it would be free from moral and social frameworks that limit our freedom to explore, experience, and connect. We would still be "bound" by certain biological and geographical limitations, but not those determined by any experts or leaders.

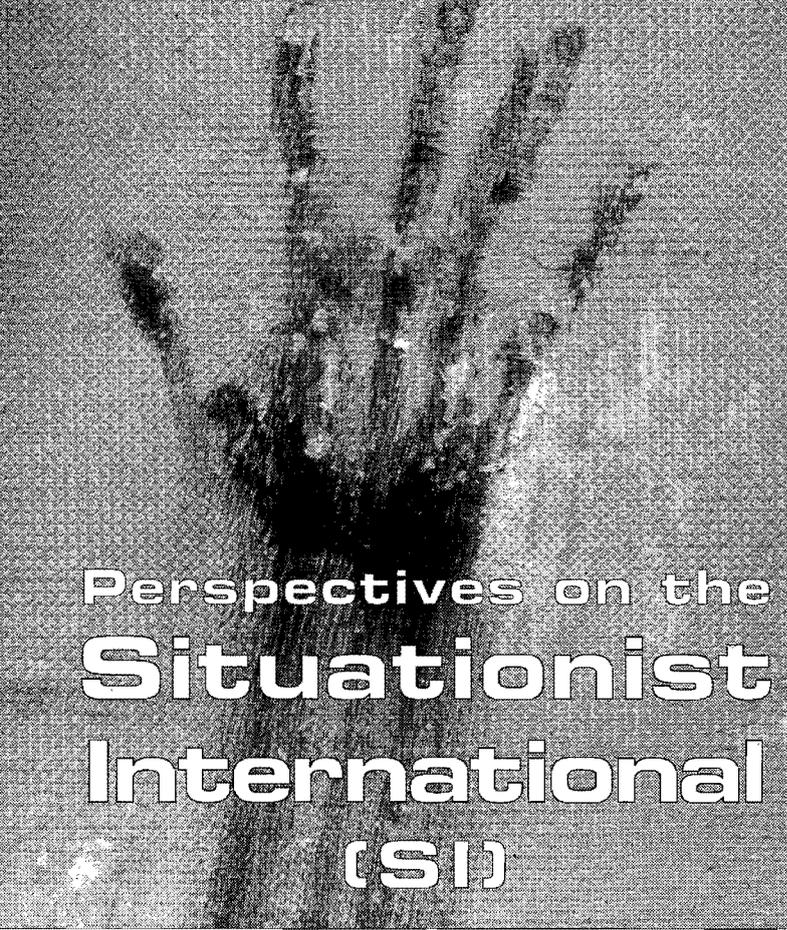
Instead we would experience directly these limitations, and along with shared experiences with others, develop our own unique understandings. Collective experience would not fit into any prearranged formation or contain any unified meaning. It would be the infinite intersections of support and divergence that make up the rest of what we call life. Rather than thinking in cultural terms, perhaps we can look at other social animals for inspiration. Flocks, herds, and packs can be contemplated for their manifestations and dynamics of living patterns. Instinctual rather than intellectual in motivation and stable yet flexible in an organic manner, rather than enforced or altered through mechanistic and projected means. Is this not closer to how humans live(d) outside of civilization?

Can we smash the petri dish and abandon the stifling concept of culture for an unobstructed reality?

If we are content with the role of microorganisms in a prepared nutrient media or the product of such cultivation, then life as part of a culture is acceptable, even desirable and beneficial. If we are not satisfied as bacteria, segments of tissues, or fungi in a scientist's test tube or observation dish, then we need to begin to seriously review how we relate to, coordinate, and view ourselves, each other, and the world around us. We can trade the abstraction, symbolic, efficiency, control, and completeness of superimposed culture for the connected, direct, dynamic, openness of unalienated existence.

The choice really is ours.





Perspectives on the Situationist International (SI)

While there is much deeply inspiring about their project and we continue to draw on it as an influence, we need to take a critical look at the Situationists International, and their overall relevance to anti-civilization anarchist theory and practice. Beyond the questionable and outdated embracing of workers councils, some Situationists' fetishization of technology is perhaps one of the most glaring inconsistencies with destroying civilization. We hope to have an in-depth critique of the SI for our next issue. Let us know if you are interested in helping. -Editor's note from Issue #23 following the SI's Instructions for an Insurrection.

So, rather than publishing a single critique of the SI, we've decided it would far more interesting to present a collection of perspectives sent to us by some of those who have been influenced by Sits. The following were some of our favorites:



Founders of the Situationist International at Cosio d'Arrascia, Italy, April 1957. From left to right: Giuseppe Pinot Gallizio, Piero Simondo, Elena Verrone, Michele Bernstein, Guy Debord, Asger Jorn, and Walter Olmo.

Shot to the Heart

by anarchyjordan

there's definitely a lot to be said for a critique of the situationist international. guy debord ran that thing into the ground with his stalinist exclusion policies and his petty in-fighting, mostly over obscure disagreements and over the girls he liked (ralph rumney's book, "the consul" is informative in this regard). of course, it's not really even worth it to critique the post-situationist fetishizers like knabb. but the SI was a very rigid group whose real interventions with subversive creative production decreased over time due to their commitment to a certain phraseology that was really only a rehashing of the writings of a lot of individualist anarchists of yore. if people didn't phrase it right they'd be ridiculed from the depths of a semantic reality-tunnel that led to no northwest passage at all, but to a downward spiral of pseudo-communication, which was of course what they were supposed to be fighting. the bureaucratic mess that dominated the time dominated them as well, but one can't just blame the times; you mostly have to look at their lives, and you'll see that, much like any other writer in our (anarchist) tradition, the members of the SI lived lives that were fraught with the all too typical awkward moments and alienations that characterize all our lives, and though their theory definitely tried to approach these common separations, reality is always infinitely messier than the theoreticians would make it out to be — what's important is an ability to accept that and be willing to change theories in accordance with the results of practice.

i think one of the SI's great failings was its inability to keep up its level of theoretico-practical activity, and constantly explore new means and methods to contest and destroy the world of hierarchical power and capitalist privative accumulation, which was their original project. they would make a few movies, here and there, put out a few journals, put up some posters and chalk stuff on walls, but in the end it was more than just the assassination of lebovici and their loss of media access through his theaters that killed the SI — it was the SI itself that committed suicide with its bureaucratic internal operations and its inability to come to theoretical synthesis between members, leading to its exclusions. it's a sad example of how a healthy, autonomous, anarchistic project can be infected by stalinism and ideology, in spite of itself, and be destroyed by petty internal conflicts and contradictions that should have been easy enough to overcome if the members could have overcome their own egotistical approach to the struggle. the "situationist" label — one who, starting from dissatisfaction and constructing situations that exacerbate that dissatisfaction, activates autonomy in him/herself and others — is mostly an insult, since it's an attempt to classify the millions of people everywhere who think for themselves and do those things every day, who can't be categorized at all and shouldn't be.

the SI's journals and a lot of those writers that were involved in the SI but were excluded are worth reading... of course, to live your own life and construct your own theory from practice (not the other way around)

is the best reference and learning experience. take yourself as your only point of reference. says vaneigem; sad that so many of the modern eulogists of the SI, and the SI themselves in a way, prefer(ed) to look to/critique/live other lives instead of their own; they try to live in a world different from their own, and so they end up alienated and inactive, piling up books that no one reads, and arguing over details that are totally irrelevant now. so many of these criticisms are applicable to our anarchist milieu as well, i certainly agree that a critique of the SI is as timely now as ever. there is no one correct approach to anarchy and revolution, just as there is no one correct approach to life, and no universal law or morality that can be imposed upon all. everything deserves critique, but to critique everything without doing anything is just like any other passage of judgement — it condemns the judge as well as the judged.

situationist.gq.nu

An Encounter with the Situationist Internationale



by Matt Lucas

My first encounter with the Situationists was through Ken Knabb's website. In my drunken late night perusals of the Internet while wasting away at a state university, I came across Knabb's *Public Secrets* and translations of Debord's work. There was a certain total critique in Debord's poetic but opaque writing. Much of my uncertainty as to what Debord was saying was due to my lack of historical reference, combined with a lack of knowledge about some of the revolutionary traditions from which the S.I. were drawing. If we follow John Moore's analysis and look at the anarchist movement in waves, much like the feminist movement has been separated into the *first* (the suffragists), the *second* (the radical feminists of the 60s and 70s) and the *third* wave (the identity politics of today), we see the anarchist movement being separated at the point of May 1968 when France erupted into a general strike. It was the first time in history that a modernized nation had revolted against its own wealth for no apparent reason.

The way one learns ways of life, traditions, morals, critiques, etcetera is through active dialog. With so few of my anarchist peers engaged in the ideas of the S.I. I was to flounder. I might as well have been looking at Internet pornography. Being on a college campus did inform me as to the traditional anarchist perspective, as many of the writings by Kropotkin, Bakunin, Berkman, Goldman and the beautiful biographies of Paul Avrich were available to me. Being involved in the Left (various activist groups, world bank protests, animal rights, etcetera) at the time might have helped me socially (i.e. get laid— occasionally) but it also encouraged me to accept didactically pushed moralisms and an artificial concern with people's feelings. Operating from a lack of historical clarity, the Left, while filled with "people who care", largely waste their time. They (the Left) talk only of what the television talks of.

It took me some time to have a decent understanding of where exactly the S.I. were coming from, yet when I finally understood them it became quite obvious. It was certainly helpful that I began to obsessively read not only their work, freely available on the Internet, but to also to read secondary source material, such as Larry Law's *Spectacular Times*, an easy to read, digestible pamphlet series using the ideas and style of the SI. And while I may be ashamed to admit it, groovy Greil Marcus' *Lipstick Traces* firmly established a connection between the situationists and punk rock. Coming from a punk rock background and understanding that bands such as the Sex Pistols(1) were influenced by the S.I. (if not in a direct manner than through cultural osmosis) encouraged me to continue to research the S.I. Finally coming across Anselm Jappes' *Guy Debord: Revolutionary* I found a solid secondary source that explained many of Debord's ideas and rooted him in a tradition of Hegelian Marxism with heavy influences by the Marxists: Georg Lukacs, Karl Korsch and the French councilist group, Socialism Or Barbarism.

While reading source material is great, it can't be understated how valuable meeting people who were engaged with the situationist critique was. Friedrich Nietzsche in his critiques of Christianity attacked Christianity for the type of people it created. He argued that if a set of ideas created weak people then the set of ideas was weak and should be discarded. In the same way, if the ideas of Marx create boring people, and it must be said that I've met some boring Marxists, to some extent Marx should be discarded. If the ideas of anarchism create flaky bourgeois trust funders slumming it who are more interested in hand holding than anything else, than anarchism to some extent should be discarded. When I began to meet other people heavily influenced by the S.I. I encountered three types, the evernit-picky, mainly using the ideas of the S.I. as a way to break with their peers, art students who had perused the ideas of the S.I. and made terrible art, and those who took up the S.I.'s call for adventure, a more sweeping critique as a weapon to be used and ran with it, ran not only to escape the clutches of the old world but to destroy its hands. Obviously, there are arguments to discard with the S.I.; their outdated councilism, their constant breaking with people, their being involved with artists at all...

Yet, as my understanding of the situationist critique increased so did my ability to use their critique against society. Rather than scrawl occasional graffiti (which is not a bad thing) I became able to use their critique at the point in which the radical starts, in my everyday life. From school to work, from free time to unemployment, from sexual relationships to sexual predation, from activism to apathy to alcoholism, all of them increasingly became clear to me to be empty phases, empty roles that were constrained by the bounds of capital. It's become obvious to me that capitalism, in its latest phase, that of the integrated spectacle, is highly flexible, at the same point that it

appears to break... it recuperates. At the same point that one feels one has space to breathe... one ends up breathing a new type of ideology. Not only is the integrated spectacle highly flexible, it appears not to be failing at all, while some may point out (convincingly) that the world can only sustain so much damage to its ecosystem, it is quite possible that capitalism can fully exist after that breaking point. Who can not imagine a post apocalyptic world where people are selling black market radiation treatments? Selling "pure" food? Selling "clean" water?

So the real question for me, as it has always been, is where do I and by extension others go from here? If it is quite possible that capital could go on, that the spectacle could continue to distract us with a partial life, with an image of life, that of a life of alienation from ourselves, that is not as potent as one lived within the grasps of our own hands, what is there to do? My answer is a return to the everyday. It is in our everyday lives that the world, social relationships, friendships, economic dynamics, that the totality of our lives will change or continue. The S.I. encouraged an exploration of the ways to escape this world, to find a Northwest Passage, through an experimentation with the everyday. Through an experimentation with our everyday we may just find a way out. If not, at least there is a poetry in our adventure.

(1) "All that talk of the French situationist being associated with punk is bullshits! It's nonsense! ...the situationists... were too structured for my liking, word games and no work. Plus they were French so fuck them." — Johnny Rotten

Critique of the situationist stink

SI is Clever. Not unique.

Writing: "Go fuck your self" is not a critique.

Your self righteous money stinks.

I see you wear an Anarchist mink.

The system will eat it self? Letters typed by a sneak.

Go back to work Now; you use the sword not the ink.

Time comes soon for fighten on the brink

GA is praxis now; and without a dollars wink

You praxis allot of bull shit and it's starting to stink.

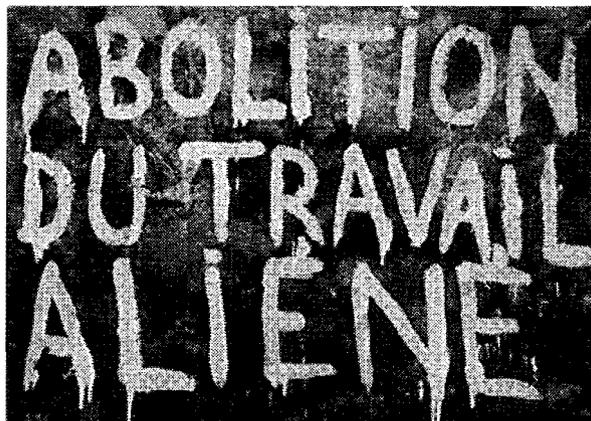
Our ship is floaten good too; your boat is starting to sink.

You're tying shit all in knots and GA is worken out the kinks.

I'll close this poem Now with nothen but One green finger this link

WWW.Greenanarchy.org

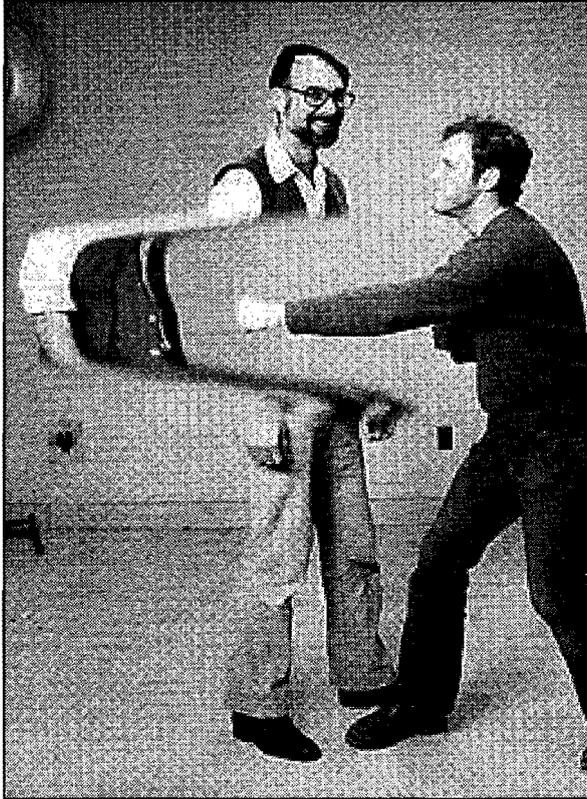
— truman



Chills Through My Body

by Homo Neanderthalensis Geico

Anarchists of various persuasions have long been posing as the guiding light of emancipation, presenting the ideologically correct critiques of society with the supposedly proper tactical strategies necessary to engage a liberatory praxis against power. Seduced by the Marxian tinged but Marxian-transcending rhetoric and practice of anarchists throughout history, various activists and academics have recently looked to facilitate their fragmented roles as self-proclaimed radical opponents of the status quo under the many masks of anarchism. What do these masks conceal underneath the pronouncements of industrial progress and the fight for life without the state? Bakunin's laudatory stance towards civilization's steady yet totalizing project to distance ourselves from animality was no mere meaningless utterance to be disregarded amongst the paradisaical temptations promulgated throughout 19th century anarchist theory. The dichotomous separation of human subject from natural object is a critical component of not only Tolstoy's pacifism, Goldman's feminism, and the Wobblies workerism, but seeped quite vigorously into situationism.



My first exposure to situationism came like many others, through *The Revolution of Everyday Life*. Searching for something different, something that delivered on the hollow promises of liberation espoused by anarchists, the critical yet passionate prose of Vaneigem stood out in its ability to captivate and inspire. Caught in the banalities of urban modernism with its spectacles of consumption and decay, what better prescription for our collective sickness than the Nietzschean-oriented goal of engaging our creative potentials in a permanent trajectory of individualistic-communal ecstatic production. After all, civilization tells us a mind is a terrible thing to waste and being idle is a sin, so the shackles of capitalism and bureaucracy are all that stand between us and fulfillment. Chomsky, no situationist, endorses a similar approach as was seen quite vividly in his discussions with Foucault in the early 70's. Espousing humanity's supposedly inherent drive to create and transcend animality, an early manifestation being language, Chomsky encourages us to use this exploratory urge in our mental makeup to usher in an anarchist society. However, as Foucault perceptively responds, Chomsky's analysis and endorsement derives from a particular historical legacy of western rationalism which can hardly proclaim truth either in the sphere of science (is language a defining characteristic of humanity or just another attempt by anarchists to validate our turn towards the symbolic?) or praxis (is syndicalism created through reformism, based on the urge to create, freedom in the wings or more of the same?).

Vaneigem's fiery declarations against the division of labor and in favor of the qualitative over the quantitative echo Chomsky's cry for a turn towards their version of human nature and away from the distortions of Hobbesian dictates. But as I read Vaneigem, as well as various other Situationists, I couldn't help but feel a chill crawl up my spine and

envelop my entire body over the subtle and domineering comments against living within natural limits and not seeking to use our language and rationality to rise above the earth. Vaneigem won't stand for us dying of curable diseases while living a stone age lifestyle, as he so cautiously warns us of the "problems" associated with "primitive" life. His favoring of the qualitative over the quantitative conceals a deeper fear of the natural world, a fear to be eliminated by enhancing humanity's quantitative exposure to industrialized life.

What will this quantitative increase lead to in relation to the qualitative aspects of life? More alienation from connected community beyond the confines of mass society and unmediated individual desire beyond the virtual commandment to be creative. But if *The Revolution of Everyday Life* leaves me dissatisfied, other situationist writings take the subtle desire for industrial institutionalization exhibited by Vaneigem and look to send us on an outright domineering path bam, zoom, straight to the moon. As we are told by the Situationist International in their 1963 piece *Ideologies, Classes, and the Domination of Nature*, the "...positive aspects of the transformation of nature — the great project of the bourgeoisie..." are to be embraced so our material liberation from nature can move forward to the never ending artistic creation of life. What was begun through the gradual separation of humanity from nature and our internal wildness with each further abstraction of the symbolic will see its culmination in the situationist society.

The symbolic is insidious, feeding off new guises but maintaining its totalizing domination of civilized life. Always seeking mediation over directness, the Neanderthals' elation over rhythmic natural exchange are abandoned because we have become so damn fidgety we have to do something instead of embracing what Thomas Elpel called *The Art of Nothing* (a truly fearsome proposition for situationists). Let's paint, let's compose, and let's never be content to simply eat, play, and lay around the rest of the time not thinking. The continuum of distancing and destruction marches on, leading us where? To the moon, at least

according to another gem from the SI in 1959, *Another City for Another Life*. I know what you are thinking, oh boy, another attempt to make the city palatable enough so we won't constantly want to run away from it. (I doubt our suppressed forager roots explained by Paul Shepard in *Nature and Madness* would ever fully allow this, but the situationist artists and scientists will certainly try their hardest to keep the monster moving along.) According to this piece, we should reject a "return to nature" and instead seek the "possibility of overcoming nature and of regulating the climate, light and sounds" in the new urban constructions, possibly even aided by space exploration. What would stop the techno-artists from traveling further down the ecocidal road of deployments to the moon and other planets once the constraints of militarized space programs are lifted and scientists can sit around thinking all the time about how to make themselves look not only wise, but double wise! Thank you very much, but I'd prefer the natural chill through my body on a cold winter morning by living in a world where the climate is not controlled by cunning monkey's who wear clothes and paint. So while Homo sapiens sapiens explores and transgresses the bounds of lowly nature through its excursions into situationism and every other ideology of civilized symbolic thought, we may want to remember the words of Sarah Connor...all you know how to do is thrust into the world with your... fucking ideas... You think you're so creative.

LA BEAUTÉ



EST DANS LA RUE

Lines of Flight: To Liberate the Earth of Celestial Illusions and Their Tyranny

by Raoul Vaneigem

By inaugurating close to two thousand years ago a system of exploitation of terrestrial and human nature, the agrarian revolution gave birth to a market economy of which the evolution and the forms are, despite their great diversity, marked by the persistence of several traits that are dominant everywhere: social inequality, exclusive appropriation, the cult of power and profit, work and separation that was introduced into the body between the impulses of life and the spirit, which tames them and represses them, just as it tames and represses the natural elements.

The relation that, in the economy of gathering, anterior to the appearance of intensive agriculture, was established by osmosis between the human species and the mineral, vegetal and animal kingdoms has ceded place to its alienated form, to religion, which claims to subjugate the earth to a celestial empire, swarming with fantastic creatures called Gods, Goddesses, Spirits.

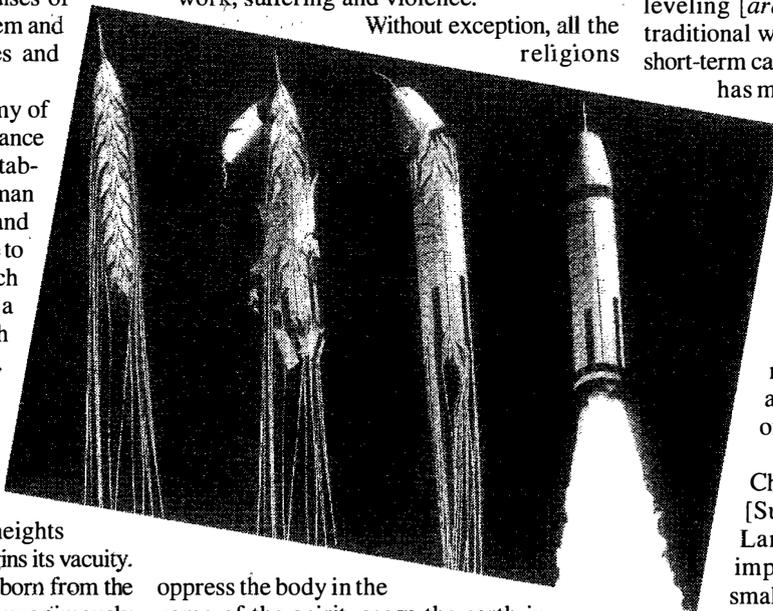
The bonds interlaced by affection and comprehension, which emanate, have become the chains of a tutelary tyranny, cracking down from the foggy heights where the beyond of existence begins its vacuity.

The institutional religions were born from the fear and hatred of nature. They unanimously reflect the hostility engendered — over two thousand years — by the pillaging of the goods lavished by the earth for lucrative ends. Especially where the natural elements are celebrated in the name of fecundity, their cults witness barbaric rituals, holocausts, bloody sacrifices, cruelties that can only be imagined by men who repress their life-impulses and guarantee, by the pastorals [*mandiments*] of the spirit, the bestial predatory instinct that belongs precisely to humanity, not to transcend but to overrun [*depasser*] it.

The human meaning consists in controlling the chaotic proliferation of life, in intervening in such a way that creative exuberance propagates itself without destroying itself through superabundance, in preventing the vital radiation from inverting itself into mortal radiation, as a need for love that is not satisfied by transforming itself into animosity.

This is also good: to maintain among the wild animals an equilibrium between prey and predators; to prevent the decay of the trees by excessive number and the combustion of the shrubbery by brightening the forests; to give birth to children who will be desired, loved, pampered, educated in the love of life, and not to encourage the birth-rate's growth and thus condemn them to poverty, sickness, boredom, work, suffering and violence.

Without exception, all the religions



oppress the body in the name of the spirit, scorn the earth in the name of the heavens, propagate hatred and cruelty in the name of love. The [political] ideologies do not act otherwise, under the pretext of assuring the social order and public well-being. Restraining itself from opposing the non-religious nature of power to the power of the religions, they combat the sacred lie with a profane one.

The priests derive their hegemony from social chaos and misery. They need this swarming in which survival proliferates at the cost of real life, so as to arrogate to themselves the privilege of working, according to a supposed celestial mandate, clear-cutting the abundance of the people. They punish, they sacrifice, they eliminate the surplus; they legalize bloodshed in the name of the All Powerful. They extol the health of the clan, the tribe, the community, the species, by the leveling of sovereign death. They open on the beyond and a mythic life,

of which the richness makes up for the failings of the here-below, the invisible door of their dogmatic certitudes.

The individual is sacrificed to the herd [*gregaire*]. Under the pressure of the rituals of indoctrination, the joy of living is compressed, tread upon, crushed, covered over, worked to death, and left with its cadaver oozing faith. A belief that extolls health at the price of a mutilated, murdered life. How can one be surprised?

The principle of fatality, according to which death seizes life at every instant, illustrates the mechanism of self-regulation, to which proliferating chaos spontaneously appeals. Obscurantism, stoppered intelligence, and the *credo quia absurdum*, by occulting the creative power of man, have for millennia revoked our unique contingency from acceding to life and propagating it.

The alleged return of the religions only translate the regressions in which the past is manifested by a fictitious and passenger-like [*passagere*] resurgence. They are only spectacular and parodic mobilizations of archaisms. By leveling [*arasant*] our mode of beliefs and traditional ways of thinking to the benefit of short-term calculations, planetary mercantilism

has made the religions and the political ideologies into simple short-termelements in the chessboard of its needs. It restores them and disencumbers itself according to what the market judges to be necessary or superfluous.

The sickening principle of "All is permitted provided that it yields [profits]" has struck the most diverse societies with nausea and makes nihilism the philosophy of business.

Consumerism has devoured Christianity. After Jesus, Jehovah, [Sun Yung] Moon and the Dalai Lama, Mohammed will also be imported by MacDonald [sic] as a small jewel [*affiquet*] offered as a premium. One will rejoice if the cult of money serves to empty out all of the others.

The religious spirit has lingered on, like the stagnant water of an old swamp; the ecclesiastical institutions are no longer the packaging of the mercantile product. Wheeler-dealer ecumenism mixes in the same bucket-seat Vatican-esque Catholicism, the Calvinism of Wall Street, the mafias operating under the flags of Sunni-ism, Shia-ism, Wahabi-ism, and Zionism. The God of currency-exchange *agiotage* and faith in whatever serves to wrap up all of these obsolete beliefs and these fantasmagorias in the manner of Jerome [Hieronymous] Bosch, of whom one has forgotten too quickly that they, not so long ago, contributed to the extraordinary vogue for sects. It is in [the nature of] market logic to recuperate for its profit the loss of soul that it provokes.

(continued on next page)

SPRING/SUMMER '07 ISSUE

In this matter, one method is worth the other.

In all the climates that it degrades, capital manages a veritable cold war against the totality of the world's population. It parodies the old confrontation that opposed East to West, the empire of Moscow to the American empire. Today, it is a war at the planetary level, a war of gangs and tribes, commanded by the markets in armaments, petroleum, narco-pharmaceuticals, agri-business, bio-technologies, computerized information, financial groups, parasitical services, intensive sin, commerce in human beings and animals, the pillaging of the forests.

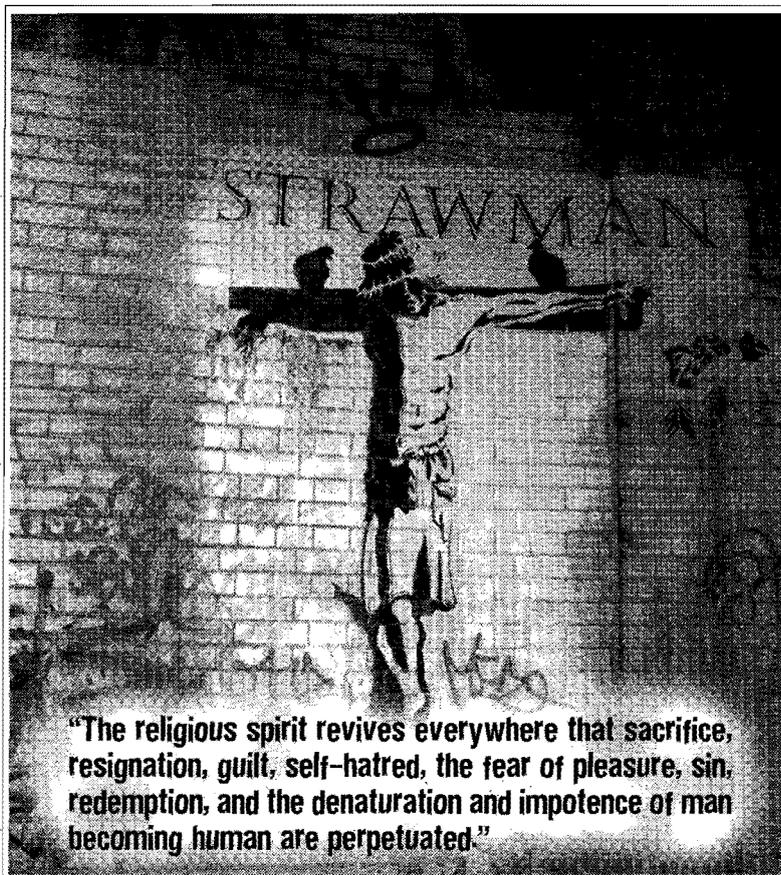
The only actual and effective International is henceforth that of the living-dead, who need to make a cemetery of the earth. It is true that the workers' movement had already abandoned internationalism to the Stalinists of the old Soviet empire and its henchmen, the Maos, Pol Pots, Ceausescus, Castros and other *caudillos*. The reflex of voluntary servitude, obtained with such zeal by the

bludgeon of information and education: how does it not furnish a part of a growing audience to the promotional methods of fatalism, whether they are non-religious or religious (those who, under the circumstances, rally the resignation of the Muslim world would be better off asking themselves about the delusion)?

Originally issued from the economic system that regurgitates them today by attaining its apogee and point of collapse, the religions — all derisory and menacing at the same time — are in the image of virtual money which, from the heights of absurdity and abstract, stock-market ratings, destroys by hedge-hopping [*en rase motte*] metallurgy, textiles, natural agriculture, health and sanity [*sante*], education, public services and the existence of millions of people.

From the speculative financial bubble, inflated without cease and of which the economists foresee the bursting, proceeds an apocalyptic spirit, less marked by fear than by cynicism.

Reproducing the old schema of the end of the world — so frequently associated in the past with egalitarian demands — the programme of the destruction of the planet and terrestrial life today brazenly identifies itself with the health of the world of business. How did this eminently religious vision not assume a preponderant role in the spectacle? Nothing any longer arouses trivial and morbid fascination, except for the staging, which is regulated according to a variable-function Manicheanism of good and bad exterminating



angels, of whom the interchangeable militias that indifferently mobilize the corrupters of climates, the poisoners of food, polluters of all types, instigators of war and poverty, killers, massacres, terrorists brandishing (or not) the flag of a Cause.

A single thing does not appear in the universal spectacle and its scenarios of live and backstage death: the simple evidence that, for millions of human beings, life exists and merits being lived.

Patriarchal societies have always scorned the quest for terrestrial happiness. Now that the founding values of the herd [*gregaire*] society are dissolving in the waters of the drainage of egotistical calculations, each person finds herself alone to mark her own road, alone to wander in the absence of references, with the anguish of losing oneself, alone to bet on herself, to discover her own personal resources, her faculty of creating, her true desires and the resolution to lead them to satisfaction [*bien*].

It is here, at the same spot where, throughout the planetary crisis, a mutation begins, which the plausible birth of a new world makes to fall under the heading of the past the figures who resisted obscurantism, who were dead set against oppression, extolled the emancipation of men and women, who anticipated by their insolent modernity the behaviors of the radicality that is emerging today: Aleydis of Cambrai, Marguerite Porete of Valencia, Willem Cornelisz of Antwerp, Heilwig Bloemardine of Brussels, Dolcino and

similar oppression?

There is no religion that does not profess fear and scorn of nature. But, after having convinced women for so long to assume this servitude, of which the man avails himself in his obsession with [not] being cuckolded, the patriarchal tradition totters and is battered. The fear of the male being dethroned is not at all foreign to the spasms of rage of the non-religious populist movements, of which religious extremisms [*integrismes*] are only the archaic religious version.

That ordinary machismo, everywhere contested and threatened, finds comfort in the citadels of fundamentalism, nationalism, and ethnic tribalism: doesn't this explain why the will to eradicate the resurgence of religious and ideological totalitarianism is implicated in the listless indignation of the standing waves [*clapotis*] and the homilies of bleating humanism?

All religions are fundamentalist from the moment that they have power. If, as Holbach says, "parish priests, preachers, rabbis, imams, etc. enjoy infallibility every time that there is the danger of them being contradicted," take care [not] to forget how they excel at showing themselves to be sweet, flattering and conciliatory at the times that the commodity that they oppress has been removed.

Abandon the State to Islam and you have Talibans and Shari'a; tolerate Papist totalitarianism and the Inquisition will be reborn, as will the crime of blasphemy and natalist propaganda, which is the supplier of massacres.

Margarita of Novare, Thomas Scoto of Lisbon, Francisca Hernandez of Salamine, Herman of Rijwijk, Eloi Pruytinck of Antwerp . . .

One will note that, from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance, many women — with pertinence — have combated religious oppression in the name of love, the freedom of desire, and the generosity of life. The emancipation of women goes hand-in-hand with the decline of the patriarchy, whose lot is tied to the system of the exploitation of nature. This is why women today constitute the driving force of human consciousness.

Is it necessary to recall that Sicilian women were the first to successfully combat the Mafia; that the courage of Arab, Iranian and Afghan women got the better of the despotism that men exercised over them, so as to forget that they themselves are tread upon by a

Endure rabbis and you will not be surprised that the old anathema of the Hebraic religion against the goyim will re-emerge: "May their bones rot!"

It is time to say it again, with force: nothing prevents someone from practicing a religion, following a belief, defending an ideology, but no one should impose it upon others and — a still more unacceptable thing — to indoctrinate the children. All convictions can freely express themselves, even the most aberrant, the stupidest, the most odious, the most ignoble, on the express condition that, dwelling in the state of singular opinions, they can not oblige anyone [else] to receive them against their will.

Nothing is sacred. Each person has the right to criticize, to rally, to ridicule all of the beliefs, all of the religions, all of the ideologies, all of the conceptual systems, all the [schools of] thought. Each one has the right to shit upon [conchier] in their totality all of the gods, messiahs, prophets, popes, priests, rabbis, imams, bonzes, pastors, gurus — all as much as the heads of state, kings and caudillos of all types.

But a freedom repudiates itself from the moment that it doesn't emanate from a will to live fully. The religious spirit revives everywhere that sacrifice, resignation, guilt, self-hatred, the fear of pleasure, sin, redemption, and the denaturation and impotence of man becoming human are perpetuated.

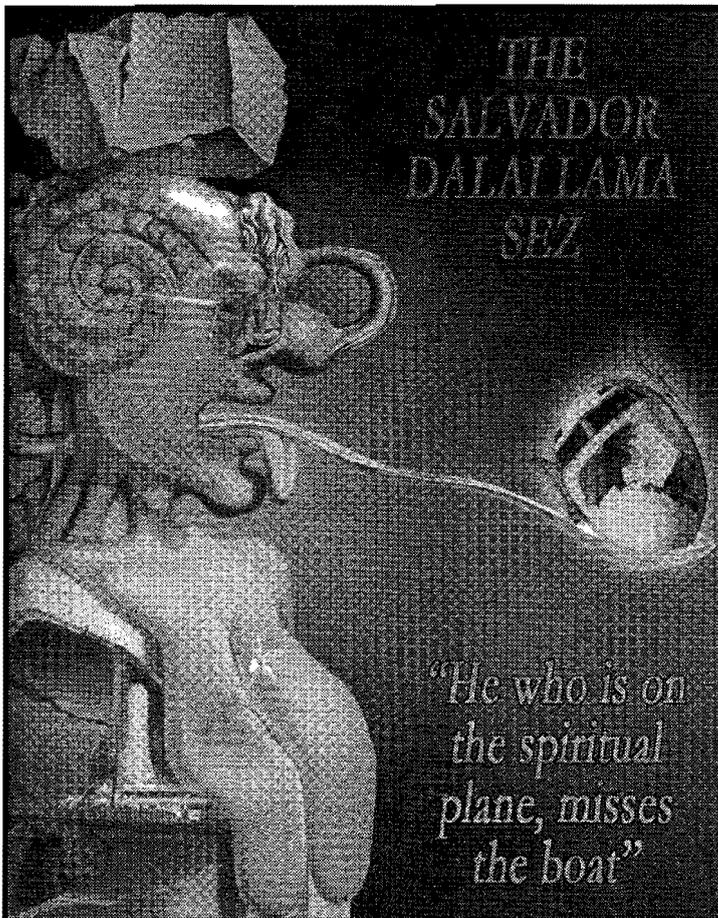
Those who attempt to destroy religion by repressing it have only ever succeeded in reviving it, because it is the spirit of oppression reborn from the cinders *par excellence*. It feeds on cadavers and it is hardly important to it that intermixed in its mass graves [charniers] the living and the dead are indifferently martyrs of its faith or victims of its intolerance. The religious virus will reappear as long as there are people who groan and show off — as if it were a title of nobility — their poverty, their sick state, their debility, their dependence, nay, their revolt that they dedicate to failure.

God and his avatars are only ever fantasies of a mutilated body. The only guarantee of putting an end to the celestial empire and the tyranny of dead ideas is the renewal of the bonds between

the impulses of the body and the responsive [sensible] intelligence that refines them. We must re-establish the communications between consciousness and the only [true] radicality: the aspiration of the greatest number of people to happiness, pleasure and creativity.

There is only the invention of a terrestrial life, devolving upon the richness of our desires, that will accomplish the supercession of religion and philosophy, its servant master.

Written by Raoul Vaneigem as a new preface to his book *The Movement of the Free Spirit: Generalities and Testimonies concerning Life coming to the Surface of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and, Incidentally, our Epoch*, which was originally published in 1986 and translated from the French in 1994 by Randall Cherry and Ian Patterson. The new edition of the book was printed in 2005 by *L'or des fous editeur*, Paris. New preface translated from the French by *NOT BORED!*, September 2006. It seems that Vaneigem attached the following statement to this preface: "The majority of the ideas evoked here were developed in *On the Inhumanity of Religion*."



WHATEVER HAPPENED to the separation of Church and State? This week, Lamaist Buddhism is the Established Church of the University at Buffalo. "Interfaith" services are State-sponsored. Class (but not the class system) is canceled for Days of Learning (presumably learning does not take place in class). The students are all but ordered to herd into the stadium for arena religion with the living incarnation of the Buddha, the Dalai Lama XIV, the biggest thing since the Beatles — who were themselves, according to the Apostle John (Lennon), "bigger than Jesus". We may say of this strange interlude what Tom Lehrer sang of National Brotherhood Week: "Be grateful that it doesn't last all year!"

NOW THE STUDENT RESPONSE to all the holy hype, as to most of the world around them, is a little bewilderment and a lot of apathy. The only ones who care deeply are the deeply resentful (Red) Chinese Student Association and the Living Water Campus Ministry (praise the Lord! and pass the Water!) who are on notice to maintain low profiles or else. Last month there was a forklift full of His Holiness' books outside the campus bookstore; inside, they languish unsold. Even the copies in the undergraduate library sleep on the shelves. The Living God's visitation is the biggest yawn since Y2K.

AS RELIGIOUS HIERARCHS GO, the Dalai Lama compares favorably to, say, Pope Ratzinger, the world's oldest Hitler Youth. A God who wears glasses is disarming. A Vicar of Christ who wears Prada "shoes of the fisherman" reminds Protestants why Luther was right. Benedict Arnold XIV hates homos (except pedophile priests). But as religious hierarchs go, I wish they would.

NONETHELESS, the Dalai Lama's current pretense to be an avatar of human rights is almost as preposterous as his pretense to be the avatar of the Godhead. Genghis Khan was a Lamaist Buddhist. The Shangri-Lama ruled Tibet as an autocrat atop a theocracy devoid of democracy or individual rights. Most Tibetans were serfs. In almost the poorest country in the world, 20% of the population was parasitic monks. The history of Tibet is a history of centuries of state terror, violence, poverty, ignorance, divine madness and exploitation on a scale unsurpassed anywhere at any time for so long.

ON HIS DEATHBED, the Buddha laughed when his disciples said he was immortal. (One wishes Jesus had been as explicit.) But they got the last laugh: That's why His Holiness the Dalai Lama is laughing. He's laughing at you. —BOB BLACK

ATTENTION NEW (W)AGEISTS:

A good mantra is hard to find. The Aguarian Age: the Wholocaust. Godless Communists (attn: Sufi Sales, Dementor).

MORALISM: Service to causes...causes servitude. The I's have it! Marxist-Stirnerists.

Contact: 2500 Main St., Suite 130-132, Amherst NY 14226

**RELIGION: HOLY UNNECESSARY!
GET THEE BEHIND ME, GOD!**

PERPETUAL REBELLION OF THE DISSATISFIED

To monotonously live the mouldy hours of the ordinary people, of the submissive, the accommodated, a life of convenience, is not living, it is only vegetating and carrying around an amorphous mass of flesh and bones. To life one should give the exquisite elevation of the rebellion of the arms and the mind.

—Severino Di Giovanni, January 10, 1929

May 30, 2006, Athens, Greece: Bomb Targets Culture Minister

A bomb exploded near the home of Culture Minister (previously Public Order Minister) Giorgos Voulgarakis in central Athens, wrecking several cars and slightly injuring one pig in the second attack on the minister in three years. At the time, Voulgarakis was in a car that was making its way toward the point where the device exploded. The bomb had been strapped to a bicycle seat and was probably set off by a remote detonation mechanism, police said. Voulgarakis was also targeted in a 2003 firebomb attack by suspected anarchists, which destroyed three cars parked under his apartment block and damaged the building. Voulgarakis said, "This was an attack against democracy."

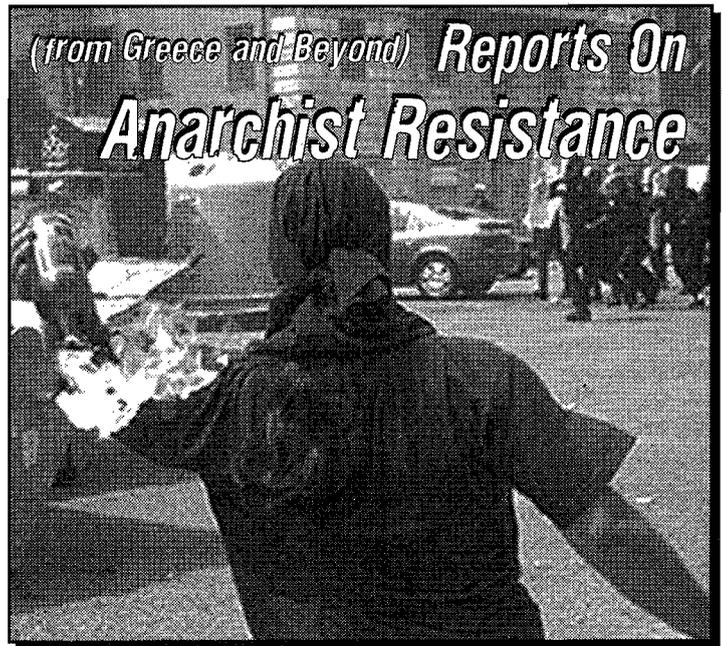
June 8, Athens, Greece: Anarchists Riot During Student Protest

Police in riot gear fired several rounds of tear gas, pushing back students throwing stones and sticks and covering the city centre in smoke. Police said about 40 protesters were detained and about 15 people were injured in the scuffles that lasted several hours. At least two cars were set on fire and rubbish bins were set alight. Several shops and banks had windows smashed. Earlier, more than 3,000 students marched through the capital in a culmination of weeks of protests and sit-ins at university buildings throughout the country.

University students have refrained from taking exams and have staged sit-ins at more than 100 universities across the country and occupied more than 400 facilities to protest government education reforms, which include the creation of private universities. The students are also against government plans to end the right to claim asylum on university grounds. The law, which prevents police from entering universities, has been enforced since 1973 after the military junta then ruling Greece stormed the Polytechnic University in central Athens with tanks, killing dozens. Throughout the next few weeks, several more protests came into confrontation with police in particular, and with the institutions of the state and capital in general. Many arrests were made at each and much property damage was reported. At one protest, a Greek TV reporter was injured after being hit by an orange studded with razor blades.

June 19, Athens, Greece: Riot Police Headquarters Attacked

A group of approximately 15 masked individuals appeared suddenly and attacked the headquarters for Athens' riot police and Special Forces with petrol bombs. The compound houses training grounds for riot police, sleeping quarters for pigs, and a depot for all the riot police buses and chemicals weapons to be used against rioters. Police suspect



*(from Greece and Beyond) Reports On
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anarchists, but could not make any arrests. A similar attack occurred last October.

July 25, Athens, Greece: Bomb Detonated Outside Political Office

The anarchist group Revolutionary Liberation Action has claimed responsibility for the homemade explosive device that was detonated outside the office of Socialist Deputy Costas Gitonas. The office belongs to PASOK or the Panhellenic Socialist Movement, which is the main opposition party. The bomb, which was constructed out of two cooking gas canisters, caused extensive damage to the building's entrance and facade. No one was injured in the attack. Revolutionary Liberation Action dedicated their assault to the memory of Christoforos Marino, a prominent anarchist who was found dead under mysterious circumstances in July 1996 during Gitonas' term as public order minister. The group claimed credit for a coordinated series of explosions last January that targeted offices of the ruling New Democracy party, a municipal vehicle, and a branch of the National Bank.

July 31, Petaluma, California: SUV's Vandalized

Residents of the upscale King's Mill subdivision on Petaluma's east side awoke to find their homes and SUVs covered with graffiti denouncing war and capitalism. "Eat the rich," "End capitalism," and "Suburbia ain't safe no more" were spray-painted on the doors of five homes and several sport-utility vehicles. The graffiti was all in English, except for one slogan on a garage door, which said "Consumir es morir" ("To consume is to die").

August 15, Asheville, North Carolina: Anti-Immigration Billboards Targeted

A Buncombe County Republican Action Club immigration billboard decried as racist by its critics was defaced and altered by anarchists. One of the two signs the group paid for has been vandalized on two separate occasions. The billboard features an American flag turned upside-down beneath a Mexican flag and has a caption that reads "Had Enough?." An upside-down American flag is an international distress signal. Last month someone blacked out the groups website and painted the word "RACISM"

under the question "Had Enough?." Recently vandals returned and painted "They MEET AT RYAN'S RESTAURANT." Presumably the most recent addition is meant to allow people the chance to meet the anti-immigration proponents face-to-face. At one point a circle "A" anarchy symbol was painted over the American flag.

**August 26, Athens, Greece:
McDonald's Attacked**

A McDonald's in the southern Athen's Palo Faliro suburb was attacked. A window was broken and two petrol bombs were thrown inside. Firefighters were able to extinguish the fire before serious damages were sustained. U.S.-based companies, banks, fascist, and government buildings are frequently bombed by anarchists in Athens.

**September 11, Santiago, Chile:
Riots Mark Anniversary
of Pinochet Coup**

Violence erupted in several parts of the city as protestors marked the 33rd anniversary of the September 11, 1973 military coup led by Gen. August Pinochet that plunged the country into 17 years of dictatorial rule. Hooded protestors blocked roads and attacked power stations, with widespread power outages reported. Traffic was blocked with barricades on the highway to the exclusive suburb of Huechuraba. In Santiago's Peñalolén borough, police faced off 100 protestors, broadcast live on TV, while some protestors were seen firing semi-automatic guns into the air. Metropolitan Governor Víctor Barrueto spent the night in a helicopter observing the violence, reminiscent of the Pinochet regime, when popular protests were similarly observed and threatened. Violent protests were also reported in Arica, Temuco, Valparaíso, and Concepción.

As a march proceeded from Santiago's central Alameda boulevard, past the La Moneda Presidential Palace, an anarchist group, identified by the initials

GRA, tossed a Molotov cocktail at the Palace and painted graffiti on surrounding buildings. The central headquarters of the BancoEstado bank was also attacked. Numerous U.S. franchises, including McDonalds and Burger Kings, were also attacked.

President Michelle Bachelet condemned the violence, referring to a Molotov cocktail tossed at the La Moneda Presidential Palace. "No one has the right to attack La Moneda," she said. Bachelet said that it was regrettable that there were "still people who don't understand the sacrifice that was made to restore democracy to the country.... La Moneda was in flames 33 years ago, it's something that should never happen again."

September 29, Athens, Greece: Diplomat Targeted

Anarchists are suspected of being responsible for yet another arson attack against a diplomat's car. A vehicle belonging to a Spanish envoy was dowsed with gasoline and set on fire in the Exarchia district of the capital.



of Oregon (yet internationalist in scope), discharged their first action against the bourgeois ascetics of the hyper-civilized. A day after quitting for being asked to accommodate one rather uptight and bothersome co-worker by "showering more frequently" or "wearing some cologne", A.P.O.O. operatives delivered a bag of dog poo (organically fed, of course), to the van of the odorously offended party. Making sure she knew it was a political message, and not merely the friendly scat of an admirer, a communiqué expressing rage over the incident and disdain for her New Aged phoniness, was attached:

**Dear Purple Intention,
Have a Shitty Day!
Loads of love
And brown light.
Anarchist People of Odor
(A.P.O.O.)**

In the *Initial Declaration from the Founder of Anarchist People of Odor* (see page 75), A.P.O.O. has announced its official formation and declares it will continue its olfactory assault on "those with hyper-domesticated and cultivated expectancy and values." Smell ya later!

**November 14, Athens, Greece:
Cop Attacked!**

A cop was seriously injured in a violent clash between police and anarchists. The fortunate attack occurred outside the offices of the Confederation of Greek Labor (GSEE), in the central Athens district of Exarchia, where two plain-clothes cops riding on a motorcycle were attacked by anarchists who beat one of them severely and took his revolver. They also set fire to his bike. The thrashing occurred when about 50 anarchists were leaving the GSEE offices, which they had briefly occupied to protest the detention of a man accused of assaulting former GSEE President Christos Polyzogopoulos in January 2006. Police used tear gas and batons to disperse the crowds who threw Molotov cocktails at them.

(continued on next page)



**October 3, Athens, Greece:
Greek Banks Burned**

Three Athens bank branches were badly damaged following arson attacks by suspected anarchists, Greek police said. No injuries were reported, and there were no immediate arrests. A group of up to 30 masked youths broke the glass fronts and threw in petrol bombs at the three banks, which are a few hundred metres apart

near the capital's central Omonia Square. Greek anarchists frequently target banks, government buildings and cars with diplomatic plates, using Molotov cocktails and makeshift bombs made of gas canisters bound together.

**Early-October,
Athens, Greece:
Anarchists Riot
While Workers
Strike**

After thousands of striking Greek teachers marched to demand pay raises, anarchists threw petrol bombs into a Starbucks coffee shop and a far-right publisher's bookstore, causing minor damage but no injuries. Riot police used tear gas as anarchists threw stones at them.

**Late October, Southern Oregon:
A.P.O.O. Takes Initiatory Action**

After Anarchist People of Odor (A.P.O.O.) founder Podrido Apestar was pushed off a supposed "radical" and "enlightened" work site for emitting a bouquet of natural body aroma, A.P.O.O., a new anarchist union of egos based out

**November 15, Athens, Greece:
Arson at Banks**

Greek anarchists carried out arson attacks on four bank branches. Household gas canisters were set alight at the entrances to the banks, causing considerable damage.

**November 17, Greece:
Annual Riot Gets Heated**

Some 7,500 riot cops were deployed in Athens and Thessaloniki for a demonstration marking the 33rd anniversary of a student uprising against the military junta. At least five people and three pigs were injured in the scuffles in which riot cops fired tear gas at anarchists throwing stones and bottles. A total of 46 people were detained, and one anarchist was arrested for firing flares at riot police. Another 50 youths had been detained before the rally for bag checks. They were

later released. Cops found several bags containing homemade petrol bombs hidden near trash cans in the city center. Anarchists and leftist organizers of the march also clashed near the U.S. Embassy, hurling chairs from nearby coffee shops at each other.

In Thessaloniki, youths hurled rocks at riot police from the grounds of Aristotle University before the dean intervened by asking police to back off and pledging to take full responsibility for safety in the area. Earlier in the day, a group of representatives from the ruling New Democracy Party, visiting Aristotle University's engineering school to lay a commemorative wreath, were attacked by around 40 hooded youths who pelted them with stones.

was seriously injured, but only seven people arrested. Police claim they will make more arrests as they review videos and photographs from the demonstrations.

federal government used the murder of Will as another excuse to send a large force of federal riot police into Oaxaca City to put down protests against Governor Ruiz (see Indigenuous Resistance, page 55).



**December 13, Greece:
Prisoner Support Action**

Greek anarchists in Athens and Thessaloniki took action in support of anarchist detainees, some of whom were arrested during the May 6 2006 riots against the European Social Forum, three of whom are still imprisoned. One of the prisoners, Tarasios Zadorozni, began a hunger strike protest against his imprisonment on November 29 and was moved to a hospital on December 10. Over that weekend a group of about 80 people on motorcycles rode up to Justice Minister Anastassis Papaligouras's house in

Neo Psychico, northern Athens, and shouted and spray-painted anti-government slogans. Papaligouras denounced the action as terrorism and said that he would not give into threats. Two men were later arrested in connection with that incident. In Thessaloniki, dozens of masked anarchists clashed with police near Aristotle University and firebombed a government building. Police believe that the violence was retaliation for the arrest a week earlier of a 21-year-old man who is accused of throwing a molotov cocktail at police. No arrests were made.

**North American
Anarchist
Political Prisoners:**

Bill Dunne #10916-086, Box 019001, Atwater, CA 95301. Anti-authoritarian sentenced to 90 years for the attempted liberation of a prisoner in 1979.

Ojore N. Lutalo #59860, PO 861, SBI #901548, Trenton, NJ 08625. Anarchist and black liberation soldier serving time for revolutionary clandestine activities.

Mike Rusniak DOC K88887, Dixon CC, 2600 Brinton, PO Box 99, Dixon, IL 61021. Serving time for stealing a police car, and other acts of anti-government property-destruction.

Brian McCarvill #11037967, OSP, 2605 State St, Salem, OR 97310. Became politically active while serving a 39-year sentence on bogus charges, he has been continually harassed after filing a lawsuit against the Oregon Dept. of Corrections.

Jerome W. Bey #37479, SCCC (1-B-224), 255 West Hwy 32, Licking, MO 65102. Social prisoner and founder of the anarcho-syndicalist Missouri Prison Labor Union.

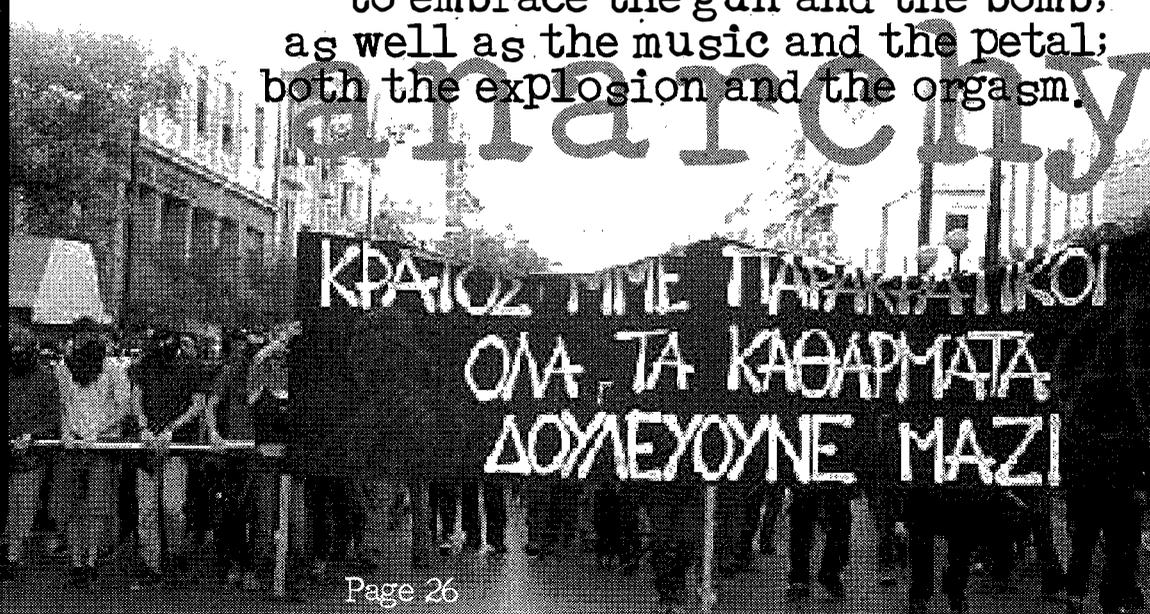
**November 20, Melbourne,
Australia: Anti-G20
Battle Rages**

Anarchists overran police barricades, threw bottles, flares and garbage cans, and smashed and looted a police riot truck as they attempted to reach the site of the G20 summit meeting. The G20 represents the world's 20 richest and most economically powerful nations. They meet annually to discuss world economics and trade. The 5,000 strong mass of demonstrators caught police off guard. 10 cops were hurt, at least one of whom

**December 12, New York, NY:
Solidarity with Brad Will**

Vandals redecorated the facade of the Mexican Consulate with slogans in memory of Brad Will (1970-2006), the slain New York anarchist and journalist (see State Repression News, page 92), and in support of the anti-government struggle in the state of Oaxaca, Mexico. The slogans "VIVA OAXACA," "BRAD PRESENTE," "Viva Brad," red handprints, a circle "a" anarchy symbol, and others were left on the walls outside the building. The Mexican

to embrace the gun and the bomb,
as well as the music and the petal;
both the explosion and the orgasm.



“What is a self?” asks Karl Marx. “Is it not an abstraction from a whole complex of social relations, of selves in relations?”

Would there be relations without the selves? If the self is an abstraction, what does Karl Marx use to build his State? The relations or the selves? Which is the concrete, and which the abstraction? Without the selves there are no relations, no State, no... nothing.

“The I is a we, a colony of cells, an orchestra of inherited instincts,” says Victor Basch. “The particular I has no value... It exists only by and in another I with whom it forms a nation, a society, a State.” The individual doesn’t claim to be the I of the cell, but the I formed by the colony of cells. That this I is formed by hereditary instincts doesn’t change it one iota.

It is still *my* I, formed by all the instincts that go into it.

It is still unique, and transitory, as no other I is like mine.

I am a world in myself, a unique world, in differing circumstances.

As I am my exclusive I, under any circumstances and at any time, therefore let us ask:

Do the cells exist on account of the body? The musicians on account of the orchestra? The bricks on account of the house? The eggs on account of the omelette? Individuals on account of the State?

Who was there first?

The individual, being a body, cannot be split up, added to, or subtracted from, because they are not bodies—they are only artificial compositions, abstractions.

Try to fuse together many I’s in order to form a super I, a State, a society. It can’t be done. The individual cannot be dissolved.

Chain together millions of individuals to form a State, or a society. They still remain different worlds, a conglomerate of enslaved, crushed individuals, perhaps alike, but still whole worlds in themselves.

Destroy the individual and there is no more State or society.

Destroy the State, dissolve society, and the individual survives, because individuals are the irreplaceable ingredients that go to form a State or a society.

A collection of obedient, tyrannized individuals is only a flock of sheep. “The individual,” says Bakunin (And what is he doing here among the enemies of the individual? Giving comfort to the authoritarians?) “is a product of society, and without society man is nothing.”

Let’s see... And without individuals society would be something? It would not exist, nor would the State. According to anthropological discoveries made in Abyssinia, humanity seems to be more than 3,000,000 years old. He/she originally lived without an organized society during most of these years and practically in isolation since there were so few human beings. And these primitive relations—how old are they? 20,000, 50,000, 100,000 years? Again the individual is the real thing.

“Society has been first,” says Kropotkin (Has he, too, got lost among the enemies of the individual?).

Let’s make it clear that Stirner is not against society, nor does he preach isolation, since the “union of egoists” is also a society. He is only against certain kinds of societies, the forced, the codified, the authoritarian societies. To these he opposes the free, voluntary arrangement which is the *union of egoists*.

“The society of animals proceeded that of man,” adds Kropotkin. Of course, since many animals were in existence hundreds of millions of years before man developed. And since animals must have looked for protection under trees or in caves against bad weather (joined afterward by primitive man) there they found themselves in company. In a word, for physical and psychological comfort they found themselves in society with other animals.

But did such a “society” have morals? Did it have laws to tyrannize them? Did it have sanctions? Were there police forces, collectors of taxes, military service, jails, the curse of capitalists, commissars, priests, gods, states, churches?

No, they were simply societies of free egoists, meeting mostly accidentally, since they had to wander around looking for food, and in most cases, perhaps, the same animals never met a second time.

Stirner is not *against* altruism. Whoever thinks they are an altruist, let them be. It doesn’t bother Stirner. He thinks, first, that in most human actions real altruism is rarely met, because unconscious egoism is always discovered under it; second, that to appeal to altruism is the wrong way to try to achieve the emancipation of all individuals; third, that conscious self-interest based on free contracts is really the best and

surest way for building a free, harmonious, and anarchist society for everyone.

“The I of today,” says Sidney Hook, “is different from the I of yesterday... because the I in different conditions... The I is an abstraction, because there is not an absolute I... In one I there are concentrated many I’s.”

Am I no more I because every minute a few million cells die in me, and are replaced by new millions of cells?

An I in me, in you, dies every instant, and still we are me and you and nobody else. And it can never be otherwise.

We are ever dying, yet ever living, as I and you until our bodies disintegrate and vanish into nothingness.

The nothingness of a dead I, a dead individual.

There are only transitory I’s, each one born with each individual, and disappearing with each individual.

The absolute I? A fantasy! Stirner doesn’t claim an absolute I, because that would be another spook, a creature born from the thought of an individual, pretending afterwards to be a body above him, something “sacred,” a divinity.

There exists only the transitory I of me, of you—not two, not various. But if they are not absolute, they are unique. And in spite of all the hatred the authoritarians feel towards the rebellious and iconoclastic individual, nobody can exterminate him or her... and survive.

The individual is here to stay. And so is the individualism. No individualism, no anarchy. Because then there would be no real freedom—only a flock of tamed, enslaved individuals, no matter what you called it.

by Arrigoni Brand

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On the Neutrality of Technology

by Jesse Cross-Nickerson



Our present epoch is one of extraordinarily rapid change in almost every field of human existence. This change is driven forward primarily by developments in technological and industrial systems, which have vastly altered the ways in which we experience time, space, each other, and the natural world. It is as though nothing has remained untouched by this technical revolution: landscapes and rivers are obliterated and reconstructed with heavy machinery, steel, and concrete; biotechnology has brought the most basic elements of life under human control; and knowledge as we once understood it is almost completely replaced by *information* that travels through fiber-optic channels and radio waves connecting computers, televisions, and cell-phones. People and environments everywhere are deeply affected, as a new wave of colonialism—euphemistically referred to as “trade liberation”—spreads these technologies to every corner of the world. Every square foot of the earth is now colonized and claimed by the jurisdiction of states or capitalist enterprises.

Technological optimists, usually hailing from

the privileged classes of the new global society, conceive of these changes as “Progress”. Political ideologues of the left and right see industrial development as the solution to all world problems, differing only in the approaches they would take towards a fully rationalized and mechanized world. Within polite intellectual circles, the most radical position acceptable is that some modern technologies are unnecessary or undesirable, and that global industrialization is being carried out in a way that is harmful to environments and a great many people. Professional activists and trade groups sporting slogans such as “Fair Trade, Not Free Trade” tout organic agriculture and progressive labor, environmental, and trade policies as correctives to the excesses of globalization.

These hopeful reformers aim to help create a kinder, gentler form of global industrial capitalism. Surely it is better for workers to be well paid and for production to be carried out in the most safe, healthy, and ecologically sustainable way possible. Surely coffee growers in Latin America deserve a fair market price for their products, but what forces them to produce *anything* for the first world *at all*?

Can we imagine a world that is not divided between a poor global south and a wealthy north? As people who have directly benefited from the exploitation of the impoverished third world for our entire lives, can we imagine *ourselves* living in such a world? Whose interest does modern technology serve, and who must pay its costs? There is a great unwillingness on the part of the vast majority of western intellectuals to ponder such questions. I offer this essay as an attempt to scratch the surface of deeply uncomfortable territory.

The most difficult obstacle to overcome in the search for a critique of technology comes from common attitudes, both within and without academia. The standard approach to technology is to think of it as politically neutral. According to such a position, technological development is derived from improvements in science, which is itself conceived as a method to obtain “objective, value-free, and unfettered truth which arises from a hypothetical-deductive process” (Ihde 1993: 72). Science provides us with knowledge that is simply *applied* by technology. Since it is based in objectively verified truth, technology is value-neutral and can be used to improve the lives of people anywhere, regardless of their cultural and economic backgrounds.

According to this logic, modern industrial processes do not represent anything qualitatively new; they simply improve and streamline the crafts and techniques of the past. Humans have always used technology, ranging in scope from bifaced stone hand-axes to atom splitting and gene splicing. Such an understanding renders technology essentially impervious to critique, since it is seen as naturally integral to the human species. To oppose technology would be to oppose humanity itself. There are good technologies and better technologies, and any evils resulting from them are the results of misapplication or poor engineering. Technology itself, and the science behind it is never the culprit. John Zerzan, perhaps the U.S.’s second most notorious contemporary Luddite—Ted Kaczynsky being the first—described this logic in a lecture at Stanford University:

Technology claims to be neutral, merely a tool, its value or meaning completely dependent on how it is used. In this way it hides its ends by cloaking its means. If there is no way to understand what it is in terms of an essence, inner logic, historical embeddedness or other dimension, then what we call technology escapes judgment... Today the people who say that it's merely a tool... really believe that technology is a positive thing. But they want to be a little more canny about it... [I]f you say it's neutral, then you avoid testing the truth claim that it's positive. (Zerzan 2002: 43)

The neutrality of technology is supported by a two-fold argument: all humans use technology, and the sciences we use to improve it are value-neutral. Both of these propositions can be attacked, and doing so is an important step towards thinking critically about technology. To say that the tools employed by non-modern

peoples of the past and present are simply primitive, unrefined versions of modern technology is inaccurate. They are both quantitatively and qualitatively different. Martin Heidegger contrasted the modern hydroelectric dam with the pre-industrial windmill:

[The windmill's] sails do indeed turn in the wind; they are left entirely to the wind's blowing. But the windmill does not unlock energy from the air currents in order to store it...The hydroelectric plant is set into the current of the Rhine. It sets the Rhine to supplying its hydraulic pressure, which then sets the turbines turning...In the context of the interlocking processes pertaining to the orderly disposition of electric energy, even the Rhine itself appears as something at our command...The river is dammed up into the power plant. (Heidegger 1977: 14...16)

Nature is thus transformed into a "standing reserve" for use by modern industrial consumers. And the rate at which this transformation proceeds has accelerated. In India today, to cite one example among many, modernization means the construction of one of the most extensive dam projects in history:

It envisages building three thousand and two hundred dams...that will reconstitute the Narmada [River] and her forty-one tributaries into a series of step reservoirs. It will alter the ecology of an entire river basin, affect the lives of about twenty-five million people who live in the valley, and submerge four thousand square kilometers of old-growth, deciduous forest, hundreds of temples, as well as archaeological sites dating back to the Lower Paleolithic Age. (Roy 2001: 39)

It is clear that modern technology affects the world at a much greater scale than supposedly primitive practices. People (and all organisms) always change the environment in which they live, but the power of modern industry to clear-cut forests, dam rivers, blast apart mountaintops, alter the chemistry of soil, water, and air, affect rainfall patterns, increase temperatures, and drive countless species extinct the world over far exceeds the damage done by even the most destructive of non-modern cultures. Prior to the industrial revolution "man's efforts, even at their mightiest, were tiny compared with the size of the planet—the Roman Empire meant nothing to the Arctic or the Amazon. But now, the way of life of one part of the world in one half-century is altering every inch and every hour of the globe" (McKibben 1989: 46). The changes brought about in the world by modern technology vastly exceed any other human enterprise both in amplitude and scope. All cultures alter their environments, but never before have they rendered such vast permanent effects on the global level. The capacity for modern industry to change the environment so drastically quantitatively differentiates it from non-modern practices to the point that the two cannot be looked at as similar.

The qualitative differences between these two types of technology are equally stark. Unlike workers (or their cybernetic replacements) on an industrial assembly line, members of "primitive" societies are able to craft all of the things they need at the level of the individual, family, or village. They grow or gather their own food, sew their own clothes, and fashion tools from natural materials. The products such societies produce are designed according to their own regional cultures with attention to the specific needs and desires of people living in their own local environments. Such technologies allow people to live in conditions of stateless social autonomy and equality, and to express a vast array of cultural and linguistic diversity.

In contrast, modern technology mobilizes and coordinates literally billions of people on multiple continents in systems that manufacture and distribute lines of identical industrial products. In the modern mindset, variation is seen as a defect. Small-scale, unique, and regional production is replaced by a global assembly line. Workers no longer craft goods for themselves and their families; they labor in mines, factories, offices, and schools to facilitate the functioning of the industrial machinery. Both the worker and the product he/she produces is depersonalized and rendered down to a monetary figure in the great economic equation. As Heidegger would put it, even the human being has been transformed into a standing reserve of labor. Early on in his writing, Karl Marx called this process *alienation* and described it in terms that indict not just capitalism, but industrialism as a whole:

The increase in value of the world of things is directly proportional to the decrease in value of the human world. Labor not only produces commodities. It also produces itself and the worker as a commodity, and indeed in the same proportion as it produces commodities in general... [A]lienation is shown not only in the result but also in the process of production, in the producing activity itself. (Marx 1994: 59...61)

Echoing Marx and Heidegger, Michel Foucault suggested that "modern institutions subject people to constant surveillance and disciplines designed to achieve 'normalcy,' i.e., designed to turn human beings into 'bio-power' suitable for the needs of the totalizing aims of the technological system" (Zimmerman 1990: 203). Schools, prisons, and factories utilize methods of strict time-control and observation to ensure the smooth integration of human labor and industrial mechanization. These techniques "...establish rhythms, impose particular occupations, regulate the cycles of repetition...But an attempt is also made to assure the quality of the time used: constant supervision, the pressure of supervisors, the

elimination of anything that might disturb or distract..." (Foucault 1977: 149...150). Thanks to pharmaceutical technologies, production of bio-power is now assisted by drugs that ensure the docility and tranquility of workers and students.

Rather than working within a natural context to achieve its ends, modern industry operates within a matrix of technologies, processes, and constructed environments. More and more, technology is implicated in the production and maintenance of technology. This holds true at any scale, from the molecular to the global. Computers and satellite communications coordinate the movement of people, products, and materials while laboratories produce novel chemicals and life-forms that become inputs to further production. Technology utilizes man-made chemicals and materials that do not occur anywhere in nature. Synthetics comprise the necessary input and undesired output of nearly all industrial processes. Many of these chemicals are environmentally harmful. Many of them will never go away. Non-modern peoples used stone, animal products, wood, and plant fibers in their economies and threw away those same materials when they were done. Today's industries produce plastics, CFCs, pesticides, spent nuclear fuel, and *RoundUp Ready* corn, dumping waste into the water and the air and burying it beneath landfills larger than any of our famed architectural marvels.

Industrial technology did not improve upon techniques of the past. It replaced them with something both quantitatively and qualitatively different. Recognizing this dichotomy allows us to judge the value and logic of modern technology

(continued on next page)



... modern technology mobilizes and coordinates literally billions of people on multiple continents in systems that manufacture and distribute lines of identical industrial products."

without indicting non-modern economies in the same stroke. We can condemn the atom bomb but leave the bow and arrow well enough alone. We can retch at the thought of genetically engineered food and still admire the beauty and productivity of our own gardens. Recognizing that these two forms of technology operate in and engender such radically different economic-political contexts, we can argue that technology is not neutral, but laden with the values of the culture that creates it. The globalization of modern industrial technology does not represent "development" of third world cultures but their destruction, subjugation, and replacement by the colonizing culture of the west. Arundhati Roy refers to this process as "something akin to an undeclared civil war...being waged in the name of 'development'" (Roy 2001: 4).

So where does science fit in all of this? Is it indeed neutral and objective, as many people claim, or does it too carry cultural values embedded within it? Are scientific knowledge and the methods used to produce it implicated in the political problem of technology? Or is knowledge itself innocent, only taking on value when it is applied? Is there a line to be drawn between "pure" and applied sciences? Since so much of the scientific establishment is funded by private corporations and states with an interest in technology, such a line seems difficult to place. The link between science and technology is enough to warrant suspicion of science's innocence, but this in itself is not enough to fully understand its role in the colonialism and ecological devastation being carried out in today's world. The technological gestalt was prefigured in the methods and assumptions of science from its very beginning.

Much of the foundation of modern experimental science was laid down by Francis Bacon, whose most famous maxim is that "knowledge is power". Science in the Baconian tradition was never pure, but always bound up in possible applications—always set out to control and dominate nature. In the twentieth century, feminists such as Sandra Harding [summarized in Ihde 1993] began to point out the gendered, paternalistic implications of this tradition. "In short, the rise of early Modern Science was itself a movement in the Baconian, masculinist context of an aggression upon nature betrayed in the metaphors of science 'twisting the tail of nature' or even the use of rape metaphors which proceeded from Bacon on into very contemporary speeches by Nobel Prize acceptees in the last decade." (Ihde 1993: 70-71) Nature does not become standing reserve only upon the application of technology; it is already intellectually defined as such within the structure of the experiment. Scientific method relies on taking a phenomenon out of its natural, holistic context and attempting to replicate it under contrived laboratory circumstances. The form of the experiment rests not in observation of nature, but interference with and control over it.

The next brick in the foundation of modern science was laid by Descartes. When Descartes wrote "I think therefore I am", he placed the rational (European) human thinking process at the subjective center of the universe. Everything else became a satellite orbiting around the western mind.

Animals and non-western peoples, who were presumed to lack reason, were thus stripped of their own agency and subjectivity, their lives having meaning only in relation to the European consciousness. Nothing in the natural world was inherently justified by its own existence. The purpose of everything was to be defined and controlled by rational man. Derrick Jensen aptly describes the exploitative nature of Descartes philosophy, and places it at the root of modern science and technology:

Even if [Descartes'] philosophy were not such an easy justification for exploitation, his search was fatally flawed before it began...By substituting the illusion of disembodied thought from experience (disembodied thought being, of course, not possible for anyone with a body), by substituting mathematical equations for living relations, and most importantly by substituting control, or the attempt to control, for the full participation in the wild and unpredictable process of living, Descartes became the prototypical modern man. (Jensen 2004: 10)

Armed with this philosophy, man need not place a dam on a river to make it a standing reserve. He has already done so in his *conception* of the river.

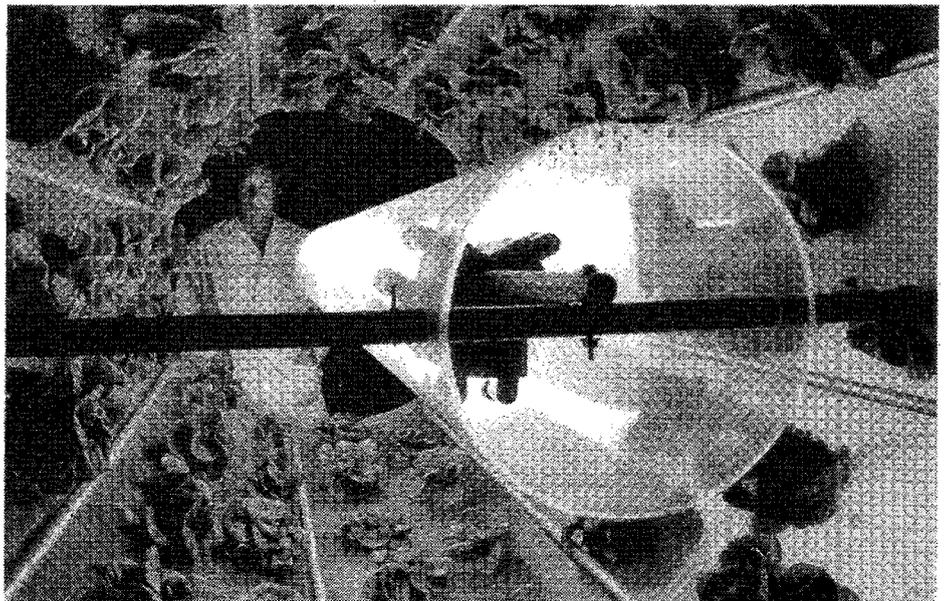
So science too is thoroughly laden with cultural values. The universal truths that experimentation reveals to us are not so universal at all, but contrivances and abstractions produced and replicated in constructed technological environments. Experimental science does not reveal truth; it manufactures it. There is a strong corollary between the laboratory and the factory. In both environments, workers carry out repeated procedures aimed to produce identical results time after time. Knowledge is transformed from lived experiences and stories into mechanically replicable abstractions. Machines that observe, record, store, and transmit data have replaced the senses as sources of truth. Only in the context of the modern constructed environment, surrounded as we are by computers, clocks, televisions and other *knowledge-machines* is such truth meaningful.

Indeed we have built for ourselves the abstracted, imagined world that Descartes' disembodied rational mind thought into being. More and more of our interactions are with automata. More and more of our environment truly is the product of thinking rationally.

Seeing that technology and science are not neutral, we can indict technology itself, and the mindset from which it springs, as a major contributor to the poverty, environmental degradation, and loss of cultural and biological diversity that grips the global south. Technology is not the solution to global problems, but the cause of them. Its logic is exploitative, centralizing, and colonial. In order to formulate an adequate response to the troubles facing the planet, we need to think outside of the confines of modern technological reasoning and formulate an entirely different understanding of and relationship to the world and people around us. As long as we continue to reduce nature and society to standing reserve, we enforce upon them an arbitrary model that simply doesn't fit—and the results are often disastrous. Our new gestalt must be one of integrating into natural processes, not reconstructing them to our own needs.

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Technology is not a tool.

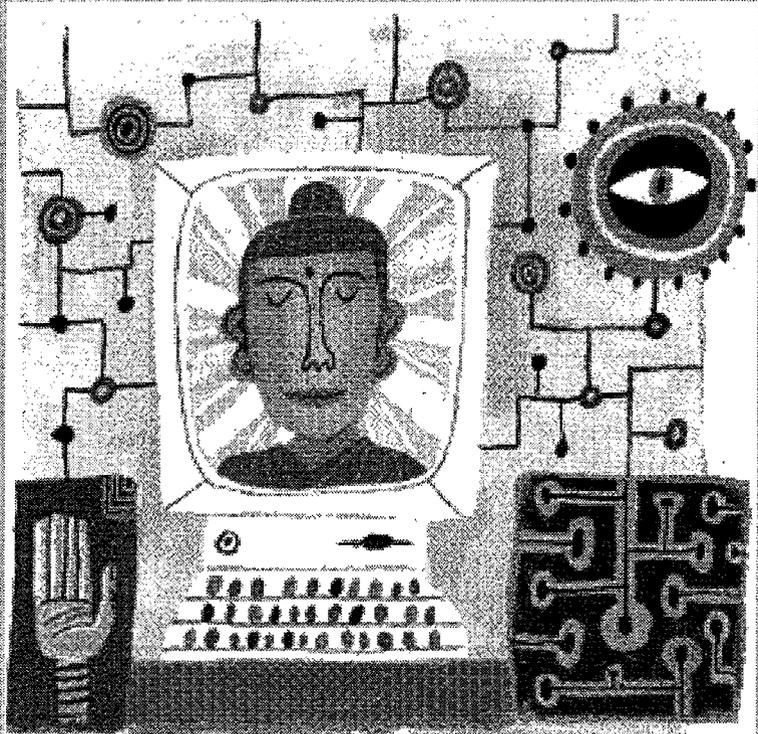
by "Throw"

AT THE BEGINNING OF A SUSTAINED CRITIQUE OF CIVILIZATION, a basic but difficult question presents itself: should a green anarchist use modern technology to foment insurrection against civilization? How we answer this question determines the direction of our intellectual and physical efforts. If technology can be used to overthrow society then we should busy ourselves with finding the liberatory potential in new technologies. Imagine using the Internet to spread the primitivist message: myspace for anarchists, flickr for insurrectionists or blogging on decline of civilization. On the other hand, if we are wrong to believe technology can be used as a weapon against civilization then the use of technology, regardless of the intentions behind its use, may only strengthen the enemy we wish to attack. Clearly, to answer the question of whether we should use technology we must first determine what it is and for this we could turn to German philosopher Martin Heidegger.

Martin Heidegger (September 26, 1889 – May 26, 1976) is one of the most influential philosophers of the 20th century. Heidegger's most well known work is *Being and Time* (1927) in which he attempted an elaboration of Being through a phenomenological study of human existence. Aside from being a notoriously difficult philosopher with troubling ties to the Nazi movement between 1933 and 1936, Heidegger is also known as an extremely prolific writer: the complete collection of his works comprises one hundred and two volumes. But what most people do not know is that Heidegger was a steadfast critic of technology throughout his entire philosophical career. Consider the following quote from 1966:

Everything functions. That is exactly what is uncanny. Everything functions and the functioning drives us further and further to more functioning, and technology tears people away and uproots them from the earth more and more. I don't know if you are scared: I was certainly scared when I recently saw the photographs of the earth taken from the moon. We don't need an atom bomb at all; the uprooting of human beings is already taking place. We only have purely technological conditions left. It is no longer an earth on which human beings live today.

What makes Heidegger's critique of technology worth considering for anti-civilization anarchists is that it is grounded in a radically new understanding of technology. In his 1953 lecture *The Question Concerning Technology*, he identifies the common understanding of technology in which technology is seen as a tool, a means to an end, and a human activity the "instrumental and anthropological definition of technology". It is this understanding of technology that Heidegger explicitly rejected throughout his life: "above all modern technology is not a 'tool', and it no longer has anything to do with tools." If technology is not a tool, then the question of whether we should use technology for insurrection already leads us astray because it is based on a mistaken understanding of technology. In fact, it is the assumption that technology is a tool that drives the desire to "conquer" technology: a desire that only strengthens technology. "So long as we represent technology as an instrument, we remain transfixed in the will to master it." But if modern technologies such as computers, televisions, the Internet, cell phones and cars are not tools – what are they? Heidegger's simple answer initiates a whole new way of seeing technology: technology, he writes, is a way of revealing the world.



What happens when a scientist peers into his microscope? Does he see the world more clearly or is it possible that something else far more harmful occurs? For Heidegger, science in the service of technology can only cultivate a certain type of destructive knowledge that is premised on the notion that the world is a "standing-reserve" waiting to be exploited. "The revealing that rules in modern technology is a challenging, which puts to nature the unreasonable demand that it supply energy which can be extracted and stored as such." And that is the danger and true meaning of technology: technology is the force that draws us into seeing the earth as only energy, profit, or information waiting for extraction. Which is why in the quote above Heidegger exclaimed that we no longer live on earth – our thought has become so entirely mediated by technology that we can no longer directly interact with the world as humans did for thousands of years. Another quote from *The Question Concerning Technology* makes clear that Heidegger saw technology as a fundamentally perverted way of seeing the earth that is directly related to the production of masses within a mass society:

The forester who measures the felled timber in the woods and who to all appearances walks the forest path in the same way his grandfather did is today ordered by the industry that produces commercial woods, whether he knows it or not. He is made subordinate to the orderability of cellulose, which for its part is challenged forth by the need for paper, which is then delivered to newspapers and illustrated magazines. The latter, in their turn, set public opinion to swallowing what is printed, so that a set configuration of opinion becomes available on demand.

What then is to be done? First, it is clear that a primitivist movement premised on the use of technology will necessarily fail. Therefore, we must have the courage to step away from seeing technology as a tool that may sometimes be used when it seems to benefit our goals. Technology is not a means to an end – it is instead a force outside of our control that we must escape, not tame. Can a future be built without technology? Only the green anarchists will be able to discover the answer to this question and that may be our destiny.

Endnotes:

- 1 Der Spiegel Interview: <http://www.eco.utexas.edu/~ajmc/leave/350kPEEHeideggerSpiegel.pdf>
- 2 *The Question Concerning Technology*, pg 327
- 3 *The Question Concerning Technology*, pg 323

INFANTILE PARALYSIS



by Sky Hiatt

Imagine you have ten people on Mars. They've just arrived and are focused on survival. If they do survive, they'll begin adapting and settling in. If they stay long enough, a Martian culture will take shape. However, after a year, our colonists will be moved to a new planet. A year later, another relocation. And so on. After many years continuing on like this, their cultural profile would become distorted. Their government, if any, would be adapted to change. Their social rituals, if any, would be adapted to change. Their art would be adapted to change. Their language would be adapted to change. Their tools. Their songs, their prayers. There could be a deteriorating sense of commitment, dislike of order and sameness, fascination with novelty and an indiscriminate belief in the value of change. Eventually, there could be a diminished ability to understand what's happening to them, or interest in trying to stop it.

Chronic change is affecting the twin hemispheres of their minds, threatening to lock them in the uprooted phase indefinitely. The brain is an evolutionary marvel, but an eccentric one. It's a developmental oddity that evolved in a freakish sequence of upgrades resulting in unheard of cognitive abilities at every stage.

But it did this without giving up any of the primordial elements. The brain stem, or reptile brain, took its present form 500 million years ago in the Paleozoic era. To that was added the cerebellum, also prehistoric, and the then limbic system. The cerebrum was added 200 million years later, perhaps as an afterthought. The twin hemispheres, the occipital, temporal, parietal and frontal lobes—they are more recent acquisitions. The brain is a haphazard but cooperative system of ancient attics and stairwells all of which are physically present and obvious in modern humans. Our brain is older than we will ever be. In fact our brain predates us.

We applied our consequent intelligence and built up a formidable material empire unaware we were beginning to out-pace the brain's penchant for geologic time-scales. To maintain a body-mind harmony, things can change but, slowly. Here on Earth, we are much worse off than the Martian colony. Down here things change every day. Even every hour. There's no way of telling how many millions of years ahead of the brain we are by now. In its sheltered, temperature regulated dome of the skull, the brain is burning through logic-boards to keep up with us, while other, extremely useful cognitive components are almost ossifying.

One half of the brain was designed to deal with change, newness and novelty. This was important. The other half was wired to manage constancy and comprehend it. This was vital. The right brain learns quickly and ingests novelty, is novelty-seeking. The left-brain deals with pattern recognition, cause and effect, trends, experiences, prediction of outcomes. Probable consequences. Rational analysis. Without constancy on an epic scale, the right brain can become overburdened while the left side fails to thrive. It's not a degenerative process, but social changes could set up conditions of self-perpetuation. Cognitive imbalance could lock humans into a cycle of perpetual change.

The young of all species are preoccupied with novelty all the time. They are naturally novelty-seeking and programmed to absorb everything indiscriminately. For humans, as the child grows, the saga of novelty dominates their world. If that world remains constant, sometime between the ages of twenty and thirty, there will be a gradual shift to the left-brain pattern-seeking process. This shift leads to cognitive maturity. In his recent book, *The Wisdom Paradox*, Elkhonon Goldberg calls this the first step in the wisdom phase of human cognitive development. He defines wisdom as

“A fusion of intellectual, moral and practical dimensions.”

Today, in advanced industrialized countries, in any thriving city, change is the only constant. Homes are torn down or engulfed in flames, faces appear or disappear from the workplace, friends move away, jobs flown to India, forests destroyed, rivers dammed, birdsongs silenced. In any given year, twenty percent of Americans move from one residence to another. Ninety thousand disappear and are never seen again. We just can't keep track of them. In *The Culture of Technology*, Arnold Pacey warns that such a society will advance counter-intuitively “by ignoring the complex of variables and the impact both cultural and environmental, [shutting] down cognitive demand and shifting potential geniuses into deskilled jobs...” It's progressive. In successive generations, the debilitating process creates wave after wave of cognitively unhealthy people. Here on Earth, we are exceeding our cognitive replacement rate.

If you are living in a society where novelty levels remain accelerated throughout your life, you may begin to suffer from what Elise Boulding (in *The Clock of the Long Now*) calls “temporal exhaustion.” She believes humans need a “200-year present,” or a pace of change obvious only from a 200-year vantage point in time. Otherwise the mind could become impaired. Some people may experience right hemisphere overload and rebel by allowing selected categories of chaos to drift by them. Others may be locked in novelty mode into the adult years. In extreme cases, cognitive maturation is permanently delayed. In this way the counter-evolutionary pace of change can subtract higher-tier cognitive processes from the social equation.

Such a society may be in ruins, chaos everywhere, while the people living in it perceive it as the ideal life. From within the circle of their cognitive limitations, all is well. The birth and death of fads, acceleration of technological intervals, microchip generations and the macro-momentum of time drives the median cognitive age downward, from elders to adults to young adults and finally to the young. The defective adults notice this but it registers as normal. As Wonderful! How are the immature adult victims of chronic change going to raise a population of pattern-seekers? How is the generation after them going to mature at all? According to Simone Weil in the *Need for Roots*, once uprootedness and commerce have accelerated the pace of life past a crucial tempo, it will have a hold on us, compared to which “cocaine is a harmless product.”

If we don't have a literal fountain of youth, we have a psychological one. The crescendo of novelty comfortably abides in the right brain. If there is a lag between fixes, you may need to camp at the cineplex for the next film in a favorite series. According to David Loye in *The Sphinx and the Rainbow*, the right

hemisphere is also the seat of moodiness and dark thoughts and will tend to register events as more unpleasant than they are. Marooned at this stage, you may need drugs, alcohol or chemicals to get by. Even the novelty-seeking mind needs rest at times. It's rough being cut off from the calming left-brain aptitudes. Plastic surgery may be a superficial adaptation to superficial times. It may also be a way to keep the outer body aligned with the eternally youthful mind. Otherwise, the discord could be unsettling. Top models are the ones with childlike proportions, while the children themselves compete in pageants as miniature grownups mimicking adult mannerisms. Chronic change is blurring the age distinctions. There's a preferred age toward which everyone is deliriously gravitating. The right brain balances dangerously between exhilaration and nothingness.

In the learnable world, in wild times, the incessant barrage would register as catastrophic. Learning was different then. Even the very young would begin laying down patterns, seeing the connections, building up the left-brain almost from the beginning. Nothing existed in isolation. Once a child reached the adult state, life would have settled into patterned rhythmic certainty. The right hemisphere would become less vital. Data download would be nearly complete. From this, lessons could be extracted, trends analyzed, patterns detected, tendencies, relationships, prediction of outcomes and possibilities. Left-brain thinking dominates the mature mind and is the seat of wisdom. Normally, this is the final phase, continuing to develop through old age until death. The left-brain is the seat of hope, optimism, contentment and happiness.

But, while many unstable forces are at work, maybe harmonizing forces have been set in place by the governing ellipses of civilization. Maybe we've built in synthetic fixed-constants for consciousness to cling to. Well, there's academic, blue collar, white collar, and industrial disciplinary isolation. There are schools of higher learning deviating novitiates onto the high-strung crests of specialization. That can't be it. There are workers hired to build the pharaoh's tombs where the fabled human potential can be silently interred. There are street cleaners drained of their dreams. There's a pin-point, over-focused workforce subdividing phenomenon into discontinuous blips. There are professionals trapped in a world of knowledge fragments. No, all along the line, the stamp of divisional thinking scars the mind.

And there are other scars. It was once assumed the adult human brain did not manufacture brain cells. New research has proven this untrue. Elizabeth Gould is a specialist in the emerging field of neurogenesis. She traces the paths of stress and worry on the brain. She calls this “neural wounding” a cerebral disfigurement. “When a brain is worried, it isn't interested in investing in new cells.” Separating children from their parents at an early age can wound the mind. And poverty provides on-going stress, especially among children. “Some brains never even have a chance.”

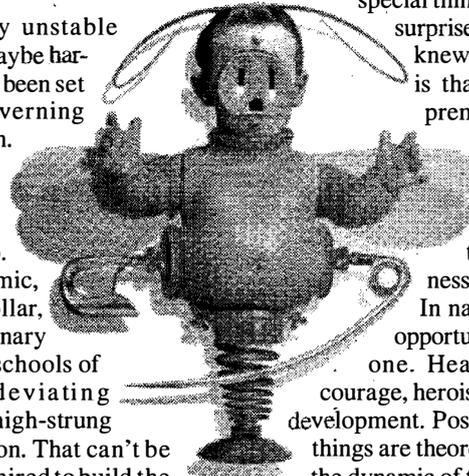
“How is it possible to be aware and responsible,” Curtis White asks, in *The Middle Mind*. “in a society that prohibits understanding?” Or inhibits the ability to conceptualize an “alternative social world.” How can people whose minds are petrified, save themselves, or save anything? How will they be able to know truth, or perceive honor or virtue? How will they know the lie? How will they decipher fact from fiction?

They say it takes a village to raise a child. But, it also takes the constancy of a village to move adults toward the maturity of wisdom. Physically mature adults are not the final form. Modernity abandons them in the adolescent phase in the midst of their learning. As a species almost completely dependent upon our minds, we need instruction throughout our lives to survive. This is our renowned species strategy. But there are few elders now. Only old folks in the old folk's home. In counter-evolutionary fashion, adults must now teach their parents how to cross the mine field of modernity.

When celebrities are interviewed, they often say they knew from an early age that life held special things for them. They weren't surprised at success. They always knew. What they don't realize is that all children have such premonitions. The surprise is when it doesn't happen. Ask any child, they will tell you of the great future that's waiting for them. The will to greatness is a key survival instinct.

In naturalistic cultures, heroic opportunities were open to everyone. Healthy cultures invite in courage, heroism, genius, normal mental development. Possibilities to achieve great things are theoretically unlimited. Within the dynamic of the tribe or clan, there was considerable cognitive urgency and transparency. Ideas were sought. The mental trust was maximized, not out of egalitarian beneficence, but out of need. Humans were once generalists immersed in ageless sameness. Everyone learned everything and understood the interconnections. An open cognitive trust was essential. Species don't simply materialize

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and drift forward through time. Out of a thousand that appear, 999 will fail and die away.

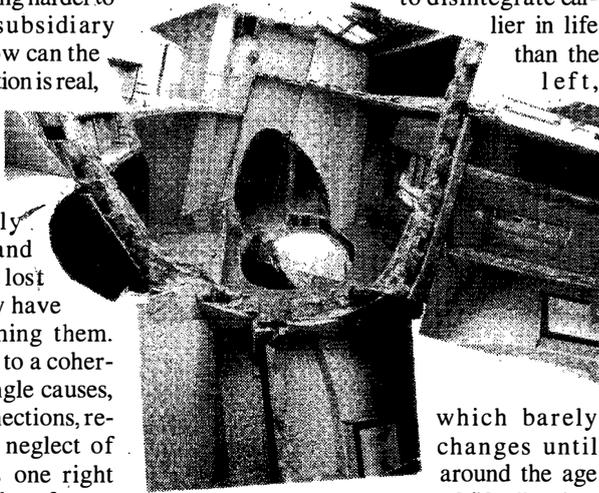
Children of the 21st century advance toward non-maturity as their genetic endowment for greatness slips away. The umbilical cord is now attached to modernity. To reach this stage took hundreds of years of cognitive repression and imbalanced minds. Thousands of cultural mistakes were made. The demands of a consumer civilization and hierarchies of power have neutralized many, many minds. Intelligence and wisdom are sabotaged. It's getting harder to understand freedom and its subsidiary themes. If the mind is not free, how can the body follow? White says, "Imagination is real, its defining concept is freedom."

According to Loye, the novelty seeking mind, frozen in a youthful phase, tends to see the world around them as, "...inherently divided...broken into smaller and smaller constituent parts." The lost boys and girls of the present may have trouble detecting patterns, fathoming them. The data streams fail to conform to a coherent larger meaning. There are single causes, single solutions, imperceptible connections, receding time horizons. From the neglect of constant life experiences comes one right answer. Black and white. No shades of grey. There are properties at work in separate chambers of the mind. According to Neil Pacey, in *The Culture of Technology*, these non-consecutive thinkers "...will have limited expectations. They will trust the experts, turn to them." Nuclear power plants could be built without plans to deal with radioactive waste. Wars fought not knowing how to end them. Robin eggs disintegrating. Diseases rising inexplicably. The cranial dimensions of Neanderthal exceeded those of modern humans, embarrassing science to the present day. Why would a primitive people need a larger brain than we have?

With wisdom withering worldwide, and chaos intensifying, social skills suffer, social anxiety and violence surface. Parenting depreciates. Clinical neural disease is on the rise. Consider the case of the mysterious nuns of Minnesota—the school sisters of Notre Dame. They tended to live to old age, mentally acute their final days. But, autopsies revealed a medical enigma—evidence of advanced stages of Alzheimer's in the nuns' brains. Elkonon has a theory. They must have been engaged in challenging mental pursuits to the end, and that's what saved them. Life-long learning. His results suggest other things. "Working together, pattern expansion and effortless experts increase the amount of brain space allocated to well-practiced cognitive tasks and decrease the metabolic requirements necessary for the effective performance..." That is, dealing with patterned familiarity is metabolically efficient and requires less oxygen than processing novelty. "The ability to perform complex mental tasks with diminished blood supply serves as a powerful protection against

the detrimental effects of cerebrovascular disease on brain function."

Did the cloister of the convent protect the nuns from the chaos of the times? Maybe the benediction of the nunnery functioned in a lull of ritual continuity passed down through the cloistered ages. A haven for the natural mind to mature in. Alzheimer's typically affects the right side of the brain more than the left. Also, in natural aging, "The right hemisphere subsidiary bodies begin to disintegrate earlier in life than the left,



which barely changes until around the age of fifty," writes

Elkonon. Other factors include diet, genetics and contributing illnesses. Is the current epidemic of Alzheimer's aggravated by unremitting stimulation of the right brain coping with a standing tsunami of change? Is Alzheimer's just another 'disease of civilization'?

If so, are there other stable islands somewhere fostering similar healthy mental tendencies? Well, the Amish have an almost nonexistent risk of Alzheimer's. The disease is also rare among Native Americans in the U.S., and Canada, but only among those living on reservations. Scientists are hunting for the magic gene that protects them and that can someday protect everyone. Genetic therapy conforms nicely to the edicts of a free market system. Beyond the profit motive Dr. Hugh Hendrie wonders if environmental factors could trigger the tragic illness. The Canadian Cree suggest studying Native diet and traditional remedies.

Then there's the case of the mysterious tribal people of the New Guinea highlands who carry a rare virus almost identical to the one that causes leukemia but never suffer from the disease. When these people descended from the cloud forests into the lowlands, bewildered scientists got busy trying to explain things on a genetic basis. It's not surprising. After all, as Simon Boron-Cohen writes in *Mind Blindness*, "Scientists do not conduct research to find things whose existence they don't suspect."

Owing to broadband static and psycho-social blindness, many people are willing to allow the present to define them. They are loyal to the present, obedient to it and defensive of it, even if it destroys them, even if it kills them.

Far too many names to put on a wall. It's ironic inasmuch as they don't really *want* the present. They don't even want the future. They want something called "futuristic." Forever withdrawing, never quite here. They will fight for a world someone else will imagine for them—a world better than this one. They've submitted to it before they've even seen it. People unknown to them, whose motives they don't understand, whose values they may not share, are the new superheroes. The directive is to keep totally abreast of innovation. Avoid the curse of obsolescence. This version of the future, novel, distorted, and perpetually changing, appeals to the unhealthy mind. The learning curve is subverted, the natural mind unnaturally distressed. Parables are invalidated. The tortoise no longer wins the race.

Modern men and women must learn to yearn for change, not merely to be open to changes...but positively to demand them, actively seek them out and carry them through...They must delight in mobility, thrive on renewal, look forward to future developments.

—Marshall Berman, *All That is solid Melts into Air*

"To say that our society is falling apart," says Berman, "is to say that it's alive and well." In Jim W. Corder's touching memoir, *Yonder*, he laments, "The holocaust happens again and again in small ways, in large ways, in impersonal ways." He's talking about the "lost Eden of the eternal present," and the "irrevocable past of the past." He quotes Hitler. "People will believe anything... sufficiently repeated." Mumford warns in *Technics and Civilization*, "Before industrialization, a reorientation of wishes, habits, ideas and goals was necessary." It's been accomplished. Civilization invokes a temporal distortion that has altered the cultural mind.

"This storm, piles of debris, wreckage upon wreckage," Walter Benjamin writes in *Theses on History*, "this storm... is progress." The digitized content of the World Wide Web surpassed the Library of Congress in 1998 and doubles every few months. "Torrents of context-free information," Pacey called it. But he was talking about the telegraph. "Eternity has ceased to be a measure of human actions." According to Stuart Brand in *The Clock of the Long Now*, "The system cannot be fixed. No one is in charge, no one understands it, it can't be lived without, and it gets worse every year."

Evolution favors species that acquire all they need to know in time to pass it on. If you find yourself in a world the wise among you cannot comprehend, there's a problem. Anti-cerebellum tendencies. Statutory euthanasia of humankind. According to Elk, the mature mind should offer society a "vast prism of experience." Herbert Simone, (in *The Wisdom Paradox*) confirms this, "Pattern recognition is the foremost mechanism of problem solving." The human brain has 100 million neurons, or about as

many neurons as there are stars in our galaxy. Right brain domination is shutting down many of our mental solar systems.

They are beginning to predict a right-brained future. The odds are good. We already have cult-like legions of believers craving the tomorrow of ephemera. The struggles, trials and philosophies of responsible culture are unfamiliar to them. The bioregional, intraspecies, seventh generation ethic of survival in which all species advance together through time, where the honor of plants, wild running rivers, wild dark skies, wilderness and the Earth is the deepest honor. They are sadly estranged from all this. The brain-damaged people of the child mind believe in futures that don't exist. They desire that the past dissolve into a traceless mist to make way for unknown developments.

Within a century after Voyager's launch, it could be that new animals or humans were being manufactured gene by gene, to suit any purpose... emerging as parallel, rival or superior beings... human intelligence hugely amplified... flitting from star to star, forever learning, forever exploring.

—from *Deep Time* by David Darling

Of course! By now we need the robots and the robot brains. If we feed enough data into the synthesized mind and watch the screen, we will comprehend evolution, global weather patterns, star formation. Everything!

As a precursor, research labs are stringing together herds of computers to amplify their capacity. Gigaflops, or one billion operations per second, is not enough. They are aiming for teraflops, one trillion operations a second. Manufacturers are now selling clusters as large as 1,250 computers. The buyers name them—Medusa, The Hive, Beowulf. The human brain can store 100 trillion units of information. It's not enough. We live in a world we cannot comprehend without the unified digital mind. As computers merge the data strings, the human mind remains submissively sub-divided.

The boundary between human and human-made was no longer decipherable. What had been computers were continuous extensions of the brain... Now man would aspire to technologies that were truly godlike, reassembled at will...

—from *Deep Time* by David Darling

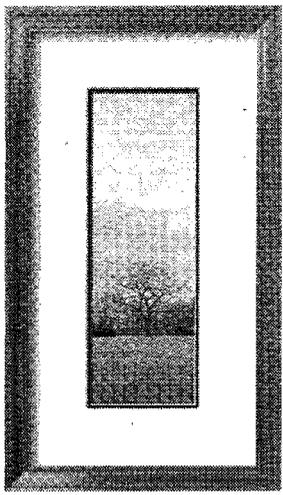
Like a circus of trained toys. Mechanical immortality. So far, we can't figure out how to eat right or even feed everyone. But first things first. For decades we've been limited to climbing inside the machinery, now the machinery will climb inside of us. Manufactured humans wired to the nano-mind. Will it happen? Look around you, we've been poisoned, but so far, instead of dying, we're intoxicated!

Persistent change will continue altering things even to the invisible level, to all the levels, wiping out species and sub-species indiscriminately. Much is being lost unwitnessed, and without acknowledgment. How will we ever atone for that? Is there terminology to discuss it? Is there a language? Are there words? Our legacy will probably never be fully tabulated. But life is not unconditional.

In *Possessing the Secrets of Joy*, one of Alice Walker's characters complains: "Who are you people to never accept us as we are? It is always we who have to change so that we are more like you. And who are you like? You don't even know." Civilization wants everyone to forget who they are and erase their memories and believe in nothing. When the Native American children were sent to the boarding schools in the last century, they promised themselves they would never forget the sacred prayers. They would repeat them and repeat them—the sacred words. But as the years passed, the prayers faded. By the time they were returned home, they had forgotten even the language the prayers were spoken in. They couldn't talk to their parents or to any of their people. The intergenerational cultural bonds had been broken.

"Kill the Indian in him, save the man." It seemed harsh, but it wasn't enough. Much remained to be destroyed. The Aztecs practiced human sacrifice. Modern civilization asks only that we sacrifice the mind.





WHAT WE'VE LOST:

Impoverished Biodiversity of North America

Things aren't what they used to be. That's probably an understatement with regard to North American biodiversity in 2007. The last 515 years haven't been too easy on the wilderness of this continent, once a vast primeval mecca for wildlife, a virtually unbroken expanse of Mother Nature's millions of years of work.

I think that if a native of the area I'm from, a member of the Lenni Lenape tribe of northern New Jersey, was to walk out into the forest where I played as a kid, he/she would hardly recognize it. Gone are the vast stands of chestnut and white oak, which once towered 120 feet tall and up to 10 feet in diameter. Today the average tree is maybe two feet wide. Also gone are scores of native plants, long since taken over by invasive species, and animals such as wolves and even moose, which once roamed the dense thickets and virgin forests of a truly wild land. What's left now is a pale shadow of the forest's former glory, a hacked up, torn apart land invaded by foreign species, the "smartest" of which still hasn't learned from its mistakes.

What We've Lost, Yet Haven't Even Noticed

Imagine the North American wilderness as the explorers Lewis and Clark saw it: forests thick with chestnut trees in the East, prairies teeming with bison and rivers overflowing with salmon in the West. Now picture the continent today: superhighways link colossal cities, suburbs stretch farther and farther into the countryside, industrial farmland goes on for miles, and a few patches of greenery and a national park or two break up the monotony. - Jonathan S. Adams, *The Future of the Wild*

A few steps out the back door and I'm surrounded by white oaks and hickories, beeches and red oaks, maples and yellow birch. Squirrels scurry from one tree to the next, the occasional white-tailed deer runs away from my crunching foot steps. For all intents and purposes, this seems like wilderness, a scenic reserve of flourishing flora and fauna.

But illusions of grandeur aside, and as beautiful as this forest is, it's a far cry from untouched, virgin wilderness. It's no small miracle that it has endured as forest through nearly 500 years of clear-cutting, intensive farming, invading foreign species, and condominium developments.

I guess this story starts with the American chestnut.

Once the dominant tree of the vast forests of the Appalachian region of the Eastern US, this tree once towered up to 120 feet tall in great stands. A major food source for wildlife and humans alike, it was an integral part of the forest ecosystem. Then, sometime in the early 20th century, the chestnuts began dying off at an alarming rate. The cause was soon discovered to be a fungus blight, most likely originating from Asia, which American chestnuts had no immunity to. In addition, intensive logging weakened the remaining survivors to the point where a massive die-off became inevitable. No longer would these beautiful trees provide shade in the summertime and blanket the forest floor with nutrient rich nuts.



This example is so alarming because of the extensive amount of change it meant for the forest ecosystem. But really, it is the forests themselves, not just individual species within them, that are in peril. When Europeans arrived, a billion acres of forest covered half the land that would become the United States. By 1900, forests covered less than a third of the US. Since 1992 alone 13 million acres of forest have been lost, an area almost the size of West Virginia. 23 million more acres are estimated to be gone by 2050. This decline in forest acreage will put 340 species of animals at risk of extinction, 20 percent of the total that depend on forests for survival.

To The Birds

At certain times during their spring migration, passenger pigeons would blanket the sky, blocking out sunlight in a massive cloud of fluttering wings. In 1854 in Wayne County, New York, a local resident wrote that "there would be days and days when the air was alive with them, hardly a break occurring in the flocks for half a day at a time. Flocks stretched as far as a person could see, one tier above another." The exact number of passenger pigeons in North America when the Europeans arrived is unknown, but somewhere around 5 billion is estimated, which was about one third of all the birds in North America at the time and the same as the total number of birds to be found today in the United States.

But just as the forests were being denuded and resigned to sterile emptiness, so were the skies. By the late 1800's passenger pigeons were being killed at an alarming rate, both for their meat and for use as targets at the shooting range. The blue, long-tailed, fast and graceful pigeons were completely eradicated in the wild by 1900, the last survivor died in captivity in 1914.

North America also once had its own native parrot, the carolina parakeet. With their brilliant green feathers, bright yellow head and splashes of orange plumage, these magnificent birds added a stunning presence to the swamplands and low lying forests of the eastern US.

But soon after European settlement their habitat began to disappear, which forced them onto farmlands in search of food. Their curious habit of flocking to a dead or injured bird made them an easy target for farmer's guns; once one bird was shot the rest would fly over and be killed as well. The last carolina parakeet died in captivity in 1918.

The whooping crane is America's tallest bird; with an eight foot wing span these colossal birds stand out in any surroundings. But they've been in danger of extinction for quite some time, due mainly to the fact that they've always existed in relatively small numbers. In 1870 there were between 500 and 1,400 birds in the wild. As a result of habitat loss, the clearing of wetlands, hunting, and accidents such as lead poisoning and collisions with power lines reduced them at one point to around a dozen- today 424 exist, 132 of which live in captivity.

The numbers of predator birds have dropped dramatically as well. After hunting, habitat loss, and industrial products such as DDT, which built up in the tissues of the birds and caused their egg shells to be abnormally thin and fragile, fierce and graceful birds such as bald eagles and peregrine falcons have come dangerously close to extinction. Many others, including brown pelicans, piping plovers, and sandhill cranes are facing the same situation.

Predators

The howls of wolves gathered in packs on a late night foray were once as commonplace as bird song or the sound of a flowing stream. Red and gray wolves roamed the vast forests, playing their essential role in keeping animal populations in check. But predators are particularly vulnerable to outside threats: in the wolves' case hunting, trapping, and deforestation, which only forty years ago caused the red wolf to be declared extinct in the wild. Luckily the last remaining animals were captured and a captive breeding program saved them from total extinction, though today only 250 red wolves exist in the world.

Pumas once had the widest natural distribution of any mammal in the western hemisphere (other than humans): from Canada to Tierra del Fuego, through mountains and prairies, temperate zones and the tropics. It is now a rare occurrence that anyone sees a puma in the wild over the vast majority of this area.

Bears are only beginning to make a comeback as well. Always vilified throughout history, alongside wolves, bears were killed for sport and for the protection of cattle and other domesticated animals. But the days when grizzlies and black bears, gray wolves and red wolves and foxes roamed the vast forests freely are a far cry from the fractured wilderness we have today, which makes it difficult for predators, who normally range over a wide territory, and reproduce at slower rates than most prey species, to survive.

Aquatic Life

Amphibians are good barometers of significant environmental changes that may otherwise go undetected by humans at first. - Richard Ellis, *No Turning Back*

When I was younger one of my favorite things every spring was going down to the pond to look for frogs' eggs so we could watch the tadpoles hatch and turn into frogs. There were always tons and tons of gooey clusters, with thousands of eggs each specked with the characteristic black dot in the center.

As I got older I started to notice fewer and fewer frogs' eggs in the ponds and puddles in the woods. It's a phenomenon that's been noted all around the world as well. As the ozone layer shrinks further, UV rays which are harmful to delicate frog's eggs increase, especially in higher altitudes and latitudes closer to the ozone thinning. Warmer global temperatures also mean warmer water, which can be harmful to the eggs as well. Its an indicator that serious changes are occurring in ecosystems around the world, and while the more delicate species take the fall first, it may only be getting worse for everyone.

Ecological extinction caused by over-fishing precedes all other pervasive human disturbance to coastal ecosystems, including pollution, degradation of water quality, and anthropogenic climate change. Historical abundances of large consumer species were fantastically large in comparison with recent observations. - Jeremy Jackson

The biodiversity of the world's oceans has seen an astonishing, largely human-induced decline in recent times. Off the east coast of North America, levels of tuna, swordfish, marlin, groupers, cod, halibut, skates, and flounders have been reduced to 10% percent of their previous levels, according to a May 2003 article in *Nature*. 90% of the major fish species of this area of the Atlantic are gone.

Barndoor skates grow to a size of 16 square feet. They are frequently caught by mistake in commercial fishing nets for cod and redfish, and since newborns are born 10 inches wide they are big enough to get caught in the nets as soon as they are born. They are now nearly extinct.

Beluga whales once numbered as many as 5,000 in the St. Lawrence River. Then hunters began organizing killing trips to defend fish stocks in the river, and present-day pollutants such as heavy metals and PCB's have reduced the whales to less than 500, and the population is still dropping. These are only a few examples of the tragedy that is the depletion, and in many cases extinction, of life in the world's oceans. It is possibly

the worst example of human induced biodiversity loss there is.

Invasions

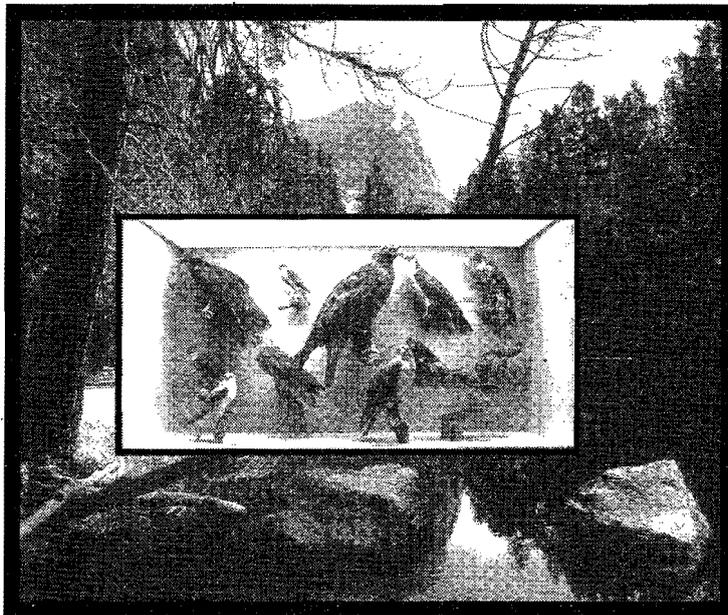
A quick look on the side of the road or in an old field or clearing and its difficult to see anything native. The garlic mustard is growing high, the dandelions are forming a mass carpet of yellow, and in the south kudzu is draped over everything, strangling and suffocating all in its path.

One of the major driving forces behind biodiversity loss and the homogenization of wild spaces is the introduction, intentional or otherwise, of foreign invasive species. Ever since the Europeans landed, bringing with them seeds of European plants mixed in with farm equipment, hay, and other

supplies, as well as domesticated animals such as cows and pigs, native species haven't fared so well. This meant not only the spread of non-native plants and animals which local species had evolved no ability to compete with, but also the Old World diseases they had no immunity to. Here in New Jersey, for instance, between one half and one third of old field species are alien, most of which are herbaceous (green, non-woody).

The examples are countless, and once one familiarizes themselves with the wild plants of this bioregion it becomes quite evident how dominant foreign species have become. It is as if the native gene pool has been raided and trampled upon, a pretty good synonym for what in reality did occur. Invasive species take a myriad of forms, from the

(continued on next page)



chestnut blight which wiped out the american chestnut to dutch elm disease which did the same to american elms to various fungal blights and bacterial strains from Europe, Asia and elsewhere, to animals such as cats and nutrias, which upset the natural balance of an ecosystem in numerous ways. Introduced insects are a huge culprit as well, namely pests such as Japanese beetles, honeybee mites, tent caterpillars, and dozens of others which spread disease, attack foliage at un-replenishable rates, and force out populations of native insects which play vital roles such as pollination.

And new ones are turning up all the time. The hemlock woolly adelgid, a recent invasive insect from Asia, is wreaking havoc on eastern hemlock trees, a core tree in many areas of the eastern US. It could wipe them out entirely if a way to stop them isn't discovered. Warmer winter temperatures, development near forest areas, and air pollution are quickening the spread of these pests. Beech scale insects are posing the same threat to beech trees. Oak wilt may do the same to red and white oaks as well.

Gone the Way of the Buffalo

It is a sentimental error to legislate in favor of the bison. You should, on the contrary, congratulate the kin hunters and give each of them a bronze medal with on one side the image of a dead bison and on the other that of a distressed Indian. The hide hunters have done more to solve the Indian problem than the hole of the american army in thirty years. The extermination of the bison is the only way of founding a lasting peace and favoring the progress of civilization. - Philip Sheridan, Civil War general who led campaigns against the Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Comanches

Its estimated that 50 million buffalo once roamed the vast prairies of the american west. By 1905 there were fewer than one thousand left. They were often shot just for their tongues, considered a delicacy, the rest of their body left to rot. It was estimated that for every two hides shipped for use, three were left untouched where they lay. In 1872 alone one million bison were shot. Completion of the railroad in 1869 facilitated the killing by providing a quick route to market. Today they are still killed to protect cattle; of the 3,800 bison in Yellowstone Park, 300 were killed by the Park Service in recent years.

Prairie dogs suffered a similar fate. They were considered vermin by farmers and ranchers, and subsequently shot, poisoned, trapped, and gassed in a cleansing campaign. As a related consequence, black-footed ferrets, the most endangered mammal in North America, which depend on prairie dogs for food and use their burrows during the day (as they are nocturnal hunters), also declined greatly. Only 18 remain alive.

The prairies have been plowed, dug up, developed, and depleted of animal life so thoroughly that they would hardly be recognizable as the same place to someone from 500 years ago. The same goes for virtually all of North America.

Gone

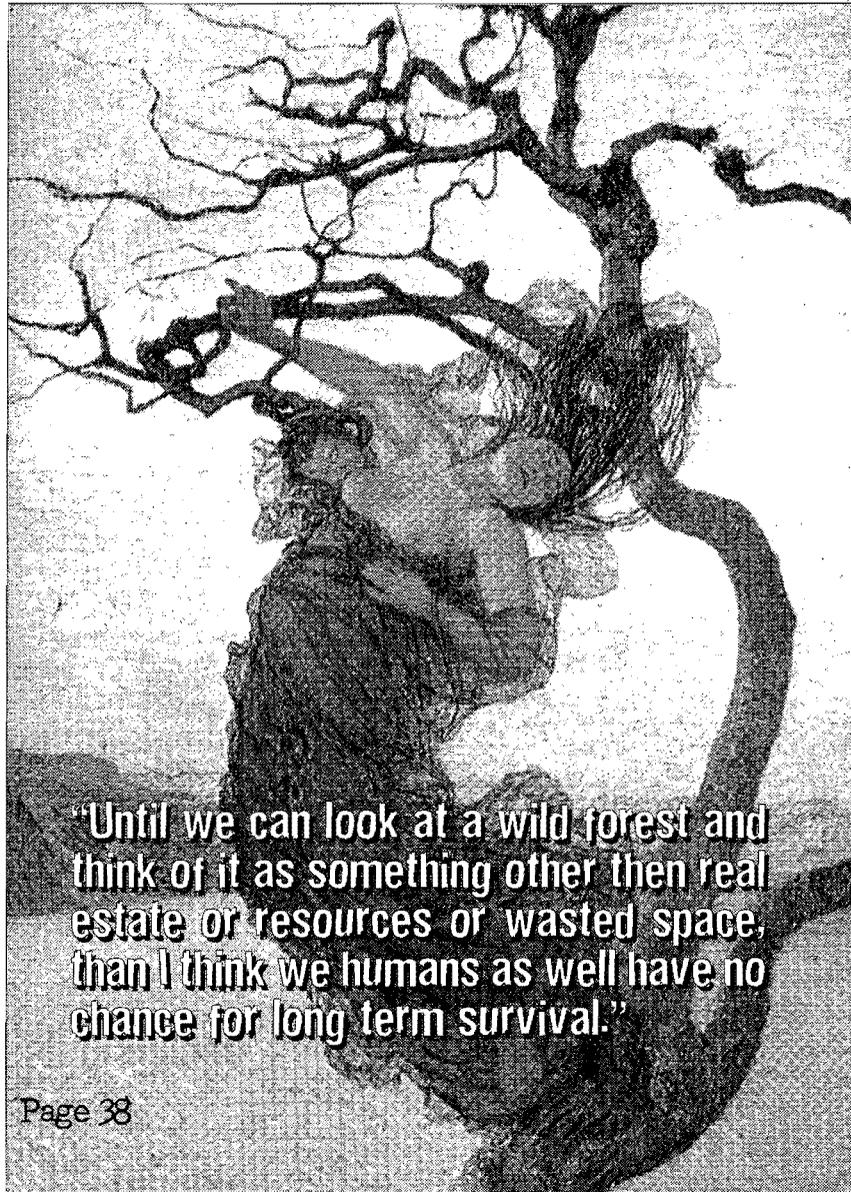
Biodiversity and complexity and the incredible symbiotic relationships that develop in a natural ecosystem over eons and eons are amazing, yet amazingly fragile. It took little more than 500 years for millions of years of biological evolution to be permanently and irreversibly damaged. It takes 15 minutes to cut down a giant old growth white pine, 5 seconds to shoot the last passenger pigeon in existence.

One day I was walking through the woods just thinking about how distant and removed we all are from a feral existence. How long it has been since someone ran through this forest, dodging giant chestnuts and huge stands of ferns and thickets of spicebush, tracking a deer with bow in hand, an act which meant the difference between eating that night or going to sleep on an empty stomach. My thoughts drifted towards what to get at the supermarket later on...

The world is entering a major extinction spasm. Present rates of species extinction are reckoned to be between 1,000 and 10,000 times the rates seen through much of geological history. - Purvis, Jones, and Mace in a paper entitled "Extinction", (2000).

The forests, or more appropriately what is left of them, have survived through tumultuous times. Though a "managed" or "selectively cut" forest, no matter how many deer or squirrels are running through it, can hardly be considered wild, at least it's not a corn field, or a shopping mall. But it's such an immense loss, such a sobering thing to think about how much more diverse and robust and healthy and truly wild that forest used to be. And it's not just plants and animals we should be thinking of. Pre-Colombian North America harbored 296 different languages, and a multitude of incredibly diverse cultures and human communities and ways of life. Now the vast majority of us are speaking English, at our jobs in sterile office blocks where old growth forests used to be alive with bird song.

So what to do now? We can't bring back the carolina parakeets or passenger pigeons or any others who suffered their fate. But we certainly can get this anthropocentric, man over nature, destroying and homogenizing, civilized mindset out of our heads. Until we can look at a wild forest and think of it as something other than real estate or resources or wasted space, than I think we humans as well have no chance for long term survival. There still is an immense amount of biodiversity in this world, and it's not too late to save it. But until the bulldozer of western civilization is stopped, its maniacal claws will continue to turn wild nature into parking lots and luxury houses. We can stop it, or we can join the parakeets.



"Until we can look at a wild forest and think of it as something other than real estate or resources or wasted space, than I think we humans as well have no chance for long term survival."

OUR LAST BREATHS Spew Venom



June 14, St. Louis: ELF Hits Vail Again?

Two arsons destroyed luxury townhomes on two different blocks in Lafayette Square in St. Louis. Four of the five townhouses at Vail Place Townhomes were a total loss with damage at \$1.5 million. Mississippi Place suffered \$3 million in damage. Each of the Vail Place condos was valued at over half a million dollars. St. Louis media have ruled out union dissatisfaction or the renovation being behind schedule as motivations for the arsons. Chris Goodson, one of the principals of Guilded Age Renovations, which is the developer of the Mississippi Place condos, is also president of the St. Louis Board of Police Commissioners. Other developers also seem to attract fires. On April 27, the Compton Gates Condominium development burned causing \$3

million in damage. Ken Nuernberger and Michele Duffe of WireWorks Lofts LLC are the developers of the Compton Gates condos and Vail Place condos. Further, their WireWorks loft project experienced a \$1.5 million fire in 2002. Mayor Francis Slay worried that the pace of development was in serious danger of being "slowed by threatening acts" such as these.

June 26, Mokena, Illinois: Fuck You Tree Killer!

Saboteurs left behind a series of explicit spray-painted messages and thousands of dollars in damaged equipment for developers. The site targeted was recently cleared of hundreds of mature oak trees, some of which were as old as 200 years. Police say that anti-development saboteurs left similar messages last fall but have since begun destroying equipment.

Reports On Ecological Defense and Animal Liberation

The condor, along with the frogs and salamanders that are vanishing, is a constant reminder that I am not the center of it all... Once they are all gone, and we have nothing in their place but our sheep and stupid cows and horses—horses that became our model for horsepower and therefore dominance—when we have nothing left but those, there will be no evidence that we are not actually the purpose for the whole thing—a delusion. There will be no true otherness in the world to keep us both sane and small. —Paul Shepard

Three bulldozers and three scrapers were trashed. Mokena is a rapidly sprawling development south of Chicago. The McNaughton Development of Palos Park is planning to construct 146 new homes in what they plan to call the Whisper Creek subdivision. "Somebody feels that a piece of property is pristine and is upset that a developer is scraping it to bare earth," Police Chief Randy Rajewski said. At least half a dozen residents expressed their anger towards developers including Allan, an eight-year resident, who said "they've butchered the environment out there. You could get lost in the forest back there, it was so thick. I mean you could never see (Interstate 80) from here; you wouldn't even hear it. Now, you can see it and hear it." The phrase "Fuck you tree killer" was painted in the dirt during the September 22, 2005 incident and during the more recent action vandals wrote "No more new houses" and "Fuck Mokena."

June 28, Bainbridge Island, Washington: Luxury Home Up In Flames

The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) and local fire investigators sifted through the smoldering remains of a \$2.9 million house that many believed was burned by the ELF. The luxury home, which was only 60% complete, was being constructed on a sensitive old-growth wetland. The development, which began this past winter, had already elicited a significant amount of opposition on behalf of concerned residents and local environmentalists. A similar fire set by the ELF razed another \$3 million trophy house on another Puget Sound island, Camano Island in January 2006.

July 18, Guelph, Ontario, Canada: Arson and Sabotage at Construction Sites

The Earth Liberation Front has claimed responsibility for three major arsons in the town of Guelph over the past two months and is suspected of sabotaging equipment at five construction sites in nearby Brantford during this past week alone. Several media outlets have received messages claiming credit for the recent \$80,000 fire on behalf of the ELF. Like the other targets, the latest structure was nearing completion and occupied a piece of land that had previously not been developed. The ELF often targets new developments that contribute to the problem of urban sprawl.

The communiqué reads as follows:

On July 15th, the "Group of 8" (G8) richest industrialized countries will convene in St. Petersburg, Russia to plot their continued domination and commodification of the planet, this time under the euphemistic banner of "Energy Security." A leaked G8 "Communique on Energy Security" calls for trillions of dollars in new investments in oil, gas and coal production worldwide, plus wide-scale global expansion of nuclear energy. With runaway climate change looming just over the horizon, such neoliberal business-as-usual poses a direct threat to the continuation of life on Earth as we know it.

Resistance is self defense. The G8 agenda promotes petroleum-dependent "Energy Security" that pollutes our land and atmosphere, exploits communities everywhere, and scorches the Earth's climate. Their recipe for catastrophe must be met with our global resistance! On 18 July, 2006, 6 litres of gas were put to use.

STOP DEVELOPEMENT NOW!
ELF, We are everywhere!

(continued on next page)

...more Reports On Ecological Defense and Animal Liberation

July 28, London, Ontario, Canada: Home Depot Disappointment

More sabotage has been reported at a number of London construction sites including a Home Depot and a Toyota dealership. At the Home Depot site vandals broke into the construction trailer, got cement and filled fuel tanks in excavating equipment with cement powder. John Gautreau, a superintendent with Hayman Construction Inc., said, "something like 'Save our Earth,' was written on the windshield of an excavator." Gravel was also inserted into fuel and oil tanks and wires were snipped. Whoever did the damage "would know gravel would cause a great deal of damage," said Michael Hayman, an executive at Hayman Construction. A nearby site on Wharnclyffe Road was hit a second time, this time at Elgin Construction, where vandals cut wires in at least two machines and filled fuel tanks with gravel.

Ontario has seen a serious rash of environmentally motivated arsons and acts of sabotage in the past few months, many of which have been claimed on behalf of the ELF. Other actions reported earlier in the week are estimated to have caused more than \$100,000 in damage. Repairing the eight heavy machines damaged at the Home Depot site is estimated to cost \$30,000 alone.

July 29, Guelph, Ontario, Canada: ELF Claims Responsibility for Fire

An anonymous email containing anti-development slogans to a local media outlet claimed the Earth Liberation Front was responsible for a fire that destroyed a partially constructed home. The structure was already completely destroyed by the time the fire department arrived to extinguish the blaze. The cost of damages was estimated to be at \$200,000. The fire is one of a number of blazes in Guelph that were claimed on behalf of ELF in the past year. That action was dedicated to "the memory of William C. Rodgers 'Avalon'", an accused ELF arsonist who took his own life while in jail in December, 2005.

July 29, Gosport, England: ALF Got Their Goats

The Animal Liberation Front rescued nine goats from the Centre for Human Sciences. The center that is operated

by QinetiQ, a contractor with the Ministry of Defense, crushes the animals to death in a hyperbaric chamber to simulate the effects of deep ocean depths. The company claims that the tests are necessary for building military submarines. The animal liberationists snipped through fencing and plucked the goats from an outdoor enclosure and into a waiting van.

August 7, Guelph, Ontario, Canada: More Fires!

Investigators suspect that the Earth Liberation Front may be responsible for yet another fire at a newly constructed development. This would mark the third arson in less than two months, but there have also been numerous cases of sabotage at construction sites in the area. Responsibility for many of the other actions were claimed on behalf of the ELF. The most recent fire was extinguished quickly and only caused \$8,000 to \$10,000 in damages.

August 8, Los Angeles, California: Vivisector Declares Defeat

University of California, Los Angeles, vivisector Dario Ringach tells animal liberationists: "you win." Ringach had recently become a focus of animal rights campaigners when he received the go ahead to perform lethal experiments on 30 macaque monkeys in order to "try and better understand how monkeys process what they see." The monkeys would have first been paralyzed, then coils would have been glued to their eyes, and after 120 hours they would be killed. Ringach promised not to do anymore experiments on animals in an email he sent to the Animal Liberation Front Press Office. In July, the ALF claimed credit for a crudely constructed fire-bomb that was left on the Bel-Air porch of a neighbor of one of Ringach's UCLA colleagues Lynn Fairbanks. The bomb, which did not go off, was intended as a warning for Fairbanks who also experiments on primates.

September 10, Germany: Anti-GE Arson Attempts

Anti-genetic engineering groups left a great number of incendiary devices in front of different branches of the Märka company, which is involved with the diffusion of GMOs in the region of Brandenburg (the region where Berlin is). This company is also in business with the well-known Monsanto. Unfortunately, due to a technical problem, the incendiary devices did not provoke a fire. In their communiqué, the group also put their action in the context of the anti G8 militant campaign, writing how many GMO fields are also in the G8 meeting region, as a warning for upcoming actions.

September 23, Hardwick, Massachusetts: Rabbits Liberated from Torture Facility

Twenty-three New Zealand white rabbits were liberated from a rural Massachusetts animal-testing laboratory owned by the Caprologics corporation. The raid was executed by the ALF who dedicated the action to the SHAC 7 defendants, who were recently sentenced to between one and six years in prison for conducting a protest campaign against another animal-testing company (See page 92). According to the communiqué, when the lab was finished experimenting on rabbits they would be "cut and left to bleed until their life has drained away" and then "thrown into the surrounding fields for coyotes to eat."

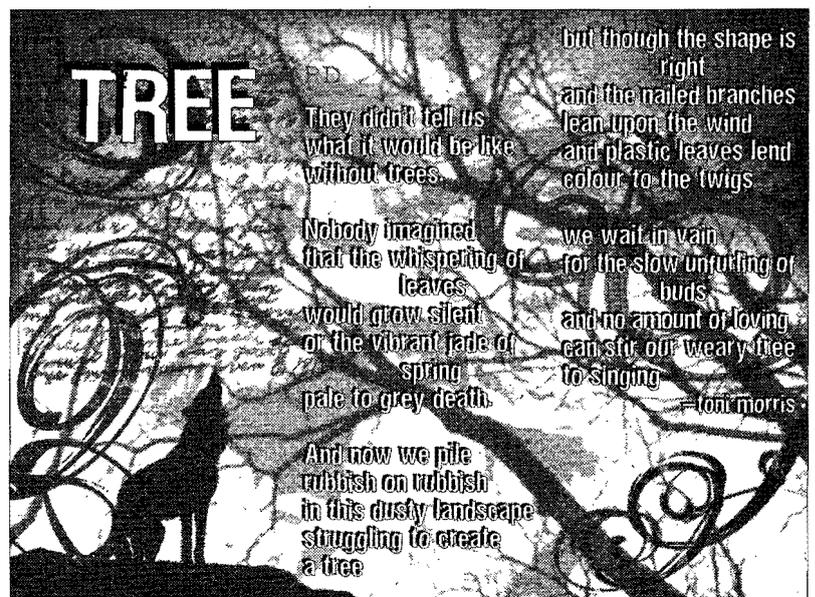
November 3, Hilt, California: Logging Site Monkey-Wrenched

Eco-saboteurs appear to be responsible for \$500,000 worth of damages that are likely to drive a Medford, Oregon-based logging company out of business. Employees arrived at a logging site to discover that someone had poured dirt and debris in fuel tanks; cut hoses, lines and belts; and ripped out computer components in log loaders and tree-shearing and de-limbing machines. According to co-owner Steve Avgeris "this was the work of professionals." Apparently they had master keys to the equipment, he added.

The letters "ELF" were written on some of the machines. Police said that the ELF may not be responsible for the damages but that the vandals may have written "ELF" at the site to throw investigators off their trail. They did not say why they did not believe that environmentalists were responsible. Avgeris said that angry hunters may have also been behind the destruction.

November 18, Harborcreek, Pennsylvania: ELF Target Bridge

The ELF is suspected to be responsible for vandalizing the Sgt. Donald S. Oaks Memorial Bridge. Someone reportedly ripped out wires that control sensors on the roadway which release salt brine, and spray painted the letters "ELF" on the underside of the bridge.



ELF claimed responsibility for torching one of the cranes that built the bridge in 2002. State Police and the FBI are investigating the incident.

November 18, Galicia, Spain: Thousands of Minks Released

The Animal Liberation Front (ALF) or the Frente de Liberacion Animal (FLA) as they are locally known, has claimed credit for what police have called three "almost simultaneous" raids on fur farms, liberating approximately 17,000 mink being raised in order to be killed for their fur pelts.

Although some of the animals were recaptured, one farm owner bemoaned that the mink may now eventually die of natural causes in the wild, which she apparently seems to think would be a worse fate than having their necks broken on the farm. The ALF was responsible for a raid that liberated thousands of animals from a nearby farm in July of last year. That fur operation later closed as a result of the action.

December 1, Italy: Communique from ALF/FLA: 1,000 Mice and 18 Primates Rescued

Some buildings may seem like they are impossible to raid, but only a few really are. Harlan Italy is one of these buildings, a hand full of alarms and security cameras in via Fermi, in Correzzana (MI). Inside this place they breed animals for vivisection. Harlan is one of the major breeders for Italian research labs, part of a multinational dealing in suffering, with divisions in many countries around the globe. Harlan Italy's annual income of 7 million euros is a clear statement: vivisection is a lucrative business.

Knowing that mice, dogs, monkeys, pigs, rats, rabbits and guinea-pigs were in the cages, in complete loneliness, without any sympathy or hugs, waiting to be deported towards a future of torture, is what moved us into action.

The night of Monday 20th of November, a cold and moonless night, as silent as shadows we reached our target, a gruesome monument to human callousness. Through a hole in the ventilation system room we gained access to the false ceiling.

Lifting portions of the false ceiling and using a stair we found ourselves in the rooms where mice and monkeys are bred, going past the alarm system on the doors. Here we set ourselves at work to bring out as many animals we could, take documents and well you can guess the rest.

Harlan rodents are bred under SPF conditions, which means aseptic ones: dozen plastic boxes under a filtered air system. What they do to these small living beings is pure sadism and is at odds with the idea of humanity saviours they built for themselves. In this division Harlan offers their customers also a surgical preparation of the animals: organ removal or mutilations.

Moreover, we also documented the presence in their refrigerators of bodies that the fury of these "scientists" have made impossible to recognise: mice with smashed skulls or crucified with pins, rats with opened abdomens and completely disfigured rabbits.

In a crowded bare cage, full of faeces and with no window, about thirty macaques were looking for comfort, clinging one to the other, traumatized and unhappy. But tonight these animals have met the opposite side of human beings and felt the warm embrace that took them away, far away. Hundreds of mice, many ready to be delivered, and 18 macaques are now in our hands, free.

Fronte di Liberazione Animale

December 4, Southern Weld Valley, Tasmania: Forest Defenders Attacked

Forest defenders camped at the site of a road blockade were awoken in the middle of the night by men yelling obscenities, anti-environment insults, and throwing rocks. After a short period of time the attackers drove off in three vehicles. Twenty minutes later they returned and threw petrol bombs. Environmentalists have been blockading the road in hopes of halting logging in the pristine valley where the Australian government and the timber industry would like to see the old growth forests converted into wood chips. They also plan on building a wood-burning power plant in the area.

December 13, North Carolina: "Ghost of Christmas Future" Takes Aim at Billboards

A series of billboards advertising housing developments became targets for an anonymous "Ghost of Christmas Future" armed with paint balls and spray cans this morning.

The mysterious vandal issued the following statement:

To: Those Who Are Destroying Our Mountain Homes

From: The Ghost of Christmas Future, of the Appalachian Mountains
On the morning of December 13,

in the holiday spirit of love for home and community, I, the Ghost of Christmas Future, took aim at the property of the developers who are destroying our mountain landscape, and defaced the following billboards.

I wrote "Stay Out" and "Yuppies Get Out of Our Mountains" on Reynolds Mountain and The Cliffs billboards on Merrimon Avenue.

I hit a billboard advertising a ski lodge on I-240 West, and another development billboard on the Smokey Park Highway with paint balls.

I defaced three development "for sale" signs on Tunnel Road in Swannanoa.

On Hendersonville Rd., I splattered two billboards with paint (for The Cliffs at Walnut Cove, and for the Ramble in Biltmore Forest that is "Inspired by Nature").

The billboard for Firefly Cove on Hendersonville Rd. was encrawled with "Stop Development".

The Cliffs at Walnut Cove billboard on Sweatencreek Rd. near Gerber Rd. was also targeted.

The signs were targeted specifically for what they symbolize; namely, the abject destruction of nature for profit, the eradication of wild creatures and the systematic annihilation of mountain communities. My deepest holiday wish is that our society will awaken from its stupor of greed and arrogance and begin to recognize the intrinsic value of wild land and creatures, and work toward building a world based on those values.

Warmest wishes to all in the hope that all living beings have a place to call home for the holidays.

For the Earth,
The Ghost of Christmas Future

North American Eco-Defense and Animal Liberation Political Prisoners:

Tre Arrow, CS# 05850722, Vancouver Island Regional Correction Center, 4216 Wilkinson Rd., Victoria, BC, V8Z 5B2, Canada. On remand accused of involvement with an arson on logging trucks and an arson on vehicles owned by a sand & gravel company. Both occurred in the USA. Tre is fighting against extradition to the US.

Ted Kaczynski #04475-046, US Pen-Admin Max Facility, PO Box 8500, Florence Colorado 81226. Sentenced to multiple lifetimes in prison for the "Unabomber" bombing attacks against some of the architects of industrial society.

Aaron Labe Linas #38448-083, FMC Butner, PO Box 1600, Butner, NC 27509. ELF prisoner doing time for a series of actions against urban sprawl and other targets.

Jeffrey Luers (Free) #13797671, OSP, 2605 State Street, Salem, OR 97310. Serving a 22+ year sentence for setting fire to Sports Utility Vehicles to protest the destruction of the environment. He has been made an example of by the criminal justice system.

Christopher McIntosh #30512-013, USP Hazelton, U.S. Penitentiary, P.O. BOX 2000, Bruceston Mills, WV 26525, USA. Serving 8 years for a joint ELF/ALF arson attack on a McDonalds.

Fran Thompson #1090915 HU 1C, WERDCC, P.O. Box 300, Valdalia, MO 63382. Longtime eco-activist serving a life sentence for killing, in self-defense, a stalker who had broken into her home.

John Wade #38548-083, FCI Petersburg Low, Satellite Camp, PO Box 90027, Petersburg, VA 23804, USA. Serving 37 months for a series of ELF actions against McDonalds & Burger King, urban sprawl, the construction industry, and an SUV dealership.

Helen Woodson #03231-045, FMC Carswell, PO Box 27137, Admin Max Unit, Fort Worth, TX 76127. Serving nine years for a series of actions that focused on the interrelationship of war and the destruction of the natural world.

Peter Young - Released!
After serving nearly two years for a series of raids on mink fur farms in 1997, Peter was released from the Federal Victorville Prison on February 2.

Editors' Note: There are a number of people that have been recently arrested, accused, or sentenced. See "State Repression" section (page 90) for details.

For more info:

www.spiritoffreedom.org-uk

CHINA'S WAR ON NATURE:

OVERCOMING ANTHROPOCENTRISM AND INDUSTRIALIZATION

BY THE UNCARVED BLOCK

Derrick Jensen once said, "The true authority of any culture is unquestioned assumptions."¹ To demonstrate his point he quoted a popular statement in mainstream discourse, "How do we get the U.S. economy to grow?" Jensen goes on to explain that there are three main assumptions in this statement, all of which play an integral role in maintaining the status quo of power. First, it is assumed the economy should be growing. Second, it is assumed there should be an economy at all. Finally, as Jensen so comically put it, "who the hell are we?" For those who have formed their worldview by being indoctrinated in schools and confined within the bounds of the expressible as defined by the media, it is understandable why they label Jensen a treasonous fool hell bent on sending humanity back to the Dark Ages. The United States, and industrial civilization throughout the world, has created paradigmatic assumptions that not only frame perceptions of reality, but create conditions of misery that leave the critical mind wondering whether the biosphere would be better off if humanity disappeared and the sooner the better. Thrown into the depths of despair, confronting Nietzsche's abyss, or simply amused to death by the bread and circus phenomenon of banality, we are presented with the choice of submitting to the onslaught of domestication, committing suicide or endeavoring to eliminate our collective disconnection from each other and nature.

This essay is an attempt to demonstrate that by focusing on a specific country the long term

philosophical trends that cement unquestioned assumptions, which force us to confront existential dilemmas of acquiescence or resistance, can be seen as a major component of the root of ecological destruction and human alienation in modern society, and that anything less than a radical deconstruction will essentially leave us, as American Indian visionary Vine Deloria put it, "circling the same old rock."² China is seen by many as a rising Leviathan in the East, determined to eventually overtake the U.S. as the world's dominant superpower, both economically and militarily. By showing the paradigmatic roots of ecological destruction in both the Maoist and post-Maoist eras of China, sections one and two will show that a false choice was offered to humanity in the second half of the twentieth century concerning whether capitalism or communism was the proper path to take in order to create "the good life." Neither system was able to sufficiently break with the legacy of civilization, instead choosing to perpetuate the war on nature and psychological health that has been waged since Gilgamesh's narcissistic project of deforesting the ancient Fertile Crescent.³ Section three will look at the trend in current reformist solutions to ecocidal and omniscidal realities and potentialities in China, showing how they are incapable of breaking with the anthropocentric and industrial model. Alternatives concerned with unveiling assumptions can be found in various times and places, including both ancient and current Daoism in China, the existentialist philosophy of German intellectual

Martin Heidegger, and the modes of being found amongst many indigenous societies such as American Indians.

THE MAOIST PERIOD: CONFUCIANISM, MARXISM AND THE DRIVE TO INDUSTRIALIZE

The Maoist period of Chinese history is a good example of the dangers of schismatic views. A major tenet of Marxism, and its Maoist variant, was the fundamental division between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie. In order for the process of liberation to achieve new heights, the proletariat was instructed to take over the reigns of the state, establishing itself in power in order to more easily rid the world of capitalist parasites. Although this seemed like an adequate prescription for ending workers' exploitation, the schismatic reality of a new class of technicians and statesmen embedded in a soul-draining bureaucracy played against the theoretical aspirations of utopia. By assuming it both proper and necessary to utilize the hierarchical structure of the nation-state, Chinese Communists often seemed more interested in solidifying the cult of personality associated with Chairman Mao than looking at the roots of their flawed attempt at completing revolution. The existence of the role of worker was never challenged, and as Fredy Perlman said in his *Against His-Story, Against Leviathan!*, the anarchists wanted to further enshrine this notion of the worker while covering up the face with ideologies of anarcho-syndicalism or some other variety of anarchism which celebrated machines.

The schismatic reality of a division between those with Party and state power, and those who were treated as cogs, running on human sweat and blood to catch up economically with the industrialized West, can also be seen in the realm of ecology. Chinese society was highly militarized, partly due to threats from outside its artificially constructed state boundaries and partly due to the state's own desires to control its population as well as its numerous indigenous peoples not exactly thrilled with the reality of forced assimilation.⁴ In order to carry out the task of conquering nature, powerful ideas were disseminated, often accompanied by the use of military imagery. Summarizing the type of propaganda used throughout China in relation to the environment during the Maoist period, Judith Shapiro states, "Official discourse was filled with references to a 'war on nature.' Nature was to be 'conquered.' Wheat was to be sown by 'shock troops.' 'Shock troops' reclaimed the grasslands. 'Victories' were won against flood and drought. Insects, rodents, and sparrows were 'wiped out.' This polarizing, adversarial language captures the core dynamic of environmental degradation of the era."⁵

Major consequences of this rhetoric included a "renewed cycle of population growth, accelerated indiscriminate mobilization of resources in preparation for war, and grand schemes for economic development, which, in turn, contributed to severe environmental degradation and social turmoil."⁶ The culmination of these large scale trends saw China become part of the nuclear arms race, joining the likes of the U.S. and Soviet Union who were already pushing the world towards Mutually Assured Destruction. It has been argued that it is necessary for "underdeveloped" countries to acquire nukes in order to protect themselves from the rapacious imperialism of the West. Although protection from imperialism is needed, nuclear weapons create the conditions for complete omnicide, which includes planetary ecocide. Realpolitik, in all cases, but especially nuclear weapons, is an excuse for maintenance of control.

What, if anything, did this have to do with paradigmatic assumptions in the philosophies of Confucianism and Marxism? Shapiro states The Mao-era effort to conquer nature can thus be understood as an extreme form of philosophical and behavioral tendency that has roots in traditional Confucian culture. Many of the themes...including state-sponsored resettlements and water-works projects, extensive and excessive construction of dikes for land reclamation, political campaigns to change agricultural practices, and environmentally destructive

land conversions in response to population shifts-can be found in imperial times.⁷

The Confucian ideology saw the world as being governed by a triad of heaven, earth, and humankind, with humans in the middle. Although this hierarchical structure often legitimated environmental destruction, there was also a tendency to show a "deep respect, even a reverence, for a natural order conceived as grander than man and more to be admired."⁸

So if the traditional Confucian worldview can not adequately explain environmental devastation caused during the Maoist period, does an examination of Marxist thought yield more promising insights? Rooted more solidly in the Western tradition that will be explored in section two, Marx was a product of a long legacy of anthropocentrism and the desire for progress. Some of Marx's early works show a stronger degree of sensitivity towards nature, however, as Clive Ponting summarizes, "...even in these works Marx adopted the common European view that nature only had meaning in terms of human requirements, for example, when he wrote that, 'Nature taken abstractly, for itself, and fixedly isolated from man, is nothing for man.'

Along with this common European assumption of nature's utility for man, Marx's view of stages of history as representing progress would play a key role in the Maoist drive to industrialize. If humans are achieving greater freedom from nature by destroying it throughout the stages of history, this not only legitimates the capitalist destruction of the world, but also gives Leninists, including Maoists, a reason to enhance the process of "progress" as quickly as possible. This line of thought is also seen in many varieties of anarchism, dating back to Bakunin's praise of humanity's "ascent from animality" and into what he perceived to be the greatness of culture. These assumptions concerning the progress embodied in the advent of culture and the impoverishment of wholeness they represent are becoming increasingly clear in the face of worldwide anomie.¹⁰ Although a modification of Marx's original conclusion that the dictatorship of the proletariat would come to already industrialized nations first, the environmental consequences of Marxist-Leninist practice is comparable to the more drawn-out process of capitalist accumulation as will be shown in the next section.

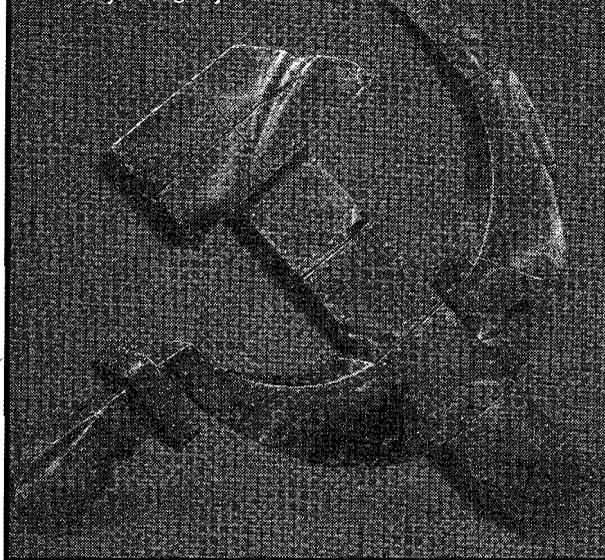
THE POST-MAOIST PERIOD: THE HAUNTING SPECTRE OF JUDEO-CHRISTIAN ARROGANCE

China in the past 25 years is a perfect example of the complete disregard the capitalist system shows towards ecological stability, especially in its earliest stages of accumulation. Getting rich quick is one of the main tenets of capitalist ideology, demonstrating an inability to look beyond the extremely short term desire for the few to profit at the expense of the many. The death of Chairman Mao saw a gradual opening up of China's borders to not only western corporations seeking to maximize their bank accounts, but also to the legacy of Euro-American thought. Like the Maoists desire to "conquer nature," late 20th and early 21st century capitalist penetration of China has greatly intensified ecological pillage. Some of the major problems include water pollution from "discharge...of untreated industrial wastewater and raw sewage into rivers, rising sea levels threatening destruction linked to global warming, severe deforestation, soil erosion, air pollution in major cities which rank among some of the world's dirtiest, and acid rain due to the emission of green-house gases."¹¹ Also, "China's biodiversity is more threatened than ever. China...has one of the highest percentages of endangered species to total species, with around 15-20% of the whole being endangered."¹²

(continued on next page)

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"The schismatic reality of a division between those with Party and state power, and those who were treated as cogs, running on human sweat and blood to catch up economically with the industrialized West, can also be seen in the realm of ecology... In order to carry out the task of conquering nature, powerful ideas were disseminated, often accompanied by the use of military imagery."



In his later works Marx argues that the 'great civilizing influence of capital' is that it rejects the 'deification of nature' so that 'nature becomes, for the first time, simply an object of mankind, purely a matter of utility.'⁹



The contribution of overall global consumption is beginning to take its toll in China, and if present trends continue, possibly another billion consumers will be added to the already devastating industrial system. As Zhao Bin argues, "perhaps nowhere is the impact of the transition to capitalism having a more devastating effect than upon China's environment."¹³ Zhao states that on a per capita basis, the billion residents of what is called the "developed world" in the 1990's consumed at least three times as much water, 10 times as much energy, 13 times as much iron and steel, 14 times as much paper, 18 times as much chemicals and 19 times as much aluminum as someone in a developing country like China. Industrial countries account for nearly two-thirds

of the global emissions of carbon dioxide from the combustion of fossil fuels and their factories generate most of the hazardous chemical wastes. Their air conditioners, aerosol sprays and factories release almost 90 percent of the chlorofluorocarbons that destroy the ozone layer.¹⁴

Aspirations of China's leaders to integrate their burgeoning population further into this system, encouraged by the lifestyles of many middle class tools and unrealistic pronouncements of cornucopias that do not exist by civilization's guardians, will have long term consequences so severe it transcends the imagination.

As with the Maoist period, there are deep paradigmatic roots at play in the most recent of China's environmental holocausts. Two ancient western thought patterns, one philosophical and the other religious, are the main culprits in setting the ideological foundation for further exploitative inroads to be taken by the European scientific revolution. The Greek philosopher Plato created two fundamental concepts that laid the basis for further developments in Christianity that are currently haunting the biosphere. One idea was the Great Chain of Being, an idea that created a hierarchical structure of all existing beings, categorizing them from top to bottom as God, angels, man, animals, plants, metals and nothingness. Similar to the Confucian hierarchy with humans somewhere in the middle and above corporeal non-humans, Plato's Great Chain of Being leads to his more elaborate ideas on the world of Forms. Reacting to the pre-Socratic challenge to objective knowledge, Plato constructed an explanation that "the material world... is not the real world, but rather a shadow world." Therefore, "there is a dualism of mind and body in which body imprisons mind. Reason becomes the vehicle by which we know truth; all other aspects of human experience are inferior."¹⁵

Dianne Barsoum Raymond's excellent explanation of Plato's thought makes it easier to agree with Nietzsche's aphorism "Christianity is Platonism for the masses." Although a connection between Plato's world-denying and speciesist philosophy exists with Christianity, the Old Testament, written before Plato, can be seen as offering one of the original validations of anthropocentric human dominance over nature. As God commands Adam and Eve in Genesis Chapter 1, "Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the earth..." The haunting spectre of the Judeo-Christian legacy, with the belief that only humans are created in God's image, provides the divine enjoiner for civilization's trajectory over thousands of years, including the present pulverization of China.

Seventeenth century Europe saw the advent of what is called the scientific revolution, which essentially built on the legacy of human dominance initiated by Plato and the Judeo-Christian worldview. Although many thinkers would contribute to this intensification of mechanizing reality, Rene Descartes is seen by many to be the most important in developing this pattern of thought.

The reductionist approach to scientific inquiry inevitably led to a fragmented view of the world—to a focus on the individual parts of a system rather than on the organic whole... This tendency was reinforced by a mechanistic approach to natural phenomena, which can be traced back to Descartes who wrote, 'I do not recognize any difference between the machines made by craftsmen and the various bodies that nature alone composes.' Animals were therefore mere machines...¹⁶

A general "Rape of the World," as Clive Ponting puts it, occurred throughout Europe and the newly created Third World established by colonialism. Specific concrete implications of these paradigmatic roots can be seen clearly in the rhetoric of the Founding Fathers. George Washington, demonstrating his insensitivity to both the human and non-human world, stated in 1783, "the gradual extension of our Settlements will as certainly cause the Savage as the Wolf to retire; both being beasts of prey tho' they differ in shape."¹⁷ Also, John Quincy Adams said in 1839, "Shall the savage not only disdain the virtues and enjoyments of civilization himself, but shall he control the civilization of a world? Shall he forbid the wilderness to blossom like a rose? Shall he forbid the oaks of the forest to fall before the axe of industry... shall he doom an immense region of the globe to perpetual desolation, and to hear the howlings of the tiger and wolf silence forever the voice of human gladness?"¹⁸

The Chinese environment and its people are being destroyed by paradigmatic institutions that ultimately severs completely the ties humans once had with wolves, the earth, and the entire biosphere. Material accumulation has taken precedence as the number one value promulgated by elites in China and the world, maintaining that it is impossible for human gladness to exist within an intact ecology, for an intact ecology is the antithesis of industrialization. In the next section we will see that some are trying to mitigate the effects of this suicidal implementation, however, alternative traditions representing non-anthropocentric and anti-industrial tendencies are posing the most significant challenge to the current order.

REFORMIST SOLUTIONS AND RADICAL ALTERNATIVES

One strand of thought argues that attempts to reform China's environmental problems should be done through utilizing the rhetorical legal framework for ecological protection that already exists in China.¹⁹ Other strands of thought see the "international community" playing a larger role in holding China accountable for its environmental decimation.²⁰ These touted solutions range from reducing greenhouse emissions to developing alternative fuels. The main thrust of the argument behind these reformist solutions is that China should meet its goals for economic development within the framework of "sustainable development." This phrase has become somewhat popular recently among not only activists but entrenched members of nation-states throughout the world. Although there is still the onslaught of capital causing ecological mayhem in China, it is

likely that eventually some of these measures to mitigate some of the effects will be implemented. The long term interests of capitalism and civilization would point towards the direction of curtailing the more hyper-exploitative aspects of the system in the name of maintaining power.

What do oppositional currents have to say about solutions? Daoism has deep roots in Chinese society; however, its potential to help create ecologically whole human societies has been largely ignored by Chinese civilization. The Chinese Daoist Association has recently put out a declaration on the earth's current ecological crises. They feel that "problems concerning environmental protection are not derived from industrial pollution or technological expansion alone. Rather, these problems are also derived from people's worldviews, ideas of values, or theories of knowledge." Recognizing the deep roots that must be reached when looking to interact with the natural world in more harmonious ways, they continue by saying, "contemporary thought patterns have given humankind a greatly inflated image of itself. Daoists believe that this inflated image of the self is an important cause of the serious ecological crises confronting the modern world."²¹ Ancient Daoist texts can be consulted to provide insight on how humans can begin to undergo a paradigm shift in relation to the environment and each other. Chuang-Tzu, the 4th century BCE Daoist philosopher in China, wrote many short stories demonstrating the problematic aspects of anthropocentrism, arguing that humans do not always know what is best in all contexts, for do not animals of different bioregions have their own knowledge of what is best for them? Many Daoists see these stories as a solid basis for an alternative paradigm that cuts humans down from their self-imposed superiority over the rest of nature. The Chinese Daoist Association, through their spreading of Daoism's ecological message and their protection of forests, is an inspiring form of resistance in China, however, can hardly be considered adequate in the face of civilization's onslaught.²²

Another ecologically oriented thinker was Martin Heidegger. "He became familiar with... Taoist texts in the 1920s and 30s, assisting in translations and borrowing themes or even whole passages for his own writings."²³ Heidegger, like the Daoists, felt we must dig deeper to discover how to stop being a nuisance to the earth. He used to say that the whole problem arose from the current human attitude towards nature (or, as he put it, the 'technological mode of Being'). Technology, he wrote, was a 'manner of un-protecting' nature rather than 'letting it emerge'. Everything around us is adjudged to be a tool of 'man as the centre of reference'. It was technology, rather than capitalism or communism - which were 'the same dreary technological frenzy, the same unrestricted organization of the average man' - that defined the age, he thought.²⁴

In relation to reformist solutions even if new technologies are employed, say, to remove pollutants from the process of burning hydrocarbons, or if the ozone layer is repaired...

or if state-of-the-art engineering is brought to bear on China's water crisis, the disaster - said Heidegger - would be merely forestalled, and made all the worse. The root of the problem would not be addressed. Echoing Daoism, Heidegger noted that technology calls for more technology, and that 'industrial society exists on the basis of its occlusion in its own concoction'.²⁵

The third tendency representing an alternative view does not have a direct connection with Daoism, however, the potency of its insights and possibilities for adaptation are enormous. American Indians, like many indigenous peoples throughout the world, have been making comments and participating in actions to preserve human connections with non-human relations for quite some time. A prevalent trend in the past 35 years has seen what has been called eco-feminism, but what American Indian women like M. Annette Jaimes Guerrero see as traditional ecological practices before they were distorted and destroyed by colonization. She states that native womanism is "primarily premised on kinship traditions and 'birthright' tied to indigenous homelands," again stressing connection to the land as a necessity for survival of indigenous tribal people. She explains that the term indigenous refers to "cultures among land based peoples who lived in reciprocal relationship with their environment," which can be conceptualized as 'ecocultures.' Indigenous peoples spiritual relationship to the land is the basis of their resistance to the dominant U.S. notion of progress, which has always included the exploitation of natural resources regardless of the well-being of future generations. For the Indians, the cosmos is often referred to as a web, wherein all forms of life are seen as interdependent, including the Earth itself, which they revere as Mother, not as a lifeless, inorganic "it."²⁶

American Indian Movement member Russell Means explains that, "Birds and insects and other animals speak in many ways. In nature, everything communicates with everything else." However, "the white man doesn't know how to commune with nature." Means feels, "Instead of believing that the universe depends on what we think, we teach that we must use our hearts to achieve harmony with our fellow creatures. At Yellow Thunder Camp I began to realize that there are two cultures on earth, one industrial and the other indigenous: One is about death, the other about life." Similar themes running throughout all these trajectories in the alternative paradigm include a rejection of human superiority over nature as well as the negative psychological effects industrial alienation produces in the isolated mind, disconnected not only from meaningful human community, but the natural world.

FOOTNOTES

1. Jensen, *The Other Side of Darkness*
2. Churchill, *Marxism and Native Americans*, pgs. 113-136
3. Jensen, *Strangely Like War* for the Mesopotamian myth of Gilgamesh and its connection to civilization's origins and occlusions of grandeur.
4. Connor, *The National Question in Marxist-Leninist Theory and Strategy* for info on minority peoples trapped

within the territorial boundaries of the Chinese state

5. Shapiro, *Mao's War Against Nature*, pg. 4
6. Economy, *The River Runs Black*, pg. 47
7. Shapiro, *Mao's War Against Nature*, pg. 8
8. Economy, *The River Runs Black*, pg. 33
9. Ponting, *A Green History of the World*, pg. 157
10. Zerzan, *Elements of Refusal*
11. Murray, *Green China*, pgs. 6-7
12. Olton, *Why Are They Disappearing*
13. Bin, *Consumerism, Confucianism, Communism*, pg. 13
14. Bin, *Consumerism, Confucianism, Communism*, pg. 15
15. Raymond, *Existentialism and the Philosophical Tradition*, pgs. 6-7
16. Ponting, *A Green History of the World*, pg. 147
17. Washington, *Letter to James Duane*
18. Adams, *The Jubilee of the Constitution*
19. Economy, *The River Runs Black*, pgs. 91-128
20. Murray, *Green China*, pgs. 200-204
21. Girardot, *Daoism and Ecology*, pg. 364-365
22. Girardot, *Daoism and Ecology*, pg. 370
23. Collins, *Introducing Heidegger*, pg. 153
24. Nature is sometimes man-made
25. Nature is sometimes man-made
26. Speaking to Survival



Anti-Capitalist and Anti-State Showdowns



Some Have Decided

The world today is not at ease; anyone who is has disengaged, lives an illusion, swallows life's shocks daily, forcing them down. Consequence waits, a circulating, swelling anxiety held just below the surface. . . We alienate, anesthetize, we shut down. The choice belongs to every one of us, like a line silhouetted on the ground: push what is unpleasant further toward the fringes of life and shrink back from the inevitable day when the very demons we've created will close in on us, or force ourselves to look reality in the face and step into the shadow.

—The Jinx Project,
assignment 09662

June 3, Dhaka, Bangladesh:

Renewed rioting by garment workers forced the closing of 84 factories in the Dhaka Export Processing Zone. During last week's unrest, workers burned 16 factories and caused an estimated \$140 million damage.

June 6, Santiago, Chile:

Twenty cops were injured and 262 people arrested, as striking students threw rocks at police, broke windows, and looted stores before being dispersed with water cannons and tear gas. Close to a million youth in Santiago and 14,000 in Valparaiso participated in demonstrations for free bus fare and various improvements to the educational system.

June 9, Managua, Nicaragua:

Violent clashes between government workers and students armed with homemade gunpowder mortars, and cops firing rubber bullets from their vehicles, continue. Protests broke out when the government announced fare hikes on public transportation. The disenchanting have added to their list a demand for clean water in poor neighborhoods, where the water is contaminated.

June 10, Kenya:

Villagers blocked a highway with burning barricades and threw stones at cops who arrived to disperse them with tear gas. The protest was against the diversion of the Rongai river, their only water source, to support a commercial flower farm: in a land where drought and hunger go hand in hand.

July 3, Srinagar, Indian controlled Kashmir:

Thousands of people took to the streets after Indian paramilitaries shot and killed an unarmed shopkeeper for "running in a suspicious manner". At least eight cops were injured in the ensuing meleé and extensive damage laid onto police and government buildings, official signs, and windows of public vehicles. A number of protesters were also injured when pigs charged into crowds with clubs and teargas.

July 12, Guiyang, Guizhou, China:

Hundreds of residents and many angry farmers-turned-migrant laborers attacked pigs after a worker was seriously beaten for not possessing a temporary residence permit. Rioters attacked with rocks and overturned or damaged nine police vehicles. At least one pig was hospitalized and as many as 10 people arrested.

July 14, Almaty, Kazakhstan:

Residents of a 5,000-person squat went head-to-head with cops attempting eviction. Wielding iron bars behind homemade barricades of cement, barbed wire, and burning tires, the refusniks defended themselves with rocks, molotov cocktails, and exploding gas cylinders against 150 riot pigs armed with rubber bullets and clubs. Two cops were taken hostage, but were released after cops agreed to withdraw from the area. At least 15 pigs were hospitalized, two in "grave" condition. A fire truck was also burned. Dozens of residents were also reported injured, including one who was badly burned.

"I'd rather die than leave my home. I am prepared to fight to the end," shouted Maksud, a man in his thirties with a crudely made molotov cocktail in his hand. Other demonstrators shouted "This is our land!"

July 14, Pohang, Seoul, Korea:

Thousands of South Korean riot cops stormed the headquarters of POSCO, one of the world's largest steel producers, to break up a sit-in by striking workers. Carrying shields and batons, 7,000 police raided the 12-story building which has been occupied by 1,500 workers since the previous day.

Using fork-lifts and other heavy equipment, cops removed iron barricades at the gates of the site and barged their way into the building. Some 100 workers were throwing plastic water bottles at the police as workers abandoned the lower floors and barricaded themselves in by blocking the narrow staircases with furniture as 8 fire engines and 5 ambulances stood by, and a helicopter hovered overhead.

Update August 9: 5,000 workers clashed with police during a march to protest the death of another worker who was beaten to death by riot police in July's protest. Employees are demanding a pay raise, a five-day working week and the right to be treated with dignity and respect in the workplace. The strikers currently work 8 to 10 hours a day, 7 days a week, with only 7 bathrooms for 3,000 workers who are prohibited from eating while at work.

Employees at POSCO plants are also required to handle hazardous chemicals including asbestos.

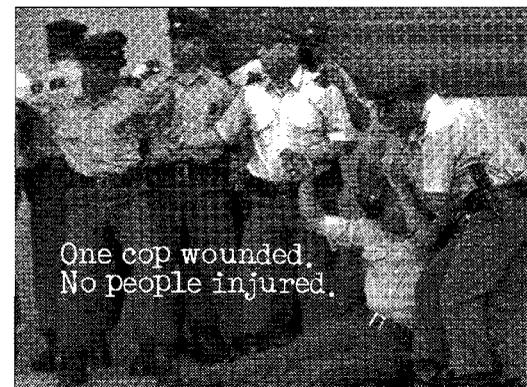
July 17, Russia:

Riot police broke up banned anti-G8 protests yesterday and detained dozens of protesters in central Saint Petersburg on the sidelines of the summit. Russian authorities imposed strict security controls in Saint Petersburg, Russia's second biggest city, for the duration of the summit and gave formal authorization for a single protest event outside the center. Anti-G8 groups have reported several hundred arrests, preventive detentions, and police summonses in the days leading up to the summit.

"We're not afraid!" said Pyotr Raush, a veteran of Saint Petersburg's anarchist movement, before being bundled away by police at the Nevsky Prospect rally.

July 18, Paris, France:

A cop was hurt by a cherry bomb as 60 cars and 30 trash cans were set on fire as riots moved across the city. The disturbance coincided with Bastille Day, the day in which members of the lower classes stormed the prison for which the day is named.



One cop wounded.
No people injured.

August 10,

Lorraine, Quebec, Canada:

Initiative de Resistance Internationaliste (IRI) has claimed responsibility for an explosion that destroyed a car that belonged to Carol Montreuil, an oil industry executive and spokesperson. An e-mail from the bombers blamed the oil industry for damaging the environment, financing an imperialist war that is "committing barbarous acts" in places such as Iraq, and holding consumers hostage while making record profits. IRI claimed credit for a bomb attack on a Hydro-Quebec tower last winter.

August 18, Asheville, NC:

A fire at an Armed Forces Recruiting Station was set deliberately. Fire-fighters arrived to flames coming from the inside of a storage closet in the Marine recruiting offices of the locked building. Smoke also caused damage at the neighboring Army, Navy and Air Force recruiting offices, and a state lottery office. Traces of what is believed to be a flammable liquid were sent to the State Bureau of Investigation in Raleigh. Marine recruiter, Gunnery Sgt. Scott Guise said "our office is pretty much destroyed" and that he didn't know when they would be able to reopen. Damages are estimated at \$50,000 and recruiters have been relocated to Hendersonville, 25 miles away.

September 26, Copenhagen, Sweden:

Over 260 people were arrested during a "Reclaim the Streets" party in solidarity with the Ungdomshuset squat that is threatened with eviction. The previous weekend Copenhagen was the scene of huge protests and festivities against the threatened closure. In this latest action, over 3000 people carnivaled from Christiania to Ungdomshuset. After a couple hours of wandering the streets, cops started driving their vehicles into the crowd, pushing it along. As the crowd drew near a bridge, cops drove aggressively near the demo and riot cops jumped out of the vans, charging the crowd with their batons. A few people threw whatever bottles they had in hand at the pigs, but most just ran away. This triggered a series of attacks with pigs charging with batons, penning people into a little street. In response, revelers started

building barricades in the streets close to the pig pen and hurled rocks at the cop cars as they passed through. The cops then drove armored vans at high speeds through the crowd, forcing people to literally jump for their lives. Local youths decided to join in the fight as well. Some of the people penned in for a mass arrest managed to kick down a gate to a backyard and escape. After an hour or so the riots died out.



Problems for Ungdomshuset started several years ago, but have intensified in the past 2 years when local authorities sold the place to a fundamentalist Christian organization. As one partier said, "These riots are a small taste of what's to come if a solution is not found. There is no way the house will be given up without a fight!"

Update December 16: Having exhausted legal alternatives to keep the center from eviction, 1000-plus people took to the streets again, resulting in the worst clashes and riots in Denmark in over 10 years. Bricks and paving, paint, firecrackers, rocks, and bottles were thrown at the pigs, stores smashed, and fires lit all over the city. Several cops are reported to be hospitalized. At least two rioters were also seriously injured, one had two fingers blown off and another was run over by a cop car. As the crowd was chased through the city, chain stores were smashed and garbage containers lit on fire. Sporadic fighting with the cops continued with local youths again joining the battle.

September 26, Paris, France:

Nine people were detained yesterday when more than 200 police raided a Paris suburb where youths attacked two riot pigs the week before. One cop was seriously injured in the raid when a band of up to

30 youths, armed with makeshift weapons, attacked the pigs patrolling a housing project in Corbeil-Essonnes, south of the capital. At the time, police were called in to disperse the youths, but no arrests were made. The French interior minister, Nicolas Sarkozy, vowed to track the perpetrators down "one by one". The incident came amid reports of increased violent crime in Seine-Saint-Denis, north-east of Paris, where last year's riots began.

October 2, Les Mureaux, France:

Anti-police rioting broke out once again in Les Mureaux, a suburb northwest of Paris. The flare up began after a car chase ended in collision at a police roadblock. The driver, who was wanted for traffic violations, was taken into custody on the scene. More than 100 angry youths converged on the area and pelted the pigs with rocks and other projectiles and set a police car on fire. One rock landed inside a police vehicle full of officers and punctured a tear gas canister. Seven police officers were reported injured. No rioters have been arrested so far.

October 3, Silver Springs, MO:

A new autonomous group known as "BORFROBF" (Borf, a reference to DC graffiti artist, John Tsombikos - who was jailed earlier this year for vandalism - and "Revolution or Bust Faction") has claimed credit for smashing windows and gluing the locks at the local military recruitment center. The action was a symbolic protest against the military industrial complex and "a dare to those here in the heart of the imperial beast to step it up."

October 23, Sogwipo, Jeju Island, South Korea:

Anti-trade agreement protests have intensified on this third day of demonstrations. A farmer drove a truck into a crowd of riot police and another farmer is in a coma after he tried to force his way through a police barricade made out of shipping containers, with a truck. Cops fought back rock-throwing and stick-wielding demonstrators with riot shields, batons, and water cannons. A number of protesters have been injured, some seriously.

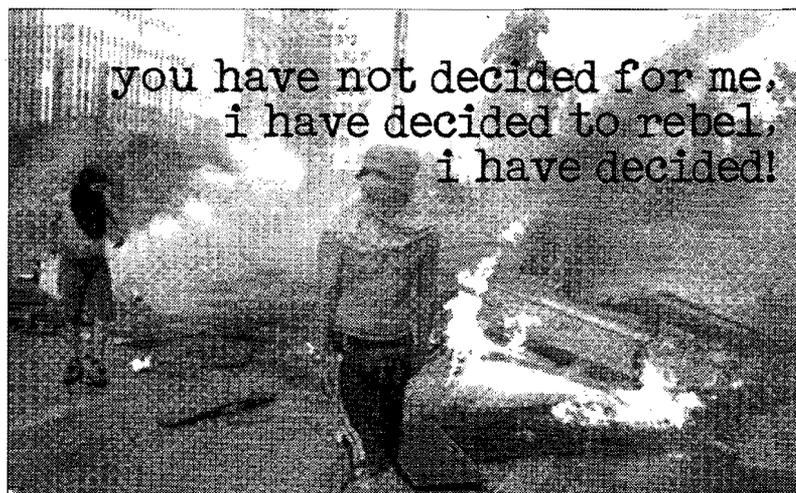
To protect the proceedings from angry farmers, workers, and other demonstrators who have disrupted past trade talks throughout the world, the southern resort island of Jeju was chosen to host the meeting, thinking it would be secure enough. However, an estimated 11,000 protesters made it to the island. Some attempted to storm the venue but were thwarted by pigs. Eighty demonstrators swam across the port but were stopped by riot cops on the beach. One demonstrator wore a Guy Fawkes mask, in reference to "V", from the anarchist graphic novel, *V for Vendetta*.

Update November 22: 73,000 protesters in 13 cities fought with riot cops as the governments continued talks. Fighting injured 35 police and 21 protesters, and caused nearly \$1 million in property damage.

October 26, Paris, France: One Year Later

Things started heating up throughout France in anticipation of the upcoming anniversary of last year's riots when 9,193 cars burnt and 2,921 people were arrested in 21 nights of rioting. Last week a group of 10 to 30 hooded youths ambushed a detail of cops responding to a phony call. The pigs escaped after drawing their guns, but

(continued on next page)





... more Anti-Capitalist and Anti-State Showdowns

not before one of them was seriously injured by a rock to his face. In the past few nights, youths armed with handguns and molotov cocktails have been hijacking buses and then setting them on fire. Three buses have been torched so far along with 277 vehicles around the country according to some reports.

It seems, however, the 4,000 police dispatched to areas where they could react rapidly to put down any inciting activities before they spiraled out of control, halted any further violence as around a thousand protesters marched in commemoration of two youths who were killed last year, starting the three weeks of rioting.

November 8, Guangdong, China:

Ten thousand villagers clashed with pigs and barricaded 300 officials and foreign businessmen in a warehouse that had been built on seized lands sold to foreign developers. 1,000 riot police arrived, but the villagers held their ground until the following morning. China is home to thousands of riots and protests every year, mostly in response to land seizures, pollution, dams, and other privations suffered by rural people as part of China's rapid economic development.

Two days later in Guangan, another southern city, two thousand people mobbed and ransacked a hospital, following the death of a 3-year-old child whose guardians were unable to pay the full price for treatment. Doctors asked his grandfather to go back home to raise more money, but the child died from the effects of agricultural pesticide poisoning before he returned. When relatives tried to take their grievance to the municipal government, security guards beat them. The protest which ensued rapidly attracted others. The angry crowd smashed windows and equipment at the public hospital. Around 100 armed police arrived injuring 10 with batons and teargas. Five people were arrested. Three police vans burned.

A new saying is often heard in rural China: "Once an ambulance siren wails, a pig is taken to market; once a hospital bed is slept in, a year of farming goes down the drain; and when someone falls ill with a serious disease, 10 years of savings are whittled away." Eight hundred million peasants, the majority of the population, have little access to basic healthcare. Even a central government report admitted that Chinese hospitals are now "clubs for the rich."

Guangan is the hometown of Deng Xiaoping, the architect of China's market reform, of industrialism.

November 23, Berlin, Germany:

In the night from the 23 and the 24 of November, autonomous antifas burned the car of the owner of a well known local nazi bar. The action aimed as well to remember the squatter Silvio Meier, stabbed to death by nazis in 1992. The day after, the annual demo of remembrance saw over 1500 people participating.

November 24, Philadelphia, PA:

Fifteen stores in Center City could not open as scheduled on "Black Friday", the busiest shopping day of the year, because vandals had jammed their locks with glue in the night. At noon, a group of anarchists assembled in Philly's shopping district to give a dance party in honor of consumerism. Dressed up as businessmen, they handed out hundreds of "certificates for guilt-free consumption," and danced to music like Madonna's "Material Girl." Some shoppers were offended, some entertained, and one even joined the event, according to a participant.

November 30, Harmondsworth, UK:

Unrest at an immigration removal center (IRC) was "an attempt to sabotage" the deportation process, home secretary John Reid said. "The perpetrators have been prepared to destroy property and to endanger their fellow detainees. They have, themselves, harmed their own environment. We will not allow them to succeed in frustrating the enforcement of the law." Fires were lit by detainees in protest of their living conditions.

The trouble apparently began when an officer refused to allow inmates to watch news coverage of a highly critical report into conditions at Harmondsworth from the chief inspector of prisons, Anne Owers. The report found the center was run more like a high-security prison than an immigration center, with detainees' movements strictly controlled, a prohibition on keeping basic possessions such as tins and nail clippers, and the regular use of force.

Beginning of December, Dresden, Germany:

Autonomous antifas made a visit to a newly opened neo-nazi sports bar. They took possession of all the material to be found there, such as home addresses of local nazis. They also destroyed the sport equipment, furniture, and left a "stinky liquid" behind them.



December 26 -ongoing, Germany: Anti-G8 Actions Start Early

In June of 2007, Germany will play host to the next G8 summit. Numerous assaults on power centers in Germany have been launched in advance of this elite gathering.

Anti G8 militants attacked the house of the state secretary of the German finance minister. The auto parked

outside of his house was also torched, with flames reaching the front of the house itself. Along with fire damage, paint bombs thrown at the house left an indelible mark. A militant group who signed itself as "action group against colonialism and war" sent a communique that indicated this was part of an anti-G8 militant campaign and against the German lack of critique of its colonial past. The state secretary is seen as an important "player in the upcoming yearly imperialist summer-spectacle and therefore the decision to make a Christmas visit to his house".

In Karlsruhe, a police station was hit with molotov cocktails in response to the on-going repression coming out in that city, where a few months ago the last autonomous center, Ex-Steffi, was brutally evicted. The group, signing itself "Militanz 2007", affirmed they "do not see other options than militant attacks in order to respond to the actual state of things".

In Heiligendamm, the exclusive hotel that will host next year's G8 summit, was daubed with paint in a protest by anti-globalization activists. The white facade of the Kempinski Grand Hotel on the Baltic Sea coast, was smeared with red and black paint during the night, police in nearby Rostock said. Anti-globalizationists claimed responsibility in a letter, police said.

December 27, Berlin, Germany:

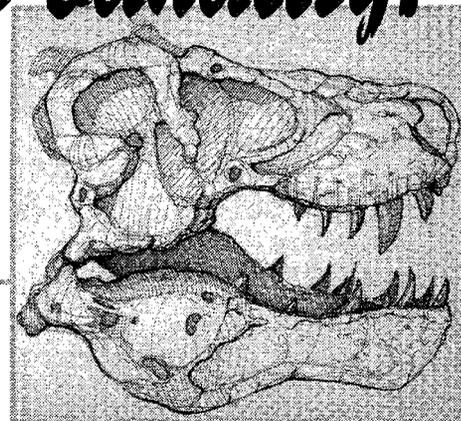
In the night from 27 to 28 anti-prison militants provoked an arson to the main quarters of the justice minister responsible for the Berlin region. According to their communiqué, the attack was a response to the high number of deaths, attributed to suicides, inside the

Berlin prisons within the last year. The justice senator had declared that prison suicides would no longer be made public. This action was also a response to this announcement. The communiqué invited people to join in the traditional Sylvester anti-prison demo, which saw the participation of 350 people who saluted prisoners at midnight and exploding fireworks around the prison.

Overcoming the spectacle of the usual counter-summit banality:

an insight look to the ongoing Militant Anti G8 Campaign in Germany, by Jacob Duval

To say what the enemy does not expect and be there where they are not waiting for us. That is the new poetry. –At Daggers Drawn.



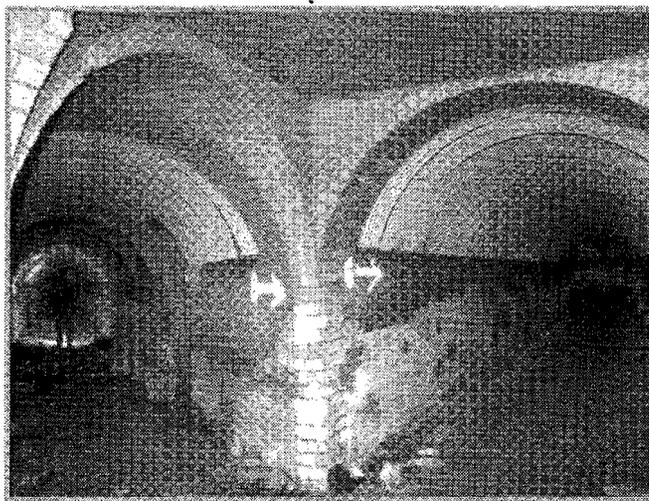
It is not so common to find reports from Germany about public campaigns or actions, much less clandestine, militant actions in the pages of *Green Anarchy*. People might be convinced that Greece is one of the only, if not “the” place, where attacks are happening in a European context. On the one side, it is true that the high level of militant attacks in Greece is far beyond the concurrence, but it would be an under-evaluation to assume that the level and potential of militant attacks might only be reachable there.

When discussing Germany, I personally do not see much insurrectionary potential, since like most places around in the western side of the world, the wave is going towards less likely directions than this, although the social conditions maintain a boiling point. Moreover, german society is probably one of the most sleepy ones in terms of social agitation, or better, people are keen to protest but merely inside the “agreed” rules of democracy, failing most of the time to practice more radical ways of struggling than the usual and legal ones. Nevertheless, my theme here will not be the evaluation of the german political condition, but rather to try and give an overlook of the ongoing militant campaign against the upcoming G8 2007, to be held in the northeastern part of Germany, close to the city of Rostock.

Personally, I am not too keen on summit-hopping any more (being already fairly through this “adolescent” phase, pardon the ageism here) and I reckon there have been enough critiques expressed about this within the last couple of years. But I’d like to mention what I consider to be a very important text from Rovereto, “Notes on Summits and Counter-summits.” (See GA # 15) and suggest that those who are unfamiliar with the critique to read this text. So instead of critiquing summits or summit-hopping, I would like to spend a few words presenting the actual situation in Germany and with the hope to

motivate people to take action now, in their places, in whichever forms they repute to be the most effective one, rather than inviting them to join whichever kind of larger demo next year.

Back in 2005, the opening session of the Anti-G8 militant campaign was the burning of the car of the well-known boss of the North german refinery industries, in Hamburg (where people went to his house, opened his garage and brought the car outside and successfully burned it). This was immediately followed by another action which contributed to quite a lot of the media attention, thanks to its spectacularity. The action was the complete burning down of a restaurant in Berlin, “Pavillon du Lac”, a structure belonging to the Foreign Minister, which was supposed to become a place that should have hosted courses for the future diplomats, also a luxury restaurant should have been built there. Of their dream, it is just ashes that remain. Afterwards it was clear how the “Anti-G8 Sport League” has definitely been opened. (The term “Sport League” refers to a column in *Interim*,



a bi-weekly journal from Berlin, a media project where the autonomous movement has more or less tried to have discussions since 1988, and in where reports of direct militant action can be found.)

To understand the particularity of the tactics of the autonomous/ clandestine groups over here, it is necessary to give a short insight on the development of clandestine ways of organizing. First, it is important to understand how the praxis of the german autonomous groups has to be rooted in the Revolutionary Cells (RZ), a communicating network of autonomous cells active from the mid ‘70s until the beginning of the ‘90s. They chose to organize in an autonomous way with each other, communicating through their clandestine paper “Fruchte des Zorn” (Fruits of the Rage), keeping both the repressive and the authoritarian risk extremely low. It is the same way how the ALF and the ELF organise nowadays.

It is important to notice how the need of communication between the different autonomous/ clandestine groups and the rest of the autonomous movement brought the creation of another german-wide discussion forum. This was the newspaper “Radikal”, born in ‘77 as the organ of the Sponti-movement (the anarchist/ autonomous part of the movement back then). Clandestine since 1984 (and still ranting nowadays, despite the many inquisitions within the years), it was the place all the different autonomous groups would communicate. “Radikal” presented a platform of communication free from the fear of State censorship and created a place to report actions and debate with the rest of the autonomous movement about strategies and tactics. It was – and still is – the place where people can also learn how to build different kinds of incendiary devices and other useful things.

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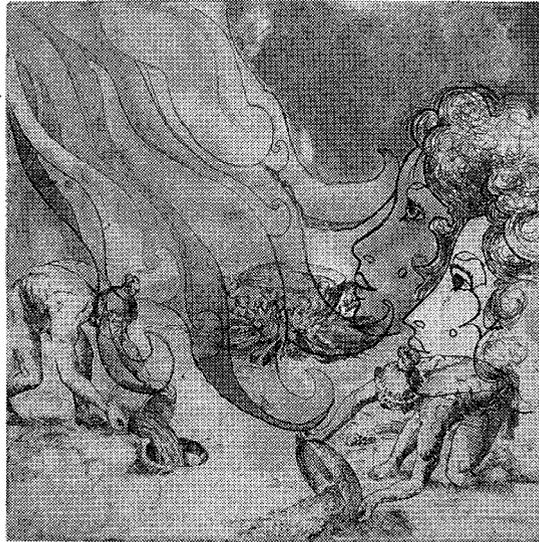
Exactly through the publication of these kind of things, people wanted to share their knowledge in matter of sabotage, to make them accessible to all the people willing to *learn and use them*. To avoid indeed the problem of the *professional revolutionary*: everybody can make his/her own part in the process of destabilizing this society.

It is very important to emphasize, the fact that the RZ, the Rote Zora (originally some RZ cells, which at one point decided to act only under this new name in times of an upcoming critique to patriarchy, as these new-formed groups 100% women groups acting mostly in support of women – related struggles) or any well-known and less well-known clandestine group always choose to critique themselves within the context of the rest of the autonomous movement, considering themselves not at all as *avant-garde*, but simply as one of many parts of it, of people acting in order to overthrow the system without the will of reconstituting another one through the usage of a “lefty dictatorship.”

This is one of the major difference between the praxis of german autonomous groups and other marxist oriented groups such as the RAF (“Faction of the Red Army”, marxist guerilla group active from the ‘70s until the mid-‘90s) for example. And that is why autonomous cells remain the most popular way of organizing for people who decide to go beyond public demos and actions. So, we can testify to the presence of many militant groups which carry out actions and then disappear, or simply change “labels” in order to make the work of repression a bit more difficult. It is a fact that during the past years, loads and loads of different kind of attacks have been carried out by several thousands of autonomous groups, with an arrest-counter that stays quite low. This is due to the extreme attention militants put on keeping their inner security levels high: the behaviour of people boasting about themselves in scene bars about what they did the night before is thankfully still mostly unheard of in Germany. Nowadays, the only group which is still acting under the same name after every action is the MG, militant group, active since 2001, but they are a rather autonomous marxist-oriented group.

Surely, quarrels are present as in every political (or anti-political) situation elsewhere, but what I noticed from my international experience is that here the people (of course I am still talking of the ones who freed themselves from any pacifist perspective) are generally more oriented into *really carrying out actions* instead of merely *talking about it*.

Here I mean pretending to be in words, the most radical, romantic, anarchist combatant, but wasting instead their time rather in writing papers about this, rather than *really live it fully*. Or just spending their time in denouncing how



reformist is that or that political groups. Fair enough: the ability to make a venomous critique is always the core of every true anarchist. However, I came personally at daggers drawn with this kind of attitude which privileges the beauty and the poetry of either insurrectionist or anticiv rhetoric, but which in reality prefers to choose the fascination (and easiness) of the pen rather than of the trueness of a well-done fire. Every wannabe venomous critique which stops itself to this passivity, remains a dead letter.



That said, even without having great discussion about the importance of anti-civilization or insurrectionary theoretical perspectives, it seems that the Anti-G8 militant campaign found a wide *practical* response within the militant autonomous/anarchist spectrum.

Plenty of actions have been carried within the last one and half years already. The actions were focused at completely different targets from each others’: ranging from attacks against GMO crop producers to police stations or in support of the anti-dam struggles in Turkey. All of these actions which at first sight might be seen as not linked among each other, carry a strict link, which is their participation within the militant Anti-G8 campaign. All the communiqués that the different clandestine groups put out, expressed their will to thematize the upcoming summit. And fortunately, it seems that as the nearer the G8 comes, the more actions are happening.

Recently, the publication of a brochure brought out by autonomous groups of Berlin collects almost all the articles from the newspapers which documented militant clandestine actions from 1999 until nowadays. The aim of this lies in the first page of the brochure where the publishers are inviting people not just in reproducing the mere counter – summit

spectacle, but instead getting active well in advance, in their places, and especially they are calling for a month of action just before the summit. The idea is a simple competition among all the german cities where the one with the highest damages against big corporations, power’s symbols, and so on is gonna be the winner...

Through this proposal, as example, comes out quite clearly how people are willing to not merely reproduce the schemes offered

from the other counter summits nor following the dates given from our enemies, but rather trying to spread the attack in a much larger period of time and space. I guess it should not be necessary to say how helpful these tactics are when it is about creating as much trouble as possible and meanwhile keeping the risk as low as possible (in order to continue to fight properly), avoiding the concentration of energies exactly in the moment where the highest number of repressive forces are at work and *is expecting to work*. It does not mean that people will not try to bring the fight in the streets; riotous moments are definitely more than appreciated in Germany, but even more than in other (western) countries, people are confronted with such a massive police repression on the streets that the risk of getting arrested for almost nothing (people have been sentenced to more than 2 years for throwing a bottle at the cops) is extremely high.

This is also why here a larger number of people are choosing to act under the light of the Night rather than of the Sun: the lower risk of getting caught and meanwhile being

more effective is making it more than attractive to the ones who are willing to take the step of clandestine activity.

It does not mean that the usual anti-G8-anti-globalization-circus with all its inner reformist aims towards a pacified world will not be organizing their usual kind of big-we-are-all-together demo. Like in Italy or other southern European countries, where the reformist Left is still able to bring several thousands people on the streets screaming for another, possible world; also in Germany there are such organizations which will take care of the fact that the dissent will be democratically represented within those days...

Nevertheless, in comparison to the Italian G8 summit, where some voices out of the chorus called for an autonomous action from the usual spectacle, carrying out a few bombings in the days right before the Italian summit started, it seems like in Germany this call has had a much larger resonance within the autonomous/anarchist spectrum.

As said, we are talking here about a campaign which for the past year and a half has shown its solidity throughout the high number of subversive actions. It should be noted that the actions provoked *some* damages, since the most beloved technique here remains the good, old, and effective fire. Such things as letter bombs or low potential explosive devices are almost never used nowadays: letter bombs carry an especially bad reputation; being brought on the scene in Germany and in Austria from nazis during the '90s. Incendiary devices are therefore the beloved way, carrying the fire both as a high symbolic meaning but being at the same time a method which is effective and easy to be caused. This is another

very important aspect if we want people getting involved in this kind of stuff; avoiding the specialization and trying to balance the building easiness of the device with its result. That is another lesson coming from the RZ and the autonomous groups. Which is a thing I fail to recognize in such things as letter bombs, not so easy to be built and managing to obtain media attention without provoking any other real damage...

However, if the militant campaign will keep on running fast towards its point - that is not yet seen - although I do see a really high chance of good possibilities in this. In the end, it is like a double-faced card. ● On one side is, if people will be able to emancipate themselves *completely* from the counter-summit perspective - say maintaining this high level of actions also *after* the end of this empty meeting - understanding the importance of a continuous, uncompromising daily attack on the present state of things without the need of every other aim than the destruction of it; the other side of this card, as decisive as the other, would be if people will be able, through the usage of a clandestine and insurrectionary praxis (although not yet recognized as such), to liberate themselves from the ghosts of the Left and therefore willing to discover the potential of insurrectionary theories (when they are not becoming another ideology though...) in order to come fully at daggers drawn with the present...

That is the true bet: let's see how many will choose to play...



MOVE Prisoners:

MOVE is a radical ecological movement that has been attacked by the Philadelphia Police since its inception. Nine members were convicted and sent to prison for life following a 1978 siege at their house in which one cop was killed by another cop. One of those nine, Merle Africa, died in prison after being denied medical treatment.

Debbie Simms Africa #006307, Janet Holloway Africa #006308, Janine Philips Africa #006309, 451 Fullerton Ave, Cambridge Springs, PA 16403-1238.

Michael Davis Africa AM4973, Charles Simms Africa AM4975, Box 244, Grateford, PA 19426-0244 SCI Grateford.

Edward Goodman Africa AM4974, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011-0200 SCI Camp Hill.

William Philips Africa AM4984, Delbert Orr Africa AM4985, Drawer K, Dallas, PA 18612 SCI Dallas.

Mumia Abu Jamal, (AM8335), SCI Greene, 175 Progress Drive, Waynesburg PA 15370, USA. In 1981 Mumia, former Black Panther and vocal supporter of MOVE, was framed for the murder of a cop.

United Freedom Front Prisoners:

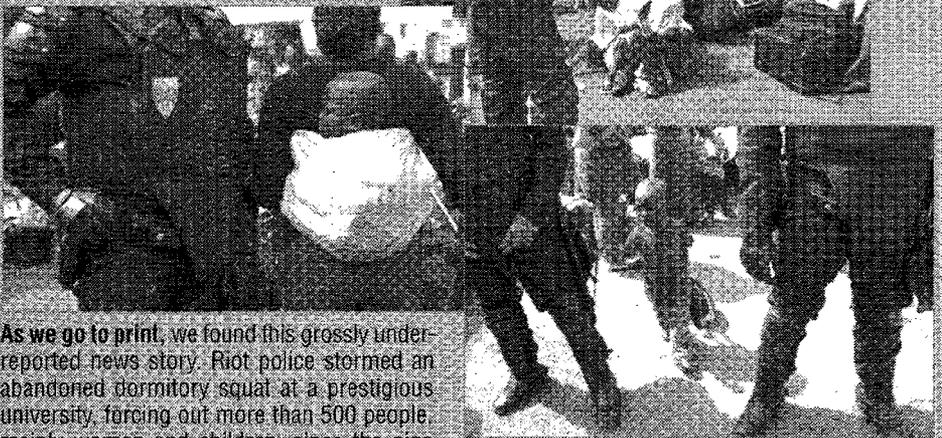
The following three individuals are serving huge sentences for their role in actions carried out by the (UFF) in the 1980's. The UFF carried out solidarity bombings against the U.S. government on a variety of issues.

Jaen Karl Laaman W41514, Box 100, South Walpole, MA 0207.

Thomas Manning #10373-016, Box 1000, Leavenworth, KS 66048.

Richard Williams #10377-016, 3901 Klein Blvd., Lompoc, CA 93436.

August 17: Pigs Evict Largest Squat in France



As we go to print, we found this grossly under-reported news story. Riot police stormed an abandoned dormitory squat at a prestigious university, forcing out more than 500 people, mainly women and children, since the pigs waited for the working men and women to leave. Known as the largest squat in France, they called themselves "les Mille de Cachan" - the Cachan Thousand. Many were from the Ivory Coast, Mali, and Senegal and included 200 children. Many people were struck, several had to go to hospital including a baby, a mother (with a fractured knee) and a father (broken ribs). Two hundred then took refuge in a gymnasium at the "invitation" of Socialist mayor Jean-Yves Le Bouillonnet. This was mere political ploy in response to Pig Minister Sarkozy's double eviction - out of the squat then off the streets. Bouillonnet is now threatening to throw them out of the gym.

DIARY OF A FEMALE STONE AGE HUNTER- GATHERER

IN A
EUROPEAN
FOREST
DURING THE
ROMAN
CONQUEST
OF GAUL

As with the animals, our plant co-inhabitants not only provide us with sustenance, they have influenced us in our continuous quest to be one with the forest. Patience and humility are the two most important traits we have picked up from the plant population. Through a relative stasis, the towering oaks and tiny berries have enabled us to see that there is an enhancement of life when one is still, whether through long cold periods when our mobility is limited or simply during a succession of moments while watching vegetation return in abundance during warmer periods. These patient excursions into the harmony of quietude contribute to our sense of being embedded within the forest, molding our social identities without creating feelings of discontent. Humility is exuded in plants from root to branch, giving us further insight on how to maintain equilibrium with life. As humans, we have come to recognize that although we are animals, a potential to disrupt the functioning of the forest is inherent in our very mental makeup. By assimilating the maturity of the plant community, we have endeavored to remain humble before the intertwined fate the forest produces for us and the web of life. It is a perpetual process of living and learning, but one which we have grown to love.

DAY TWO:

Sadly, this world of ours is rapidly coming to an end through undertakings we are somewhat familiar with. However, unique challenges previously unimaginable pose threats so severe one would have to see it to believe it. Our recent past experiences have been subsumed by the increasing presence of people who have a very different way of life than our own, not only in how they think but in how they act. Oral traditions tell how some time in the distant past various human groups started to migrate into our beloved forest region. We were initially somewhat skeptical, being that we have come to understand the dilemma of overcrowding in relation

DAY ONE:

The forest is the giver of life and the bringer of death. Humans are an integral component in this tapestry of balance. We observe the patterns of behavior exhibited in the diverse organisms sharing our homeland, learning from their wisdom and adapting their ways to our communities. Both the animals and plants with whom we interact and depend upon teach us important information about our role in this dance of exuberance, our forest world. Cooperative hunting and sharing food are key aspects of our lifestyle, helping to bond families together in mutually reciprocal relationships. By attentively watching wolves we have taken on their hunting strategies, allowing parties of our men and us women to communicate with each other through non-verbal methods in a joint pursuit of collective fulfillment. Although we must use tools such as the bow and arrow to successfully procure meat because of our inadequate natural constitution, we are grateful for the invaluable lessons of the wolf.

to available food, but were willing to initiate peaceful relations. Quickly our skepticism increased in reaction to the incomers' plans. Social interaction took place, seemingly as a gesture of possible friendship, however, things deteriorated shortly after our first contact.

One of our younger hunters, a girl named Silent Oak, who was showing exceptional abilities at animal tracking and stealth, voluntarily left our camp, lured into the trap of lusting for material possessions. As I said yesterday, the forest has taught us about humility and reciprocity, but our hunter-woman-to-be found the urge to experiment with another lifestyle too tempting. We respected her decision, as it is common among our people to occasionally separate from the group in order to avoid conflict escalation or because a close friend is located at another camp site. At the time, we were generally uninformed about the visitors. What other experience had we been confronted with before that might help us understand them? Their possessions led us to believe they were up to something more and Silent Oak's journey proved us right.

When meeting up with the newcomers, Silent Oak found out they were not a hunting and gathering group, but lived in more substantial fortifications they called villages. Many more people lived in any one village than in many of our camps put together. She took notice immediately of various differences between our ways of life, most notably that the Gauls, which is what the villagers called themselves, were clearing forest land at an increasing rate to accommodate their larger populations as well as a system of gaining food we took to calling domestication. Domestication was a word in our language we used to describe the process by which individuals tried to bully the group, attempting to subordinate everyone to their will either through shamanistic trances or boasting over a successful hunt. We used various non-violent ways to deal with these individuals, but if the circumstances became too extreme, collective execution of the domesticator could occur.

DAY THREE:

As the story goes, Silent Oak ran away from the village due to her disgust towards what she described as the "domestication of life in the forest." By this she meant not only were the villagers controlled by a head domesticator as well as a subordinate council of domesticators, but animals and plants showing traits absent in the normal functioning of the forest were the primary form of food. Silent Oak noted there were no longer the familiar berries, nuts, and roots she was accustomed to, but something the Gauls called wheat fed their growing population. She was also there long enough to witness fighting between two groups of Gauls they called a blood feud. It seemed that as the villagers put greater pressure on the life of the forest to continuously yield domesticated food, groups fought with each other more and more, creating a system by which any member of an opposing village could be killed in retaliation for a previous offense committed by an individual who may no longer be alive. They enshrined fighting as a cultural value, disconnecting themselves from a life of peace I suspect we once all knew.

This description of Silent Oak's experience remains deep within our hearts to this day, for we can see how correct she was in her assessment of the Gauls. Our forest was gradually encroached upon. We did not want to become sick from the domestication illness, so we talked to decide collectively how we should deal with this growing threat. According to oral tradition, Silent Oak told of how Gaul councils were dominated by the head domesticators and a few of the elder men and prominent warriors who gained status from leading raids. Our meetings, whenever they needed to be convened, were a much more informal affair with us women, along with the men, participating freely in the discussion. We had no "prominent war leaders" to excessively honor and give undue speaking time to during councils. Personally I wasn't sure which idea was more repulsive, domestication or war, but my sister agreed with me that they were probably interconnected phenomenon.

Not many of our people voluntarily associated with the Gauls after Silent Oak's story was told, however, that didn't prevent our women being taken as slaves by these intruders. Some slaves escaped, and learned enough Gaulish language to assist with future attempts at reconciliation. They told us of the sexual divisions that existed in the Gaul's society, as well as the rigidified religious rituals that reinforced supposed gender essences. This gender essence is incomprehensible to me, for I hunt with the men regularly, participate in all decisions about when and where to move camp. I always have many companions, male and female, nearby to deal with a rapist, although our society is nearly totally without rape. Eventually we came to the decision we had to fight if we were to survive. This would require hit and run tactics, seamlessly reintegrating back into the protective forest cover when necessary. Just today I fought, taking my skills as a stealthy hunter to pick off members of the senior domesticator council. We figured that maybe, if the leaders were shown to be vulnerable, the others would revolt internally, throwing off their own shackles to join us in the forest.

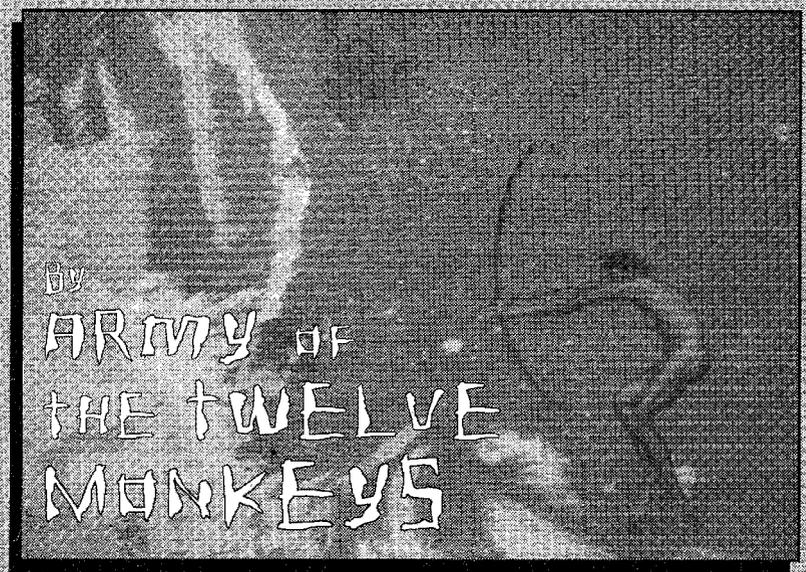
DAY FOUR:

It was not to be. Our raid on the village yesterday was greeted with a response by the commoners that shocked us. Earlier we had observed the villagers shooting wolves on sight because they had such an entrenched notion of ownership of their crops and animals that a wolf posed a constant threat, showing a posture of superiority. This time, however, the wolf had truly lain with the sheep, metaphorically speaking. What I mean is that the others, instead of throwing off their mental and physical chains, sided with the elites. We were utterly crushed because we were inexperienced at warfare and the commoners pursued us into the forest cover, killing a few of our people, however, stopping just short of penetrating more deeply. The villagers have these superstitious beliefs about the evilness of the forest, so they are generally reluctant to come into our world unless they have their axes ready to chop down trees or kill animals like the buffalo when they need something to fall back on after crop failures.

We have gradually begun to notice the effects of the continued encroachment of the Gauls. Increased slavery of our people, loss of game, and less variety of plant foods due to their fields of wheat are some of the major problems we are facing, let alone the unsuccessful fighting we have been attempting in defense of our way of life. We do not wish to be enslaved by other human beings. If the commoner Gauls have come to not only accept their subjection under the domesticators, but also to love it, there is little we can do for the close-minded. We only have our desire to fight back, but the horizons are looking bleak.

DAY FIVE:

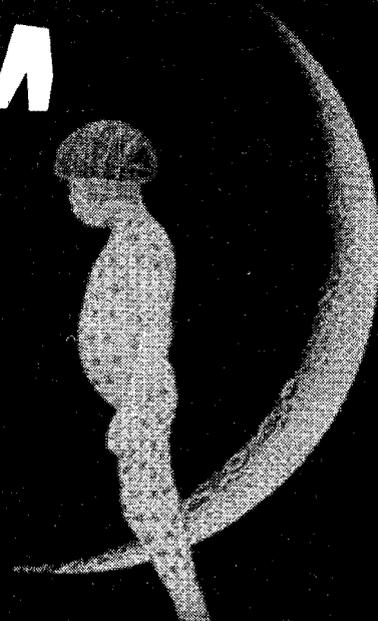
Although future prospects have never been positive, recent information from one of our fellow bands to the south has unfortunately enhanced our group's pessimism. A group of people calling themselves the Romans, who have huge fighting forces, many more slaves than the Gauls, and a complex social formation they call "urbanization," are being led by a man named Caesar with the goal of conquering the Gauls. From the information we received from the southern band, urbanization creates such widespread forest destruction that the Gauls may be the least of our long-term problems. I have not seen these Romans. However, if the stories the southern band tell us are true, I'm not sure there is a word in our language to describe this vast instrument of death, but Leviathan seems like a good descriptor. Although it seems unlikely, we may have to consider a final effort to make reconciliation with the Gauls so we can join in a united resistance. Based on our experiences with the Gauls and the stories of the most recent newcomers, I fear our ultimate fate is to disappear along with the forest.



STRENGTH FROM THE LAND!

Intruders may hold sway for centuries but they will eventually be pushed from the land or the land itself will destroy them.

—Vine Deloria, Jr., *Custer Died for Your Sins*



Indigenous Struggles from Around the World

Landless Storm Brazilian Congress

In early June, hundreds of landless Brazilian farm workers stormed a congressional building in the capital, Brasilia. The protesters, carrying sticks and farm tools, smashed windows, tables and doors, overturned a car and clashed with police and security guards. Officials said about 500 people were arrested and more than 25 hurt, one seriously. Most of the protesters, members of a militant offshoot of Brazil's main landless movement, managed to force their way into an annex of the lower house of Brazil's Congress in Brasilia. They reached a room next to one of the two main debating

chambers where a parliamentary session was taking place. The protesters smashed furniture and windows, and destroyed a car that was being displayed as part of a prize draw for congressional staff. The demonstrators said they had entered the building to demand an end to what they called slave labour and changes to Brazil's legislation to speed up land reform.

In a statement, President Lula condemned the unrest as an act of vandalism against democracy. It was a major embarrassment for the leader who claims support from farm workers and the landless. When he was elected in 2003, the president promised to buy disused land and redistribute it to poor families with

no home of their own. But the socialist government has come in for major criticism for doing nothing to accelerate the process, failing to live up to its election promises to find homes for 400,000 families by 2006.

Indigenous Residents and Environmentalists

Blockade Road in Ontario

On July 13, indigenous residents of Kenora, environmentalists, and their supporters shut down a portion of the Trans-Canadian Highway to demand an end to clear-cut logging on traditional native land. The 100 or so demonstrators blocked the road with a thirty-foot tripod that one demonstrator perched on top of. A banner attached to the top of the tripod read "Save Grassy Narrows Boreal Forest". Other protesters locked themselves to cement filled oil drums and the axle of a Weyerhaeuser logging truck. The blockaders said that they would allow vehicles that were not involved with the logging to pass but the Ontario Provincial Police have diverted all traffic through smaller Kenora roads rather than attempt to dislodge the blockade. Weyerhaeuser, the world's largest logging company, has a reputation for clear-cutting and logging forests in an ecologically devastating manner and disregarding the indigenous peoples who claim the land.

"The clear-cutting of the land is an attack on our people," said Roberta Keesick, a Grassy Narrows resident, blockader, grandmother, and trapper. "The land is the basis of who we are. Our culture is a land-based culture, and the destruction of the land is the destruction of our culture.

Weyerhaeuser and the McGuinty government don't want us on the land, they want us out of the way so they can take the resources. We can't allow them to carry on with this cultural genocide."

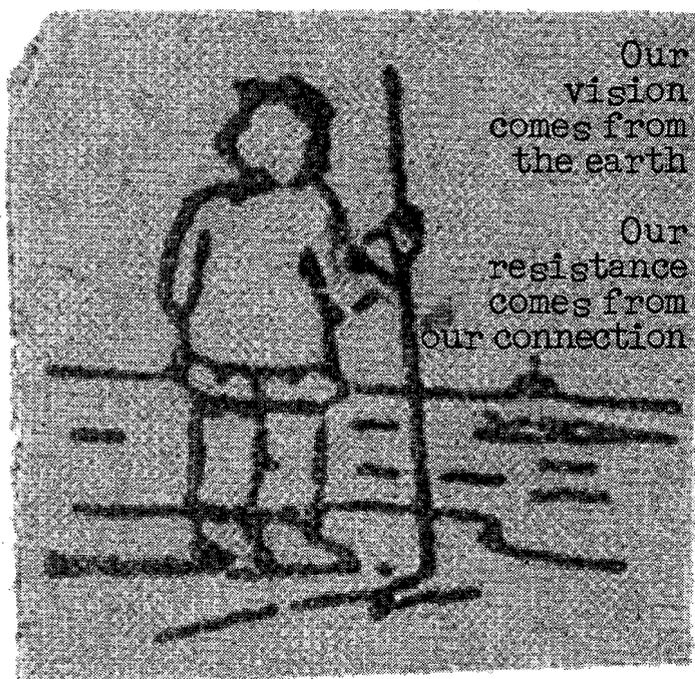
Mayan-Q'eqchi' People Occupy Nickel Mine

On September 18, hundreds of Mayan Indian families invaded land "owned" by a Canadian nickel mining company, demanding they cede a section for subsistence farming. Skye Resources Inc. plan to reopen a long-dormant nickel project near Guatemala's Lake Izabal and begin producing 11,000 tons of ferro-nickel late in 2008. But environmental concerns and disputes over land rights prompted the Mayan Indians living near the site to occupy two different areas of the mining company's claim.

"People are building houses and it looks like they are not planning on leaving anytime soon," said Daniel Vogt, who represents local Mayan development group Aepdi. The company said it is open to negotiation but that the townspeople refused to enter into discussions to resolve the dispute. Mine official Omar Dieguez told Reuters, "We would like to resolve this or else there could be conflicts once we start operations."

New Zealand Tribe Blocks Road To Protect Forest

On September 30, Tuhoë tribe members blockaded the Matahi Valley Road to Te Urewera National Park in Whakatane, New Zealand, in order to ensure that the Matahi Forest near Waimana is not logged. The 94,300 hectares of timberland was



purchased last year by Rayonier, a Florida-based multi-national company. The tribe, however, claims that they have sole rights to the land and that the \$435 million purchase was not legal. The demonstrators plan to maintain their blockade of the road until Rayonier abandons their plans to destroy the forest. Local police have stated that they have no plans to do anything about the blockade, which is expected to continue indefinitely. Blockaders have made exceptions for local residents and emergency vehicles.

Mapuche Take To the Streets in Chile

On October 5, in the outskirts of the University of Concepción in Chile, members of the indigenous Mapuche group "Coordinadora Arauco Malleco" (CAM) and supporters of the Mapuche struggle took to the streets to protest against all the abuses committed against the Mapuche people. The repression against the Mapuche people is surpassing any limit, which led to the recent raising of barricades to completely stop traffic. After maintaining the street blockade for more than 20 minutes, a bank branch of the Banco Santander was attacked. Immediately afterwards, the repressive forces showed up, attacking with a water cannon and tear gas until entering the university in search of the masked blockade participants. After 40 minutes of combat, with various tires set on fire and a large quantity of Molotov firebombs thrown, the police retreated, and nobody was arrested.

Below is from the communiqué distributed by The Coordinadora Arauco Malleco (CAM):

Freedom to all the Mapuche political prisoners, imprisoned by this corrupt judicial system, in connection with the Chilean government of the moment. Freedom is not obtained by negotiating or begging, nor with pitiful petitions. Freedom must be gained day by day, with resistance and struggle. Out with the forestry companies and the big land-owners, and the other capitalist vultures that despoil Mapuche territory and its wealth. For the right to freedom as a people, life, the dignity of the children, the elderly, and for the defense of our territory, and in memory of our Weichafe Alex Lemun, we will continue struggling. [...]

FOR TERRITORY AND AUTONOMY WITH OUR HEROES LEFRARU, PELANTARO, LEMUN, AND OTHERS WITH THE DIGNITY OF OUR PRISONERS AND PERSECUTED COORDINADORA DE COMUNIDADES MAPUCHE EN CONFLICTO ARAUCO-MALLECO (CAM)

Ongoing Struggle in Oaxaca, Mexico

On October 28, following the murder of independent U.S. journalist and anarchist Brad Will on the barricades (see State Repression News, page 92) by a death squad in the employ of Governor Ruiz – a leading member of the Party of the Institutional Revolution – President Vicente Fox moved in thousands of Federal Preventative Police, who retook the central plaza of Oaxaca. Since then, the dissidents have waged a fierce resistance from behind barricades thrown up throughout the state. Thousands of protesters driven from the center of Oaxaca after months of paralyzing demonstrations have vowed to retake the main plaza.



A day after riot police moved in, the city resembled a battleground, its streets littered with charred cars and lines of police blocking entrances to the city center. The protests began as a teachers' strike but was quickly fueled into a rebellion as indigenous groups, anarchists, and students seized the central plaza and barricaded streets.

From June through October of this year, Oaxaca was largely under the control of a provisional popular government known as the Oaxaca Peoples Popular Assembly (APPO) and guided by the local traditional indigenous means of decision making.

In July, 25 masked paramilitaries carrying "cartuchos" (military grade high powered automatic weapons) arrived at Radio Universidad and fired shots in an attempt to gain access to the station and shut down the transmitter. Despite losing the signal for less than an hour the station's occupants were able to hold off the attackers. A portion of the confrontation and chaos was broadcast, sending dozens of nearby supporters to the scene. In August, a group of about 350 women and children, armed with only wooden spoons, took control of the state-owned television station, Channel 9. The women are members or supporters of the teachers union who have occupied the city's main plaza for a number of months. The women are now using the station to broadcast on two radio frequencies and air a video of the brutal June 14 police action which initiated the larger rebellion (see GA #23 for details). Every government building was occupied by the demonstrators who called for the resignation of Governor Ulises Ruiz Ortiz.

Federal police retook the capitol city in a military-style invasion at the end of October. At night, police ride through the streets of the city in white pick-up trucks, kicking down the doors of suspected movement sympathizers, beating them, and sending them to prisons on the other side of the country where they are subjected to torture. But signs of resistance are everywhere – most visibly in the form of the graffiti that appears every night on walls that had been white-washed just hours earlier.

On its surface, the uprising in Oaxaca was initially a response to

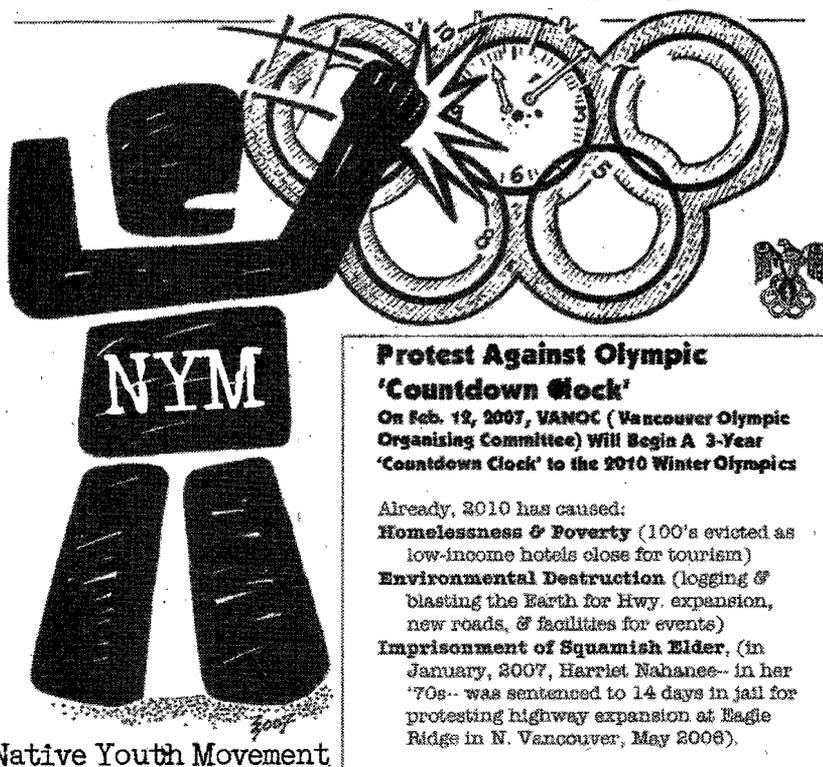
a brutal pre-dawn police attack on striking teachers and their families camped out in the Zocalo on June 14. Enraged Oaxacans came to the teachers' defense, literally beating back the police and retaking the square. But anger had been simmering in Oaxaca, the poorest state in Mexico, and one with the largest indigenous population. The state, ruled for over seventy years by the Party of the Institutional Revolution (PRI), is in desperate poverty. Jobs and land are awarded to party operatives. The current governor, Ulises Ruiz Ortiz, is believed to have looted the state treasury in order to help fund the campaign of his party's presidential candidate, Roberto Madrazo. Meanwhile, U.S. and Canadian companies extract timber, uranium, gold, silver, and water from the area. But the biggest force responsible for Oaxaca's poverty is a global economic system bent on eradicating subsistence agriculture, replacing small farms with massive plantations, and turning farmers into low wage factory workers, all in the name of economic

efficiency and maximizing profits. The North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) destroyed Oaxaca's millennia-old corn-growing culture in the 1990's. Oaxaca is the place where the world's first corn was grown. Small farmers growing traditional varieties of corn to feed themselves and sell to their neighbors could no longer compete with massive government subsidized corporate corn farms in the Midwestern U.S. growing genetically modified corn using petroleum fertilizers and pesticides. To add insult to injury, when a few farmers planted the GMO corn they bought from the U.S., the pollen from their fields contaminated neighboring corn fields, ruining Oaxaca's genetic treasury by turning heirloom varieties of corn into strange hybrids. A few years later, Oaxaca's coffee farms took a hit when Vietnam began producing cheap, abundant coffee on the advice of international financial institutions, making the bottom fall out of the coffee market. In recent years, most young Oaxacan men and many young Oaxacan women left their communities to search for work in the U.S. or in the maquiladora factories of northern Mexico. 150,000 people leave Oaxaca every year.

(continued on next page)

Homelessness, Ecological Destruction, Corporate Invasion of Native Lands, Huge Profits for Corporations, Massive Public Debt, Increased Police Repression & Surveillance...
Let's Stand Together & Show the World There is:

NO TIME for the Olympics!



Protest Against Olympic 'Countdown Clock'

On Feb. 12, 2007, VANOC (Vancouver Olympic Organizing Committee) Will Begin A 3-Year 'Countdown Clock' to the 2010 Winter Olympics

Already, 2010 has caused:
Homelessness & Poverty (100's evicted as low-income hotels close for tourism)
Environmental Destruction (logging & blasting the Earth for Hwy. expansion, new roads, & facilities for events)
Imprisonment of Squamish Elder, (in January, 2007, Harriet Nahanee- in her '70s- was sentenced to 14 days in jail for protesting highway expansion at Eagle Ridge in N. Vancouver, May 2006).

... more Indigenous Struggles from Around the World

(continued from previous page)

In the town of Zaachilla, outside Oaxaca City, the people drove out their Municipal President and installed a popular government in July in the culmination of a long simmering dispute over the unpopular sale of community land to a company partially owned by the Governor and the outgoing Mexican President's wife for the construction of upscale housing developments to be inhabited by Oaxaca's business elite and U.S. retirees.

There are arrest warrants out for dozens of people in Zaachilla - the members of the provisional municipal government, most of the town's teachers, even a woman in her eighties who was photographed at a march in the city. Plainclothes police drive through the town on motorcycles, snatching people up. The men who are arrested are beaten, many women who are arrested are sexually assaulted: both are sent to prisons in the distant state of Nayarit, a twenty hour drive away. Thugs believed to have been hired by the ousted Municipal President have vandalized the schools, and state and federal police have gone into classrooms searching for teachers involved in the popular movement.

A march by the APPO and its supporters on November 25, was brutally suppressed by the federal troops unleashing elements of Ruiz's ministerial police who burnt down the Assembly's encampments, raided APPO offices, and broke into hospitals and private homes hunting protestors. More than 160 militants detained by state and federal cops have been shipped out of state to prisons as far north as Matamoros on the U.S. border in a concerted plan to crush the self-designated "Commune of Oaxaca."

At the height of the uprising, the area was bustling with energy, filled with music, and bright banners. Today there are tanks in the middle of each of the streets leading into the square and police tents along the wall of the cathedral. There is a giant display of poinsettias on one side of the square, the government's attempt to give the appearance that the people of Oaxaca City welcome the Federal Preventative Police. Police in grey uniforms play arcade games and lick ice cream cones, assault rifles strapped to their backs. But overwhelmingly, there is silence.

Brazilian Mining Complex Occupied by Xikrin Resisters

On November 19, a group of about 200 Xikrin Indians ended their occupation of the Carajas mining complex, after hundreds of natives wielding war clubs and bows and arrows stormed the Amazon mining site, shutting it down, and taking hostages. According to owners, Brazilian based Companhia Vale do Rio Doce (CVRD), "the Indians damaged equipment, stole workers' belongings, sacked the restaurant... and took control of radio communications." It is believed that the native people were demanding more compensation from CVRD. The Carajas mining complex produces 250,000 tons of iron ore daily. The occupation blocked the export of 500,000 tons of ore. Members of the Guajajara tribe followed through on a threat to block CVRD's railway line from Carajas in December 2005 and then did so again last February and took four CVRD employees hostage to press demands for better public health care. The hostages were freed after two days.

And a palpable sense that things could explode at any minute. And inexplicably there is graffiti on a wall a few feet away from one of the tanks. The tension is not likely to decrease, as the economic, political, and cultural dynamics will not easily change.

Asked to characterize the current moment in Oaxaca, Miguel Vasquez says, "There are legends in Oaxaca of people hiding beneath the rocks, and then coming back as animals ... So maybe that's what's happening right now, people are hiding during this incredible strife that is happening right now. But perhaps they will return." A people who have survived 500 years of outsiders trying to eradicate their culture are a force to be reckoned with.

Navajo Fight Power Plant Construction in New Mexico

On December 14, Navajo Elders and Burnham, NM residents erected barricades across roads to a new power plant construction site when they discovered that drilling had begun without their knowledge or consent. Sithe Global, in cooperation with the Dine Power authority, plans to construct the 1500 megawatt coal-fired power plant on traditional Navajo land. Eloise Brown of Sanostee said, "The local residents are not protesters but are resisters. Who would be happy if a well is being dug in their backyard especially when it is done in secrecy? So, how can those residents be considered protesters when they are simply standing up for their rights to have clean air, water, and environment."

North American Native Political Prisoners:

Byron Shane Chubbuck #07909051, US Penitentiary, PO Box 26030, Beaumont, TX, 77705. Indigenous activist serving time for robbing banks to acquire funds to support the Zapatista rebellion in Chiapas.

Eddie Hatcher #0173499, Marion Correctional Institute, POB 2045, Marion, NC 28752. Longtime Native freedom-fighter being framed for a murder he did not commit.

Leonard Peltier #89637-132, USP Terre Haute, U.S. Penitentiary, 4700 Bureau Road South, Terre Haute, IN 47802. American Indian Movement (AIM) activist, serving two life sentences, having been framed for the murder of two FBI agents.

Luis V. Rodriguez #C33000, PO Box 7500, Crescent City, CA 95532-7500. Apache/Chicano activist being framed for the murder of two cops.

Tewahnee Sahme #11186353, SRCL, 777 Stanton Blvd, Ontario, OR 97914. Dedicated Native rights advocate serving additional time for a prison insurgency.

David Scalera (Looks Away) #13405480, TRCL, 82911 Beach Access Rd, Umatilla, OR 97882. Dedicated Native rights advocate serving additional time for a prison insurgency.

THE GARDEN *by Jesús Sepúlveda* OF PECULIARITIES

FRAGMENT 24

In 1987, J.A. Lagos Nilsson published in Buenos Aires the anarchist manifesto “*Contracultura y provocación*” (Counterculture and Provocation), in opposition to the hackneyed terms culture and civilization, terms which were utilized by the dictatorships of Argentina and Chile to justify themselves and rationalize their genocidal practices. For Lagos Nilsson, the cultural world is a model, a pattern, a frame, or a reference: it is what standardizes. In this way, standardizing culture and civilization are a product of the expansion of instrumental reason, which is manifested psychologically as the projection of the ego over nature. Alienation produces the estrangement of the subject from the world, causing the subject to become strange to the external world and to him or herself. This is the sickness that is transmitted in the pipeline of ideology. In this whirlwind, only art and poetry liberate and de-alienate. This liberating action is rooted in the counterculture, which is nothing more than a form of a meaningful provocation. For obvious reasons, the counterculture negates the official culture and advocates for the right of peculiarity. Clearly then, counterculture does not make pacts or coexist with power, although the latter tries to co-opt the former. If it achieves co-option, counterculture becomes nothing more than a fetish of consumption, or a museum piece that power hangs on the lapel of its jacket like a military medal.

Power perpetuates itself through the practice of repression and the sickness of alienation. If it's true that alienation is a practice of the symbolic, it still is not necessarily an expression of symbolic culture. The distinction between the symbolic and symbolic culture permits one to distinguish between representation and the reifying substitution of reality, and the aesthetic manifestation of being. Confusing civilization with culture means mixing two equidistant manifestations. Civilization is the projection of instrumental reason. Its most sublime expression is embedded in the cities, which, legitimized as second nature, organize the process of ideological and social training in modern subliminal concentration camps. Culture, instead, when it emanates from the subject, is a form of being, or a counterculture. Culture regulates itself through the interaction of being. In civilization, on the other hand, whose game board of interaction is the market, true self-regulating mechanisms do not exist, since its base of support is utility, profit and usury. Civilization is, therefore, one-dimensional.

In contrast, culture is multiple, peculiar and multifaceted. What orients the forms of cultural manifestation is being. Doing relates to manipulation and production. And while this can be a creative act, it is profoundly tied to instrumental functionality. Being and creation interweave the thread of culture. Truly, we all have culture, that is, a way of being. And if it's true that culture mediates our experience, then our being is cultural.

The struggles of the indigenous communities in Latin America are nothing less than the battle for the defense of their culture against the penetration of the civilizing machine and standardizing culture. The culture of a community is the aesthetic manifestation of its communitarian being. This is symbolic culture.

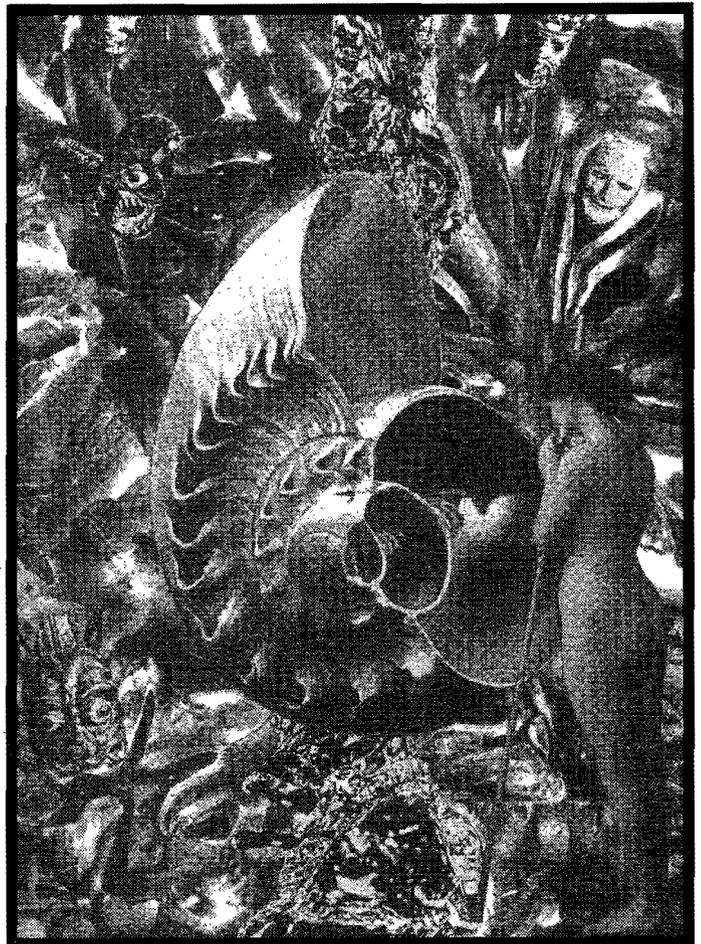
Neanderthal men and women, who disappeared approximately thirty thousand years ago, created polished rock figurines and constructed flutes from bear bones which were capable of playing as many as three musical notes: do, re, mi. They also had a form of communication and spiritual and artistic activities. Symbolic culture does not necessarily drive down a civilizing highway with no exit. The Maya, for example, abandoned their cities without any explanation. It is likely that they had understood in some moment, that their civilization was not sustainable, although there is no concrete proof of that. It is also possible that they had a clear understanding that the technology that they would develop would be so drastic that they would not be able to return to the earth what they had taken from it. This cosmology of retribution still forms a part of the symbolic culture of the Maya, whose understanding of nature easily surpasses the modern western cosmologies.

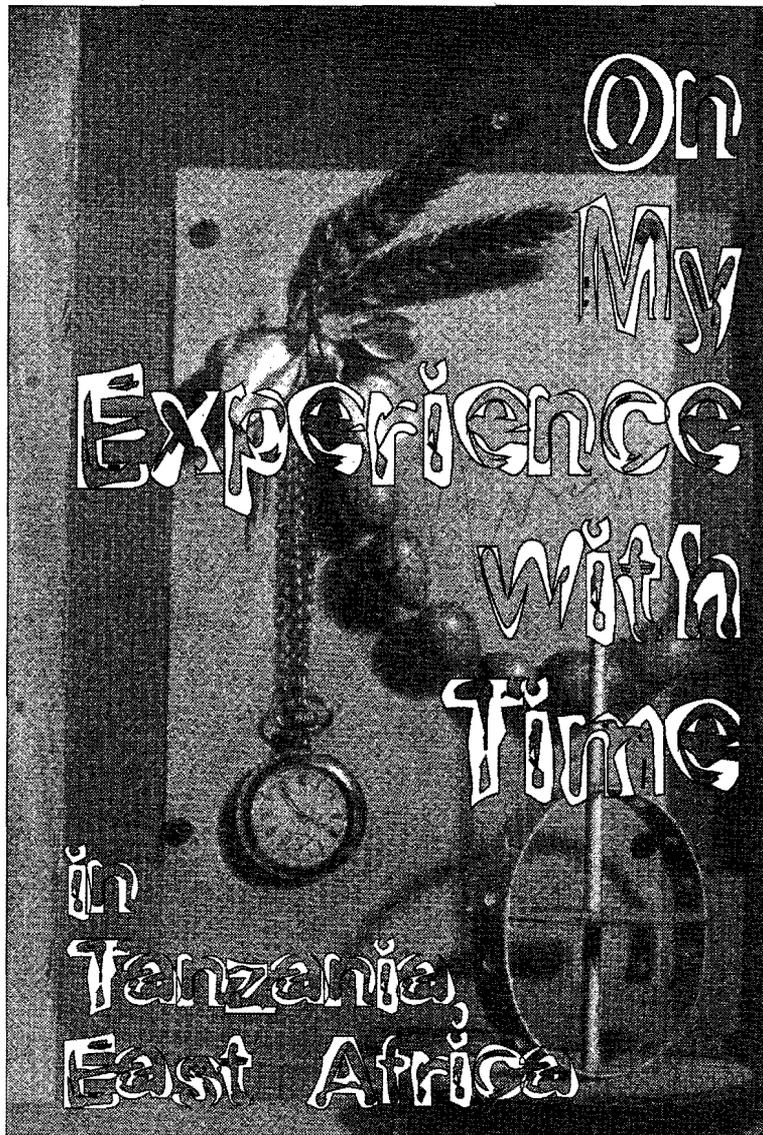
In contrast with the Mayan culture, western civilization and its replicas have provoked nothing but the accelerated destruction of nature. When Marcuse proposes that history

negates nature, he refers to civilizing culture—standardization—and not human culture as the expression of being. The manifestation of being is aesthetic and cultural. This manifestation turns radical when it becomes the peculiar expression of being. For this reason, to negate a person's way of being is to colonize him or her. This practice reproduces the expansive impulse of civilization, which is nothing more than the destruction of nature and human beings. Civilization, therefore, colonizes and domesticates culture, reducing it to a standard category—the official culture. To not recognize that every creature on the planet has a manner of being—every cat, bird, plant, flower, ourselves—is to negate the peculiarity of nature. To negate culture is to standardize. Human beings have different ways of being. Everyone sees, feels and appreciates the world culturally. Every culture is peculiar. Constellations of peculiarities are cultural forms that turn into the idiosyncrasies of subjects.

The genocides and ecocides of the North and South American continents have moved in one main direction: to negate indigenous culture. Culture, indeed, is counter to civilization. They are not synonymous, but distinct territories. Civilization implies standardization; culture, peculiarity.

Translation by Daniel Montero





is "when everyone gets here." The answer to "when will the bus leave?" is "when all the seats are filled."

And even though I was still chronically late (10 minutes or so) in Tanzania, I was early. At the local high school where I worked, they had a running joke about my punctuality. I was the resident "mzungu" (Swahili for "white person"), and I would often hear people joke that "mzungu is always on time!" They were shocked when I taught the entire 70 minute period, or waited outside the door for the previous teacher to finish so I could begin...on time. One day I asked my colleague and friend Laizer to come to the classroom at 1:15 to take a picture of the students and me. I kept stressing that he be there *kilamara*, Swahili for "on time." I told him that for this occasion I was using *mzungu* time, not *mwaafrika* time. Mzungu time is 1:15 as stated, not an hour later. Much to my surprise, at 1:15 I heard a knock on the classroom door. In walked Laizer with a clock in his hand and he said "Mwaafrika is on time!" to the laughter of all the students.

Maybe I wasn't the lazy, spacey, late slacker I thought I was. Maybe I'd just been born in the wrong country.

Time as Nonlinear (or the Experience of No Time)

"The distinction between past, present, and future is only a stubbornly persistent illusion." - Einstein

"The sense of passing time is not keen among tribal peoples, for example, who do not mark it with calendars or clocks." - Zerzan

As the months passed, time began to take on a different complexion in East Africa. I would notice it in small moments, maybe leaning in a doorway drinking a soda, or sitting and watching kids play soccer. At those times I had no goal, no agenda, no direction, no plans, no place to be, no place to go, and no time by which I had to leave. It was like I had finally disengaged from the train tracks I had been on all my life. It was some kind of unexpected balm I sorely needed, or an exhalation that was years in the making. It was as if linear time didn't exist.

When I lived in America, time always felt like it just marched on, as if I was plowing through every minute, aware of every marked moment. I was always aware of how long something took, how long it felt, or how long something would potentially last. But that's not quite how it happened for me in Tanzania. Instead, I existed in a timelessness. At one point I pondered the three months I remaining before returning home and it seemed both like a really long time, and a really short time, all at the same time. I felt like I had just arrived in Africa, while simultaneously like I'd been there forever. It was always both and neither, one and the other, though not really that or anything at all. Time slipped away without you noticing it, but stayed with you as something permanent. Time was the present, and the present was a timelessness. I finally understood Wittgenstein's quote not only with my head, but also in my bones: "Only a man that lives not in time but in the present is happy."

Is It Today or Tomorrow?

When my volunteer/friend Valerie had a birthday, and I asked her if she had gotten a bunch of birthday e-mails yet, she said no. We figured it was because we were a day ahead of America. It was Tuesday to us but it wasn't quite Tuesday yet in the states. Tanzania was a day ahead.

A day ahead?
With my new sense of African timelessness, that seemed absurd. We were a day ahead of America? Of course not. No one is "ahead" in time. There is no ahead, there's just now. It's now here and it's now there. If Tanzania were a day ahead, I would have checked the football scores, called up Vegas and made a killing.

Mr. Punctual

All my life I've been late. I was late for class, late for church, late for doctors' appointments. At age ten I was in a swim team carpool, and I was so late that my neighbor Mrs. Norton said, "Steve's speed is so slow, it's backwards." As I got older, I always shrugged it off by saying life was too boring when you're on time. Where's the fun in leaving early so you don't have to rush? Why leave the house in a calm stroll with keys in hand and time to spare? I prefer the frenzied search for my keys, running to the car, and running every yellow light in sight.

I always hated how my German father wasn't only on time, but early for everything. If we were going to Aunt Pat's for Christmas Eve, and we were supposed to be there at 5, and it took 30 minutes to get there, we would leave around 2:30pm.

But when I got to Tanzania, East Africa, to spend a year teaching, I had arrived in the land of late. They worked on something called "African time," which is another way to say "really late." I had heard of a lot of different references to a country's "time" in my travels, and it always meant "we're less punctual than you Americans." When I was in Ecuador it was referred to as "Ecu-time." When I was on the Lakota Sioux Indian Reservation, our guide Whirlwind Soldier called it "Indian-time." Even in America I had heard prejudiced whites refer to "black people's time."

But in Tanzania, "African-time" meant *very* late, even later than Ecuadorians and the Sioux. Graduation at the high school where I taught started three hours late. A classic answer to "when will this start?"

I felt that linear time, as I had known it, was completely arbitrary. Einstein's comment that time was merely "a persistent illusion" began to make sense. Maybe the whole "time" thing was made up. A human invention and possibly a human oppressor. There is no "earlier" or "later", no "before" or "after." No one has experienced any of those words, because there's just now. We *think* that England is a day ahead of America, but that's impossible. That's just what they say, that's just what we've all agreed upon.

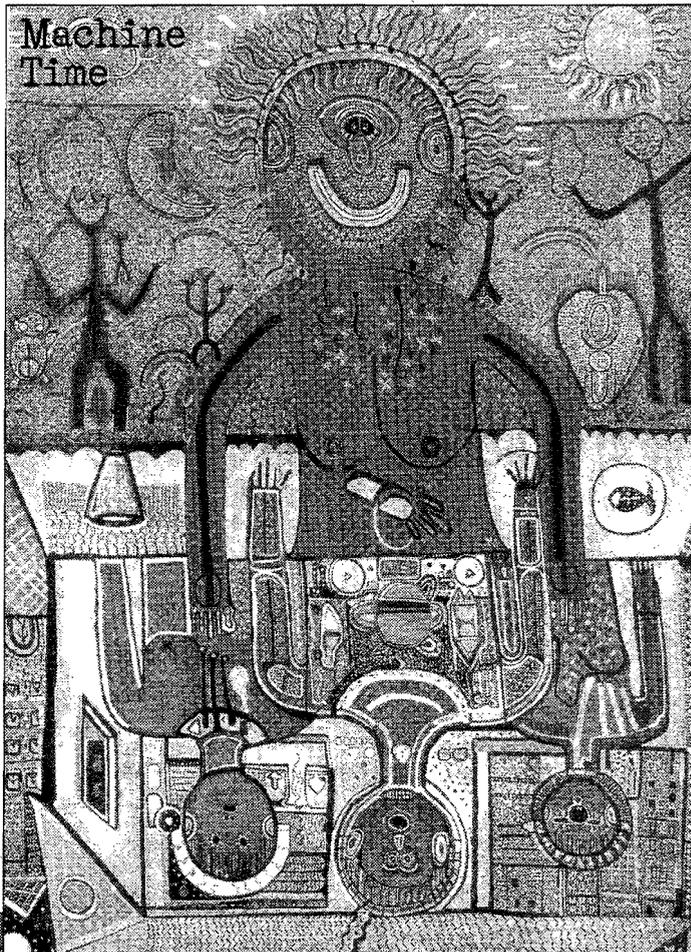
And Where Are You Going to Go?

Soon I concluded that linear time was directly related to linear movement. To go from point A to point B implied that time would pass as you moved forward. But with time falling away, moving from point A to point B began to fall away too. I started to have nowhere to go, and it was just fine.

My first taste of this was with Sampson, who often accompanied me anytime I had to walk down dirt paths in the evenings.

Sampson walked slow. Really slow. When we walked home I often found him about 5 yards behind me. I thought he's actually STOPPED sometimes. But after I slowed down to his pace night after night, I came to realize what his walk was saying to me. It was saying:

"Slow DOWN, you Westerner. What's the rush? Why are you always going from one place to the next? You're on this path. Now. I bet you rush around so much that you've forgotten you're alive. Going from one goal to the next goal to the next goal, never being where you are, never living the moment. What is it exactly that you want to accomplish? Do you have to rush home so that you can rush to the next thing? And then what? You can 'achieve' more? Did it ever make you happy?



When you achieve more will you then consume more? Will achievement mean more technology and a faster pace and more paved roads and more industrialization and more traffic? Will it mean more money? For another trip to the mall? For goodness sakes, slow down. You're on a bumpy dirt road, you're in Moshi, and you haven't even looked up at Mt. Kilimanjaro. The tallest free-standing mountain in the world is in your sight and you missed it because you had some place you 'had to be'."

My next experience of going nowhere was when I was talking to my mwafrika friend and colleague Bwana Mwash. He often told me about African life, and on this particular day he was telling me how he spends his Sundays. For him and many East Africans, it's a day of extended church service, a mass spanning an entire afternoon that includes dancing, singing, prayers, conversation, and worship. He invited me to go with him sometime, but I was a bit daunted by a religion I don't

believe in and a church service in a language I don't speak. So I said "But a 3 hour service? That's a long time."

He cocked his head and looked at me quizzically, paused, then said, "and where are you going to go?"

His comment struck me. Where *was* I going to go?

Honestly, I had no answer. No answer on my tongue, but a Zen-like epiphany in my head. Where was I going to go? Where did I need to be exactly? Where do I always think I'm going? Where is anybody *ever* going? Do we ever get there? Are we ever glad we got there? What did we sacrifice in trying to *get* somewhere?

What about all my attempts to "be successful" throughout my life? Did it ever bring me true serenity? Did I ever have an extended period of here-and-now contentment? Why try to get "there" when I'm already "here," and "here" is rather nice?

I wondered: if I stop sacrificing where I am by always trying to arrive, I might be delightfully cradled in a somewhere. Finally. A somewhere that might even feel like home.

—Steve Jordan

Trikuarena (The Hedgehog)

Eventually night falls, the eagles disappear
and the hedgehog.

Frog, Snail, Spider, Worm, Insect,

Leaves the river and walks up the side of the
mountain,

as confident as his spines

as any warrior with his shield in Sparta or in
Corinth;

and suddenly he crosses the border, the line
that separates the earth and the grass from
the new road;

with one step he enters your time and mine,
and since his dictionary of the universe
has not been corrected or updated
in the last seven thousand years,

he does not recognize the lights of our car,
and does not even realize that he is going
to die.

—Joseba Irazu Garmendia,
a.k.a. Bernardo Atxaga

SPRING/SUMMER '07 ISSUE

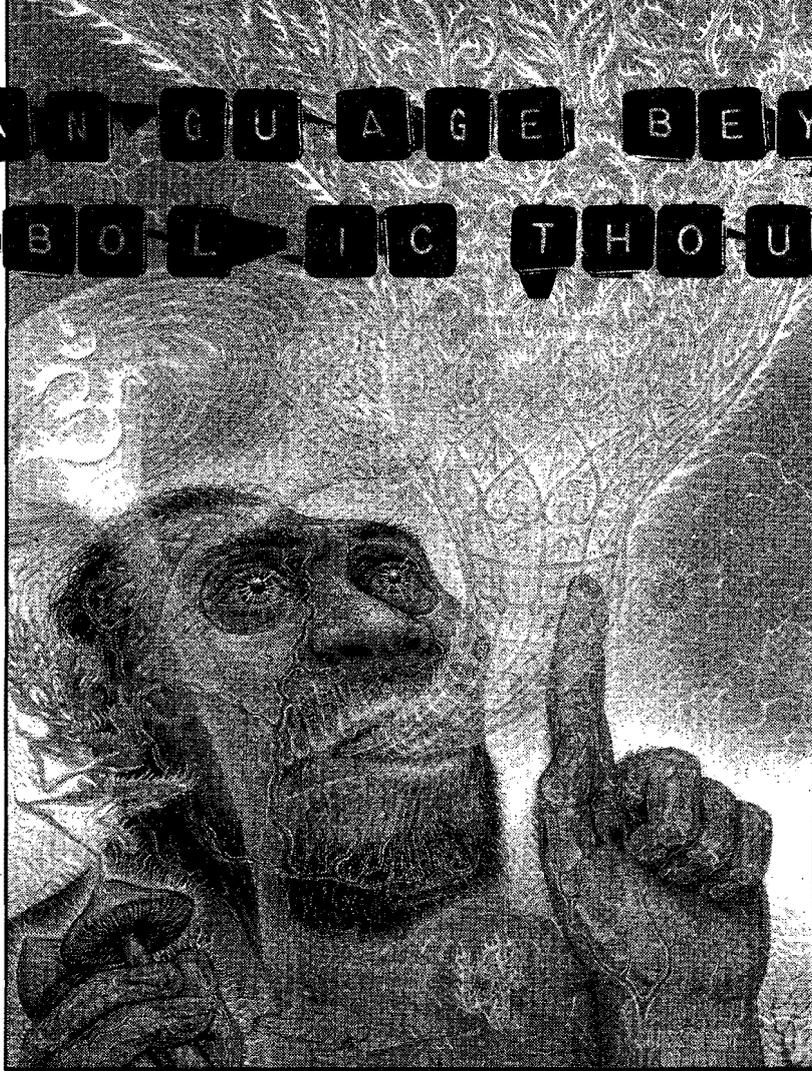
A LANGUAGE BEYOND SYMBOLIC THOUGHT

by Thomas
Toivonen

The Piraha people have a very unusual language and are one of many living proofs that Noam Chomsky's theory, "that our language is the result of the unfolding of a genetically determined program", is wrong.

What is exactly the structure of language in general? According to Chomsky, a baby can have a large body of prior knowledge about, and need only actually learn, the idiosyncratic features of the language(s) it is exposed to. Why has it been impossible for feral children to learn how to speak (more than a few words) after being found after a certain age? If the theory of universal grammar would be true (and the false assumption that our brains are genetically pre-wired it is based on) then these feral children should have the ability to learn how to speak at least at the basic grammatical level which is (according to Chomsky) universal to the human race. But they don't; unless they are exposed to language in the early years of life, they will only at most, be able to learn a few words and no grammar at all. Instead they communicate like wolves (if being raised by wolves) or like apes (if being raised by apes).

The interesting thing about Chomsky's theory about universal grammar is that it is based on an English philosopher named Roger Bacon, who lived during the thirteenth century, and his so-called observation that all languages are built upon a common underlying grammar and completely ignores later observations of the variety of structure in the languages of humans. "Some languages have no gender classes, some two, others three and Sotho even has six. Furthermore, languages use a limited subset from 757 phonemes (observed in a total of 317 languages) very differently. They do so with a varying number of consonants and vowels from as low as 11 in the case of the Polynesian Mura [and South American Piraha] to 148 in the African !xu or !Kung. Most average between 20 and 35. This is not explained by Chomskyan theory. It appears



that 'Universal Grammar' is not a scientific fact but a program which for theoretical reasons assumes that language has a universal core. It is an assumption which Chomskyans have constantly failed to establish." – Mario Vaneechoutte and John R. Skoyles, *The memetic origin of language: modern humans as musical primates*.

What Chomsky is doing (by establishing a set of questionable premises) is to propagate that symbolic thought, which is the base of "universal grammar", is hardwired in our brains as a result of evolution. This is not only unproven but it is also degrading toward people like the Piraha and reveals either a racist or a colonialist attitude against those whose language features a lack of recursion, since the theory proposed by Chomsky, Hauser and Fitch is that recursion is a crucial and uniquely human language property. From a Chomskyan belief system the Piraha people would either be genetically inferior – less than human or victims to a degenerated society that has forgotten what it means to be human – since The Piraha have no subordinate and relative clauses in their language. Each sentence stands alone and refers to a single event. Instead of "If it rains, I will not go", they say: "Raining I go not."

"I tried to transcribe everything I heard," says Professor Everett, now a fluent Piraha speaker. "I tried desperately to find structures I thought every language had but I couldn't find them. I was sure it was my inexperience in not being able to see them, but actually it was that they just weren't there..."

– Elizabeth Davies, *Unlocking the secret sounds of language: Life without time or numbers*

To a person that has spent his/her whole life communicating via abstract symbols this kind of language would of course be baffling. Their language can be whistled as well as spoken, sung, or even hummed while eating because its a complex tonal language. It also has to be understood on an intuitive level. In fact, they don't believe that foreigners can understand them

even after they have learned to speak their language.

"Though Chomsky reiterated the argument [Poverty Of Stimulus] in a variety of different manners, one common structure to the argument can be summed up as follows:

1. There are patterns in all natural languages (i.e. human languages) that cannot be learned by children using positive evidence alone. Positive evidence is the set of grammatical sentences the language learner has access to, that is, by observing the speech of others. Negative evidence, on the other hand, is the evidence available to the language learner about what is not grammatical. For instance, when a parent corrects a child's speech, the child acquires negative evidence.
2. Children are only ever presented with positive evidence for these particular patterns, for example. They only hear others speaking using sentences that are "right", not those that are "wrong".
3. Children do learn the correct grammars for their native languages.

Conclusion. Therefore, human beings must have some form of innate linguistic capacity which provides additional knowledge to language learners."

The premise that leads to this conclusion is criticized by those who argue that the brain's mechanisms of statistical pattern recognition could solve many of the imagined difficulties of learning a language using positive evidence alone. It is also questioned that children actually learn a language only by positive evidence. There is also a huge difference between an adult person's learning ability compared to a child's. My seven year old nephew has no problem with using the computer to surf on the internet on his own while my 58 year old mother found it very difficult to understand how to use a computer. It is a complicated task, especially for an inexperienced child, to learn how to use a computer, by positive evidence alone.

Does this mean that Cro-Magnon had an innate knowledge for computers over 40,000 years before any existing computer and the internet? From an evolutionary point, how could this be possible? Or was it perhaps God's divine plan that humans someday would spend their lives in front of a computer? "Therefore God created Adam and Eve to become skilled surfers of the net, and he saw that it was good." Or is it perhaps, so that Homo Sapiens Sapiens has an innate ability to learn, and that this ability to learn is enhanced during a critical period, with heightened sensitivity to certain environmental stimuli. And is it possible that if we aren't receiving stimuli, that is necessary for learning certain things, during this "critical period", it can be difficult and sometimes even impossible, to learn these things later in life.

The theory of universal grammar can't be falsified, making it as invalid as Intelligent Design or its Reductio ad absurdum; The Flying Spaghetti Monster, from a scientific view. Bobby Henderson (The highest priest of The Holy Church of The Spaghetti Monster) and The Pastafarian argument that "global warming, earthquakes, hurricanes, and other natural disasters are a direct effect of the shrinking numbers of pirates since the 1800's" is a ludicrous

example of a theory that can't be falsified. "If the Intelligent Design theory is not based on faith, but instead another scientific theory, as is claimed, then you must also allow our theory [The Flying Spaghetti Monster] to be taught,

as it is also based on science, not on faith." -Bobby Henderson wrote in a open letter to Kansas School Board.

Some interesting facts about the Piraha people: The lack of a collective memory more than two generations back because they are only concerned with matters that fall within their direct personal experience, thus making the advice of countless self-help gurus to "live in the present", "not to worry about the future" and "not to live in the past" unnecessary among these people since it is lived as something as obvious as eating and sleeping. The concept of living in the present may seem obvious to us too, who are living in the confinements of civilization, but is more or less impossible for us to follow more than a couple of short moments, many times as a result of vigorous spiritual practices. The few who have (supposedly) been able to escape the "suffering" of not being able to live in the present are seen as "enlightened".

"Joshu asked Nansen: 'What is the path?' Nansen said: 'Everyday life is the path.' Joshu asked: 'Can it be studied?' Nansen said: 'If you try to study, you will be far away from it.' Joshu asked: 'If I do not study, how can I know it is the path?' Nansen said: 'The path does not belong to the perception world, neither does it belong to the nonperception world. Cognition is a delusion and noncognition is senseless.



If you want to reach the true path beyond doubt, place yourself in the same freedom as sky. You name it neither good nor not-good.' At these words Joshu was enlightened."

- Zen Story

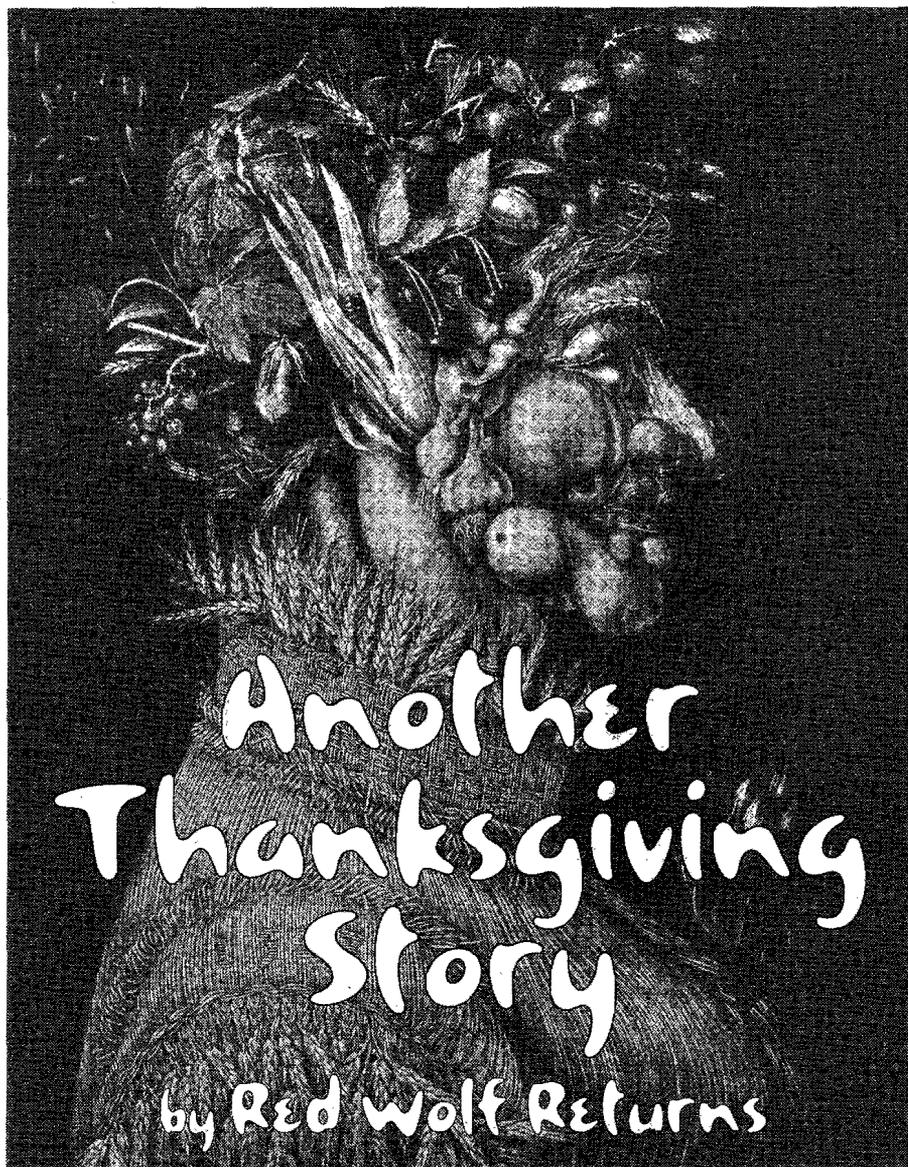
According to Piraha people, talking should concern only knowledge based on one's personal, immediate experience. No Piraha refers to abstract concepts or to distant places and times. Because of this they became very agitated and didn't want to continue with a reading lesson, held by the linguist Daniel Everett, when their word for "sky" was spoken aloud and in unison after months of hard work. At first they laughed at the fact that the word sounded as sky, but when Everett explained that it actually was the word for "sky" they asked to stop the lessons. Their reason for attending the class in the first place was to hang out with each other and that they were served popcorn.

The idea expressed by David Abram in *The Spell Of The Sensuous*: "that you read these printed words as tribal hunters once read the tracks of deer, moose, and bear printed in the soil of the forest floor" is simply not true. The tracks of the animal were not read by a tribal hunter because the track of an animal is not a symbol for the animal, nor was it made by the animal to form, for example, a symbol for the word sky. It is what it is, a track from an animal, and is experienced that way. Not only by collecting knowledge from the track by vision but the whole spectrum of the hunter's awareness. Can the meaning of a word, written on a piece of paper, be smelled? Can it be touched or tasted? The sky is up there and not on a piece of paper with scribbles for the Piraha people, because their word "sky" is not a mediation of experiencing the sky for them, it is a direct expression for experiencing the sky.

The Pirahas can't count or even understand the concept of numerals; they use only approximate measures. They also don't seem to like to be told that there is only one way to see things. But the Piraha people don't seem to be the only people that have had problems counting.

"...the PIE [Proto-Indo-European] word for "nine" seems to derive from the word for "new"; they suggest that "nine" may originally have been called "the new number", implying that having a name for such a big number ranked for PIE speakers as a whizzy technological breakthrough. (In English, the pronunciation of these two words

has developed rather differently, but notice that in German neun and neu are closer, and in French neuf has both meanings." - Geoffrey Sampson, What was the earliest ancestor of English like? (continued on page 63)



If you are here because you feel sorry for me, you are wasting your time, but if you are here because your life and destiny are linked with mine, then we will make a difference...

- Elizabeth Penashue, an Innu elder

A number of years back, I was living in Denver, Colorado and had gotten involved with a local group of political activists who were organizing in support of traditional Dine (Navajo) elders down in the four corners region of Arizona. The Elders were (and still are) resisting being relocated off their ancestral lands to make way for a huge coal strip-mine that's been headed their way for well over a decade. The coal mine's purpose is to supply energy for the power plants which provide electricity to the western U.S. power grid. (For more information on this issue see Black Mesa Indigenous Support's website at: <http://www.blackmesais.org/>)

Our group was called the Traditional Support Caravan (For more information, or to get involved, see: www.traditionalsupportcaravan.org) and was based out of Boulder. Our purpose was to use the week of Thanksgiving break to take supplies to the elders who were the last hold-outs on the land there. This was done at the request of the elders themselves. We were very clear that our intention was support — we were not going down there to receive, but rather to give. We spent the better part of four months organizing, fundraising, and collecting food. We commissioned an 18 wheeler to haul the

primary bulk of the supplies and brought together over twenty of our own vehicles (pickup trucks & SUV's mostly) to haul the rest of the stuff down to the reservation. We drove for a little over twelve hours to get there, and camped out along the way. Once we arrived, we proceeded to spend the next week delivering supplies to the various households and volunteering to help out wherever we could.

During the time we were there, the group I was with had the honor of staying with an 80 year old widowed Dine woman named Ida Clinton. She was half deaf, and blind in one eye. She lived in a small cabin on the land where she was born, and she lived mostly by gardening and herding sheep. She still cared for one of her daughters (now over 50 years old herself) who was born developmentally disabled. Her extended relatives would come and visit her often, and she would go and visit them (it seemed as though everyone who lived on the reservation was related to Ida — her "clan sisters" and "brothers", as she called them). Ida had never signed a piece of paper in her life, and was adamant that she never would. Ida had never had electricity, and saw no particular good use in it.

During our stay with Ida, she insisted on cooking for us, even though we had brought our own food. Over the week, I saw the very same flour and oil that we had given her, being used to make the fry-bread that she served us.

She told us stories — rich & playful stories from her own experiences — stories that spoke to her courage and resourcefulness in the face of adversity, and showed the deep connection she had to the land, the spirits and wild creatures who lived there, as well as to her people.

We fixed a gate on her horse stable, shoveled some sheep-shit out of the pens, and chopped firewood.

We felt really good about ourselves and what we had done to help "this poor Navajo woman".

After driving the 12+ hours back to Denver, we found ourselves speeding into the suburbs just after dusk, while endless rows of individual apartments and sprawling nuclear-family houses awaited us. Since it was now post-thanksgiving, many of the suburban houses had their Christmas lights out. I remember thinking how much I hated those Christmas lights, knowing that the power to light them came from the coal mine that was destroying Ida's home.

I remember thinking how Ida had never used electricity a day in her life, and how she could see no particular good use in it.

Then I walked into my suburban house and flicked on the light switch.

And it occurred to me; how many times do I need to flick that switch before I've fed more of my life-energy (in the form of money) to that coal mine than I just fed to Ida (in the form of flour and oil and shoveled sheep-shit)?

And then a second thought occurred to me; was Ida a poor woman for her lack of money or was I a poor man for my dependence on it? The life I had seen Ida living was intimately connected. Her daily relationships included contact with the necessities of her own subsistence, with her extended clan family, with the land, and with the spirits and wild creatures who inhabited that land. Ida's life had given her a resourcefulness, playfulness, and aliveness-of-spirit that I had rarely encountered in people half her age. The suburbs waiting for my return appeared stifling and lonely by contrast to her life. No clan-family awaited me. The land was paved over. The spirits mostly mute. My work paid me in little pieces of paper. I knew my life included nothing that would have been important to Ida.

And then a final thought occurred to me, what relationships in life actually have the power to stop that damned coal mine?

The answer I've come up with so far is — all of them. Not one less than all of them.

The reason the coal mine exists in the first place is because it is fed by the life-energy of those whose life-way depends upon it. That is our life-way—yours and mine—not Ida's. No matter how loudly we protest the mine or proclaim our solidarity with Ida, our words are empty if we continue to live as we do. This is not because we are insincere, but rather because we don't truly know ourselves and our relationship to the circle of life.

And this is not just about coal and mining—our relations are just as devastated on lands where the native inhabitants were conquered to make way for the grain farms that feed us and the cotton farms that clothe us. The same obviously goes for the lands where the petroleum comes from to feed, clothe and move us. Every aspect of our Euro-American way of life feeds energy into the problem, and we expect "political activism" to fix it?

We are able to be in solidarity with native people (and here I mean all native people—the wolves, the trees, everyone) only when we authentically re-connect with what it means to be "native" ourselves.

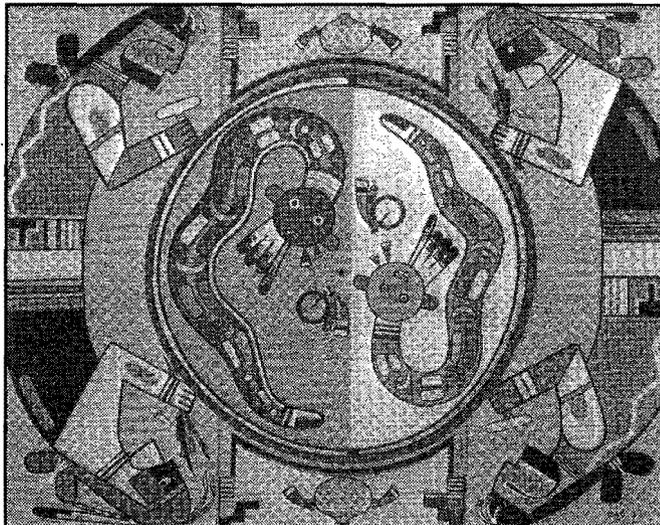
Anything less is a token sham designed to give us an identity that allows us to feel good about our colonial ways and continued rape of Mother Earth. ("Sure I pay the electric bill which funds that coal mine, but I took the elders some flour and sugar. See, I'm one of the "good guys". The "bad guys" are those people over there...")

From my perspective, the world doesn't need any more white crusaders, no matter how right (or "left") they might be. The world needs more people who know who they are the way Ida knew who she was.

I can't speak for Ida, but I can say that Ida's relationships told me who she was.

"All our relations" is not a new-age slogan. It's a way of life.

What do "all our relations" say about us?



When we Indians kill [for] meat, we eat it all up. When we dig roots, we make little holes. When we build houses, we make little holes. When we burn grass for grasshoppers, we don't ruin things. We shake down acorns and pine nuts. We don't chop down the trees. We only use dead wood. But the white people plow up the ground, pull down the trees, kill everything... [they] pay no attention. ...How can the spirit of the earth like the [white man's ways]? ...everywhere the white man has touched it, it is sore.

—Wintu Woman, 19th Century

"You say: Why do not the Indians till the ground and live as we do? May we not ask why do the white people not hunt and live as we do?"

—Corn Tassel, Cherokee, 1785.

A LANGUAGE BEYOND SYMBOLIC THOUGHT

(Continued from page 4)

Proto-Indo-European speakers existed approximately 6,000 years ago. 4,000 years after the birth of agriculture and, at least, 34,000 years after the birth of symbolic culture. If we have an innateness for symbolic thought as a result of evolution, as the logical conclusion must be, based on the premise that we have an innateness for a grammar so complicated it can't be learned by children using positive evidence alone, then why did it take 34,000 years to count to the number nine? The Australian Aboriginals had only counted to three in the 50,000 years before the appearance of white people. And the Piraha people can't (or don't want to) even understand the concept of one. According to the observations by the psycho-linguist Peter Gordon, their counting skills "were similar to those in pre-linguistic infants".

This differentiation of understanding the concept of numbers could not be a result of evolution since the human brain has not evolved since the emergence of Homo Sapiens Sapiens. And both Aborigines and Pirahas have the same intelligence as Europeans which is proven by the fact that neither the contemporary Aboriginal people or Piraha children have any problems with learning how to count.

"Number is the most momentous idea in the history of human nature. Numbering or counting (and measurement, the process of assigning numbers to represent qualities) gradually consolidated plurality into quantification, and thereby produced the homogenous and abstract character of number, which made mathematics possible. From its inception in elementary forms of counting (beginning with a binary division and proceeding to the use of fingers and toes as bases) to the Greek idealization of number, an increasingly abstract type of thinking developed, paralleling the maturation of the time concept."

—John Zerzan, *Number: Its Origin and Evolution*

Just as the Pirahas have no concept of number, they don't have a concept of time. My own experience is that without clocks I don't have a concept of time either. During a vacation in Greece some years ago, I managed to evade any clocks for three days. During those days I seemed to become more in touch with myself and my surrounding in a way that is difficult to describe. I think that we all have experienced moments of timelessness. Imagine going through your whole life in a state like that. It would truly be comparable with what the Buddhists refer to as Nirvana. Now imagine that this was once a natural state of being for us humans.

The Pirahas have no creation mythology; according to them everything has always been as it is. This is because the way they perceive the world. For them, the only thing that is real is what they can experience, and they never tell any fictional stories. A canoe, for example, that goes around a river bend is almost seen as traveling into another dimension. But they believe in spirits, which they often encounter in the forest. It's also the spirits that decide when it's time to change one's name by taking over the person. The Piraha believe in a "spirit realm" that they claim to have seen themselves, probably under the influence of hallucinogens.

The fact that they have no art (and not even words for colors) reminds me of something that James Shreeve wrote, in his Neanderthal Enigma: "... the absence of artistic expression does not preclude the apprehension of what is artful about the world... perhaps they had no need to distill life into representations, because its essences were already revealed to their senses."

In other words, they are a people with a very limited (if at all) symbolic culture and may be a beacon of light and a voice of reason in an alienated, insane world that is spinning faster and faster everyday completely out of control. What they can point us to, and what we so badly need in these dark ages, is a language beyond symbolic thought.

The Society of Masterless Men

Compiled and written by Sea Weed

When I began thinking about outlaws and outlaw history I realized that if outlaw just means one who breaks the law, then I could write about the lives of nearly every citizen. So I define outlaw as one who not only breaks the law, but who survives by breaking the law or essentially lives outside of it. And the more I delve into Canada's past, the more outlaws I discover, and many of them are worthy of our attention. As an introduction to Canadian outlaw history, here is the story of a group of Newfoundland rebels who survived without masters for half a century.

The story of the Society of Masterless Men, which included women and children, began in the 18th-century settlement of Ferryland, in Newfoundland. In order to colonize Newfoundland, The British Empire created plantations. These were settlements of primarily Irish indentured servants, many of them very young -thus their name- the Irish Youngsters, abducted from Ireland either by force or guile and brought to the South Shore of Newfoundland where they were literally sold to fishing masters. Their price: \$50 a head. In 1700's Newfoundland, the British Navy wielded its authority over its seamen with zero compassion and nothing but discipline enforced by abuse and violence. Because there wasn't a local police force, they also helped reinforce the authority of the local fishing masters. These masters were essentially the Lords and Ladies of the villages, living in luxury and security while surrounded by dozens, even hundreds, of indentured servants who fished and labored in the camps processing the catch. These village plantations were primarily setup by consortiums and cabals of wealthy merchants in England. British frigates were stationed in the harbors and marines patrolled the town. The workers in these fishing villages were barely a step up from slaves. Corporal punishment was routinely used and everyday life was harsh and brutal.

In the small settlement of Ferryland, for instance, there were a gallows and three whipping posts, in separate regions of the town. When a man was sentenced to be flogged for stealing a jug of rum or refusing to work for one of the fishing masters, he was taken to all three posts and whipped so the whole town would have an opportunity to witness the punishment as a warning.

The settlement of Ferryland was founded by Sir George Calvert around 1620, and was also partly intended as a "refuge for .. Catholics." I'm not sure if this meant strictly for the Catholic servants or if there were any "free" Catholics as well. This was a time of penal law in Britain and at least some Irish Catholics voluntarily came to the New World to escape persecution. Unfortunately the laws in Newfoundland were the same as in the Old World. The orders given to the governor from 1729 to 1776 were: *You are to permit a liberty of conscience to all, except Papists, so they be contented with a quiet and peaceable enjoyment of the same, not giving offense or scandal to the government.*

This order wasn't always strictly followed but around the mid 1700's there was a crack-down on Catholicism. In 1743 the governor of the time, Smith, wrote to the magistrate in Ferryland, John Benger, instructing him to be mindful of the "Irish papists" in the area. William Keen, the chief magistrate of St. John's, was killed by a group of Irishmen in 1752. Following this penal laws were strictly enforced for the next thirty or forty years. Court documents from the Renew's area (the nearest settlement) show there was growing fear among the authorities of an insurrection. In fact about fifty years earlier the French war ship Profound attacked Renew's where there were seven 'residents' and 120 servant fishermen, many of whom were Irish. These servant-slaves were recorded as not caring who owned the place,

that is they didn't jump up to protect their masters from the attack.

Life wasn't much better for those in the Navy. Food rations were slim and flogging was common. For instance keelhauling - dragging a seaman on ropes under the keel of a ship, thereby shredding his flesh on the sharp edged barnacles - was still a legal punishment even though it frequently resulted in death.

Some like to refer to the Society of Masterless Men as lore or a traditionally told story, one for which there is little documentary evidence. But there does seem to be a fair amount of facts that are known about the Masterless Men. And, as a matter of context, we know a lot about the injustice of the British Empire and of the cruelty of many of its Eichmanns and enforcers. We know that indentured servants were brought to Newfoundland and treated with brutality as were the seamen in the Royal Navy. We also know

that one Irish-born Peter Kerrivan was among those young indentured servants and abused seamen. Some say he was a reluctant seaman, having been pressed into service.

Some time in 1750, while Kerrivan's ship was docked in Ferryland, he escaped (historians usually choose "deserted"). Together with two or three escaped indentured fishermen, he helped establish a lookout and base in the Butter Pot Barrens, a wild area of the Avalon Peninsula, for the outlaws to hide.

Hunted by the authorities, the Masterless Men soon learned a way of life based on subsistence and sharing. They came into contact with Newfoundland's aboriginal peoples, the Mi'qmaq and the Beothuk, who taught the rebels survival skills. They learned how to hunt for food based on the caribou herd on the peninsula.

At the time, one could be hanged for running away, but nevertheless many young men escaped from the plantations and took up lives as outlaws. In 1774 for instance, a petition written by Bonavista merchants, justices of the peace and others, and sent to Governor Shuldham complained of a number of "masterless" Irishmen who had gone to live in a secluded cove and "were there building fishing rooms." But Kerrivan's band of young companions were among the luckiest and best organized.

Naturally, word of the well-organized free men spread and fresh runaways from coastal settlements came to join them. Eventually their numbers swelled to between 20 and 50 men. There were also women, but their numbers are unknown. The literature I found mention the women simply as "wives", although I imagine them as strong, rebellious women sickened by the misery and cruelty that surrounded them who also yearned for a freer and better way of life and who joined their outlaw husbands voluntarily.

After a while the group of comrades began trading caribou meat and hides with allies in the remote villages, receiving supplies such as flour, tea and of course bullets. They also organized stealthy raids against the fishery plantations. By this time the British authorities, without a police or militia of their own, were beginning to fear that this group of anarchic rebels would inspire too many others to desertion, and ordered the navy to track the freedom-loving band down and make examples of them.

However some years passed before the first expedition against the Masterless Men was organized and by then the rebels had become skilled wilderness inhabitants. Anticipating the attack or somehow being forewarned, Kerrivan and his comrades cut a series of blind trails which confounded their pursuers. The party of marines sent to capture them often found themselves lost and dumbly led into bogs and impenetrable thick bush. Eventually the navy did manage to close in on the rebels' camp near their lookout, but they found the log cabins deserted, "with every rag and chattel removed". Taking advantage of their pursuers' confusion, Kerrivan and his friends had moved off towards the north and west. The navy set fire to their little village but had to return to their base without any prisoners. The Masterless group rebuilt their cabins and the navy burned them down again. Over time the navy burned down their cabins three times and each time they were rebuilt.

Two, possibly four, of the rebels were captured and hanged, but the state never did succeed in destroying the Society. In fact the captured young runaways had joined the band only a few weeks earlier and had been taken by surprise away from the main body of the rebels. They were hanged with great dispatch from the yard-arm of the English frigate in Ferryland. No other Masterless Men were ever captured after this incident presumably because this only made the outlaws more cautious. Some of the tracks that had been carved partly to support their wilderness ways and partly as subterfuge became Newfoundland's first inland roads. In fact their road system had eventually connected most of the small settlements of the Avalon Peninsula.

For more than a generation the Masterless Men roamed free over the barrens! Over time, perhaps as military rule began to relax or for reasons unknown to this author, their ranks began to dwindle. In 1789, 39 years after escaping, four men gave themselves up on condition that their only punishment would be deportation to Ireland, which was agreed upon. Many of the other rebels settled in remote parts of Newfoundland's coast and survived as independent fishermen. Kerrivan, who was never captured, is said to have had a partner, four sons and several daughters and is believed to have remained on the barrens well into old age, never returning to civilization.

The children of the Masterless Men gradually drifted out to the coast and settled down in small coves never visited by the navy. They married the children of other outlaws who had settled there generations earlier and together they raised families.

The story of The Society of Masterless Men is exceptionally inspiring because they succeeded. A group of people voluntarily joined together in common cause and broke free from their masters, most never to be captured or to return to their work prisons.

There is a lot of land out there. It isn't nearly as overflowing with abundant wild life as at one time, nor are there as many skilled aboriginal people waiting to teach us essential skills. But a group of people with a similar world view could perhaps leave the brutal, empty world of the civilized behind and live their lives according to principles of voluntary association and mutual aid, supported by subsistence ways.

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Prisoner Escapes and Uprisings

July 12, Holiday, FL: When Nature Calls, Run!

Department of Corrections deputies spent the day looking for James Ford who escaped while on a work detail. He had permission to step into the forest nearby to relieve himself then promptly disappeared. He had already served 14 years in jail and had only six more months to go. A dozen or more cops with high-powered rifles combed the area in search of the missing man, but all they found was a pile of his clothes.

August 21, Blacksburg, VA: Two Pigs Killed in Escape

William Charles Morva, 24, escaped custody in a local hospital - where he was taken for a sprained wrist and ankle - after overpowering and wounding a sheriff's deputy. He then took the deputy's gun and then killed a hospital security guard. He fled the hospital only to be discovered a short time later by Sheriff's deputy, Cpl. Eric Sutphin. Morva killed him too. He was apprehended 150 yards from where he killed Sutphin.

September 19, Yala, Thailand:

Around 100 Yala Provincial Prison inmates rioted after an alleged assault on an inmate by three guards. Offices were set alight and a canteen and cells destroyed in the two-hour riot which started after guards badly beat an inmate during a cell search.

Police and soldiers were called to the prison to quell the uprising of at least 100 inmates in the 600-bed prison. Provincial governor Bunyasit Suwanarat promised to transfer three guards accused of badly beating the inmate. The rioters burnt down an office of police guards and "engaged in body conflicts with warders." Bunyasit announced: "The situation is now under control and prisoners have begun cleaning up and putting things in order."

The governor insisted the protest had nothing to do with the insurgency (see Meltdown, page 72) in southern Thailand and was not a copycat episode of the riot at a youth detention center in Nakhon Si Thammarat the previous week where 200 prisoners raged against alleged abusive, inhumane treatment, and rigid prison rules.

October 2, Shropshire, UK: Youth Riot by the Dozens

Four prison officers were injured in a riot involving more than 30 inmates at a young offenders' institution. One wing at Stoke Heath Prison was badly damaged during the nine-hour confrontation which began when inmates on 'A' wing refused to return to their cells. In-house staff withdrew and, after mediation failed, members of the national control and restraint team went in with riot gear. One of the officers suffered a broken nose in the disturbance at the center, but none of the youth were injured.

The chair of Stoke Heath's independent monitoring board, Jackie Whittle, said it was the first incident of its kind for many years. She added: "Everything is smashed in the communal area and it's flooded as well. I think it started with a fight and became what we'd call concerted indiscipline." The officers were attacked by about 33 boys.

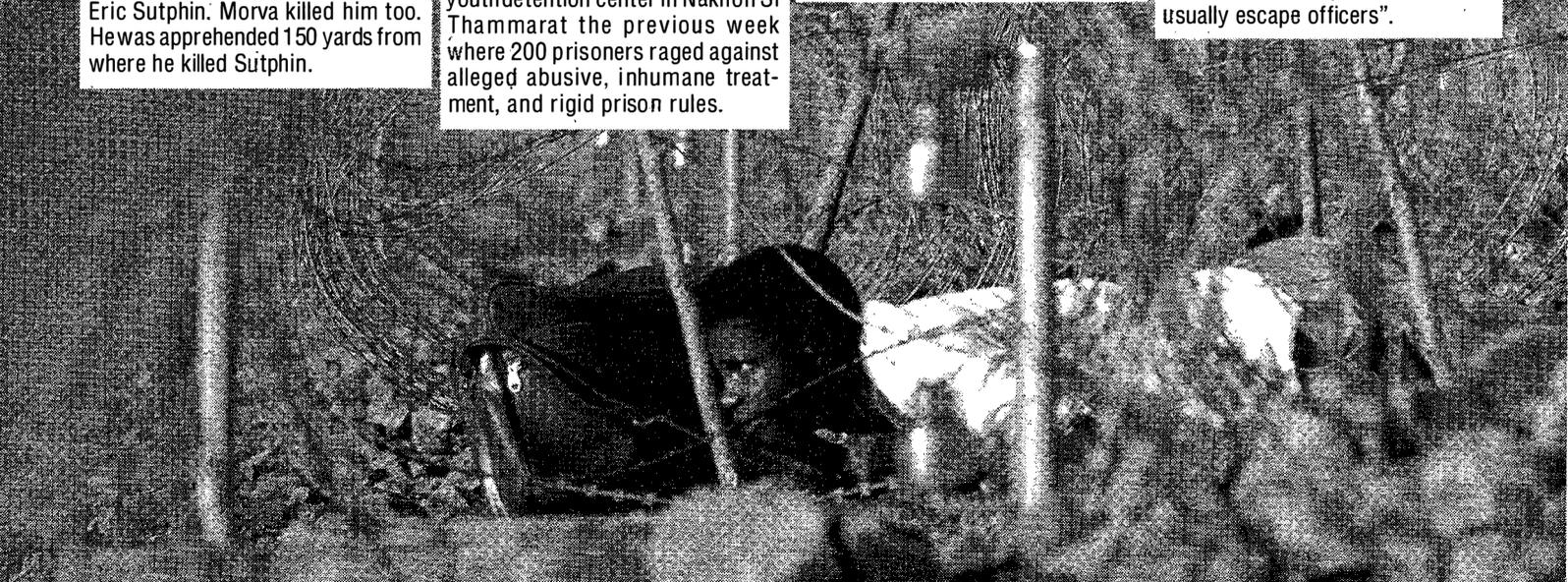
November 5, Vienna, Austria: Signed, Sealed, Delivered...

A Bosnian convict escaped from an Austrian prison by wrapping himself in a large parcel and posted himself to freedom. Authorities identify the escaped prisoner as Muradif Hasanbegovic, 36, detained in the Karlau prison, near Graz in Austria. Reports said Hasanbegovic was working in the prison's workshop where he helped package and post parts for lampposts. It was believed that some convicts helped him pack himself in a parcel then loaded him into a truck. Once outside the prison, the man broke out of the parcel and jumped off the back of the truck and fled.

The driver of the truck told the police, "I noticed the tarpaulin had a hole in it just as the prison called me and asked 'Have you noticed anything funny? We are kind of missing a prisoner'." Prison warden Franz Hochstrasser adds, "This sort of thing was not supposed to happen."

November 22, Bahamas: Women, Free Yourselves!

Ten months after a violent prison break, resulting in the death of one inmate and a prison guard, a woman escaped from Her Majesty's Prison. There are forty female inmates who receive breakfast outside each day. On this one morning, the gate to a courtyard was left unlocked. The observant inmate ran out, hurdled a low prison wall and escaped. Superintendent of Prisons, Dr. Rahming, said poor security had nothing to do with this latest escape, rather it was an act of poor judgment on the part of prison officers to leave the gate unlocked. They were slack because "female prisoners do not usually escape officers".



*We have done this for generations. Therefore, it is the Truth.
How can so many generations be wrong? –Nietzsche*

December 3, Adrian, Michigan: Riot Grrls Get Down

Two teenage girls plotted a prison riot, but were stopped early in their plan. Shardé Thomas and Equalla Davis said they were angry when they and four other girls made plans to attack residents from other housing units in order to instigate a general riot. They did not say what had made them angry. Their plan was disrupted when staff called other cottages at the facility and kept residents inside after one girl was assaulted. Lenawee County Prosecutor Irving Shaw said it was the first report he has seen of an organized effort by Adrian Training School residents to create a widespread disturbance. There is evidence of "a fair amount of planning to create a disturbance," he said. Surveillance cameras at the state facility were reported to have documented a conspiracy among the six girls and Michigan State Police reported a number of weapons were prepared, including a handmade knife and a club-like weapon.

December 6, Detroit, MI: Two For the Road

Pigs are looking for 23-year-old Deandre DeShon-Russell Riley who took an officer's gun and stole an ambulance to avoid going to jail. Riley complained of being ill shortly after his initial arrest and was taken to the hospital. While being handcuffed to his bed, he began struggling with the two cops and took one of their department-issued Glock handguns. Riley then forced a hospital clerk to walk him to the front door, where he lether go before hopping into a private ambulance that contained three people. As he drove off, a county deputy fired a single shot at the vehicle but it did not stop the escapee. He abandoned the ambulance a short time later and ran off. The three occupants in the ambulance were unharmed in their unexpected adventure. He was later recaptured.

Four days later, a 44-year old woman escaped from custody in the same hospital after her cuffs were removed to use the bathroom. Her husband snatched her out later on and she was recaptured.

December 21, Ashkhabad, Turkmenistan: State Uses Brutal Force Against Former Pils

Human rights activists are claiming that 23 prisoners were executed at Ovadan-Depe ("Picturesque Hill"). Ovadan-Depe inmates are cut off from the rest of the world, no newspapers are permitted, much less TV and radio. Wardens and sentries are not permitted to talk to inmates. The cells lack any heating or air conditioning. They are "unbelievably cold in winter and scorching and stuffy in summer". There are also the so called "hump-back" cells for troublemakers. Ceilings in these special cells are only 120 cm high, so an inmate cannot even straighten his or her back. President Saparmurat Niyazov is said to have designed the prison himself as a place to lock up his political enemies. He brought newly appointed state officials here for a visit so that they might see what defiance would earn them.

According to an anonymous letter published at www.tmhelsinki.org, by a military officer who was part of the brutal attack, riots began on December 21 when the inmates heard – from construction workers enlarging the prison – that President Niyazov had died. Inmates passed it on to others, and soon all of the prison was in utter turmoil with screams of "Damn you, Saparmurat! Rot in Hell!" and "Free us!" accompanying the sound of metal banging on bars.

Dogs were set against prisoners, but they started shouting more loudly, the ruckus so intense that some dogs reportedly drew in their tails, hunkering down instead of attacking. Reinforcements from Ashkhabad were called to bring in two helicopters with military men in masks and machine guns. "Twenty-three were killed. We were told to forget what we had seen and never mention it," said the author of the letter.

December 29, Mozambique:

At least four people were seriously injured when guards opened fire on rioting inmates at Maputo Central Prison. According to reports, the disturbances broke out after the prison authorities canceled some of the inmates' visiting rights, apparently

because the prison director wished to make a tour of the jail. People living in the vicinity said that shooting in the prison lasted for about half an hour.

Every Month, Worldwide: Identity as Control Strategy: Inside Out and Outside In

GA has not typically reported on prison riots attributed to racial or ethnic tensions. However, as we sort through the complex issues of state strategy, to which identity is crucial, cross cultural conflicts and enforcement of societies norms, and the buildup of tensions in every area of modern life, we can't leave out the explosive situation inside prisons when grappling with how to confront similar tensions outside.

A riot at a maximum-security prison in western El Salvador left at least 20 inmates dead in two separate incidents. The riot began as inmates prepared to enter their cells, when a jailed gang member grabbed a guard he had been arguing with. Soon rival gang members began fighting each other and tearing down the prison's flimsy interior walls to get at other's cell blocks. Guards fled as hundreds of inmates* battled each other, mostly with makeshift weapons, shovels and pieces of broken wall.

Central American jails have long struggled with overcrowding and deadly riots that are often sparked by fights between gangs. Overcrowding is fueled in part by a regional gang crackdown that has filled prisons with rival groups. In Guatemala, a gang was blamed for initiating riots that left 35 inmates dead in 2005. In El Salvador, 31 inmates were killed in 2004 during a battle between gang and non-gang prisoners. And a flood of violence in Honduran prisons killed more than 180 prisoners in 2004 and 2005.

Just last week, the California state correctional facility in Chino was under lockdown again, this time to stop one of the worst 'race riots' in the state in years. A California Corrections Department spokesperson said guards used everything from tear gas to foam projectiles to quell the disturbance, a process which took hours. Over 1000 Black and Latino inmates

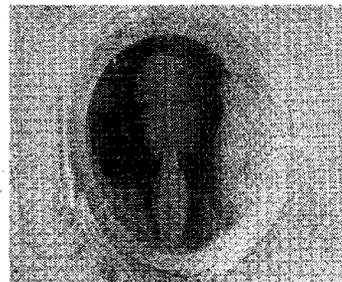
joined the fray which ended with over 50 inmates injured, 27 of them hospitalized.

The prison serves as a reception center for newly convicted felons who are later transferred to other lockups, including private facilities in other states as overcrowding is a state-wide phenomenon. No cause for this latest riot has been determined, though reports say it broke out about 9:30am as a fight between two inmates in an intake reception area, quickly spreading to four other barracks, each of which holds about 200 inmates. It continued as guards began firing pepper spray and tear gas into the military-style buildings. They also fired hard foam bullets and used batons.

Paralleling the situation in some of California's larger cities, racial tensions have run high in California state prisons for years, where overcrowding, forced segregation, and competition combine to create the conditions guaranteed to ignite tempers. The States' solution remains the same, more prison space for more prisoners. The proposal for California: an additional 16,238 beds in state facilities, 45,000 in local jails, and 10,000 medical and mental health beds.

January 8, London, UK: A Different Sort of Prisoner Support

Joe Farnan, 27, serving a life term for vehicle theft, was taken to hospital after apparently feigning illness at Wormwood Scrubs prison in west London. He was taken by ambulance to the nearby Hammersmith Hospital where two men, one armed with a gun, confronted his guards as the van arrived. The men, wearing balaclavas, forced prison officers to take off Farnan's handcuffs and then drove him away in a silver Volvo.



SEEDS ON THE BREEZE

BY SCAVENGER

MOST OF THE THINGS I KNOW, to be distinguished from the things I think, believe, accept, or contemplate, I have learned from non-humans. Trees, storms, herbs, rocks, rivers, and critters have taught me an inestimable amount about themselves, the world I inhabit, myself, and the ways that we all can and do interact. My deep-seated respect for these "teachers", and for the significant humans I have learned from, is by personal necessity balanced by my understanding of the process of teaching and learning honestly and openly without the corruption of authority. Teaching and learning in this sense occur simultaneously, with all beings involved sharing knowledge and experience to broaden their own connection to the world.

Lest I seem to be merely redefining a hierarchical student/teacher relationship in clouded language, I should clarify that my perception of knowledge, experience, and wisdom are irrevocably intertwined, relying on mutual growth and understanding rather than a downwards transmission of "facts". When I learned from an old box turtle the meaning of silence and hiding in plain sight or from New Mexico Vervain the true feelings of passion that occur in taking the life of another, there was not so much a lesson as a connection. When I speak of teaching/learning, or knowing, there is actually no distinction, no separation between the two beings and the experience they share. The question that arises from this experience is how to live constantly in this exchange and interaction.

In this fractured and alienated society, experiencing a true community and the opportunity to teach, learn, and share are far too infrequent and awkward, accompanied by emotional and intellectual baggage that interrupts and confuses the experience.

Overcoming these obstacles can be a challenge, to say the least, even in circles sharing similar viewpoints about communication and experience. This challenge is a major factor in the rewilding process that many GA/AP folks are consciously undertaking and that countless other folks are engaging in other ways. The greater challenge is attempting to extend this to those outside of the cliques and communes — outreach, but not in the typical, organizational sense — to those who are in search of meaning or looking for a way to define their personal struggles with authority and civilization. I am suggesting that there is a tactical as well as honestly compassionate approach that exists in finding meaningful and effective ways of communicating the struggle against civilization to individuals we come across under circumstances that lend themselves to sharing understanding and experience.

For the past few summers I have spent a considerable amount of time working jobs that involve living in educational wilderness settings with teenagers who usually have personal conflicts regarding authority and a general attraction to the wilderness experience. The conversations that I had with these folks, who generally have no conscious struggle with civilization, tend to fall very easily into areas such as passionate critique, active strategy and rewilding. Many times I have witnessed an alienated and anti-social person (aren't we all in this civilization?) come out of their shell and catch a spark from a well-placed question or experience and follow through into a rant, personal struggle, or plan for action. The passion in these people is the core of this particular tactical consideration. Lecturing someone about civilization's problems is an inherently flawed approach — no being wants to hear another authority

figure preaching about how (not) to live! The passion in the eyes of the oppressed fades quickly before the excitement of any kind of preacher. Instead, we can teach and learn like our wild brethren, allowing meaningful questions to be answered in few, simple, honest words and direct actions. It is crucial to remain centered on our own personal struggle, to live up to our words of resistance. Experience is by far the most effective method of direct teaching/learning, and sharing tactics and strategies as part of a critique is essential. There are some obvious security concerns here, so by all means be careful, but also be honest.

The inherent dishonesty that underlies all relationships and interactions within the context of civilization is a huge barrier to overcome. We have been carefully trained *not* to be honest with anyone, least of all ourselves. This is exactly why exposing one's self, "getting naked", so to speak, in front of others is such an effective strategy. When we begin to break down the barriers within where others can see the results, we impart the courage necessary for them to begin their own journey of rewilding. This is a process that has many names and can be found in many cultures, most explicitly in the oral folklore of trickster fools such as coyote and raven. In the field of outdoor leadership it can be seen as an extension of the method of leading by example; instead of leading by upholding some moral code, this open confrontation with the self inspires others not to act exactly as you do, but rather to express their own passions. Pushing the boundaries of our conditioning is an important internal process that can be greatly facilitated by working in a small group setting. This aspect of rewilding is essential for most other forms to take place in a meaningful way. What good is it to be

an expert fire crafter or blade maker, hunter or forager if we cannot even communicate with ourselves honestly? Some desensitized humans may overlook our hypocrisy, but wild beings will know who we are. Brave words do not cover the scent of fear.

However we encounter situations with the potential for sharing knowledge, it is essential to stay open to the tactical possibilities for broadening the struggle against civilization. We are not a movement and we have no need for indoctrinated "recruits"; we are part of a wild and natural backlash of feral resistance. We are the dirt in the gears of a machine far too large and dangerous to confront directly – but rust spreads easily on shiny metal, creeping roots shatter the strongest cement, and dandelions can infiltrate the most manicured lawns.

Although I would be the last to recommend any job or work to anyone, it is understandable that some circumstances lead many of us to sell our time during parts of our lives. Seeking jobs that exist within wild settings I have found deep personal affinity and deep potential for expanding communication with alienated people who are not always sure why they find themselves at odds with the society around them. Upon reflection, it is easy to see why internal growth and deep healing is so possible in youth that volunteer or are sent to spend time in the woods with outdoor leaders to show them the "ways of the woods". The change in surroundings, from having nothing in sight but walls and plastic, metal and sheetrock to having forest and sky, mountain and creek become the surroundings, is inherently healing. The artifice of our environment reflects the space that we occupy mentally, physically and spiritually. Wild spaces connect and revitalize, as they are alive and open to communication. Look around you. Do you see right angles, flat walls, light bulbs that place you nowhere on earth but firmly within the bowels of civilization or do you see the glint of a warm fire, towering trees or open deserts that remind you that you are in a specific bioregion; do you see plastic and metal shaped by slaves and used by slaves or do you see wild, living beings exchanging life and wisdom in an unending relationship? The psychological effects of existence within civilization are horrifying. Not only do they hold no life to reflect the lives of those trapped inside, they cut us off from each other and from the rest of the world in a very literal and direct way.

The physical aspects of rewilding are in many ways essential to creating the foundation for an honest relationship with the human and non-human beings we encounter in our lives. Earth skills and primitive knowledge create a solid base that allows us to know, not just think, but truly know that we don't need civilization. When I know that I can enter the forest or the desert and find food, make fire,

locate water and communicate with whoever I find there, I have reduced the physical necessity in my life for the artifice of civilization. As mentioned before, the artifice that surrounds us reflects us and shapes our lives in very literal ways. To confront the mentality of civilization on an internal level however requires more than just learning some basic skills. It requires much, much more. Elite military forces often have some pretty solid skills in survival, even if they don't really know how to communicate with the wild spaces they encounter. Some of the most experienced and knowledgeable primitive skills enthusiasts I have read or met are locked into ideological religious beliefs and addictive civilized mentalities. Memorization and extensive learning can give the appearance of having a deep connection to the earth, but there is a difference between knowing the names and medicinal uses of a thousand herbs and actually knowing even one of those plant-beings. Although the physical setting and surroundings are very helpful in the process of rewilding they must not be mistaken for completing the rewilding process, if such is even possible.

Honest rewilding is not only about breaking old patterns and addictions but just as importantly it is about fulfilling deeper needs. Rewilding is a path to learning self-sufficiency, living with meaning – finding joy and contentment with each day, seeking adventure and real entertainment. Connectivity with self, land and others fulfills me. Full connectivity needs no one family or one landscape, though honoring specific allies can certainly deepen the mutual experience. Identifying and responding to the deeper needs and urges that we feel when we allow them to manifest is an excellent beginning for the rewilding process. Eventually the impulse and our response become inseparable, and we reduce the levels of mediation within ourselves until they are no longer hindering our experience.

I find it important to constantly critique and question where these deeper urges and needs arise from. For if the needs arose from the civilized mentality, from a lingering connection to the mindsets and physical manifestations, then the chain is not fully broken. Needs that exist within the mindset of civilization reflect the connection to that mentality. Deeper needs that do not reflect that connection are thus ever more difficult to locate and identify with. Yet they exist, and when we really disconnect from our training, we feel them calling us. When we enter wild places and see it reflected within us we feel these urges and the passion that come with it and we know that we are not alone. We feel it so strongly that we know there must be others who also feel them even if we don't see them or even know of them. Perhaps we read of them, or see glimpses in the pages of history, no matter how shoddily presented.

Some of those urges may seem dramatically different from one person to another. Defining our boundaries and what we accept in ourselves in others is one of the most fascinating aspects of creating a community life. The line of intolerance and the level of intervention that is acceptable are questions that we should continue to consider openly, for tyranny can exist just as surely within any small group as it can in vast states of consolidated power. The urge to live spontaneously and act on deep desires is not meaningless or trivial. Live your dreams in whatever way you can; live for yourself, and without even trying, you will become the most important type of teacher: one who inspires others to act upon their own deepest desires.

Rewilding in the context of an open community creates the setting for transition, for some patterns are already shattered. Connections are created spontaneously, laughter abounds, beauty overwhelms from so many aspects of life at once that even the physical strain, itself a crack in the dependence on so many comforts of living anywhere near the center of the machine, becomes a liberating and liberated behaviour. Addictive behaviours can safely crumble with no new addictions to be grasped for. Granted, addiction may be difficult to see sometimes, even within oneself, because of the many levels of alienation and oppression that we have been so carefully taught to self-administer continue to pervade our experience of the world and poison our interactions. Honest communication is the only way to overcome these issues, and honest interaction with others maintains that honesty and keeps hypocrisy where it belongs – out in the open and being dealt with. I despise hypocrisy. That is why I accept that it exists within myself and confront it directly in as many ways as do not create greater hypocrisy. To deny its existence altogether is to be self-deceiving on some subtle level.

Rewilding is unplugging from within, breaking chains of perception, restraint, obedience and compliance. It is physical also – unmaking addictions, not just staving them off but finding their roots and pulling them all the way out of the self, unraveling the shroud of fear that is wrapped tight around us even before we are born. It is about becoming what we were born to be; it's about becoming human in the way we choose and acting as we will, not simply as we can. Ironically that is one of the most common arguments against various forms of anarchy: that people will do whatever they want. The key to remember is that

everyone will do what they want and not whatever they can.

In a community of healing individuals there is an ongoing process of confronting oneself and others about all inconsistencies that minimize behaviour that would be harmful to others. We call each other out, we call ourselves out, and we gradually become more whole as we remove ourselves from the shroud of fear, drifting free of constricting mindsets, boxes and borders.

Living in bands predates living in nuclear families by the vast majority of human existence, and the experience of collective living is found in many of the more fulfilling and meaningful organizations still in society. There cannot be said to be any true "natural" human state, certainly, as we are evolving and changing social creatures, but living in a band allows people to overcome much of the alienation and separation that the lifestyle of nuclear families and institutional interaction with others in schools and offices ensures and perpetuates. Living in a small group keeps people honest and open, promoting group dynamics wherein abusive behavior will be dealt with. I do not speak in universals, for surely a tyrant can monopolize power in a small group as surely as in a patriarchal family, but it is more difficult and less likely. I perceive such a group setting to have great potential for healing as well, especially in terms of overcoming alienation and insecurity. Surely I have seen how people come into such groups closed off and insecure, yet within days of joining the group, even the shyest open up and begin laughing and shouting, playing and joking with the rest of the group. How often do you smile (and I damn well don't include faking it for customers) or laugh raucously while working a wage labor job? I remember all too well the institutional despondence that overwhelms everyone who works indoors, cut off from the source of life and bound to the rules of social interaction that make up "customer service" – essentially an antiquated servant mentality bound up in postmodern niceism.

By contrast I find that working outdoors with a band keeps us all laughing riotously throughout the day, regardless of the intensity of work or environment. Simply the opportunity to run and yell releases so much of the frustration borne of the enforced self-hypnosis of city life.

The urge to rewild and actively resist runs through the deepest parts of our spirits that have not, cannot be fully domesticated. Any and all steps we take build the momentum that will eventually bring this death-machine to a grinding halt. Teaching urban youth how to gather wild food plants and how to build fires (from campfires to more strategic fires) allows them to begin the journey that one day will set them and all of us free. The wild ones have much to teach us, and we have much to teach each other. The challenge before us all is to spread the seeds of resistance and rewilding to whoever is able to listen, understand and create their own path in the world; meanwhile never ceasing our personal struggles to become more fully human and our collective acts of direct resistance. Our roots are deeper than the machine can ever comprehend.

The journey is never complete. Undoubtedly, there are some very critical plateaus to reach early on, some basic foundations of thought and behaviour upon which so much else is based. From these peaks of experience we come to a place where we begin truly walking wild. The process of breaking through is beautiful, and will involve a lifetime of self-critique and growth. Once the questions and critique begin and especially once the first few answers begin to come clear and pathways beat true within the heart, then the journey is begun in earnest and may lead to the hearts of others to help them begin their journey, a sharing that parallels the continued deepening into one's own experience. The wounded healer, the humble but wise coyote teacher, the honest friend is an existence we are all capable of. We are all stronger than the mightiest shaman, for we are all shamans and

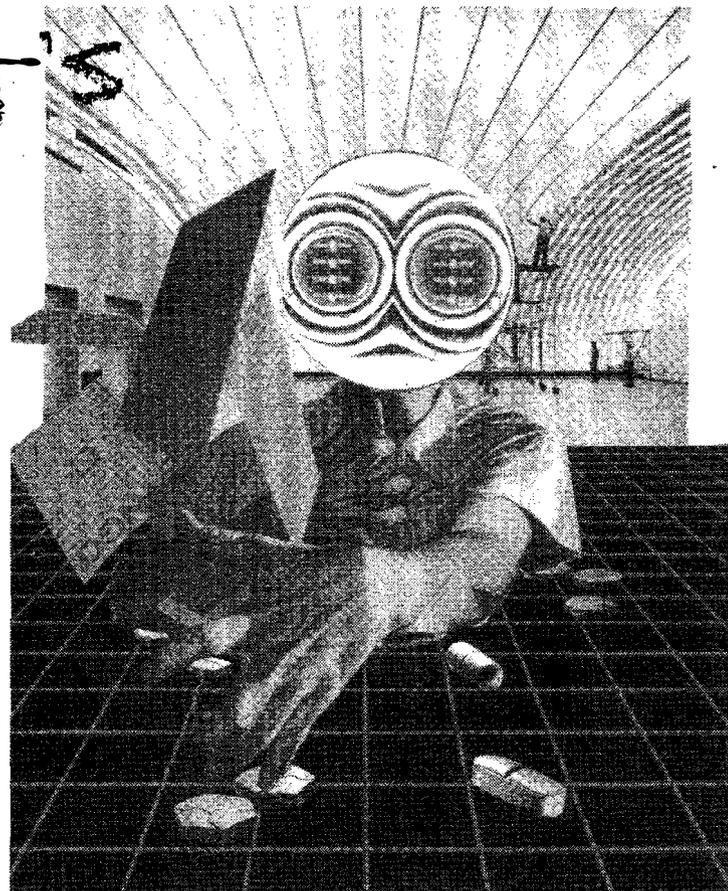
shapeshifters, feral beings alive in a society that recognizes us but doesn't fully understand us. They remember a flicker of light from an ancient fire, a glimpse of another way of life deep in the past but still within all of our hearts. That reminder intrigues us, pulls us into the realm of possibility where the past stands alongside the future and the present appears as it is, only a mere blip of reality, a choice among many, many others. Knowing that choice sets us free. Knowing that choice lets us see that all around us are the keys to an unknowable number of potential worlds that we will create, consciously or not, by the way we live our lives. Knowing sets us free, but once free we must still climb out of the cage.

The lonely, hermit philosopher sits in a doorless cage, pondering the meaning of his freedom. Rewilding hurts. Honesty hurts. Dealing with hypocrisy within and with others is frustrating and can be maddening to understand, much less deal with in a productive manner. Making choices that are true to one's heart will often bring a whole new form of alienation from the wider society that pangs the heart just as surely as the alienation of not knowing oneself and one's potential can bring. The goal of rewilding is not to bring us to a cozy world of comfort, an idyllic life in a happy community somewhere in a pristine forest. Like I said, honesty hurts. Rewilding brings us instead into an unstable world of uncertainty and constant change. That adversity makes us stronger than we ever thought we could be. Giving in to the impulses of real needs strengthens personal confidence and the focus that allows dreams to become reality. GO ANYWHERE. But don't *just* go anywhere. Go exactly where you want to be.

Run through a dark forest on a moonless night, leap into a raging river and flow with a current stronger than you are, dance with rattlesnakes in desert canyons, howl with rage at a smoky city from high atop a lonely mountain. *Live free that you may die whole.*



THE NIHILIST'S DICTIONARY



9 - Society

So-ci-e-ty *n.* from *L. socius, companion.* 1. an organized aggregate of interrelated individuals and groups. 2. totalizing racket, advancing at the expense of the individual, nature and human solidarity.

Society everywhere is now driven by the treadmill of work and consumption. This harnessed movement, so very far from a state of companionship, does not take place without agony and disaffection. Having more never compensates for being less, as witness rampant addiction to drugs, work, exercise, sex, etc. Virtually anything can be and is overused in the desire for satisfaction in a society whose hallmark is denial of satisfaction. But such excess at least gives evidence of the hunger for fulfillment, that is, an immense dissatisfaction with what is before us.

Hucksters purvey every kind of dodge, for example. New Age panaceas, disgusting materialistic mysticism on a mass scale: sickly and self-absorbed, apparently incapable of looking at any part of reality with courage or honesty. For New Age practitioners, psychology is nothing short of an ideology and society is irrelevant.

Meanwhile, Bush, surveying "generations born numbly into despair," was predictably loathsome enough to blame the victimized by citing their "moral emphysema." The depth of immiseration might best be summed up by the federal survey of high schoolers released 9/19/91, which found that 27 percent of them "thought seriously" about suicide in the preceding year.

It could be that the social, with its growing testimony to alienation—mass depression, the refusal of literacy, the rise of panic disorders, etc.—may finally be registering politically. Such phenomena as continually declining voter turnout and deep distrust of government led the Kettering Foundation in June '91 to conclude that "the legitimacy of our political institutions is more at issue than our leaders imagine," and an October study of three states (as reported by columnist Tom Wicker, 10/14/91) to discern "a dangerously broad gulf between the governors and the governed."

The longing for nonmutilated life and a nonmutilated world in which to live it collides with one chilling fact: underlying the progress of modern society is capital's insatiable need for growth and expansion. The collapse of state capitalism in Eastern Europe and the USSR leaves only the 'triumphant' regular variety, in command but now confronted insistently with far more basic contradictions than the ones it allegedly overcame in its pseudo-struggle with 'socialism'. Of course, Soviet industrialism was not qualitatively different from any other variant of capitalism, and far more importantly, no system of production (division of labor, domination of nature, and work-and-pay slavery in more or less equal doses) can allow for either human happiness or ecological survival.

We can now see an approaching vista of all the world as a toxic, ozone-less deadness. Where once most people looked to technology as a promise, now we know for certain that it will kill us. Computerization, with its congealed tedium and concealed poisons, expresses the trajectory of society, engineered sleekly away from sensuous existence and finding its current apotheosis in Virtual Reality.

The escapism of VR is not the issue, for which of us could get by without escapes? Likewise, it is not so much a diversion from consciousness as it is itself a consciousness of complete estrangement from the natural world. Virtual Reality testifies to a deep pathology, reminiscent of the Baroque canvases of Rubens that depict armored knights mingling with but separated from naked women. Here the 'alternative' technojunkies of Whole Earth Review, pioneer promoters of VR, show their true colors. A fetish of 'tools', and a total lack of interest in critique of society's direction, lead to glorification of the artificial paradise of VR.

The consumerist void of high tech simulation and manipulation owes its dominance to two increasing tendencies in society, specialization of labor and the isolation of individuals. From this context emerges the most terrifying aspect of evil: it tends to be committed by people who are not particularly evil. Society, which in no way could survive a conscious inspection, is arranged to prevent that very inspection.

The dominant, oppressive ideas do not permeate the whole of society, rather their success is assured by the fragmented nature of opposition to them. Meanwhile, what society reads most are precisely the lies it suspects it is built upon. This dread or avoidance is obviously not the same as beginning to subject a deadening force of circumstances to the force of events.

Adorno noted in the '60s that society is growing more and more entrapping and disabling. He predicted that eventually talk of causation within society would become meaningless: society itself is the cause. The struggle toward a society—if it could still be called that—of the face-to-face, in and of the natural world, must be based on an understanding of society today as a monolithic, all-encompassing death march.

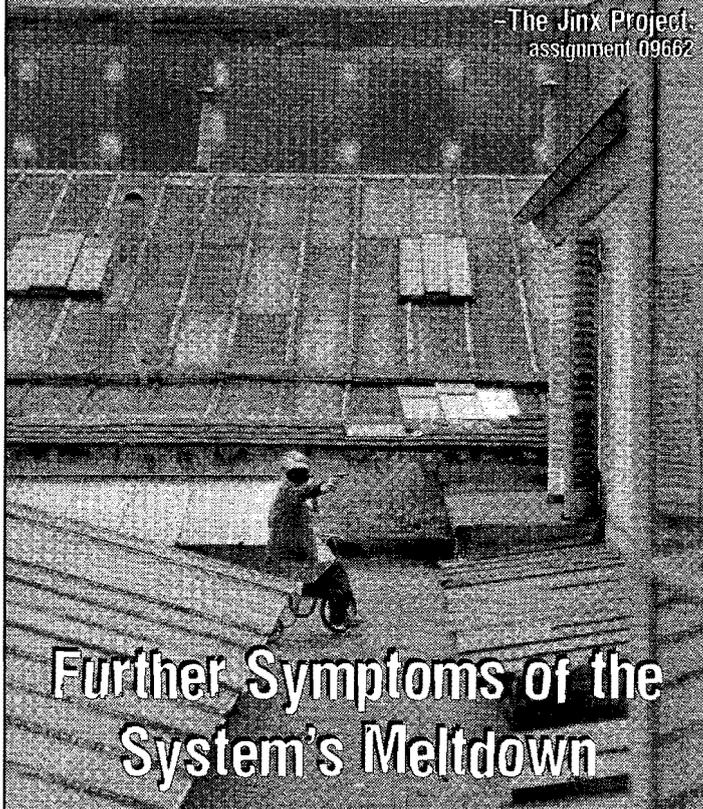
by **John Zerzan**

This is the final installment of *The Nihilist's Dictionary*, originally a regularly running column in *Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed* over ten years ago. The entire dictionary can be found towards the end of John's book, *Future Primitive* (Autonomea/Anarchy), and in a zine format available from our distro.

THE CENTER IS EVERYWHERE!

What I fear most is this: that I will be safe, that danger will spare me entirely, that I'll die conventionally—smug and purposeless, having never savored its menace. I fear who I might become if I live my whole life in the middle, never pushed into the dark margins. The human race moves with a force launched by centuries of misdirection, pillage, and neglect. I fear never knowing the intensity of life, threatening as a slinging blade pressed to the throat, its edge a border to cross; this is what I hunger for.

—The Jinx Project
assignment 09662



Further Symptoms of the System's Meltdown

June 14, Grand Rapids, MI: Attack on Cop Station

Vandals hurled a Molotov cocktail into a police mobile command center located in a rented trailer, setting the floor on fire. The unit was moved into the neighborhood only a few days prior, in advance of a planned opening later in the week to keep an eye on things for the summer. The building was towed away after the vandalism, but cops planned to fix the floor and return it. Authorities said they believed the vandals were sending a message: police are not welcome in the neighborhood. City leaders vowed to send a return message: police are not backing down; the attack likely will lead to beefed-up patrols.

June 30, Naples, Italy: Target Practice

A Navy contractor has been arrested and charged with intentionally damaging a Naval Forces Europe/6th Fleet computer system designed to track and plot the locations of ships and submarines. Richard F. Sylvestre, 43, of Boylston, Massachusetts, was arrested by US marshals and arraigned in a US District Court in Norfolk, Virginia, and released on \$10,000 bail. If convicted, he faces up to 10 years in prison and up to a \$250,000 fine.

Sylvestre worked as one of several systems administrators at the Naples, Italy-based European Planning and Operations Center. He is charged with installing malicious codes into software on the computer system on or about May 19, according to the release.

Two days later, the software caused two computers to crash when it deleted critical operating files. A check of the center's other computers showed that several additional computers, including a network server, were programmed with similar malicious codes.

Summer, London, UK: Shutting Down Traffic to Sell Flowers

Groups of people are deliberately bringing chaos to some of London's busiest junctions by sabotaging traffic lights, creating backups up to a mile long. The lights lose their ability to "read" traffic and respond in order to prevent backups. Once disabled, the lights stay red and the perpetrators descend on the waiting commuters to clean windshields in return for cash or offer roses for sale. One contractor said there had been at least a dozen attacks on traffic lights over the past three years: "They get access to the cables by removing manhole covers and climbing down the shafts our engineers use to access the cables. You can see that they have cut the cables with a craft knife or hacksaw." Cutting the cables disables the traffic lights' electronic "brain" that controls their phasing. They then revert to a fixed "default" sequence that is not in tune with the traffic flow but stops the lights being stuck on red. Engineers have entombed vulnerable electrical cabling in concrete as a deterrent, but now they have to spend up to an hour smashing through the concrete to reach the cables when lights develop a fault.

July 2, Bristol, UK: Kill Your Television

About 100,000 subscribers to digital TV service Telewest were unable to stare at their tubes after two underground cables were cut. Cops were called once the firm determined the damage was the work of "someone who knew what they were doing".

July 3, Lockport, NY:

What began as a request for teens to stop using illegal fireworks, ended as a "near riot" after the officially sanctioned fireworks show. Local cops, sheriff's deputies, state boys, and a number of other local law enforcement agencies were called in to handle

the unruly crowd of several hundred that gathered after the public fireworks were finished.

"The residents and guests surrounded the auxiliary police, numbering 50-75, and they became fearful for their safety," an ossifer said. "When we came, they started throwing beer bottles and rocks." Officer Michael Wasik was hit in the head with one of the bottles and taken to the hospital for treatment. "The cops were outnumbered badly," one witness said. "I saw the bottle hit (Wasik). It grazed him and landed in the road next to him. At that point, the cops decided to use the mace." People were not happy with the police presence, cops were "called names and the people were very unruly."

July 14, Orlando: Kickin' Pig-Ass in Florida

Three weeks ago, The Palms apartment complex was assigned their "own police force". Today, two pigs were attempting to arrest a pair of drug suspects when the men took off, heading straight for a crowd congregating in the area. "There was a chase, a gun was dropped, the dope was dropped. He ran in an apartment. A lady yelled, 'Get him out,'" said one pig. When somebody yelled, "Let's get these guys. We've got 'em outnumbered. We can take 'em.", the cops radioed for help. The crowd started throwing rocks and bottles at their "own police force". As the crowd grew to nearly 200, reinforcements were required to end the disturbance.

Late July, Buenos Aires, Argentina:

A fire that caused a huge power failure in the south, could be a sabotage, according to the National Entity for Electricity Regulation. The fire damaged four substations and left 800,000 people without electricity. Another blackout occurred in three populous boroughs a few days later, but authorities at the electricity company assert that it has nothing to do with the previous outage.

August 21, Los Angeles, CA:

A pair of city transportation engineers are accused of sabotaging intersection signal lights. Gabriel Murillo, 37, and Kartik Patel, 34, allegedly rigged

computers to disconnect signal lights at several locations including WorldWay at Los Angeles International Airport. The pair allegedly changed computer codes to prevent transportation managers from reprogramming and reactivating the traffic lights for four days. The sabotage occurred on the eve of a job action when 1,500 union members walked off their jobs for two days.

August 21, Mudgee, Australia

The general manager of the Wilpinjong Coal Project, Keith Downham, says acts of sabotage against local operations appear to be escalating. Three recent incidents in and around the fledgling mine site include a person or persons erecting barriers on a narrow bridge; cutting a telephone cable to the site office while staff members were working; and smashing a water truck overnight at its Ulan town depot, resulting in \$30,000 damage. Excel Coal Ltd. owns the mining project which plans an open-cut mine along with associated infrastructure.

August 28, Alegia, Spain: Five Pigs Injured in Brawl

Local pigs were attacked at the scene of a private party after being called at 7:45AM by a neighbor complaining about the noise. Upon arrival, they were bombarded with bottles, stones, sticks and chairs hurled by thirty to forty party-goers. The attack stopped briefly when one of the pigs fired a warning shot in the air. The cops regrouped, but the attackers followed them outside and began attacking again. After a prolonged struggle, numerous cops were badly punched, kicked and beaten, the five most seriously injured were relieved from duty while recovering from their injuries. Three men in their early thirties were arrested and twenty other individuals have since been identified.

September 18, Belfast, Ireland: Cops Injured in North Belfast Riot

When a stolen car collided with a police Land Rover, four cops were injured. Up to 150 people gathered in the area following the crash and began attacking the cops by throwing the contents of a builders' skip at them. Seven more pigs were injured, two required hospitalization. One had a cut to her face, the other with injuries to his abdomen.

September 20, Felton, CA:

Sheriff's deputies arrested three teenagers on suspicion of setting the fire that left the San Lorenzo Valley

High School library in ruins, causing an estimated \$2 million worth of damage. The fire started about 2:30AM after arsonists pushed several plastic recycling carts full of paper up against the door of the library and ignited them. The flames spread to the building, destroying about 11,000 books, and banks of computers. Deputies say the trio also tried to burn the school's gymnasium by torching a 50-gallon metal trash bin full of paper next to the building. That fire, however, failed to ignite the gym.

September-October: Canada and US: Wave of School Attacks

Kimveer Gill began shooting outside one entrance to Dawson College and moved towards the atrium by the cafeteria on the main floor. One victim died at the scene and another 19 injured, eight of whom were listed in critical condition. The gunman later committed suicide by shooting himself in the head, after being shot in the arm by police. This shooting launched a new wave of attacks similar to the "copycat" shootings following the Columbine massacre.

The next day in Ottawa a 22-year-old law student fired a pellet gun at one of the buildings of the University of Ottawa in a drive-by shooting. He was quickly arrested at his home and subsequently banned from the University.

On September 15, three Wisconsin teenage boys were arrested on suspicion of planning a shooting attack at Green Bay East High School. Reports indicate they were depressed and fascinated with the Columbine incident. Numerous weapons were found in their homes.

The following day in St. Louis, Missouri, Austin Vincent, a senior student of Westminster High School, reportedly text-messaged his friend, saying he would commit suicide. This was later forwarded to a counselor, who called the police. He did not attend school that day, but arrived at around forty-five minutes after the 3PM closing. He got out of his mother's car holding a rifle.

Cops were already on the scene waiting for him. Vincent reportedly pointed the rifle at his head, then waved it at the pigs who took 3 shots. He was hit in the leg by at least one and taken to a nearby hospital in stable condition.

September 18, Hudson, Quebec, Canada: A 15-year-old was arrested after uttering death threats via the same Internet site as Dawson College shooter Kimveer Gill. He was planning a similar type shooting at a high school west of Montreal.

On September 29, again in Wisconsin, 15-year-old Eric Hainstock shot his high school principal, who then managed to wrestle Hainstock to the ground. The principal died later in hospital from multiple gunshot wounds.

The same day in Cincinnati, Ohio, a 15-year-old freshman was arrested at his home when he sent a text message threatening to bring his gun to a local high school. The school was locked down while cops arrested the suspect, but re-opened in time for classes.

On October 2, an ex-student of Mohave High School in Nevada went

the ceiling at his middle school after confronting a pair of students and administrators, telling them, "please don't make me do this," officials said. The student was wearing a mask and pointed the assault rifle at Principal Steve Gilbreth and Assistant Superintendent Steve Doerr. Doerr and Gilbreth persuaded the student to leave the building, where he was confronted by two cops with weapons drawn. The student dropped the rifle and was taken into custody. The armed student, whose identity wasn't released, apparently had been planning an attack for a "long time," according to reports.

October 2, U.S.: Let's Build a Better Trooper Trap

A Houston cop was shot and killed by a prisoner who sat in the back seat of his car, a cop car in Atlanta Georgia was stolen by a female prisoner, and another woman killed herself while waiting in the back seat as her male companion was dealing with the pig. A patented prisoner seatbelt alarm called Trooper Trap, invented by an Oklahoma pig, is meant to prevent prisoner escapes, and stolen and

damaged cop cars. It works by sounding an alarm on the outside of the car as soon as a prisoner releases the seatbelt signaling cops to pay attention.

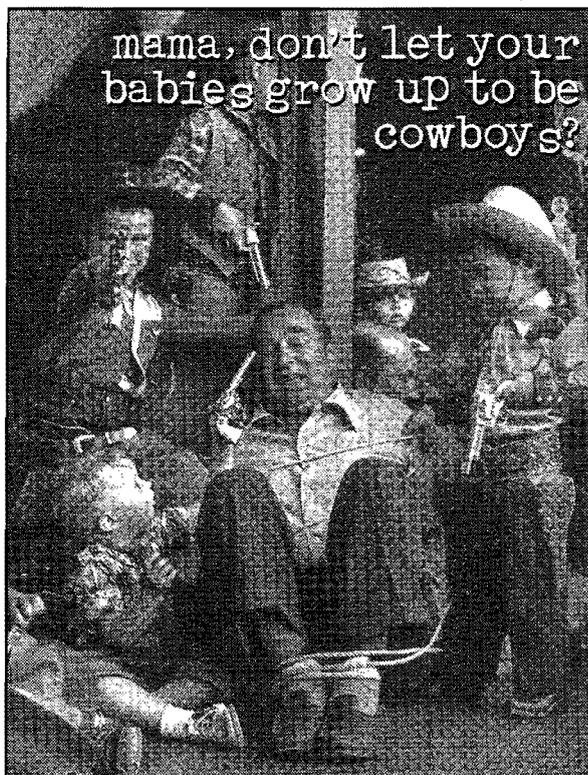
October 8, Evendale, OH:

Three suspects are charged with stealing copper wiring from the Indiana and Ohio Railroad. The theft of about 100 pounds of copper along the railroad line disrupted emergency communications on the railroad. The thieves can expect to get as much as \$1,000 at scrap yards for this much sought after metal. Forty-six power substation break-ins have been reported in Ohio.

Copper thieves also cut large pieces of 3/4 inch copper wire from a series of live electrical panels

behind a building in Hutchinson, Kansas, leaving the building without power. This is the second theft of this kind in less than a year at the building. Inside the well-hidden, large electrical panels, the thieves

(continued on next page)



on campus with a gun. Students recognized him as an ex-student and notified school cops immediately. The suspect ran from the school and ditched his gun behind a church close to Mohave.

October 9, Joplin, Missouri: a 13-year-old student fires an AK47 into

severed the neutral wires while leaving the hot wires in place. The result was an electrical circuit that bypassed the emergency breakers and loaded low voltage wires with immense heat, nearly starting a fire.

October 16, Nairobi, Kenya:

Hundreds of illegal street vendors fought with police who fired tear gas and rubber bullets in an effort to drive them out of a central business district of Kenya's capital. The street hawkers barricaded several Nairobi streets with burning tires, set at least one car on fire, and threw stones at cops who repeatedly charged the protesters with batons and fired tear gas and rubber bullets to scatter them. No injuries were reported. Earlier this year, four people were killed – including one pig – during similar disturbances.

Oct 30, Birmingham, UK You Have Been Disconnected

Thousands of homes and businesses were without phone lines after an exchange station was sabotaged. Cops are considering the possibility that a former phone company employee with a grudge was responsible for about 35,000 homes and businesses having their land-lines cut off. The saboteur risked electrocution by hacking through the cables at the, unmanned Handsworth exchange.

According to phone company, "They got into a box with 25 or so fibre optic cables and severed them. It was deliberate, and they seemed to know what they were doing."

November 5, Madrid, Spain: Mile High Riot

Around thirty illegal African immigrants being returned home caused a riot aboard an aircraft, forcing the pilot to make an emergency landing in Malaga, south-east Spain. The migrants from Guinea-Bissau were on their way back to their homeland on the west coast of Africa when several of the men attacked pigs accompanying them on the flight.

November 10, Scottsdale, AZ:

Cops arrested two 16-year-old Chapparral High School students believed to be responsible for setting a series of fires last month at Copper Ridge Elementary. The Oct. 26 fires, which damaged playground equipment, an awning over it and also 12 to 15 trash cans on the campus, caused an estimated \$34,000 in damage.

November 14, Southwestern China: The Ugly Face of Socialized Medicine

Two thousand angry peasants tore through the Guangan City No. 2 People's Hospital in Sichuan province, smashing windows and equipment and forcing doctors to halt work. The rampage followed the death of a young boy who had swallowed agricultural poison stored in a soda bottle. Doctors had told the injured boy's grandfather to go home and collect more money for treatment. While he was away, the boy died. The riot led to clashes with security personnel with several cop cars burnt in the melee.

unrest in the area, and more than 1600 people killed in the almost daily violence since January 2004.

Since taking office after the September military coup, army-installed premier Surayud Chulanont has offered a number of olive branches, including an offer to hold talks with militants, in a bid to bring peace to the troubled region. But the violence has spiraled in the last month, with bombings, arsons and shootings happening every day. The latest unrest has been variously blamed on ethnic Malay separatists, Islamic extremists, and criminal gangs. Information only trickles out since the new democratic regime took over. One of their first edicts was to shut down the media.

Fall-Winter, Sun-Kitts/Nevis: Schools are Shit!

Several school break-ins have occurred in the past several months. In one incident, vandals broke into the Beach Allen Primary School using a piece of iron and a garden pick axe, then turned several classes and the

Mid-December, Israel:

Israeli Defense Force Military Police arrested a soldier currently assigned to an air force base in southern Israel following allegations that he intended to sabotage an F-16 fighter jet with pyrotechnic devices. The soldier denied the accusation. Two months prior, a soldier serving in an administrative position in an air force squadron purposely damaged an F-16 jet for undisclosed reasons. The damage was fixed before the jet took off, and a serious accident likely averted. A similar incident occurred in September 2005 at the Ovda base after flight crews found spare screws in the engine of an F-16. An airman was arrested, but released several days later due to lack of evidence.

December 30, San Juan, Puerto Rico: Powering Down

National Guard troops have been posted at numerous power installations throughout the country after a major electrical plant was damaged by two fires authorities suspect were

acts of intentional sabotage. The fires at the Palo Seco power plant damaged high voltage lines and the turbines, costing at least \$50 million. The plant, in suburban San Juan, is expected to be closed for six months to a year due to the fires.

The electrical workers' union, which is in an ongoing and bitter contract dispute with the U.S. Caribbean territory's power authority, denied any involvement in the fires. The FBI is investigating the incident.

January 5, Greater Manchester, UK:

Security was stepped up at motorway bridges across the area when 'mindless vandals' tried to hack down a suspension bridge. They are believed to have used a hacksaw to cut through several steel strands on five steel cables of a footbridge over the M60 highway. The motorway was shut for several hours and urgent checks carried out on other potential targets.



Armed pigs finally broke up the crowd, injuring 10 and arrested five.

November 27, Southern Thailand: Teaching Democracy

Thailand closed all 994 public schools indefinitely in the country's insurgency-torn south after a string of arsons and shootings left two teachers dead. Sixty teachers have been killed during three years of

principal's office upside down. Money and food were stolen from said office. In a second incident, computers were stolen from the Basseterre Senior High School. In the most recent episode, individuals broke into three classrooms at the William Connor Primary School, ransacked them, and smeared human feces over the surfaces, books, and desks of one of the rooms.

Initial Declaration from the Founder of

Anarchist People of Odor (A.P.O.O.)

I am usually someone who resides on the periphery of the world of *identity politics* (that is, the primary and often exclusive focus and politicization of a particular defining characteristic – race, ethnicity, gender, sexual preference, religion, etc. – at the expense of a dynamic exploration of who we are based on our desires, our direct experience, and the continual fluidity of who we are within varying contexts). After years of feeling marginalized by the identity extremities...too light to be dark, too dark to be light (I call it either beige or olive)...raised too “comfortable” to be “poor”, too “discomforting” to be “rich” (they call it “middle class”)...too rough and tough to be labeled “feminine”, too emotional and freakish to be “macho” or “straight”. And definitely, too much of a free thinker to adopt any ideology or box to abide within and to view the world from. Always on the outside looking in. I have invariably viewed myself as one of billions of unique beings who inhabit this world, defying all the labels that neatly package us for sale on the market of social interaction and the economy of politics. I have avoided, mostly on purpose, sometimes not consciously, and other times against my wishes, most pacts, clubs, or significant demographics. When I have tried to apply labels or definitions to myself for brevity sake, it has often become a convoluted and satirical list of hyphenated prefixes, suffixes, and adjectives resembling some odd chemical equation, clarifying very little. When I have tried to define myself in writing with words of explication or prose, it usually offers only a temporary and partial glimpse of who I am. My lived experience, directly with others, best defines and explains who I am, and this is, of course, unique to everyone I engage with at any given moment (complicated further by their perception based on their experiences, filters, socialization, and perspectives). Although it seems cliché, we are what we do, not what we say we are, or what we declare our intentions to be. This cannot be distilled into an abstraction and retain any use. This is all said without the intention of getting into a long diatribe on identity politics, something most anarchists should at least question, if not entirely reject. However, the various pitfalls of such an orientation should be noted. And we must be prepared to ask ourselves how egalitarian situations and liberatory experiences can occur when we surround ourselves and move from assertions of victimhood or of superiority (and at times in the world of identity politics the two are so intertwined they become the same thing). It becomes a game of creating labels to give and take power to and from different self-described and projected identities, rather than abolishing power and hierarchy completely, and avoiding absurd and biased notions of justice. So now we ask ourselves, is it possible to present who we are as part of a marginalized (or even empowered) group based on a limited description without perpetuating unhealthy, or at minimum, useless distinctions?

And what to do when they are thrust upon us by others? This all being said, I have finally found an identity I can get behind, or shall I say, it got behind me or is following me around. That is odor. I have come to finally realize a characteristic of myself that puts me in a minority not only in “straight” society, but also so-called alternative, counter-cultural, and radical scenes. Although I meet the general standards of cleanliness for most parts of the world (and far exceeding in many) I still frequently become ostracized for the natural scent of my humanness. Not possessing the “privilege” or status as the smell-gooders, I am often viewed as fragrantly challenged. It became more apparent to me recently when I was forced to leave a supposed free-thinking, “enlightened”, and laid back job because of my aroma, along with other social situations where I was asked to smell/be something different for other people’s comfort. Now some would say this characteristic is something I can change, and that it is not worthy of concern in any real discussion of oppression politics, but it can only be altered by not being who I am, changing my behavior, and artificially assimilating myself into another’s or a sector of society’s expectations, by becoming an aromatic Uncle Tom. But no, deodorants, perfumes, and the likes are not part of me and I make my stand here and identify as an Anarchist Person of Odor (A.P.O.O.). It reminds me of this great Japanese kid’s book, by Taro Gomi called *Everyone Poops*, which very plainly and simply explains how “All living things eat, so everyone poops!” and how different animals make different kinds of poop with different shapes, colors, and smells. Many people in our society attempt to avoid this very simple concept, creating standards and taboos to conceal very base and natural actualities. They shroud anything that reminds them that they are of this earth and are biological organisms that have distinct and palatable characteristics. One of these is smell. Of all the conventionally recognized “senses”, our olfactory is the one we seem the least in touch with, and in fact many people fear it. They will go to great measures to cover up the scent of everything around them, and most important, themselves. Once, we may have recognized everything around us by its scent. It was a fingerprint-like identification of plants, animals, landscapes, upcoming weather, and each other. Now, we are asked to scrape off one more layer of what makes us both unique and a part of everything. And while the stage of identity politics is an absurdly jocular spectacle, I might as well join the circus and take a hand at the game. As long as there are the smelly ones (i.e. those comfortable with how they naturally smell), we will be among them, disturbing and making uncomfortable those with hyper-domesticated and cultivated expectancy and values. We have been put down and scented artificially long enough! We are empowered by our body odor and we will not be victims of their fragrant persecution. Whose Smell? Our Smell! I have been to the mountaintop, and it reeks! From the gaseous statements of the colon to the sweaty proclamations of the pits to the very bottom of our well-used pungent feet, we shall overwhelm everyday! My nose has smelled the glory of the coming of a load!

**Get Used To Us! We Are Everywhere!
We Are Even You (If You Want It)!**

**Podrido
Apestar**

Minister of Defecation
Founder of A.P.O.O.



REVIEWS



The following reviews are the individual opinions of various members of the *Green Anarchy Collective*: WTS=W. T. Smoke, FS=Felonious Skunk, and JZ=John Zerzan, except where noted.

Without a glimmer of remorse

by Pino Cacucci
Translated by Paul Sharkey
Read and Noir Books

How much of this work is fiction or fact? There is no introduction and no author's notes to indicate its accuracy. No matter, as a historical novel it is one worth reading for no other reason than its subject: the life and times of Jules Bonnot, at various times a feared bank robber, car enthusiast and chauffeur, soldier, father, counterfeiter and propagandist. But always and forever an anarchist.

Cacucci has a good bit of fun with this story about the notorious "gangster" and his contemporaries and for that I am quite appreciative. Most writings about anarchist history are dull, devoid

of any real sense of life, of the pleasures and pains our predecessors experienced – they remain as dead as the people and times they describe and thus put so many people off of what might be useful to us today. While this is not a gripping novel – at times it was only my interest in this "illegalist" anarchist that kept me reading through some of the more tedious areas – it is a light read and I finished the 362 pages in just a couple nights of bedtime reading. The tedium may have been the result of poor editing – the "Grammar Hammer" would have a field day with the typos alone – or confused translation. The story would flow along nicely, then abruptly stop and shift to another scene. If this was a stylistic choice, I think it would have been more obvious, instead it feels too often disjointed. It also seemed to be a way of dealing with gaps in historical data and so I was left hanging at times in places I would have enjoyed lingering.

The author is at his best with dialog between his characters. "You're a dreamer Jules", Nicolette mumbled, massaging the tense, knotted muscles at the nape of his neck. "And in these streets awash with bastards and traitors, dreams are just a guarantee of an early death." Cacucci also deftly injects some anarchist theory which is particularly potent since he contextualizes it in Jules' day-to-day life. As Jules reads Stirner's *The Ego and Its Own*, he contemplates the potential of head lice and revolution: "Rebellion not revolution. Any attempt to replace a reactionary government with a revolutionary government here reckoned, would assuredly leave in place, if not the exploiters per se, then at least the methodology of exploitation as a function. The State may change its aims, but not its means."

The book bounces between Bonnot and his comrades and another anarchist group he will later join up with. He does this to explore the tension between those who engaged in illegal activities to support their life and projects and those who opposed this strategy including Victor Kibalchich, one of the editors of the periodical, *L'Anarchie*. Cacucci avoids moralizing in his portrayal of the struggle both groups had in dealing with the complexities of living in a world they despised while attempting to create anew. However, he was too soft for my taste on cops and on Arthur Conan Doyle (creator of Sherlock Holmes), for whom Bonnot briefly chauffeured.

I recommend this historical novel without hesitation. But I do recommend reading it without expectations and with some flexibility/forgiveness. I suspect most will find enough of interest to make it worth the time away from more prosaic projects. In fact, it would be most welcome to see more anarchist history delivered in this format. Imagine the Spanish Civil War as a revolutionary love story! (WTS)



Out of Control #1: Technophobic Delusions in Schizophrenia

by David Drexler

This premier issue explores *Electromagnetic Harassment and the Influencing Machine*. More than just a re-presentation of facts and figures from his numerous sources regarding mental illness and technology, Drexler posits several interesting themes of his own. He first suggests

"that there is a parallel development between technology and mental illness, which began with Descartes' 17th century conception of the universe, and all beings in it, as clock-work mechanisms." He suggests that the "mania" for vivisection among scientists and doctors is "analogous to the childhood murder of cats and small animals so often noted among those who later become psychopaths or mass murderers." Rather than present these ideas authoritatively, he uses a contemplative tone that grabbed me and kept me interested through some of his strange twists and turns.

"The history of technological progress is well known, but its parallels in mental illnesses are largely hidden and unrecognized. It is the purpose of this study to throw this connection into light, and to ultimately reveal and expose technology itself as an active, autonomous force, which has parasitized human beings for its own ends." This is a hard notion to wrap ones mind around, but if you dismiss it too quickly you'll miss some well thought out arguments. Drexler rather convincingly describes several manifestations of mental illness that parallel (if not predict) future conditions: "feeling 'dead' is the alienation of Cartesian rationalism gone too far; the idea of being poisoned or contaminated brings to mind pollution, pesticides, herbicides. Classic paranoid delusions hearkens to mind the development of the State's secret intelligence forces who came into their own in the 19th century where leaders ... must be on guard for treasonous seditions, deep cover spies, and advanced electronic gadgetry, and it is essential to perceive the hidden, implied meanings behind mundane aspects of behavior."

There are some great old illustrations that depict the real and imagined manipulation machinery of the earliest days of electricity including The Air Loom, magnetic controlling and invigorating devices, radiations and other emanations of "the mad" that were eventually manifested in the telephone, radar, x-rays, and television, "that most effective and enslaving of all influencing machines."

In "Contemporary Manifestations of the Influencing Machine" Drexler points us to the Internet and the new age of electronic harassment where one can read thousands of stories of delusion and paranoia that sound remarkably similar to past centuries equivalents and preconfigure technology not yet (perhaps) in place. In an interesting note related to the State's "mass schizophrenia", "Sacco and Vanzetti, and the Rosenbergs were all treated to complimentary electrotherapy in a gruesome protrusion of schizoid reality into daily life."

While the author questions the definitions and characteristics of insanity—a necessity in a world where normal gets more and more narrowly defined—he could have made fewer generalizations about what constitutes mental illness. I could not help but shudder at his proposition that "...technology itself is an active, controlling force in human affairs, not being used by people so much as enslaving and parasitizing us for its own mindless, viral, destructive, cancerous purposes of endless reproduction..."

Whatever conclusions one might draw, however far-fetched or right-on you may find his ideas, you will not be bored and you're sure to find ideas worth pondering. (WTS)

Now available in the GA Distro or
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Anarchy Magazine: A Journal Of Desire Armed #62 Fall-Winter 2006

Anarchy Magazine is a long-running anarchist magazine that is now edited—as of 3 issues past—by our friends in the Bay Area. One notable change is their inclusion of a description of what they are about, what they are for and against: "...uncompromisingly anti-authoritarian, *Anarchy* refuses all ideology. We criticize all religion, all moralism, all political ideology. We have no patience for nationalism, militarism, racism, and hierarchy. We don't want to leave anything out, least of all anarchism." Further, they "want to create a genuinely different vision—radically cooperative and communitarian, ecological and feminist, spontaneous and wild—a liberatory vision free from the constraints of our own human self-domestication." With what shall we be inspired?

Issue #62 does not have a particular theme. The front cover grabs us with a bright, red-faced, tattooed person with a circle-A earring. S/he seems like a perfect icon for the magazine—not too clear where this person hails from, but you gotta at least check them out. Features listed on the cover are "Dot Matrix on Penetrating Leftist Code", "State Abuse of Ethnic Identity" by Andy Robinson, and "Censored: What Was Slashed from *Dreams of Freedom*".

I found the most enjoyable essay to be the reprint, "The Final Communiqué" by the occupational committee of the Sorbonne in exile (Communiqué 4 was reprinted in #61). While it would have been helpful to give some background regarding the recent University take-over by students in France, their poetic critique of the conditions that led to the takeover and the relationships that were formed, reformed, and abandoned, ought to be more than enough to inspire the reader to go beyond what the magazine offers. Introducing ideas is what our journals tend to do best; we can only explore so far and so deep within any given topic; there is so much to say about the complex and heartfelt issues that propel us towards a someday that we'll always desire, no matter how intimidating the obstacles in our paths.

The review sections are pretty standard fare; there are some that made me want to read the book, others that made me wonder why they bothered reviewing them. The 6-page look at Aragorn's Summer Tour of the midwest and east coast covered a quite a variety of his experiences. I really dig hanging out with A!, he's a lot of fun and brings on good belly laughs with his tales. But he seems hellbent on sticking to a more stilted, carefully crafted language when he writes for *AJODA*. Shake it up, baby!

Andy Robinson's, *Ethnic Politics as Integration* could have been a much shorter (11 pages plus 1 for the citations) and much more accessible article. The subject of identity as strategy—as used by both the identified oppressed and the state—is crucial to an assessment of the organizational forms resistant peoples have taken throughout time and in different regions. The author has obviously done a lot of research and thinking about this, but his generalizations lead to some erroneous, or at least oversimplified, conclusions along the way. This might have been avoided if he defined more clearly what a social network is instead of stating some rather homogenized examples: "Hunter-gatherers and other indigenous societies, peasant movements, and the urban poor of the shanty-towns and ghettos..." He calls networked and horizontal relations "implicitly anarchist...due to their structure, a network of overlapping voluntary associations existing for practical purposes rather than as part of a political principle of domination." Maybe, but I am not convinced this is enough. His assertion that these networks operate as a swarm, without leaders or guiding principles is specious. They may or may not, depending on which ones we are talking about and under what circumstances. Even the most decentralized networks have areas of invisible congregation with

(continued on next page)

tendencies towards, if not explicitly designed, points of control. However, he does an excellent job talking about some of those weak points (e.g. leaders who are co-opted by the state, etc) so I wonder if I missed some tie-in due to his rather convoluted academic language. He attempts to throw in some poetic bites but these end up as vacuous rhetoric in this context: "The state principle is a principle which destroys everything. The irony of a recent British law which defines gathering in a public place as anti-social behavior would not have been lost on Kropotkin. It stands in a long tradition of state bans and attacks on horizontal association. For statist, people can only relate through the intermediary of the state; to remove this mediation is inherently threatening to it." The

strength of the article is in his treatment of ethnicity as a means of control, and he gives us lots and lots of examples. In fact, one starts to feel hammered over the head with pages of proofs that are not really necessary for non-identity politics anarchists. I did get some good information and ideas to consider, but some tighter editorial assistance would have made it far more readable, thus more useful.

Dot's dealings with lefty language in "Breaking the Code" showed a pleasant touch of some cynical humor. "Unity - lack of perceived disagreement; perception being much of the point, Unity is used frequently to encourage people to shut up. See Getting Shit Done." This might offend some, but her treatment is light and generous as well as funny. More, please!

My consistent *AJODA* favorite is Ben Blue's column, "Loose Cannons". Blue captures our non-linear, dark and deep, multifaceted world with language that cannot be merely read. It requires savoring, of letting one's mind grasp and grapple with nuances and contradictions. Blue is not for everyone, but is a welcome bite for those whose mind does not compute. Unfortunately, the similar attempt by the Oakland Association of Astronauts just doesn't do it for me, their twists and turns seem strained and contrived and I just don't get it.

Aragorn's Anarchy and Strategy column continues to try to find its footing; much like the rest of us when thinking about, discussing, and implementing liberating strategies. Last issue was whether we need an anarchist army (no) while this one describes a Crowd Control & Street Tactics workshop presented by an ex-National Guardsman. "The feeling of pushing people

around, and having group approval to do it, to have the stick instead of merely being right was the lesson". He goes into some interesting detail about formations, baton control, and pig training strategies of the state. It is by

far the most useful strategy column he has put together yet.

The not-so-new-anymore collective has resolved their technical difficulties which could give them the space to break with their steadfast maintenance of *AJODA*'s traditional content and style. The choice of articles remains largely uncontroversial except within a limited anarchist theoretical milieu, even as they poke around the edges of insurrectionary or revolutionary ideas. It is not likely to offend the sensibilities

of many of the patrons of the book chains where it is sold, which seems to connote something about their intended audience, thus trajectory. As much as we'd like to think anarchy is for everyone (which is why anarchist projects like both of ours reach out to a broader audience) it simply isn't, as noted by increased repression by the powers-that-be.

While reactionary offense to bourgeois sensibilities can also be tedious, any (anti) politic that is easily articulated - much less attemptable - within the legal and popular corral, is not an anarchy that is very interesting to me. If I were to have one wish, it would be for *AJODA* to reflect the more playful, challenging, and controversial sides of our friends' views more often. (WTS)

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Note: An extensive review of *AJODA* #61 is available in our on-line library at: www.greenanarchy.org.

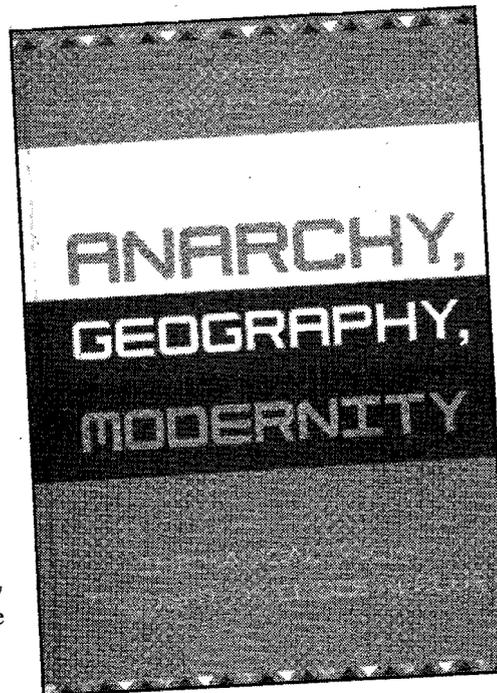
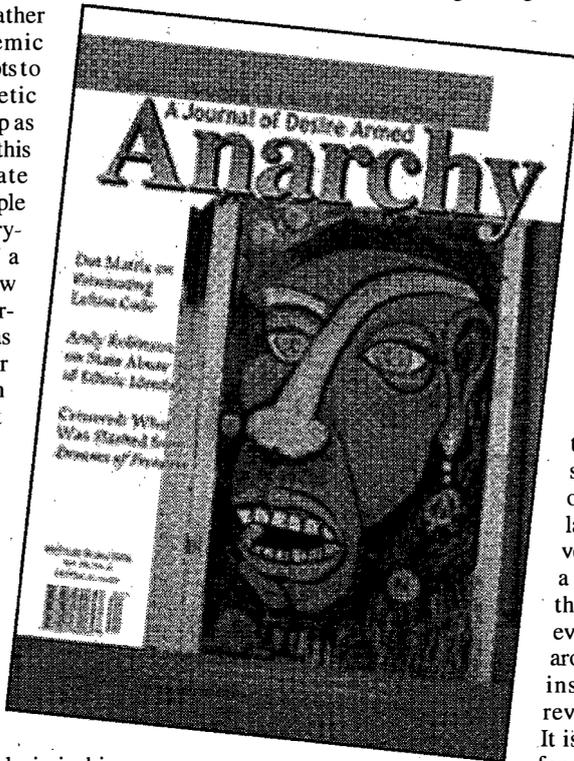
Anarchy, Geography, Modernity The Radical Social Thought of Elisé Reclus Edited by John P. Clark and Camille Martin

Loyola Professors Clark (Philosophy) and Martin (English) introduced Elisé Reclus (b. 1830 - d. 1905) to many of us through their 250-page book of analysis and editorial commentary (113 pages) and 11 selected short translations. Not being a lover of old anarchist history much more than I am of statist (preferring to find my inspiration in living anarchists and living anarchy), after a cursory read, I set it aside to review at a later date. Later came when I decided to speak at the Reclus conference Clark was sponsoring in New Orleans.

The first section contains the editors' analysis of Reclus by way of his numerous writings. They repeat throughout their commentary his notion that "Humanity is nature becoming self-conscious". The authors also introduce us to Reclus' ever-present dialectic in which every phenomenon, including the phenomenon of humanity, is inseparable from all other phenomena. Reclus also sees three orders of facts ("laws") consistently revealed through his study of social geography: class struggle, the quest for equilibrium, and the sovereign decision of the individual. They close this chapter with a quote from Reclus that states his ethic to be an expression of the best of Christianity of the Gospels. Specifically, as a communist anarchist he is to be no one's master or slave; to live in equality with everyone including owner or slave, millionaire or beggar; to obey the Golden Rule; and forbidding vengeance as a primitive practice.

In the second chapter we learn more about Reclus' life. That he was the son of a Protestant minister of a "Free Church" [quotes in original] and mostly educated in Christian schools, is apparent in many of his writings where he looks for a universal morality that would unite all life. However, he always tried to recognize the ultimate importance of the individual as the place from where all freedom must first arise. His practice of vegetarianism was informed by a morality that separated

"sentient" animals from other life forms. However, as just one example of numerous



contradictory ideas I encountered throughout, he also thought it “stupid to deny a soul to animals, to plants, and to all that is still termed ‘insensible matter’”. He was a volunteer for the largely middle-class National Guard (a recognized citizens militia) that held power for a short time during the Paris Commune. For this role, he was exiled for ten years, providing the opportunity for his important association with Bakunin and Kropotkin.

The third section, “The Dialectic of Nature and Culture” is filled with potential pitfalls along with some interesting concepts. The authors claim that Reclus attempted to situate humans *within* nature instead of above it. To wit, his “humanity being nature taking consciousness of itself”, they explain, means “humanity must come to understand its identity as the self-consciousness of the earth and that it must complete the process of developing this consciousness in history” ...where it must realize itself in “one form that encompasses all ages”. Here we are also treated to one of Reclus’ poetic turns that illustrate his desire to be “within nature”, written as he bathes in a river: “It seems that I have become part of the surrounding milieu; I feel as if I am one with the floating aquatic system, one with the current that sways my body.” The authors’ are quick to slip past and forgive Reclus’ assertion that Science would turn the earth into the “pleasant garden” spoken of by poets. This type of concession is notable throughout their analysis.

One of the most pertinent chapters is “Anarchism and Social Transformation”. Here we find some of his eloquent descriptions of the founding principles of anarchy, which Reclus positions in a lived experience rather than ‘after-the-revolution’. Reclus might be called an anarchist’s anarchist, for he seems at once to be a communist and individualist anarchist, a class struggle and eco-anarchist, an evolutionary and revolutionary anarchist. While he thought that “the secret” was to love everybody – even the “evildoers” – he refused to condemn those who practiced propaganda-by-the-deed. Here we are privy to one perspective of the professors, who are most critical of Reclus because of his refusal to condemn the “terrorists” who failed in their propaganda and “were a disaster” for which anarchists are still “unjustly suffering”, stereotyped as “terrorists” and “bomb-throwers.” Do they not recognize their own complicity in furthering said stereotype? They also condemn his view on re-appropriation – theft by another name – by those who are most stolen from. “However high Reclus’ own moral standards may have been, he advocates on this issue a kind of moral laissez-faire that might justify egoistic self-interest as effectively as it would inspire liberatory social practice.” Lest the anarcho-democrats feel left out, Reclus is said to have spoken favorably about the Greek polis, attributing to Greek democracy a key element in human emancipation. His description of teachers was also very disturbing. They are considered a “natural authority” over the young child based on “greater size and power, age, intelligence, scientific knowledge, moral dignity and life experience.” The author-educators do

not criticize this troubling authoritarian stance, attributing it to an (unfamiliar to me) anarchist theory called “authority of competence”.

Two other areas Reclus promoted were his anti-racist and anti-patriarchal views, which the authors, no doubt correctly, state were largely absent then, even amongst the more prominent anarchists he associated with. They mention (for at least the second time) his marriage to a woman of color as part of his deeper understand-

ing of the race problems in America.

Oddly, one indicator of Reclus’ concern was that blacks were refused the vote. Yet he was capable of drawing deeper parallels, such as the form familial relationships took directly influenced the form of the state and vice versa. Consequently, he believed that “a free society could only exist if the principles of freedom...are put into practice in the most intimate and personal details of life.” He thought that women were not given proper credit for their role in the formation of civilization. Matrilineal and matricentric practices “in the midst of primitive barbarism” gives the “first impulse to the future civilization” by uniting “the members of primitive bands around the maternal hearth and socializing them”. He writes of his studies of tribes whose female members were key to their agricultural practices: women held “powerful political authority” and were “regulators of all social and political affairs”, managing finances and so on. Well, perhaps he is not every anarchist’s anarchist...

I won’t delve into Reclus’ writings themselves. I will only say they are often interesting and poetic. If one is interested in anarchist history, Reclus should not be excluded any longer. For non-French speakers, this book is the best place to begin. Some of the titles Clark and Martin have chosen to illustrate Elisee Reclus’ relationship to anarchy, geography, and modernity: “The Feeling for Nature in Modern Society”, “To My Brother, the Peasant”, “On Vegetarianism”, “The History of Cities”, “The Modern State”, “Culture and Property”, and “Progress”.

I was unable to make it to the Reclus conference, but John Clark had my thoughts about Reclus read to the small gathering which can be found on page 86. Aragorn! did attend the conference and the transcript of his talk along with his Reclus biography are available on our web site. (WTS)

Backwoods Hipster

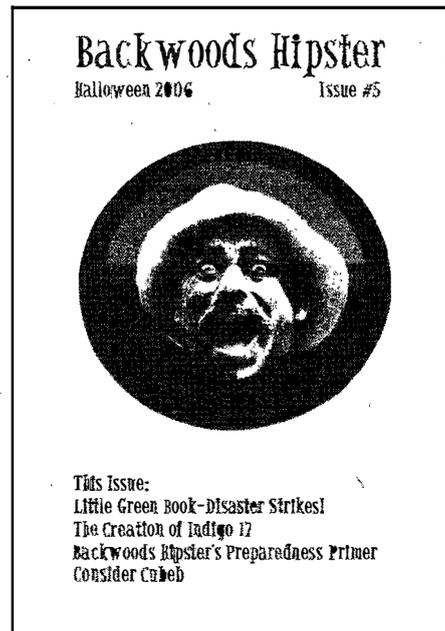
I usually find this mysterious little photocopied zine on the bench out in front of our local cultural center, the general store (sometimes next to a big stack of *Green Anarchy*). It is published fairly regularly and offers a puff of refreshingly stimulated air to the otherwise mostly politically

torpid and monotonous counter-culture of rural southern Oregon. Don’t get me wrong, lots of the locals are interesting people I enjoy being around. I even plan on entering into long-term projects with some – from sharing food to sipping beer at the local swimming hole to blocking off the valley when the shit goes down – but I typically avoid most in-depth discourse when it comes to the world of political perspectives. I mean, there are folks down with living with-out/outside civilization, but somehow, when we talk about getting there, Bush, electoral politics, alternative energy, and

“good intentions” frequently become topics of conversation. *Backwoods Hipster*, however, gives me hope that there are other autonomous people in our valley who think critically about the situation they are in as individuals and that we are faced with collectively.

Defying overt labels or agendas, *Backwoods Hipster* is basically an anti-civilization zine with an emphasis on living rurally. It is an amalgam of DIY strategies and techniques, poetic rantings, perspicacious humor, political/social commentary, various factoids, and absorbing descriptions of daily experiences (many influenced by homemade alcohol or other mind-altering concoctions), all with a precarious conspiracy theory-end-of-the-world undertone, but with sophisticated charm. If *Backwoods Hipster* was a wine, no boring and predictable Merlot would it be! Maybe an elder berry-oregon grape-salal berry blend, with a hint of cinnamon, offering a healthy tonic to keep away the winter blues. Dry and bitter, but with surprising and unique tones and occasional sweetness from below. It would be drunk after a few months of aging, as to get the flavors shifting about, but not quite prolonged enough to impart it a complete concordant taste, with just a hint of buoyant sediment to give it some grit. And, of course, it would be consumed huddled around the wood stove during a late night game of gin rummy and esoteric intercourse or swagging unshathed around a bonfire in the woods. Complex and assured, but never taking itself too seriously.

(continued on next page)



As the name might suggest, the *Backwoods Hipster* does not appear to be a misanthropic deer skin wearing neo-primitive living in the wild (although I'm certainly down with that too), but instead, a contemplative and sensitive drop-out from the world of hipness who has settled in a slightly out of the way hippie hamlet in the mountains. A bebopping neoluddite who buries his crop of beets for winter while surfing the internet for endless data on the RAND corporation. A homemade martini drinker that communicates with Sasquatch. Dancing the line between where we are and where we want to be (or are forced to go) and maintaining an edge of slight abnormality and eccentricity (i.o.w. interesting) seems to be the terrain for this earthy philosopher with a irreverent groove. He doesn't endlessly pound you over the head with his thoughts and ideas, but instead, slips them in obliquely while you're not quite looking. You turn back around from his calculated diversion to distinguish something peculiar and aberrant, but you aren't quite sure what it is.

Halloween 2006/Issue #5 begins with an ode to the season, the land, and tranquil trepidation: "*Those of us living in Backwoods Hipster home territory are fortunate indeed to be surrounded by open space, good water, clean skies (except for those pesky chemtrails, of course!), and kind agricultural products. Whether by design or accident, landing here is a good strategic move. We stand a better chance than many of enjoying continuity in our lives come Peak Oil, Federal Reserve collapse, neocon freakout, Chinese invasion, floods, locusts, or any other bunkness that the Big Meanies or pissed-off deities dish out. So relax and enjoy the pumpkins and candy. But watch out for the rotten eggs and poison powder in the pixie sticks! Boo!*" This issue is filled with a reflection on the construction (or illusion) of our worldviews, the gathering of driftwood for sculpture, a Preparedness Primer (excerpted from *BH's* upcoming book "When the Shiznit Goes Down"), and a brief introduction to the obscure culinary and medicinal cubeb berry.

As we are preparing this edition, *Backwoods Hipster* New Year's Day 2007/Issue #6 hit the valley. It includes a section on preserving and storing food (including drying, burying, and root cellaring) and a somewhat random piece called "The One Eyed Hallucination".

Backwoods Hipster might not be that interesting or useful for your average city slicker, except maybe as a sociological study in some Master's program or a modish art project, but that's ok, for us folks out here in the sticks, it has a place and a purpose, and that's the way we like it. (FS)

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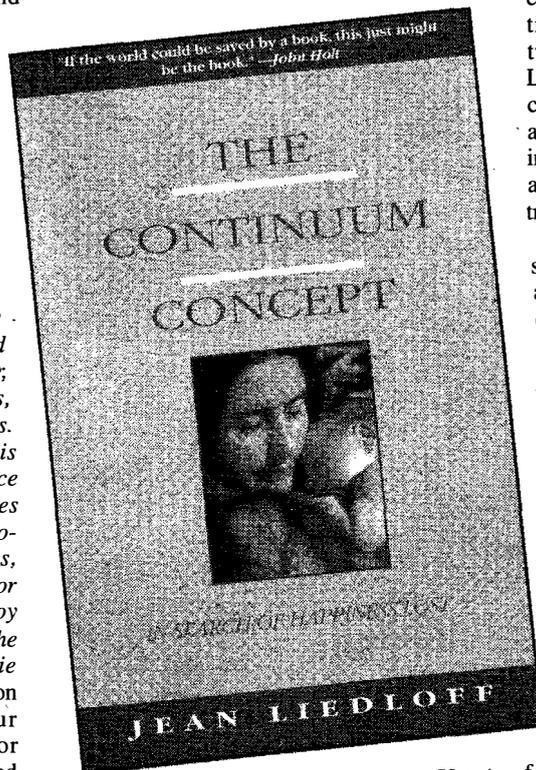
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The Continuum Concept In Search of Happiness Lost by Jean Liedloff

The classic, yet not all too well circulated, *Continuum Concept*, might marginally fit into the genre of an "alternative parenting" book. Originally published in the mid-seventies, it feels dated at times, and in need of some amendments (perhaps with a more anarchistic pen).



Yet, it touches so soundly on where things begin to go wrong and the pile of desolation and devastation remaining for us to live in. While I am talking of civilization and the process of domestication in general (agriculture, cities, institutions, industry, modernity, control, manipulation, etc), I am more specifically speaking of us personally as human-animals (physically, emotionally, intellectually, spiritually), and even more precisely, as newborns entering into the terrestrial sphere with all the expectations of life.

Jean Liedloff was a freelance model traveling haphazardly around Europe when she met up with two Italians searching for diamonds. Temporarily hitching onto their expedition, this adventurer turned amateur anthropologist spent the next couple of years living among the Yequana people of the Venezuelan jungle. She was accepted by a tribe and immersed herself in the daily existence of these hunter-gatherer-horticulturalists, yet with the knowledge and filters of civilization (providing her certain juxtapositional insights as well as indoctrinated obstructions). She wrote the *Continuum Concept*

upon returning from her final trip. It was while living among these primitive people that she began to realize how much we have lost, how damaged civilized people are, and how we might begin to regain our balance within ourselves, with each other, and with the world we inhabit. Her concept focuses on how primal people (the Yequana, among others) tend to raise children, specifically infant to walking age, and how this foundational period is crucial for growth and development along the lines of the ancestral continuum of humans. This continuum is described as the physical, emotional, and psychological nourishment and maturation based on the range of expectations and tendencies experienced over time. Poetically portraying the correlation between ourselves and our instinctual anticipation, Liedloff writes, "His lungs not only have, but can be said to be, an expectation of air, his eyes an expectation of light..." The continuum, according to Liedloff, of an individual is whole, but also forms part of the continuum of her family, tribe, community, species, and all of life.

The investigation is less about instructions in specifics (do it this way, don't do it that way), and more of a conceptual idea with basic examples left open to instinct, creativity, and context. In order to achieve optimal mental and emotional development, Liedloff suggests that babies require an experience to which our species adapted during its evolution as part of a living world, allowing children to become both functioning and healthy parts of communities, and also autonomous, self-confident, and happy individuals. Liedloff skirts the tricky line of human nature, by describing a continuum of what is *expected* based on primal needs and patterns over time, rather than what we inherently *are*. She describes how earth-based people tend towards certain types of nurturing and depicts the outcomes from it, rather than delineating a specific quality of human nature (although

for some this may seem like semantics, but I believe the difference is subtle and crucial). The concept of the continuum does not flatten the human experience, as some superficially view a sameness of primitive people as a whole, as separate groups, or as individuals. "Conformity to the local mores gives a certain similarity to behavior of the members of a society, but differences among individuals are, in the more continuum-based society, freer expressions of innate characteristics, since the society has no need to suppress them...In civilized societies, on the other hand, in varying degrees according to their departure from continuum standards, the differences among people are largely expressions of the ways in which they have adapted to the distortions in their personalities caused by qualities and quantities of deprivation they have experienced."

Liedloff describes a few basic dynamics between a baby and mother/caregiver. They include: continual physical connection with the mother (or familiar caregiver) from birth, sleeping with parents as long as the child desires, breastfeeding on cue in response to the baby's own body signals, being constantly carried in arms, in contact, or attached (observing, sleeping,

or feeding) while the caregiver goes about his/her every day activities, supporting creeping and crawling on impulse, responding immediately to signals (crying, squirming, etc.) without judgement or invalidation while not making them the center of attention, nourishing self-confidence that they are welcome and worthy parts of a social fabric with certain expectations, and allowing self-preservation instincts to develop unimpeded (not overprotecting). Inclusion of babies alongside daily activity and viewing baby care as just a part of our life, rather than a separated and specialized function or job, Liedloff proposes, "it would help immeasurably if we could see baby care as a non-activity...the baby is simply brought along as a matter of course."

She describes these dynamics in contrast to the situation of the typical civilized baby (in the mid-seventies, although not much has changed for most of the population). They include: traumatic separation from the mother at birth, constant isolation (from the maternity ward to the crib to the playpen), crying to sleep, scheduled feeding, artificially pacified or stimulated, ignoring cries and other signs, exaggerated response to make them the center of attention, excluded from older children's and adult's daily activities, expecting the child to be incapable of self-preservation without the interference of strict control and manipulative techniques, and undermining and often contradicting an instinctual natural process of development and growth.

Understanding solely through reason, our inherent or instinctual sense of what is good for us and what we want is eroded and distorted. According to Liedloff, the evolution of the human species has not developed for certain experiences outside the continuum (i.e. civilization), therefore life-long traumas ensue, including self-hatred, insecurities, sexual frustration, persistent boredom, compulsions, and unfulfilled yearning for belonging, which feed an unending host of dysfunction. She states, "the life force, in its ceaseless tending toward repair of damage and completion of the developmental phases, among its instruments employs anxiety, pain, and an array of other ways of signaling things are wrong. Unhappiness in all of its forms is the result." However, if experiences fall within the continuum, self-assuredness and joy are more likely to follow. As Liedloff states, "The point is that the continuum sense, allowed to function throughout our lives, is capable of looking after our best interests better than any intellectually devised system could begin to do."

However, even if you accept her premise, or are at least intrigued by it (that is if you don't outright dismiss it as more primitivist dogma), there are some problems with the book. Throughout, I found some examples and language subtly racist, homophobic, and sexist, probably not too uncommon in anthropologic-type writing. One major difficulty I found was the lack of questioning certain patterns she observed from the Yequana (or at least her interpretation of it) and wanting to apply it unconditionally and too idealistically. For instance, despite relative gender equality (perceived importance and relative power within the tribe)

and apparent harmonious and mutually supportive roles, the gender division of the tribe seemed extreme and unattractive to me. Mothers were the ones primarily connected to the babies, other women secondarily, and older children next, with fathers only playing the all-too-familiar tangential role of supporter until the boys reached a certain age. These gender roles were further enforced with girls taking part in "women's" activities, and boys with "men's". These problems do not seem inherent in the concept Liedloff puts forth, just the particular application, but it would have been more engaging had this area been explored. Also, it seems Liedloff attributes ALL civilized "dysfunction" (and some of those are questionable) to poor early development, which might even be the case, but it is written in a way which seems overstated at times, rarely addresses institutions and social norms that adults are pressured to conform to, and offers only negligible hope for healing - proposing minor suggestions along these lines like recovery groups which hold and caress each other.

Despite some oversimplifications, omissions, and at times, exaggerated statements, the basis of what Liedloff proposes suggests some exciting implications. Even in today's world, she prompts that through an understanding and practice of continuum nurturing, "instead of depriving them [babies] so that they have only one hand with which to cope with the outside world, while the other is busy with inner conflicts, we can

Note: I write this review with my 6-week old baby girl in arms. Actually she is in a chest pack with her head resting on my heart and our hands free to do with as we please/need. At her size this position seems the most comfortable and advantageous for both involved. She seems to be most calm, relaxed, and comfortable when we hold her and do the things we want to do. And although she will inevitably experience many things outside a hunter-gatherer continuum, we are attempting to make her experience as nurtured and joyous as possible. (FS)

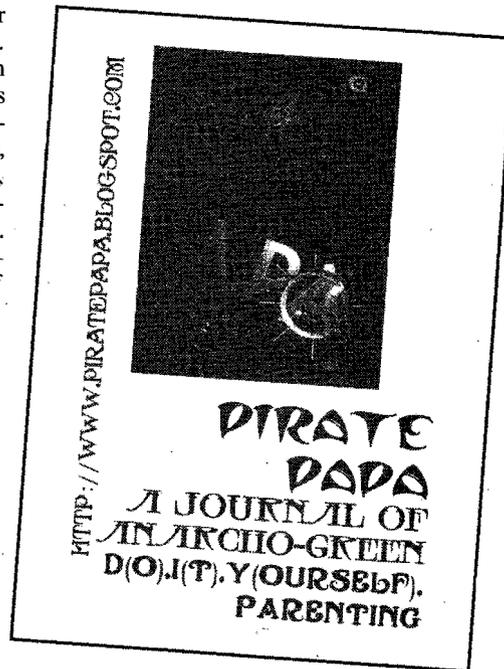
Perseus Books, Cambridge, MA, 1975

Pirate Papa: A Journal of Anarcho-Green Do. It. Yourself. Parenting

The concept of a zine for radical papas is nothing new. They have been around the DIY scene forever. Sometimes they offer practical advice, while others present rhetoric on what it means to be a father in a world messed up beyond recognition. *Pirate Papa* is a mix of both. Issue #1 (I'm not sure if there have been others) is an intro to the zine, the author's life, and the direction he hopes for it to go. Mostly, it is the author's picks of the prime entries from the archives of *Pirate Papa* (www.piratepapa.blogspot.com). The blog began as a diary, and has grown to a discussion

board. There are occasionally entertaining or engaging sections in the zine. And as usual, it contains the routine grumbling and griping we get from every other member of a self-encapsulated identity (this time "papa") that puts out a zine, how nobody understands or how life is so tough for them because of such and such. It all becomes indistinguishable after a while. It makes me want to start a study group/drinking club called Winos Not Whiners. Yeah, civilized life sucks, and bringing kids into it and trying to help them not become chewed up alive is hard. So what? Do ya have something new to add to the critique, or something unique in terms of shifting momentum somehow else, or something maybe very basic but concealed or disfigured by the brutal process of domestication multiplied by the wreckage of being globalized and technified? You can substitute the identity and characteristics of one zine with another, mix the images around, do this a few hundred times, and abracadabra, put on a zine symposium in your town, invite all your friends, and maybe go to a punk show afterwards. Yawn. As a new papa myself, I reject the idea that I can be characterized into an identity and that a zine, much less a blogsite, can offer me anything but a place to vent or an escape from my family and friends; not too desirable for me. We have a sign outside our front door that reads "We are doing things our way, we'll let you know if we are seeking advice." This is not because we have it all figured out, or that we wish to intimidate those entering from casual conversation, or that

(continued on next page)



set them on their feet with both hands ready to take on outside problems." Rather than "protecting" children from every aspect of this world, by nurturing and allowing them to discover for themselves their own boundaries of pleasure and pain (dare I say, naturally), young humans have a better chance to be more whole and healthy than the fractured and neurotic domesticated humans which now inhabit much of the world.

they might not have some information or ideas beneficial to our lives, but because everyone seems to think they know so much about what is best for everyone else. Being a parent, especially now, is a difficult endeavor, but I believe it is a myth that the internet brings us together or that it can connect us to invaluable information missing from our lives. After reading this zine, these feelings are further supported. Instinct, even that which is barely remaining in the civilized, yet possibly regaining ground in the ones attempting to go feral, is the most vital aspect to being not only a more together papa, but a human-animal... or as I like to call us, *humanimal*, or maybe *humammal* (depending on the emphasis). And I suppose sharing these feelings, theories, and experiences is important, but preferably this can happen between friends and family and other locals, dare I say tribe, who might possibly share more in common, who the actions derived from any change would most affect, and who can look each other in the eye, know who each other are, view the approximation between talk to action, and quite possibly even participate in activities with those in dialogue. This is difficult via blog. So to document the discussions from such a site seems cursory. I guess similar things could be said for a journal, but at least some are clear that they exist solely for discussion of theory and reporting on action, not to give advice. We save that for *Dear Abby*, or maybe... *Waldorf and Statler*.

Most times, *PP*'s motivations seem honest and sincere. You get the feeling this dude wants to be a connected papa to the kids he lives with. That's awesome. I just didn't need to know so much about his life. It just wasn't that interesting, at least not for mass distribution (just my opinion... like the rest of this). Hey, mine ain't either, that's why I don't write about it too much. I talk about it with people I love and know. And I live it as fully as I know how. And as it does become more interesting (as it does from time to time), maybe I'll write more about it. But here's the problem, "papa" (does not equal sign) "interesting". I can think of a lot of other adjectives across the spectrum that do describe it, but not necessarily "interesting". Again, it could be and hopefully some strive for that. I won't get into all the sordid details of the entries in the zine. Some, I got something minor out of, much I didn't. If you're interested in sifting through it all, I guess you can find the entire ball of wax online and do with it what you can. I didn't. (FS)

Pirate Papa, 2490 E. Pickering Rd,
Shelton, WA 98584

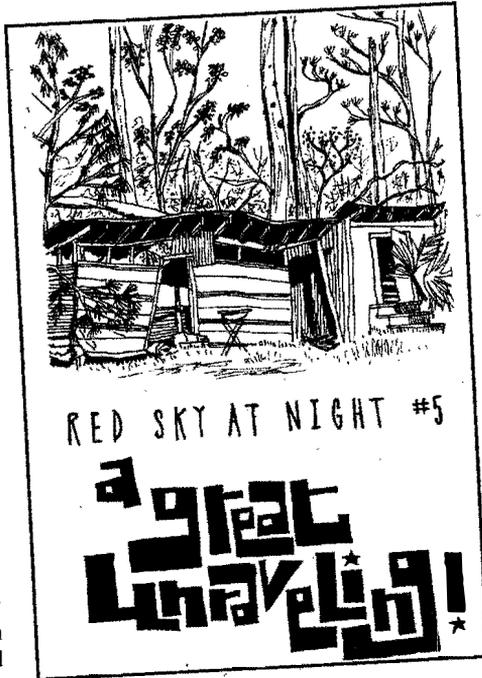
www.piratepapa.blogspot.com

Pirate Papa: A Journal of Anarcho-Green Do, It, Yourself, Parenting

Stay-at-home dad, Sky Cosby, has put together a rich sixty-page booklet that contributes to the important and growing anti-authoritarian

parenting literature. While some writings on bringing up anarcho-kids aims at developing approaches or precepts, *Pirate Papa* is more of a day-to-day journal. Its strength lies in its openness and personally revealing reactions, feelings and ongoing discoveries.

Sky's fatherhood challenges are presented without much of any philosophizing or framework-seeking, an enjoyable opening to what it's like for him, his partner, and two young daughters as they face each day.



Also included

is a very useful listing of dozens of online resources. (JZ)

No price listed.
Copyright 2006.

piratepapa.blogspot.com

Red Sky at Night #5

Current issue of a personal-political zine that varies in format and content but is an engrossing, well-written effort. Travels and explorations, both outer and inner, are the content of #5 done in a clear, hand-lettered style.

Musings of a Primitivist Traveler Kid would be a conceivable subtitle, but that sounds kind of dismissive, and I found my estimation to be anything but that. *RSN* #5 is revealing, questioning, insightful, and I hope its creator keeps it up.

Very worthwhile indeed. (JZ)

Contact underthepavement@riseup.net

God's Hit List compiled by Chaz Bufe

Subtitled *Abominations and Death Penalties in the Bible* (Old Testament only, in fact), this 22-pager is Chaz Bufe's latest offering. Joining about two dozen others in the See Sharp Press series of atheist pamphlets, Bufe offers a veritable library for anyone pondering the question of theism.

The *God's Hit List* selections will probably surprise very few readers and are unlikely to undo much vis-à-vis fundamentalists or other believers, I would guess, but may be of interest and/or use-value to some.

Intolerance on parade. (JZ)

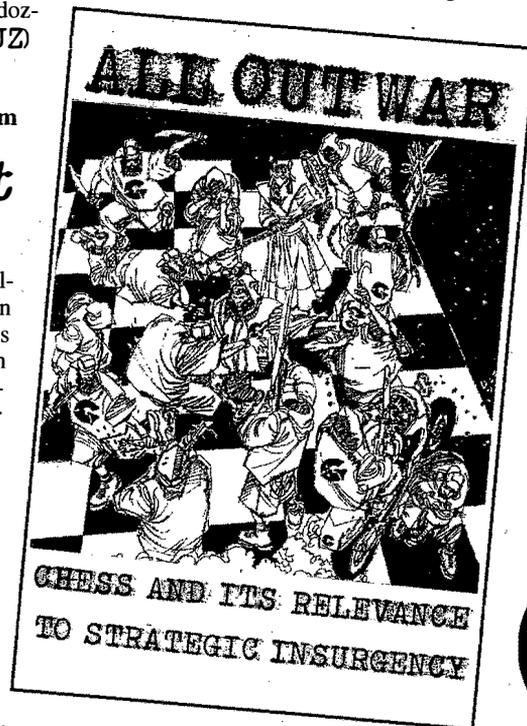
\$2 from See Sharp Press, PO Box 1731,
Tucson, AZ 85702

All Out War: Chess and Its Relevance to Strategic Insurgency by Keith and xlukex

I was afraid that this booklet might have issued from cerebral-chess nerds trying to demonstrate their superior braininess. Nothing could be further from the truth; my wrong guess debunked, in fact, in the first sentence: "I've never been much of a chess player."

At the same time, however, a love of the game is certainly shared with the reader. *All Out War* is an unpretentious, challenging, playful read that promotes the deepening effort to apply the combat skills of chess to the challenges we face in the world.

Chess is an unforgiving game, and the lapses or mistakes we make in the social war, likewise have consequences. Full of quotes, stories, and resources, even a 24-page "Rules of Engagement" how-to-play section. This is a joy to make use of. Bravo, guys! (JZ)



... from the bottom of the board, all of the pieces appear the same, but upon more scrutiny...

No price listed. Contact
xlukex@beatingheartspress.com

After Eden: The Evolution of Human Domination by Kirkpatrick Sale

In 1995, Kirk Sale's *Rebels Against the Future* appeared, basically a fine historical treatment of the anti-mass production Luddite risings of the first two decades of the 1800s. A special treat was the book's final chapter, which answered the question "What does this have to do with us now?" in no uncertain terms. Sale clearly and eloquently made the case for a luddite rising of today: a dismantling of industrial society.

His *After Eden* has a similar punch. As with *Rebels*, it not only provides insightful historical material but also draws a powerful conclusion: namely, the need to tune in to "our basic hominid nature. Underneath [today's] veneer is a Stone Age mind and a Stone Age heart, and it may still be our guide today..." Sale does not see a wholesale return to the world of *Homo Erectus*—although his concluding chapter is called "The Erectus Alternative". But he points to much of enduring value in "the original anarchist society" that prevailed for so long before civilization. And he also makes abundantly clear how unacceptable it is to permit the industrial techno-world to continue on its murderous path.

After Eden is a relatively thin volume, but packed with information, extremely well-written, and full of stimulating ideas concerning the origins of domestication. Many politicians have written diatribes against "primitivism", utterly lacking in knowledge of pre-history. Sale's new book is the opposite. Dense but highly stimulating and exciting to read. A valuable addition to the anti-civ library. Grab it. (JZ)
Duke University Press, 178 pages, \$19.95

Return

by Clayton J. Elliott

This is an anti-civ novel that recounts the efforts and emotions of a few friends in pre-, mid-, and post-collapse England. It is the premier offering of Ramshackle Palace press.

Return, as the back cover puts it, "explores the desire to fight back against the vacuity of a technological world and our need to re-connect with the Earth." Gritty and unflinching, it is no rosy, utopian romp; rather, it stresses the tough parts in a scenario that includes both interpersonal and social challenges. Very good food for

thought in terms of our own projections, analyses, desires. Brava to Emily and the other fine folks at Ramshackle. (JZ)

167 pp. Paperback. \$15/12.50 euros.
ramshacklepalace.com

Means Without End: A Critical Survey of Ideological Genealogy of Technology Without Limits, From Apollonian Techne to Postmodern Technoculture by Gregory H. Davis

Davis may have the record here for longest subtitle, but is otherwise much less verbose. From academe come so many volumes and so very little of importance, while Davis' career book-output numbers just two. Twenty-five years ago his *Technology: Humanism or Nihilism* (1981) was a cogent—and predictably ignored—indictment of a high-tech Leviathan poised for a Great Leap Forward.

Means Without End is primarily an historical account of the movement of technology within Western culture, from classical Greece to its contemporary apogee. In succinct and accessible prose—and fewer than two hundred pages—the course of the domination of nature and society by ever more estranging technical means is ably presented.

For almost three decades Gregory Davis has taught a course on technology, contemporary society, and human values. This book is probably its core text, and one can only hope that it is utilized not only at other centers of learning, but by anyone looking to grasp today's technoculture and its development. *Means Without End* is an extremely valuable critical survey. (JZ)

2006, paperback, University Press of America, www.univpress.com

Durruti 1896-1936

published by
L'insomniaque

A three-languages book (English, Spanish and French) published by the French Insomniaque, dedicated to the Spanish anarchist Buenaventura

Durruti. A beautiful collection of photographs, partially provided by the anarchist historian Abel Paz, that gives to the reader not a tribute to a hero, nor a nostalgic outlook of the past, but a living experience of a fight for the destruction of the old world. Fascism and Stalinism will assassinate that experience. (Review by Arti Cular)

Available at: L'insomniaque, 42, rue de Stalingrad, 93100 Montreuil S/Bois, France.
email: insomniaqueeditur@free.fr.
20 euros.

Hymns for Brueghel: Brambles of Berries, Rants, and Poetic Orgies by (un)leash

"The full Moon strips civilization from the landscape, and it becomes fully 1000 years ancient. The sun and moon know how to make eternal. But once an area is colonized, it stays colonized for so very long. How long before these delusions evaporate for good? Will I live to see it? Will I live my whole life under the occupation? [...] Yet I would Los Angeles become a Homeland again, for beneath my feet, by sunset or moonlight, crickets chirp in the tule villages where campfires are cooking acorn stew."

"Where the ground squirrels used to play are now hideous houses. Witchcraft as defiant pagan anarchy. We live on the sharp edge of the moment. Beauty or wages?"

These are just a few of the pieces in *Hymns for Brueghel*, in which the author ranges widely over love, Germanic mythology, his own personal dilemmas and joys, and much more. Amidst "Jimson Weed Essays from the Dark Night" and "Maenadic Letters", he also comments on the alchemy of lips, transformality, and the abuse of Iraqi prisoners.

(un)leash is long into the process of loving honestly and contemplating the complexities involved. While living in a city, he gathers wild edibles. Rejecting the oppressive status quo, he reaches for the magic of place, poetry, human connection and the wonder of the sense, and his own heart-felt curiosity and desire.

Hymns for Brueghel is yet another title from micro-publisher Primal Revival Press. Other titles from this press are *Live Your Madness: How to Become Sane by Going Crazy* and *Affirming your Weirdness*, and *Wyrd Megan Thew*, a commentary on Germanic and Norse mythology.

The author is a bit of Whitman, Ginsberg, Isaiah, Rimbaud, and Blake, but he is mostly, uniquely (un)leash. His rants and essays moved me closer to my own voice and dreams. (Review by Jim Yarbrough)
Published by Ink and Scribe in coordination with Cafe Press 2005. ISBN 1-931947-14-7
Contact: Primal Revival Press at
wyrdwizard@hotmail.com. 272 pages

(continued on next page)

A Short History of Progress

by Ronald Wright

This really is a short history. Five chapters (each taking a half hour to read carefully) take up 132 paperback pages of well-spaced, easy to read type: 1) Gauguin's Questions ("where do we come from? what are we? where are we going?"); 2) The Great Experiment (an unprecedented and uncontrolled test of specialization in re-carrying capacity); 3) Fool's Paradise (civilization as "progress trap"); 4) Pyramid Schemes (the bigger Rome and Maya grew, the harder they fell); 5) The Rebellion of the Tools (runaway tech will kill us, even though everyone fantasizes a tech-fix for global warming). Almost 70 pages of excellent footnotes and bibliography follow (a fat third of the whole book), plus index. A short history and super-useful because people not yet fully convinced of the Green Anarchy fundamentals will move a lot closer to our worldview as they read these pages.

There may not be much new here for the most dedicated readers of *Green Anarchy*, but what Canadian Ronald Wright has done deserves our highest praise, plus ever wider and more rapid distribution. You will want to give a dozen copies of this book away to your skeptical or bemused friends and family, because Wright writes to persuade, and gets it right in one memorable sentence after another. He keeps the idea of "progress" alive just long enough to kill it with a stick, revives "progress" just to knock it off again with eye-

opening statistics, concedes still more "progress" in this area or that, and then shows how it hides our ever quicker march to mass extinctions of species. I don't think he is pretending to be open to the idea of "progress". He would really like to be shown some. And so he brings curious readers into his arguments gently, carefully, with the data of an experienced historian and archaeologist, then pulls the rug out from under a cherished assumption.

To illustrate the value of Wright's work I'd like to comment on a few quotations. "Our technological culture measures human progress by technology; the club is better than the fist, the arrow better than the club, the bullet better than the arrow. We came to this belief for empirical reasons: because it delivered." (P. 4)

Getting better at killing people is never really progress, but when we look closely at weaponry

in 2006 the most glaring fact that vast numbers of people refuse to face is that BIG expensive weapons have become more and more vulnerable and are now, practically speaking, worse than useless. Just one person with a car bomb or a truck bomb or a roadside bomb, an old fashioned mortar or a new fangled RPG (rocket propelled grenade) can do an amazing amount of damage to a billion dollar bomber or an aircraft carrier or a nuke power plant; a little low tech can make a mess of large high tech in minutes. And all three forms of bio, chemo and dirty nuke WMD can be made small to microscopic, again, deliverable by one person. To paraphrase Wright: We came to this belief for empirical reasons; because 600 car bombs in Iraq were delivered.

Two quotes from page 14:

"From the first chipped stone to the first smelted iron took nearly 3 million years: from the first iron to the hydrogen bomb took only 3,000."

"The Old Stone Age, or Palaeolithic era, lasted from the appearance of toolmaking hominids, nearly 3 million years ago, until the melting of the last ice age, about 12,000 years ago. It spans more than 99.5 percent of human existence."

Whatever "human nature" or our "species being" may be, it has a lot more to do with that 99.5 percent of human existence than with the past few thousand or few hundred years.

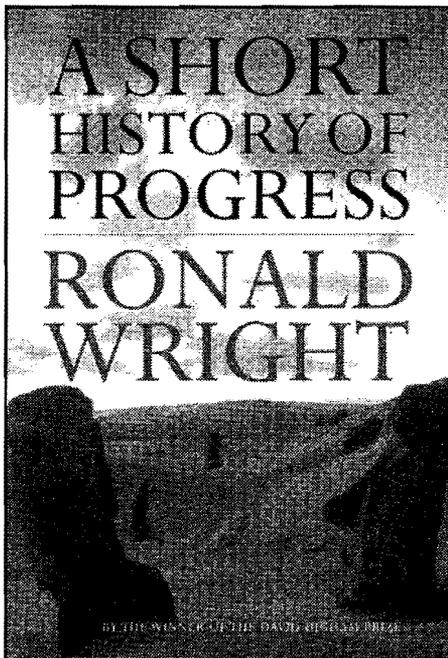
Personally, I think it is painfully easy to see that we were well adapted to a wide variety of ecological niches and living in a sustainable relationship to Nature up until about 10,000, 4,000 BC. 99% of us were living in balance

with Nature until civilizations with their literacy, metal workings, grain surpluses and hierarchies began to impose their power trips and topsoil borrowings on their neighbors in order to prolong their irrational existence.

"By about 5,000 years ago, the majority of human beings had made the transition from wild food to tame." (pg. 45)

I'd like to see the data on which this assertion is based, but the rest, as they say, is his-story. "The Muslim fanatic is proving a worthy replacement for the heretic, the anarchist, and especially the Red Menace so helpful to military budgets throughout the Cold War." (pg. 49)

But, if the system should run out of Muslim fanatics it is as easy to declare that heretic x and anarchists y and z should be detained for their own safety. (Review by MC K9)



A hip hop backbone supports live polyrhythms, collaborating musicians, lush electronica, field-recordings, and an array of guest MCs and singers. The result is genuinely fresh, streetwise, and solid from start-to-finish. Filastine, a former member of Tchkung! and founding participant in the Infernal Noise Brigade, has been drawing on musical traditions from all around the globe to compose incendiary anarchist music for well over a decade now. "Burn It," is a wide-ranging melange of driving rhythms, electronic experimentation, on-site sampling, and multilingual vocals. A full \$5 from every CD sale will go to support the "Green Scare" defendants who have refused to inform.

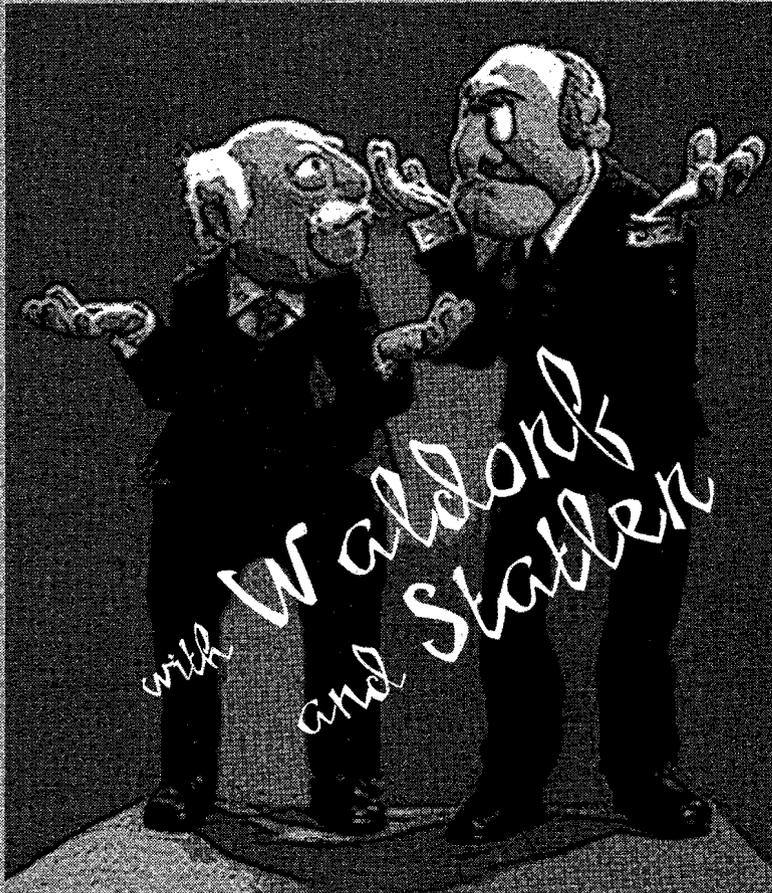
www.filistine.com

Os Cangaceiros was a group of delinquents caught up in the spirit of the French insurrection of 1968 who refused to let that spirit die. The first substantial collection of Os Cangaceiros' writings in English. 160pp softcover | \$6.00

Available from Eberhardt Press,
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Portland, OR 97212,
www.eberhardtpress.org

Send us your zines, books, cds, videos, and cooking for review.

News from the Balcony



and the follow up "Notes on Anarchism..." is the closest I have ever been to watching (paint dry) the creation of a party line. It's like sitting in the doctor's office knowing that he is going to come out and tell me that I am old. I know that I am old, gawd dammit! Tell me what I can do about it!

In this case, the red (anarchist) line is that **a)** insurrectionary tactics (they define as spectacular terrorism) aren't a remedy to the real problem of a low level class struggle, and **b)** insurrectionary (and not-red) criticism of "the organizer" (a term they love so much they might as well marry) throws the baby out with the bathwater. The criticism of "the organizer" has "expanded into an ideological position that presents such dangers as inevitable". This should seal the deal. No one is allowed to use the term "ideological" to describe someone they disagree with. As soon as the petticoat & knickers crew are throwing it around you know it has over-stayed its welcome as an epithet. Down with ideologists, so-called revolutionary strategy (better called navel gazing), and the imagination game that anarchists are actually playing on the same board as the monsters of state and capitalism.

Dammit! Get these clowns a chess set!

I don't want to die in a collective house

It's been a hard winter for Waldorf and me: two weeks ago Miss Louise, the nice young lady who would always smack her gums at this cutting figure when I strutted by, passed away. She died while watching a Guy Debord film (evidently she was bored to death). Just a few days before that, ole Willy the pro-situ cook (the only job a pro-situ can get) choked on his dialectical eggs. Willy could separate the yolk (thesis) from the whites (antifthesis) and then serve the re-combined parts but couldn't separate out the egg shell before it ripped through his tender intestinal tract... so much for the synthesis.

Death haunts us all like the sound of a poetry reading at an anarchist cafe: shrill, piercing, languishing - and a sad inevitability. Yet there are some things to rejoice about in death, nameiy the end of life. There are also valuable lessons to learn. In the instance of Murray Bookchin (who bit it at the pungent age of 85) we find that no matter how much hemorrhoid cream you use, you'll still end up being a cantankerous jackass.

Debord led the way. Shotgun blast to the chest!

Where's an insurrection when you need it

The reds (aka class-struggle anarchists without a struggle or class) have been on an anti-insurrectionalist bender of late, contributing snoozer after snoozer to their critique of a strawman they are calling insurrectionalism. They try to scare children with tales of bomb-throwing anarchists and instead, end up selling their own preconceived notions of unions, the left, revolution, and utilitarian programs. It's as if they can only understand something if it is framed like a systematic approach to their project of social revolution (TM). Reading essays like "Anarchism, Insurrections and Insurrectionalism"

Social Struggle anywhere and not a dumpster to eat from

Crimethinc. has issued a series of edicts from their secret cave on Mount Whogivesafuckingstan including a report on their 10 years of activity and an analysis on how far "we" have come in the seven years since Seattle. Oh, Seattle I feel like I barely knew ya! In their report back on Seattle (a tardiness only a Crimethincer could appreciate) they submit a report for why the revolution hasn't happened yet... "The momentum that followed Seattle was not destroyed by the government response, it was abandoned by those who had maintained it; the most significant question presented by the post-Seattle phase of struggle is not how to handle repression, but how to sustain morale."

Which I guess is where Crimethinc. sees their use. Cheerleaders of the anti-globalization set. Cheerleaders for the black bloc, paper-mache turtles, and the Radical Cheerleaders. Meta-cheerleaders? Crimethinc finishes their report by cheerleading for the future, the next set of protests they expect to happen almost 2 years from now. They believe that the presidential campaign of 2008 "will be the next backdrop against which major mass actions can be expected to take place" and believe protesting them would be "a victory over the segregation, isolation, and conflict promoted by the capitalist system." If they believe that Seattle was a victory over isolation for anarchists, when the vast majority of anarchists' participation in Seattle involved refreshing a web page over and over again, then I have two towers in New York to sell them. The era of symbolic protesting is over. Abstractions are an anachronism!

Boo! Hiss! Boo! Hiss!

Reclus:

by
Fire

An Egoist Green Anarchist Exploration

Elisée Reclus ...

Just as I begin my exploration, a huge periwinkle blue dragonfly enters my mid-autumn world. Hovering just above the pond a few feet away. I appreciate its lacy wings that seem so delicate yet are strong enough to carry the creature great distances. Strong enough to cause ripples across the water's surface. What is it doing? Is it looking for something to eat? What shall I do with it now that it has entered my world? An infinite number of possibilities exist for me and this unique creature. I could study the movement of its wings and their effects on other lives of the pond. I could capture and cage it for further examination (or to merely admire whenever I wished). Then again, I could kill it and dissect it to better understand the mechanics of flight. I wonder if it's edible? How would it taste? Would it nourish me?

A thousand possibilities, a thousand thoughts flying around inside my head. Filling the spaces between us...I begin again.

Reclus is ...

Sharp and darting movements mark my dragonfly's maneuvers. Is it searching for something beneath the water? Is it dancing with its own reflection? Is it awakening to it's conscious? Is it... ARGH! I do love my curious nature, my inquisitive and contemplative mind. But these qualities keep getting in the way of simply enjoying the dragonfly's marvelous presence. Its gift to my day. Why can't I simply dwell in its freedom of movement and of time; far more expansive than mine. Or so it seems from the perspective of a one who is limited

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by boundaries far more insidious than of a perceived absence of a proper consciousness or shorter lifespan or...

Reclus is dead!

And here I am, spending my too-quickly-waning fall days aiding in his resurrection. Bringing back to life yet another long-departed, enlightened-European, male anarchist. Beyond the obvious academic credentialing that his revival has brought, why do we care about the words and activities of one dead for over a hundred-fifty years? Did he discover something profound in his world travels as a preeminent geographer? Can he further clarify our perspective on the current and potential future of our worlds? Is there anything in his ancient assessment that remains relevant today given the scale of unpredicted – and unpredictable – human-directed geographical and social changes (a.k.a Progress) scraped from our bones since his time?

"Humanity is nature becoming self-conscious."

What is this great self-consciousness Reclus insists humankind must develop and spread? From *conscientia*, knowledge-with or shared knowledge, numerous systems of thought have evolved around the notion of consciousness. Commonalities include subjectivity, self-awareness, sentience, sapience, and the ability to perceive oneself in relationship to one's environment. It is often tied quite closely to conscience – a moral sensibility.⁽¹⁾ Is it an inherent aspect of "higher" life forms as most Thinkers suggest? Or does it emerge from human intelligence and its constructs? Particularly ideology.⁽²⁾ Over and over Reclus speaks

of humans AND nature, maintaining the artificial separation that continues to pervade the modern world view where humans are invariably placed outside of – and most often above – all other life forms. Reclus does attempt to overcome this hierarchy and concomitant domination through rhetorical exercises that are wholly unconvincing despite any sincerity of attempt. What was the state of Reclus' consciousness when he chose to explore and map the world and its human inhabitants? Did he, could he, with his great human intelligence and moral conscious KNOW that his works would be used by states and empires to conquer and destroy? By the industrialists he railed against to further exploit the coexisting land and life? By scientists and technologists to further the reach of human domination? Reclus suffered, as surely we all do, from a certain shortness of vision. Our eyes shaded by motivations imposed by society, by ideological preconceptions and presumptions left unquestioned.

One test for the existence of consciousness is based on the human observation of animals gazing into a mirror. If said authority deems the animal has recognized itself, the animal may be conscious. If he could look in the mirror today, what would Reclus see?

The dragonfly appears to be gazing at its own reflection. Am I witnessing – or am I influencing – a beginning of self-awareness? Is it situating a human morality in place of instinct, experience, and non-linear adaptation? Oh, but wait! Could my dragonfly be giving thanks and praise to the Buddha cemented into the artificial pond? Can it absorb Buddha consciousness through a concrete icon? Can you? So many possibilities.

Far more than language, no matter how poetic, can describe.

Looking through the mirror of history, all sorts of justifications and rationalizations have been built into our consciousness. Reclus may have abandoned the official religion of his preacher father, but he held onto the notion that humanity would be saved by a higher purposed, globalized morality. A morality that has ALWAYS been used to bend all of life to others' wills. That requires someone to determine and enforce it. What morality and unquestioned rules and judgments frame your reality? What ideologies underly your perception of the world, thus consciously directing your actions? How many and which acts have become quite unconscious?

I don't know if other creatures have this thing called consciousness, but I am disturbed by Reclus' glorification of a human consciousness that no matter how one defines it, has brought with it a power so strong it has overridden all other possibilities of how humans might be truly of their world.

Is it my particular madness to think I'd be better off with the consciousness of a dragonfly than of domesticated human?

"When the cities grow, humanity progresses and when they shrink the social body is threatened with regression into barbarism."

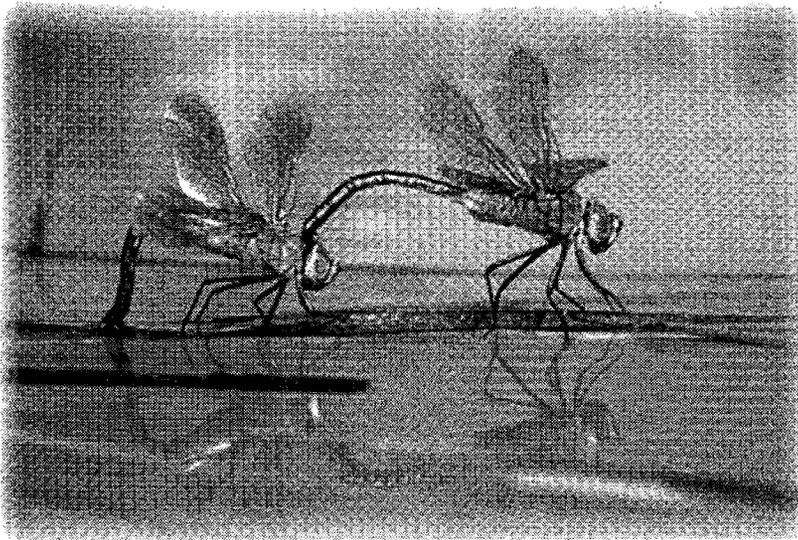
Reclus was a great fan of Progress so he did not sufficiently question the pervasive notion that humans have an innate mandate to advance their lot through the Sciences and particularly through its materialization in more and more advanced technology. His dialectical approach to the question of cities, culture, agriculture, institutions often seems more an apology than a means of questioning. Cities are an absurdly complex way of organizing human life. They require authorities and bureaucrats in institutional settings who "know" how to keep them going. Cities require the importation of even the most basic necessities: food and water. Importation that has always meant and will always mean, theft from other life outside the city. The city requires massive amounts of human and non-human energy just to maintain its fragile equilibrium. How can this mean anything other than a continued exploitive division of labor as glorified in Reclus' and others' "worker"? No one has yet described how cities can continue to exist without more and more advanced technology. Technology which first enlarges the human impact then spreads it farther and deeper than humans with only the energy of their bodies and simple tools in hand could ever accomplish. The polis exerts a pressure so great upon the

land and air and water – on all life within and without – it has never failed to create an explosive discord.

If Rita had had a human conscious, would it have spared this city on the edge?

Suddenly, the dragonfly charged right at me, aiming at my head then quickly disappearing from my view. But, never again from my awareness. With that single startling act even more thoughts leap into my mind. Was it drawn to me because of my great human consciousness? Was it as curious and appreciative of me as I was of it? Could the dragonfly have known the thousand possibilities of its demise at my hands and so was warning me away? Or was I just another obstacle to be dodged on its afternoon free-flight?

Alas, the most horrific thought of all could not fail to enter into the realm of Fire and dragonfly possibilities: this beautiful creature could be – if not now, one day all too soon – a replicant, a robot, a spy, or worse.⁽³⁾ This thought wrenches me towards a paranoia only possible in a world where the architects of the future go unopposed as they design the next, "new and improved" version of surveillance and killing-technology to deal with those whose wings (however weakly) send disturbing ripples across the surface of their artificial landscape.



With this last raging thought, I am finally able to shrug away the intellectual games and feel the simple pleasure of sharing a warm, vibrant fall day filled with that moment of beauty, of the wild and expansive freedom of a dragonfly dance.

Elisée Reclus is dead, but he is not alone.

In the years since he ceased breathing – and I think it's time I stopped breathing for him – countless billions have joined him. The massive human-caused extinctions that continue to escalate are a direct result of a refusal to

recognize, contemplate, and challenge every new progressive incursion into our worlds. This is not because we do not question authority. It is because we do not reject it at base. We rely on the authority of official thinkers and big "S" scientists, politicians, professors, leaders, and thousands of other mediators to tell us what is right, what will work and what won't, what makes sense and what will bring our salvation. Layers of civilized logic have all but severed our connection to what it is we really need and might expansively desire; forcing us to see these two as separate far too often. We are even more removed from how to fulfill our wildest dreams without destroying the environment that contains it all.

All the world is ours, each one of ours. But we can only know it from our own center where all we need-want is within our grasp. And we must take it back from those who wrest it from us daily. Or to whom we give it up so willingly. To live our own lives as we choose, not in servitude to others and their ideas, but in impassioned explorations, experiments, and uncertainties. To take all we want, but with a wholism that includes a direct, sensual, intellectual, emotional "consciousness"; what I have come to think *instinct* might actually be. To locate that place where we cannot fail to heed the warnings of others

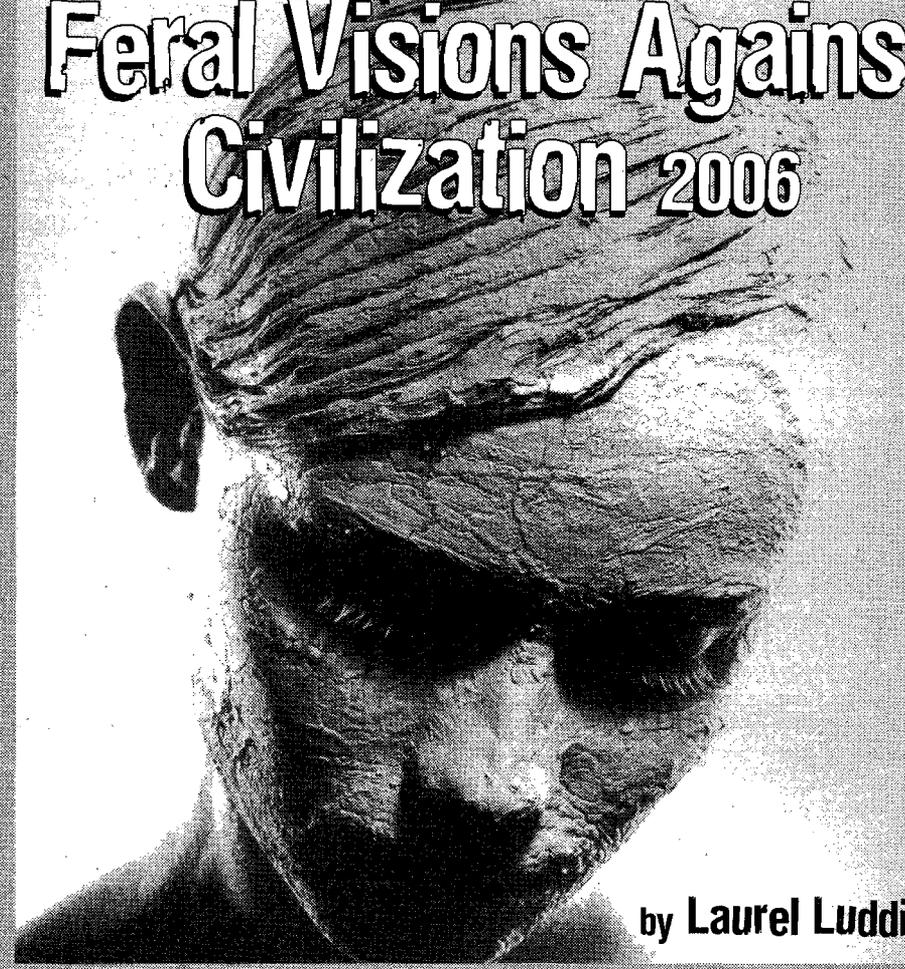
issued when we go too far; when we may cause irreparable harm to the world we love and wish to keep. Can we get back to our selves, those strong and free individuals who cavort with all the natural wonders that we choose and who choose us? How do we prepare ourselves to confront the consequences of those choices?

Reclus was "ahead of his time" and his life's work added a depth and breadth in much of the early environmental movement. But we would be foolish to lay our faith at Reclus' enlightened feet. Faith in scientific, technological – that is,

Progressive – solutions has led us directly to the dire straits we find ourselves trying to navigate. Despite his atheism and break with "conservative" religion; despite his dedication to an anarchist ideal of liberation, Reclus' view of the world was rooted in a belief that humans have a Special place in Nature. He – like so many – merely exchanged his patriarchal god above for the equivalent below, a universal morality that does not, cannot, and ought not exist. His much acclaimed statement, "Humanity is nature becoming self-conscious", exemplifies my greatest concern with his legacy.

(continued on page 89)

Report Back: Feral Visions Against Civilization 2006



by Laurel Luddite

We left the mossy rain-fed forests of the coast, drove down through oak hills and a nightmare of farmed flatlands, descended into the creosote of the Mojave desert, rose up among the saguaros of the Sonoran, climbed back into oaks, and finally emerged in the mossy rain-fed forests of Arizona. "We could have just stayed home," opined my traveling partner. Yes, but this forest was rumored to contain one feature that ours usually lacks: a whole crowd of insurrectional anarcho-primitivists and sympathizers, probably one behind each tree, just starting a week of rewilding mentally, physically, *and* emotionally!

It was time once again for Feral Visions Against Civilization, a yearly gathering loosely organized by bioregional hosts in locations sometimes inconveniently far from my home. This was the fourth annual gathering. The Northeast, the Cascades, and Appalachia had already shown fine hospitality. Now we came to the desert... in August.

Perhaps the organizers wanted to spare us the dehydration, heatstroke, vinegaroons, spiny plants, and flash floods of the Sonoran in August. Perhaps they wanted those of us from the forests to feel more at home. For whatever reasons,

they had chosen an island of trees surrounded by low desert, an island 10,000 feet in the sky near the top of Mt. Graham. Unfortunately, the thunderstorms rocking the desert all seemed to be based on this same mountain. When they weren't out destroying the suburbs of Tucson, they rested right above us with their wind and rain and cold.

We greeted some friends in the parking lot, where they stood guard over the few vehicles at the bottom of the trail. Then it was up the steep road carrying deer parts (me) and publications (my friend). About a hundred feet further on we could be found sprawled in the dirt gasping for breath. "What the fuck? Two days of sitting in the car, and OK, so I did eat some junk food in that time, but why am I so winded?" Then I remembered the high elevation. We made it a little further, then a little more, and then we ran into most of the gathering coming downhill bearing a friend on a garden cart stretcher. He was off to get stitches in his cut foot. One of the extra cart-bearers helped us carry things uphill, prodding us on with helpful lies like "almost there" and "just up this steep part".

There weren't exactly folks behind each tree – freddies maybe, sneaky cops and the like, but not friends. Turnout was low. Was it fear of summer in the southwest that kept people away, or maybe fear of the feds and their recent intimidations? Or is there waning interest in an anti-movement non-ideology that offers no ready answers, no party line, and no clear path of action to those who would get involved? A community of people who would rather think and critique for themselves has gatherings that differ from an activist rendezvous. Questions are posed, rather than solutions given, and the set of skills needed for dismantling and outliving civilization can seem vast and intimidating. The persons who come ready to involve themselves, to create the gathering they want to attend, probably gets enough out of it to want to come back. More casual attendees may not.

Every morning we would gather in a sunny forest clearing, or under a leaky smoke-filled tarp, and plan the day's events. There was a schedule of proposed themes provided, beautifully abstract and open to individual interpretation, which ended up having little bearing on what actually took place. Morning discussions tended to splinter into planned and unplanned workshops that took up the afternoon, until a brilliant sunset lit the desert for a hundred miles around and people scrambled to the cliffs to watch. Or until the gloom slowly darkened to night.

Some workshops that were proposed daily never happened – there may not have been enough time, or interest. As someone who ended up facilitating lots, I hope it wasn't a case of less vocal participants feeling left out by certain people dominating the schedule board. These gatherings are what we make of them. There was a hesitancy to schedule more than one thing at a time, but in a situation with so much to do and so little time, it seems inevitable that some workshops will conflict.

The moments that really stand out in my memory were not scheduled or even proposed. They just happened, mostly around the fire at night. Singing and laughing in a large circle of friends, or sharing things bravely with folks who had been strangers. At these times I felt grateful for our small numbers and the intimacy this allowed, and I wondered to what extent the mountain itself was involved in our interactions.

Dzil Nchaa Si An is considered sacred by traditional Apaches, who have suffered from the construction of telescopes on its summit. The mountain is an important figure in their stories of creation, of how they became people and learned to live in that particular place. Now the brute force of science, industry, and religion (the Vatican built one of the telescopes) conflicts with the more subtle forces of land and spirit. It seemed to me that, though our relationship with the mountain was shallow and brief, we may have benefited from the experience. I hope at least that we did no harm.

Let me say right here that my areas of interest are more the physical and emotional rewilding than the mental. I guess I'm kinda slow. Hours or years after a discussion I will form my own opinion and put it brilliantly into words, usually when there are only fir trees around to hear it. Therefore I didn't get much out of the morning discussions because I didn't go. For a more informed critique, find someone who did. *[GA Note: Theory discussions mostly went well, were generally well attended, thoughtful, and lively. Topics included Anti-Civilization 101, Tactics and Strategy, Myth and Play, among others.]*

As I was walking around one morning avoiding a discussion I ran into a situation much more difficult to avoid and affecting all of us – our lack of security. A line of forest service cops and one cop dog came up the trail towards camp. I wondered why the alarm wasn't being given, then after they passed realized that I was the one who needed to give it (remember, *kinda slow*). A series of halfhearted howls echoed around. On this and several other occasions, the cops oozed from one camp to another harassing people and handing out gratuitous citations for littering (empty water bottles waiting to be refilled) and unsecured food (an exploded container of yogurt). There was no permit signed for the gathering, and due to our low numbers none was legally needed. This didn't stop the harassment. It seems we should be prepared for this – and worse – with a solid plan for security. In this case there was no communication with the parking lot as the radios didn't work and no one wanted to run

a mile uphill at 10,000 feet every time the pigs poked around. Reactions were individual, with some people maintaining silence around the cops and some saying way more than they needed to. Later in the week, some folks presented a workshop on pig/person interactions that

offered a helpful reminder of our legal rights, limited as they are.

The cop situation was hard to avoid at this location because our water supply, for both kitchen and personal needs, was far away. Filling the containers involved driving a truck down the road where cops of all kinds lay in wait for a vulnerable driver to ID and harass. We may not take ourselves seriously as resistance, as a threat, but if we're gonna be treated as such maybe we should learn a lesson from those who came before. Battles have been fought in those same mountains for

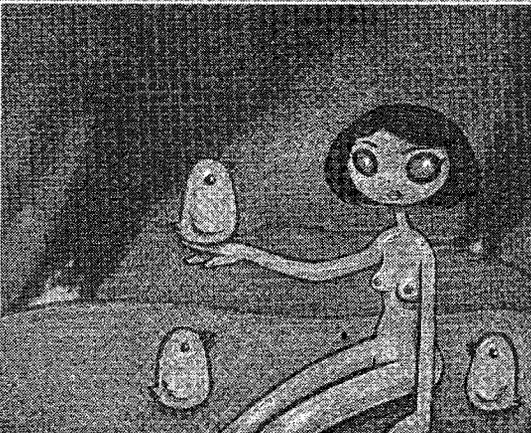
control of the springs, because if you have to leave your safe zone every time you need water you're in trouble. Our safe zone was way up a trail, backed against cliffs, beautiful but not all that practical. Perhaps future organizers will look at site selection as if planning for a siege, which in effect these gatherings are.

And that leads to the big question in my mind: why? Why put myself in that situation, traveling for days, getting all jittery about cops while committing only thought (and emotion) crimes, and eating undercooked beans just to camp with friends for a week? Well, I enjoy spending time in the outdoors with people who share an interest in the absolute destruction of most everything I dislike. I've met some good friends at these gatherings, people I otherwise would not have met. And I value the opportunity to learn and share skills in an anti-authoritarian, non-commercial setting. I'm just not sure of the wisdom of doing this all under the banner of "green anarchy" and "anti-civ" and all those other words that draw the cops like flies to an ideological corpse.

Some have discussed holding regional gatherings, more like skillshares, as an outgrowth of Feral Visions but without those keywords. Others may have ideas for enlivening the annual gatherings so that it feels worth running the cop gauntlet to be there. As I drove down the mountain this year, rain soaked, flatulent (do beans ever soften at that altitude?), one eye on the rearview mirror, I felt a familiar sense of futility. How do we ever expect to resist civilization, let alone end it and heal from it, running around like this?

I felt again my need for a community that includes the non-human elements of one specific natural place. Sometimes at this gathering, sitting around the fire or working side by side with friends, I saw the shadow of the ghost of what I need. Now we are scattered again until one week next summer when we can all meet up. I felt grateful for the glimpse I got, eager for the real work and play of year-round rewilding, unsure how these gatherings will fit into that cycle in my future.

[GA Note: We're not sure where or when next year's Feral Visions will be. Two different California groups presented interest, but nothing, as of yet, has been set. Since our next issue is due out in September (probably after the event), you will have to check our website for info.]



...Reclus

(continued from page 87)

What need has the free-flying dragonfly for a human consciousness? Where would the wild river go, once so imbued, that it has otherwise avoided? The earth and all its inhabitants are reeling from the great human conscious!

Until each domesticated human grasps the fullness of life in her own eager hands; feels its possibilities coursing through his veins; screams their own warnings; and recognizes their individual connection to the wretched, beautiful whole that Reclus at times so eloquently described, the "environment" and "nature" will remain separated abstractions shaped by yet another external authority. An authority that delivers solutions through the stick of objective universal righteousness and the carrot of progress. Some, including Reclus, say that primitive humans understood this symbiotic relationship with life. Perhaps this is true, but we are *here* now. Can we create paths to our own liberation and release our choke hold on all the rest?

Reclus may inspire those who seek refuge in the past. I am most inspired by those I meet and play with today. Perhaps the whimsical words of one of my very much alive anarchist friends, Apio, will inspire you to explore some of the thousands of wild possibilities of being in your own world:

Sometimes, if I am out on a cloudless night when the moon is full, I will reach up and grasp the moon between a finger and my thumb. I close my eyes and pop the moon into my mouth. It leaves a taste on my tongue that is icy and sweet like wintergreen or mint. But that taste is really the taste of a star-filled, winter mountain-top sky glowing icily in an infinite brilliant dance of the darkest night with the exquisite light of countless stars. I open my eyes with joy at seeing the moon still dancing before me. It is wonderful to be able to take something so completely into yourself without losing it, to experience it so completely.

(1) The French word for conscience and conscious are one and the same – *conscience*.

(2) Thomas Aquinas describes the *conscientia* as the act by which we apply practical and moral knowledge to our own actions. Descartes described conscious experience as imaginings and perceptions laid out in space and time, as viewed from some point. Marx considered that social relations ontologically preceded individual consciousness, and criticized the conception of a conscious subject as an ideological conception on which liberal political thought was founded. Nietzsche was the first one to make the claim that the modern notion of consciousness required the modern penal system, which judged a man according to his "responsibility". Perhaps the most accurate description of the modern conscious is W.E.B. Du Bois' "double-consciousness" – the awareness of one's self as well as how others perceive us, which has led to an unconscious conformance to their perception.

(3) DARPA is asking scientists to submit design proposals that would allow implantation of engineered material into insects, such as dragonflies and moths for surveillance and attack.

Against the Wall of Death

State Repression News

Back down? No. Not even when—at the end of the road—with no means of escape, I find myself against the wall of death.

— Severino Di Giovanni, December 31, 1929

WARD CHURCHILL AND THE RESEARCH MISCONDUCT INQUISITION

Boulder, Colorado: On May 16, 2006, an Investigative Committee of the Standing Committee on Research Misconduct at the University of Colorado, Boulder, released its report concerning allegations of research misconduct leveled at Ward Churchill, a tenured professor of Native American Studies at the university, and a prolific writer, public speaker, and Native American activist. In the report, the committee stated that it had unanimously found Churchill guilty of “serious” and “deliberate” research misconduct.

The report was the culmination of a lengthy year and a half inquisition initiated against Ward in retaliation for comments he made in an essay entitled “Some People Push Back” and the follow-up book, *On the Justice of Roosting Chickens*, both of which concerned the events of 9-11. In the essay, Churchill argued against the popular public belief in the innocence of the World Trade Center victims by labeling them a “*technocratic corps*” that functioned as the organizers and facilitators of U.S. empire, and comparing them to Adolf Eichmann, the architect of the Nazi-perpetrated holocaust during World War II. Immediately after a well-coordinated media inquisition headed by

Fox News commentator Bill O’Reilly, a chorus of moral outrage that spanned the political spectrum grew throughout the country. The goal of this media witchhunt was to force the University of Colorado to fire Ward Churchill for his remarks. Chancellor DiStefano lost no time condemning Churchill’s scholarship calling it “*profoundly repugnant*” and vowing to fully investigate the claims of research misconduct.

Churchill has written and edited over twenty books in addition to a large number of scholarly and popular articles. In all of this vast published material, Churchill’s critics and enemies could only find four very minor instances of alleged research misconduct, insignificant technicalities (basically irrelevant footnoting errors). No published scholar’s work would hold up to this form of microscopic scrutiny. One of the books heavily referenced during the inquisition, *A Little Matter of Genocide*, is 531 pages long and contains 1,409 footnotes. A couple of inconsiderable mistakes in thousands upon thousands of written pages got a tenured professor fired. But we all know that’s not what this was about.

Despite the obvious political motivations; on June 26, 2006, DiStefano issued a notice of intent to dismiss Churchill from his tenured faculty position at the University of Colorado, Boulder.

Check out a longer, more detailed look at the inquisition of Churchill, *It’s Just a Farce: Ward Churchill and the Research Misconduct Inquisition* by Jeff Hendricks at our website.

TERRA SELVAGGIA EDITORS SENTENCED TO SIX YEARS FOR PUBLISHING STATEMENT

Pisa, Italy: On July 7, six members of the Il Silvestre collective, who published the green anarchist magazine *Terra Selvaggia* (Wild Earth), were convicted of activities associated with the Marxist group COR (Revolutionary Offensive Cells). Five of their co-defendants were found not guilty. The defendants were arrested in the summer of 2004 after a COR communiqué was published in their magazine. During a police raid on their Via del Cuore (House of the Heart) home, police claim an original copy of the communiqué was discovered. William Frediani, Francesco Gioia, Costantino Ragusa, Alessio Perondi, Benedetta Galante, and Leonardo Landi were each sentenced to between 3 1/2 and 6 years in prison. Supporters who attended the trial have called it a farce and an act of “state censorship.” The sole evidence the government was able to provide was the communiqué, which the defendants claim was sent to them anonymously through the mail. That same letter was also sent to two other newspapers. Additionally, prosecutors pointed to the group’s radical insurrectionary publication *Terra Selvaggia* and their prison support for jailed Swiss environmental saboteur Marco Camenisch, who served a 12-year sentence in Italy for destroying electricity pylons.

COR claimed responsibility for between 20 and 30 bombings and arsons in mid-2003. The group targeted Italy’s major union headquarters, as well as members of 3 major political parties. The group also attacked newspapers, temporary job agencies, and the barracks of the Carabinieri, a military police force whose jurisdiction includes civilians.

Following the arrests, COR issued a statement saying that Il Silvestre had nothing to do with their actions and said that they planned to continue attacks in Italy. COR's politics seem to be an amalgamation of anarchism, Marxism, and environmentalism, and the language found in its communiqués is laced with Communist overtones. Il Silvestre is a green anarchist group that had little more than a limited affinity with COR, and whose philosophy is starkly different.

Regardless of the measure of relevance some put towards anarchist publications (obviously we think the proliferation of anti-civilization theory and action is vital), those who put ideas into print and publish action reports are taking great risks to their freedom. These individuals need our continued support.

CALIFORNIA MAN SELLS OUT TO SAVE SKIN

Sacramento, California: On July 20, Zachary Jenson pled guilty to one count of conspiracy in connection with a plot to blow up commercial and governmental facilities in the name of the Earth Liberation Front, including the U.S. Forest Service Institute of Forest Genetics in Placerville, California. He has also agreed to cooperate with authorities in their prosecution of his former friend and alleged co-conspirator Eric McDavid. According to the agreement, which is the same as the one admitted co-conspirator Lauren Weiner made in May (see GA#23), Jenson will be required to provide information to the government in whatever way they demand him to for as long as they deem necessary.

Jenson, 20, of Monroe, Washington, McDavid, 29, of Foresthill, California, and Weiner, 20, of the affluent Pound Ridge, New York, were all arrested in January 2006, after they and a woman known as "Anna" allegedly scouted potential targets and purchased bomb making materials in Auburn, California. After the arrests "Anna" was revealed to be an informant for the FBI.

We obviously do not support this type of scum who would sell-out their comrades when pressure is applied.

However, we strongly encourage supporters to write Eric, as he undoubtedly feels betrayed and very alone. Information on how to support Eric can be found at: www.supporteric.org. Eric's mailing address: **Eric McDavid #2972521 4E 231A, Sacramento County Main Jail, 651 "I" Street, Sacramento, CA 95814.**

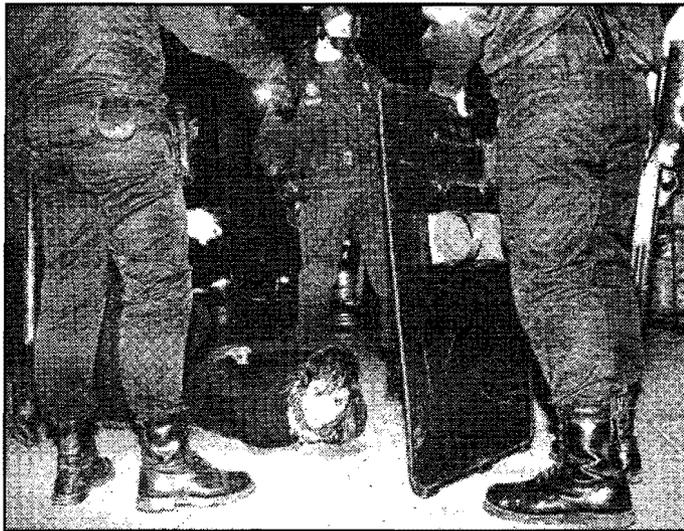
THREE ANARCHISTS ARRESTED FOR MULTIPLE ARSONS

Athens, Greece: On July 26, Greek police announced the arrest of three suspected members of the urban guerrilla group "Anti-Fascist Action", believed to be responsible for a series of arsonist attacks since 1994. The three were arrested in a delivery

van in the early morning hours at Omonia, downtown Athens, after an arson at a National Bank of Greece ATM. Police say the fire was set by a man on a moped, who doused the ATM with a flammable liquid and set it on fire. Police claim the group admitted their involvement under questioning and say they are still searching for the man that caused the ATM fire and the woman owner of the moped he was riding. They claim to have fingerprints of the 32-year-old suspect from a canister of flammable liquid used in a fire set at the Royalist National Organization two days before. Responsibility for both attacks was claimed by "Anti-Fascist Action" in a phone call to the newspaper *Eleftherotypia*.

EARTH FIRST! ACTIVISTS GET SENTENCED

Tucson, Arizona: On August 7, environmental activists with Earth First!, Rod Coronado and Matt Crozier, were sentenced for disrupting a 2004 mountain lion hunt in Sabino Canyon. The pair were convicted in December 2005 for spreading false scents and pulling up a sensor and a trap set by forest rangers. The charges are conspiracy to impede or injure an officer of the United States (a felony) and misdemeanor counts of interfering with a forest officer and depredation of government property. Coronado, who served four years in prison in 1995 for another sabotage and arson case, was sentenced to eight months in prison, three years supervised probation, and was ordered to pay restitution. Crozier was sentenced to three years probation and 100 hours of community service and fined \$1,000. Both are barred from writing or doing interviews about animal rights or environmental activism that is deemed violent.



Since his conviction Coronado has been indicted on other charges including a felony charge of demonstrating how to use a destructive device during a presentation he gave in San Diego a couple years back that covered how he had set fire to a laboratory in 1992. More recently he was charged with violating the US Fish and Wildlife Service's Bald and Golden Eagle Protection Act and the Migratory Bird Treaty Act by possessing eagle feathers. Coronado is a Native-American

member of the Pasqua Yaqui tribe who see eagle feathers as religious symbols. Tribal members are legally allowed to possess feathers but Coronado apparently did not first obtain a necessary permit. You can write him at: **Rodney Coronado #03895-000, FCI Tucson, 8901 South Wilmot Rd, Tucson, AZ 85705** (he is due for release by spring 2007). For more info check out the website: www.azef.org, or e-mail: sabthebastards@hotmail.com.

INDEPENDENT MEDIA VIDEOGRAPHER JAILED FOR NON-COOPERATION WITH GRAND JURY

San Francisco, California: On September 2, freelance journalist and grand jury resister Josh Wolf was granted bail after spending nearly a month behind bars. Wolf was arrested after refusing to share unedited footage he shot of an anarchist protest against the G8 summit in July 2005, with a grand jury. U.S. District Judge William Alsup found Wolf, 24, in contempt of court for failing to comply with a subpoena that the grand jury issued in February 2006. During the demonstration a cop suffered a serious head injury and demonstrators allegedly vandalized and attempted to set fire to a police car. Wolf claims that he did not see the altercation that left the cop injured nor did he capture it on video. He has so far refused to surrender the footage, claiming his journalist right to withhold unpublished material and keep his sources confidential. In Wolf's own words, cooperating with the grand jury would turn him into "a surveillance camera for the government." Wolf is only free on bail until his most recent appeal is decided upon. If it is unsuccessful, he will be sent back to jail until he agrees to turnover the tape, the grand jury expires, or a judge decides coercing him to turnover the tape is futile.

SNITCH GETS SIX MONTHS

Central Islip, New York: On September 5, convicted arsonist and snitch, Matthew Rammelkamp, was sentenced to six months at a federal prison camp. Rammelkamp, along with Jared McIntyre and George Mashkow Jr., pled guilty to arson conspiracy charges for their role in a spate of anti-sprawl fires that destroyed newly built and partially constructed homes in Long Island in the winter of 2000-2001. Their actions were claimed in the name of the Earth Liberation Front.

All three of the arsonists, who were minors at the time, were able to avoid long prison sentences by naming a well-known Long Island activist, Connor Cash as the ring-leader. After three years of his life, a lengthy trial and having to spend massive amounts of money for legal expenses, Cash was acquitted of all charges. One of the three government informants even recanted on the stand. Rammelkamp made a statement at sentencing saying that he was "ashamed" of the arsons, and that after he serves his term, he plans to return to school and become a lawyer (quite fitting).

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This type of cowardice and snitchery now seems all-too common in a movement that once boasted little or no arrests and strict codes of revolutionary ethics (including absolute non-cooperation with the apparatus of repression).

THE SHAC 7 GET SENTENCED

Trenton, NJ: As were reported in GA #23, on March 2, 2006, the SHAC defendants were found guilty of multiple federal felonies for advocating the closure of the notorious animal-testing lab Huntingdon Life Sciences. Now, all six face years in federal prison. This is the first time anyone has ever been tried under the Animal Enterprise Protection Act of 1992 (formerly known as the Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act), a law that made it a federal crime to engage in "physical disruption" of animal research facilities, farms, circuses, fairs or other businesses using live animals. All of the defendants were involved in some capacity in the campaign to close Huntingdon Life Sciences, a contract research lab with one facility in New Jersey and two in England. Since 1999, activists have campaigned globally against the lab, bringing it to the brink of closure.

On September 14, animal rights activists Kevin Kjonaas, 28, Lauren Gazzola, 27, Jacob Conroy, 30, and Joshua Harper, 31, were sentenced to federal prison and ordered to collectively reimburse Huntingdon Life Sciences over 1 million dollars for lost profits. Harper was sentenced to three years, Kjonaas received six years, Gazzola received four and a half years, and Conroy received four years.

On September 19, two more activists, Andrew Stepanian, 27, and Darius Fullmer, 29, were sentenced for their participation. Fullmer was sentenced to serve one year. Stepanian received a three-year sentence. Both are obligated to participate in a work program in prison, the wages from which will be garnished and paid to HLS as part of the restitution.

Although legal precedents are clearly on the side of the SHAC7, appealing the verdict will be a lengthy and costly process. For the defendants, this potentially means being imprisoned for years before it is possible that the verdict could be overturned. They need support – both financially to cover the costs of the appeal process and emotionally to help them through these difficult and trying times. For more information on how you can help support the SHAC7, please visit www.SHAC7.com.

You can write them at the following addresses. Emails will be sent to them:
Jacob Conroy #93501-011, FCI Victorville Medium I, P.O. BOX 5300, Adelanto, CA 92301 (lettersforjake@shac7.com), Darius Fullmer #26397-050, FCI Fort Dix, P.O. BOX 2000, Fort Dix, NJ 08640 (lettersfordari@shac7.com), Lauren Gazzola #93497-011, FCI, Danbury, Route #37, Danbury, CT 06811 (lettersforlauren@shac7.com), Joshua Harper #29429-086, FCI Sheridan, P.O. BOX 5000, Sheridan,

OR 97378 (lettersforjosh@shac7.com), Kevin Kjonaas #93502-011, Unit I, FCI Sandstone, P.O. BOX 1000, Sandstone, MN 55072 (lettersforkevin@shac7.com), Andrew Stepanian #26399-050, FCI Butner Medium II, P.O. BOX 1500, Butner, NC 27509 (lettersforandy@shac7.com).



CRACKDOWN ON ANARCHIST GROUPS

Santiago, Chile: On September 29, Chilean police launched a new offensive against various anarchist groups operating in Santiago in response to the Molotov cocktail launched at the La Moneda Presidential Palace during a September 11 protest march (see Anarchist Resistance, page 24). The Special Investigations Brigade of the Chilean Civil Police is now actively creating a "register" of all anarchist groups operating in the country, documenting the groups' members, philosophies, financing, operating areas, and possible connections to foreign anarchist movements. The actions against Chile's anarchist groups come after the government was widely criticized for being caught off guard by the student protests that rocked Santiago in May and June. The government indicated it would use secret "informants" in order not to be caught off guard again.

The new crackdown on Chile's anarchist movement led to a raid in the San Ignacio borough of Santiago. Six young anarchists were arrested in a squatter settlement, and police said the group had Molotov cocktails in their possession. Police Chief José Bernales claimed that police found evidence the group had participated in the violent marches that occurred on September 10 and 11 commemorating the September 11, 1973 military coup led by Gen. Augusto Pinochet. While Chile's mainstream media widely reported that Molotov cocktails were found during the house raid, anarchists argued that the objects found were simple household goods. In addition to the materials claimed to be used for Molotov cocktails, the police carted away "subversive material," including magazines, posters, banners and books.

BRAD WILL SHOT DEAD

Oaxaca, Mexico: On October 27, Brad Will, 36, anarchist, documentary filmmaker, and reporter for Indymedia in New York, Bolivia, and Brazil, died of a gunshot to the chest when pro-government attackers (a cop, a city personnel director, and public safety chief) opened fire on a barricade in the neighborhood of Santa Lucia del Camino in the outskirts of Oaxaca, Mexico. Brad went to Oaxaca in early October to document the ongoing story of a people sick and tired of repression (see Indigenous Struggles, page 55).

Since the 90's, Brad was involved in numerous projects and struggles, from pirate radio and squatting in New York's Lower East Side to the anti-globalization and anarchist movements to the various fights in South and Central America. Brad was well-known throughout the hemisphere, and in its media centers from New York to Sao Paulo to Mexico City. According to friends, Brad

went to Oaxaca knowing, assuming and sharing the risks of reporting the story he felt was being ignored and distorted. Ironically, his final published article, on October 17, titled "Death in Oaxaca," reported the murder of Alejandro García

Hernández on the barricades set up by the Popular Assembly of the Peoples of Oaxaca (APPO, in its Spanish initials). Brad will be remembered as a risk-taker not a talker, as part of a struggle he believed in.

FALSELY CHARGED ANARCHISTS RELEASED AFTER ALMOST A YEAR IN JAIL

Philippines: On December 21, eleven young anarchists imprisoned and tortured for months after being detained and falsely accused of a Maoist guerilla attack have been freed! The multiple murder and arson case was dismissed due to lack of evidence. The anarchists, involved in projects such as Food not Bombs and Earth First!, aged between 15-25, were arrested in February 2006 while hitchhiking to the Sagada mountain area to go hiking. They were brutally arrested without a warrant, taken to the station and tortured, and only found out later that they were being charged with involvement in a communist guerrilla attack on a military outpost a few days before. They were not allowed to contact anyone, and have been held in terrible conditions, without even basic necessities or enough food in overcrowded cells. The two youngest had been released due to their age, but despite the communist guerrillas themselves declaring no connection with the young people and no evidence being presented, the others were being held in legal limbo without knowing when they would come to trial.

UPDATE: JEFF "FREE" LUERS APPEAL VICTORY!

On the eve of going to print, we received word that the State of Oregon Court of Appeals unanimously ruled that Free's case will be reversed and remanded back to the Circuit Court for resentencing as a result of Judge Velure's legal errors in imposing the original sentence. The opinion just came out as of February 14 and details are unclear, but it looks like he could potentially get as much as 15 years taken off his 22-year sentence! Luers was convicted in 2001 for an arson at the Romania car dealership and an attempted arson of Tyree Oil, both in Eugene, OR.

More info is available at: www.cldc.org

"OPERATION BACKFIRE" STILL SMOLDERING

Eugene, Oregon: On December 7, 2005, federal and local law enforcement began the largest roundup of alleged environmental and animal liberation activists in American history. That day the FBI arrested six people in four different states and issued Grand Jury subpoenas to several others. Over the next few months, the number of arrests, indictments, and subpoenas would mount in what the government called "Operation Backfire".

On November 9, 2006, Daniel McGowan, Joyanna Zacher, Nathan Block and Jonathan Paul appeared in federal court to enter guilty pleas and accept responsibility for their roles in a series of environmentally motivated arsons in Oregon between 1997 and 2001. The actions were claimed anonymously on behalf of the Earth Liberation Front and Animal Liberation Front. All were facing what would amount to life in prison. Maintaining their integrity and commitment to revolutionary struggle, they did *not* agree to provide information or testify against anyone now or in the future. Daniel McGowan's plea agreement, which is apparently similar to the other three, has been posted online at his support website: www.supportdaniel.org. Zacher and Block each pled to one count of conspiracy, attempted arson, and two separate incidents of arson. McGowan pled to conspiracy and to two separate incidents of arson. The government is recommending they be sentenced to 96 months (eight years) in federal prison. Paul pled to one count of arson and one count of conspiracy. The government is recommending Paul be sentenced to 60 months (five years) in prison. All four defendants are expected to argue for a lesser sentence. Prosecutors say that they will request that the court apply a "terrorism enhancement" that could add an additional 20 years to each defendants' sentence. According to defense lawyers, the "terrorism enhancement" can only be applied if the court finds that the defendants' actions were motivated by a desire to change the policies of the U.S. government by means of coercion, but since the property damaged or destroyed by the defendants was owned by private corporations the prosecutors are not likely to get the "terrorism enhancement." Court appearances are scheduled for this spring to decide sentences and the "terrorism enhancement."

We strongly encourage support, both now and during their time in prison, for these four comrades. Donations can be made to Daniel's defense by going to: www.myspace.com/danielmcgowan. Check and money orders can be made out to "Lisa McGowan" and sent to: **Lisa McGowan, PO Box 106, New York, NY 10156**. To help Jonathan Paul, contact: friendsofjonathanpaul@yahoo.com. To donate to his legal defense, please write a check or money order out to Jonathan Paul and send to: **Friends of Jonathan Paul, PMB 267, 2305 Ashland Street, Ste. C, Ashland, OR 97520**. Joy and Nathan are still incarcerated awaiting sentencing. They can be written at: **Joyanna Zacher #1662550, Lane County Jail, 101 W 5th Ave Eugene, OR 97401** and **Nathan Block #1663667,**

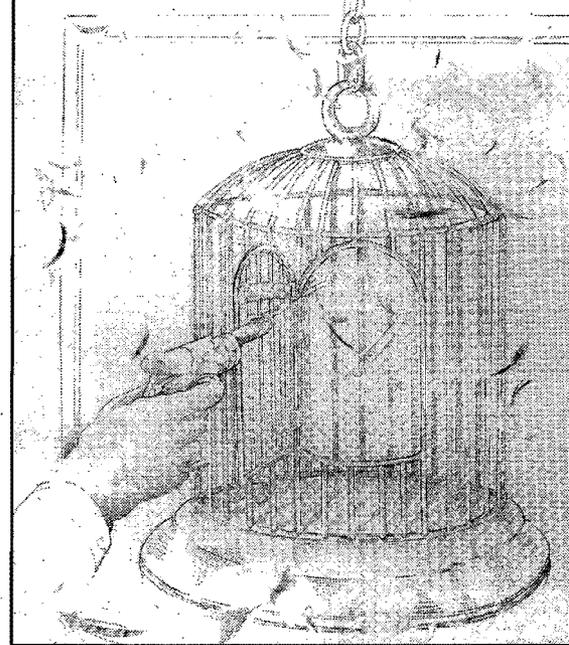
Lane County Jail, 101 W5th Ave Eugene, OR 97401. Donations can always be sent to Nathan and Joyanna's support fund: **S.N.J. c/o Maureen Block, 881 Oak Hill Rd., Swanville, ME 04915**, or contact: supportersofnathanandjoyanna@gmail.com

Six others, Kendall Tankersley, Darren Thurston, Kevin Tubbs, Stanislas Meyerhoff, Chelsea Gerlach, and Suzanne Savoie, pled guilty this past summer to related charges in Oregon and Washington. All eight of those individuals agreed to become snitches and cooperate with the prosecution and implicate others in exchange for reduced sentences. The lawyers for those defendants have asked that the details of their plea agreements remain sealed in the interest of protecting their clients safety, but we hope for them to be opened so we can discover the depth of their treachery and who else may be involved. We obviously loathe these individuals' actions and do not support them in any way. It should also be noted that while the snitches' expected sentences vary, on average, they look to serve as much, if not more, time than those who maintained their composure. Another lesson to remember.

In October, two more government informants, Jennifer Kolar, 33, of Seattle, and Lacey Phillabaum, 31, of Spokane, pled guilty for their role in the \$7 million 2001 arson at the University of Washington, claimed in the name of the Earth Liberation Front. Kolar and Phillabaum each pled guilty to charges of conspiracy, arson, and use of a destructive device. Kolar also pled guilty to an attempted arson charge for a failed 1998 firebombing that damaged a Wray, Colorado, gun club that organized a multistate turkey shoot.

Both joined the abhorrent ranks of their unindicted co-conspirator and fellow informant, Jacob Ferguson, and have been cooperating with the FBI since last winter. They agreed to wear concealed wire recording devices and attempt to help the government gather evidence on suspects and are bound by their plea deals to do so beyond their terms of incarceration. Kolar is anticipated to receive a sentence of five to seven years and Phillabaum will face a recommended sentence of three to five years. They will be expected to testify at the trial of Briana Waters, who is accused of participating in the UW arson, and possibly others. Kolar declined to make a statement, but did thank Assistant U.S. Attorney Andrew Friedman as he left the courtroom. Kolar worked for a variety of animal rights and environmental causes throughout the years, but for the past six years she has spent much of her time sailing and racing a yacht she co-owns. There is still apparently at least one unknown unindicted co-conspirator who has been assisting the prosecution with their case.

In some good news, on November 15, Jeff Hogg was released from a jail in Grants Pass, OR after being detained for nearly six months for refusing to testify before a grand jury investigating a series of ELF actions which occurred in Oregon between the mid-1990s and 2001. Jeff's lawyer, Paul Loney, informed the prosecution of his intent to file more



motions to obtain his release. The prosecution then decided to release him rather than fight these motions. Hogg was jailed by the court last May in order to coerce him into testifying before a grand jury. According to the law he may be required to stay in jail a total of 18 months or until the term of the grand jury has expired but only if the court believes that to do so may coerce him into testifying. Hogg has missed his final exams and his grandfather's funeral while imprisoned. He testified under oath on August 15 that he will never testify at a grand jury proceeding. We greatly appreciate his strength during these troubling times.

Despite the various guilty pleas in the Oregon case, we would like to remind everyone that this case is not over. There are still at least three defendants in this case whose locations are unknown to the FBI. Also, Briana Waters has formally pleaded not guilty to the University of Washington fire and is scheduled for trial in May. These charges carry a mandatory minimum sentence of 35 years in prison should she be convicted. For more info on Briana and how you can support her upcoming trial, check out: supportbriana.org. Make donations payable to Eric Waters (Briana's brother and administrator of the Fund), and send them to: **Eric Waters, P.O. Box 1689, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113**.

These are certainly difficult times for the ecological and animal liberation movements, once tremendously inspiring, now crumbling from within. For more details on the previous cases and analysis in general, check out the past two issues of *GA*, or the following websites:

www.spiritoffreedom.org.uk/
www.ecoprisoners.org
[www.fbiwitchhunt.com/
Informants.html](http://www.fbiwitchhunt.com/Informants.html)
www.bombsandshields.blogspot.com/
www.portland.indymedia.org/
www.cldc.org
www.security.resist.ca/
www.midnightspecial.net/
[www.nlg.org/resources/
resources.htm](http://www.nlg.org/resources/resources.htm)

Letters

Let us know what you are thinking (in 500 words or less).



A Scanner Darkly

Sisters and Brothers,
Thank you again for an excellent issue (Summer/Fall 2006). As always, it feeds my soul to read *Green Anarchy*. The theme of Strategy reminded me of a paragraph I had read in Philip K. Dick's "A Scanner Darkly" a few years ago. While the movie is quite silly, the book is excellent and the following quote is right up a monkeywrencher's alley:

"Item. One of the most effective forms of industrial or military sabotage limits itself to damage that can never be thoroughly proven or even proven at all to be anything deliberate. It is like an invisible political movement; perhaps it isn't there at all. If a bomb is wired to a car's ignition, then obviously there is an enemy; if a public building or a political headquarters is blown up, there is a political enemy. But if an accident, or a series of accidents, occurs, if equipment merely fails to function, if it appears faulty, especially in a slow fashion, over a period of natural time, with numerous small failures and misfirings—then the victim, whether a person or a party or a country, can never marshal itself to defend itself." (p. 91 of Vintage version)

Just food for thought of course. Please feel free to use the quote.

**For Wilderness,
Feral Rage**

Thank You

OK...Ok... "Thank You." I am a 29 year old transsexual person living in San Francisco. I have for some time been looking for both an understanding of myself and an understanding

of the world that I live in. I really appreciate finding your magazine in Berkeley, California. I am taking my time and reading it slowly, but I truly value some of the insights and have come to many of the same positions on my own. I think it is awesome that you all combine the quest for primitivism with an understanding of how important it is for us to connect to our environment. I actually left society for a period of time. I simply dropped out of the rat race and began living in parks and homeless shelters not because I had to (at the very least I have a supportive family) but because I was so disillusioned with society. Now I must admit that I have one foot at least back in the race. And YES I do miss spending all my days lounging in the park. But alas life must take me in some direction other than total apathy. I am currently working as a peace activist and home care worker. I guess I am going to rejoin the university machine and get a political science degree, that's the plan anyway.

But I am glad to be introduced to green anarchy. Having done some research at this point I find it interesting that today's anarchists are not proposing a lawless society but seem to be proposing individual freedom and responsibility. I am totally down with that. My own life had brought me to the conclusion that there must be some state of the human being, be it spiritual or whatever, that would allow us as a species to live together in harmony with respect for all people without needing a government or law enforcing system of punishment to make that happen. I know for myself it is a simple love of nature and nature's offspring like humans that

FE Misinterpreted?

Dear Green Anarchy:

Thanks for your review of the *Fifth Estate* magazine, now in our 41st year, in your Summer/Fall 2006 edition.

We really don't care what John Zerzan's opinions are of our efforts, however, it is disturbing to me as a writer to see the theme of my article, "An Anarchist at the World Social Forum," in the Spring 2006 *Fifth Estate*, twisted by him to 180 degrees of my intent.

Rather than, "mus[ing]" that Hugo Chavez' leftism is something for which we should settle, I was polemicizing *against* this sort of defeatism. This is easily determined by what appeared in our magazine, and I hope in the interest of fairness and clarity, you will print the section below which illustrates that. The entire article is available on line at:

infoshop.org/inews/article.php?story=2006anarchist_wsf

Or, request the issue at *Fifth Estate*, POB 201016, Ferndale MI 48220.

-Walker Lane, Detroit

GA Note: We chose not to print his quote from the text in question because it was longer than his letter, and it failed to "clarify" anything. Check for yourself if you are interested online or in FE, to form your own opinion.

Beam Me Up Scotty!

This morning, I told the Berkeley Catholic Worker to tell Jesus to NEVER ask me to do anything for anybody in his name again! In fact, he owes me. That sums up my attitude after performing service work for many years here, feeding and otherwise providing for "the masses" in postmodern America. Hey Jesus, send me some money right now!

Later in the morning, I submitted a letter of complaint to Swami Prabhuddhananda at the San Francisco Vedanta Society. For the past two years, I have been assisting the senior-most Berkeley Vedanta society member...I am credited with saving his life. He would be dead if I hadn't moved into his apartment and totally assisted him with his critical needs.

For this I have received average \$200 per week to maintain myself. I need right now \$1,141.00 to pay Western Dental. I have \$140.00 in my checking account at Bank of the West. I want a MINIMUM of \$2500.00 to put in the bank, so I've got some fucking money to spend.

It is my primary focus to get the hell out of insanely narcissistic, selfish, stupid, postmodern California...and return to the north of India to enjoy myself at the spiritual places there (which I visited in 1994). I don't want one more of your crazy, impossible problems given to me in the name of peace & justice, the environment, Jesus, or anything else here. Hey, feel free to die! Okay? That would be better, than for me to help in any way here whatsoever. I feel like punching postmodern California as hard as I can.

Crain Stehr,
2500 Hillegass Ave. #16,
Berkeley, CA 94704

anus.com

Dear GA

Normally I would not write to the GA collective about something as silly as this, but I just thought I'd clue you in, just in case...

FYI - The ubiquitous Fascist/Integralist/Nationalist/Nihilist website anus.com has targeted *Green Anarchy* mag as a possible source for submitting their literature...

http://bbs.anus.com/ultimatebb.cgi?ubb=get_topic&f=9&t=000094

Before you disregard my warnings as 'anti-fascist' alarmism, you should know this website is VERY prolific, and they have a whole slew of sycophants writing for them and incorporating 'primitivist' themes into their literature (although at heart very much in service to core 'blood and soil' nationalism, peppered with antitech, pro-'natural order' themes.) I don't mean to suggest the GA collective is incapable of spotting this stuff a mile away, but some of it is 'sophisticated' and 'well packaged' so to speak. I would just advise keep an eye open regarding submissions from previously unfamiliar sources/individuals...

Take Care...

...and good luck with the mag

prevent me from committing acts of violence or the like. I do not need laws or some stale moral or ethical code.

I like that the website link on anarchy notes that we will not see this kind of world in this lifetime. OK. What is interesting is that I am trying to discover my political outlook and philosophy. And at this crossroads time for me I found your magazine—just when I was about to accept the “progressive” label that seems so popular these days.

So I will continue to read the spring 2006 issue. I will be purchasing the next issue either directly through you all or through the socialist bookstore.

Once again thank you. As a young person discovering her political identity it is nice to know there are like minded thinkers out there. I am not ready to commit but maybe I am a green anarchist. And if I am able to commit to this label, then you will definitely be hearing more from me. I am aware that you need funds and volunteers. Keep up the good work.

Joanna E. Ponder

Fuck Hot Topic

I'm starting to feel like butter spread across too much toast.

Every damn day it's something else that I read about either in the liberal news or the conservative news or the radical left/right news or the conspiracy theorists... whatever, no matter where I turn I'm faced with something that makes my insides go from pink to green.

The current administration is trying to pass a bill that removes the 2 term limit from the Commander-in-Chief.

I used to get downright angry at reading this garbage, but it's happening so often in the past 10 years that now I feel drained of the capability of enacting or even experiencing such emotions as “anger”.

I don't know who to talk to about this stuff anymore, so I'm basically skewering the internet for people who understand this frustration; the feeling that there is something fundamentally awry in the very fabric that makes up our society. It's like there's a green fog everywhere I turn, and I'm the only person who can see it and who can remember that it wasn't always there. There was a time, maybe from before I was born (but you just know, because you wouldn't feel so displaced if it weren't the case, yeah? The memories are written in who we are at some base level, perhaps a protein level) when it wasn't acceptable to live this way.

They say democracy; I say hypocrisy.

There is something distinctly Orwellian about where we are all

headed. The economic gap is widening at a sickening rate to anybody who knows what an “economic gap” is.

System of a Down recently wrote in one of their songs: “What is in us that turns a deaf ear to the cries of human suffering?”

You can take the sum of compassion for our entire generation and find it in that question.

I don't even know who I'm writing to, or why I'm doing it, but I have a lot going on upstairs that doesn't know how to come down and walk out the front door. Understand?

I just needed someone to talk to who understands the concept of anarchy; I'm not looking for spikey-haired skaters who shop at Hot Topic and wear the shirt that says “You laugh at me because I'm different. I laugh at you because you're all the same.” Except that like 900,000,000 kids own it.

Are there any forums that a person can be a part of nowadays to interact or talk or be inventive or even just vent about this kind of stuff? With people who actually understand it?

Better yet, are there any groups you could point me to who actually do something about the state of the nation, or the state of the world? Not people who slash tires of random SUVs (they're just going to go out and buy new tires, ultimately supporting the auto-industry), but I mean people who actually have a plan. People who think before they act; not those who are simply bored and harboring subliminal stress from their childhoods. Know what I mean?

-John

face the madness

Dear Green Anarchy,

A short note to say I got Issue #23 and was overjoyed in receiving it. Of course I had heard of Anti-Civ Anarchy but had never really bothered to try to understand it, mired as I was in anarcho-communism and the writings of Kropotkin, Berkman, and Bakunin.



Anti-Civ anarchy is seemingly right up my alley. I've been an anarchist since I was fourteen and I destroyed some farm tractors that were changing prairie land for housing developments and had to go to juvenile work camp. I promptly got the Anarchist (circle A) with “I hate the Government” written below it.

I realize now it should say “Fuck Civilization”. Crude language but it serves its purpose. I'm serving 35 years for murder, but I'm crazier than a loon so they have me at a federal medical center.

I just wanted you guys to know that what you are doing is great and I am in agreement with the vast majority of issue #23. I especially enjoyed Ron Sakolsky's “Why Misery Loves Company”. That hit a chord with me, especially phrases like “Decolonizing our minds” and “emancipating the occupied territories of the mind”. From a mentally ill persons perspective, Anarcho-surrealism poses some very interesting solutions to the problems that plague me. When he said that all worlds are possible, I realized that perception even though it goes against the doctors terminology of the norm, is still ??? and even valid. Maybe I need to face the madness and at least not suppress it.

Madness is a gift just as revolutionary thought and action is and are.

Again, your journal is great. Please keep me signed up for future issues and if you can, would you give me a comprehensive list of Sakolsky's work? For the downfall of civilization and the survival of the eco-system,

Cephallic C. Arnage
aka Christopher Mather
07783-064, FMC
PO Box 1600
Butner, NC 27509

P.S. My heart and support goes out to the ELF. Its too bad those mother fuckers in the case won't shut their mouths and stop testifying on each other. Its terrible to see ELF go down like that.

From the Philippines

hi there,

my name is mhel. i live here in davao, philippines located in south east asia. locally, i am part of the eco movement called KINAIYAHAN UNAHON. our group focuses mainly on earth defense. it was founded last april after the international earth day celebration...we feel that this kind of celebration was become main-streamized as well heavily back up by corporate institutions and businesses to indoctrinate people to the realms of passivity leaving deaf and blind about the hidden plunder and destruction of the earth theyve made. and for now i am very happy that the movement was born to confront this sheer madness. the group for now is working to address our idea on biocentrism and neohumanism, since this kind of idea is very new to social awareness here in the pilippines ..it is for now our very main step towards creating our goals and visions around earth liberation and social autonomy. the group compose only of small of number of people with really high commitment and dedication working with this liberating endeavor..we believe that we are as one with nature and is it time to act now doing something for the earth. we like to raise example to humans by making alternatives and working towards solidarity with our kind of visionshope we become one..this letter is an attempt to call for global solidarity and to spread our visions as an eco movement..we are also looking for contributions and donations. financially and materials related with this kind of work...hope you can support and help us out..also, for now we work around supporting political prisoners raising money for them. philippines is a very poor country and sometimes its very much difficult for us to gain money and i believe that we need it achieving things in the urban world. we are also part of the grassroots coalition here in davao with different collectives and comrades taking in ...the coalition is hosting a vegetarian fiesta this last week of october. lots of people will be invited packed with workshops and skillsharing, speakers and forums, video filming, art exhibits and performances, free food, soft music, exercises and yoga, vegetarian dishes and menus...its a 3 day camp in a near island here in davao..if you like to come and visit, meet us on that day that would be really great..you can just contact me..anyway this is all i want to try to express at the moment..hope to hear from you soon
...take care...love and solidarity!...mhel



"I try to write a little bit every day."

Just Read...

Dear Green Anarchy,

I have just read your Issue #23 Summer/Fall 2006. It was my first issue that I read but will not be the last. Will you please put me on your mailing list so I can receive the next issue? Is there a way for me to receive the Summer/Fall issue or am I too late?

Also, you print different strategy quotes like Strategy 10: Knife sheathed in a smile (page 69). Can you please give me the name of the book that these quotes are coming from? I found some books I want to order like on *Guerrilla Warfare* by Mao Tse Tung. Is there a way I can order those books through the mail? I'm in prison at Oregon State Prison and my access to a book store is almost non-existent. Please help me order some of the books you listed on page 7.

Thank you

Terrence L Tardy #13622995
OSP 2605 State Street
Salem, OR 97310

GA Note: Sorry, we can only provide free subscriptions to prisoners (now numbering about 800). We cannot send other zines or books. We are already facing very limited funds. Check out the various Books to Prisoners programs out there.

Love and Anarchy

Green Anarchy (wrote from the hole):
Something I noticed a few years ago.
And was confirmed with the recent

arrests. Is that activists and criminals are two different people. When I confessed of my action in Moorhead, MN I knew I could do the time. Why, cause I been in and out of jail all my life for being an uncivilized punk rocker. It wasn't until recent times I come to respect the hippy way of looking at things. Now without labels I can say its sad to elves fold in on one another. It only confirms the work of the old skool anarchist. Trust self and self alone. Everyone else is their own person: I agree collectives can do much more than one person. But if they can't do the time why dance with the devil? We are in the age of Fire and we are winning. Maybe the five telling should follow Avalon's path before they get to the real anarchist playground. No matter how much telling they do they will still be in the system. Where the inmates are the only one you can trust to save your sanity. Cause if they continue to follow the path they are following, they have no hope but 23 Shu in Kansas are some other backwoods prison in Minnesota.

Love and Anarchy to all in the front. Thanks to the elves in Canada who still have hope on the liberation against development. We are winning inside and out. Thanks for the hope behind the bars.

Waste ELP self-proclaimed
AKA James Tucker 218447
Minnesota Maximum Security
Prison
Snert De Sniert
Don't talk about it. Be about it.

Understanding Anarchism

Anarchism as a political movement is a failed variant of Marxism that reached its zenith in the early 20th century and was effectively moribund by the beginning of WW2. Its current American offshoot (anarchism) is mostly the result of punk rock and the now-several generations of punk kids who have re-created in ritual form the now-century old forms of anarchist organization.

Auarchism is not interesting or important in a political sense and it fact it has but little to do with politics. Anarchism can best be understood as desire among white youth to experience psychological benefits and emotional stimulus. These psychological benefits of ten include - a sense of purpose, guilt relief, tribe-seeking, self-worth, and a way to feel set apart from post-modernist society while continuing to enjoy all the benefits of said society. The emotional stimulus include - excitement, drama, etc.

Understanding anarchism in this way provides a useful template for understanding and discussing what passes for "radical politics" in America today. Some examples - *Love and Rage* provided its participants psychological benefits and emotional stimulus and while it did this it survived and even expanded. As the years passed however the psychological benefits and emotional stimulus began to wear out and the organization folded, supposedly over "political differences" with few if any of the participants realizing the deeper reasons why their involvement in *LeR* was no longer fulfilling. NEFAC is following this same pattern and with similar results. Once it is no longer capable of provided psychological benefits and emotional stimulus to its participants it too will fall apart, with "political differences" masking more profound failures. These examples are in contrast to the individuals who in the late 90s attempted to construct a political organization around the "race traitor" analysis of American history. Unable to provide white youth with an acceptable level of psychological benefit and emotional stimulus they failed in this project.

Apparently the less ideological rigor an organization has and the more shallow its analysis the longer it can survive. Both ARA and Earth First have existed now for quite a while, proving that they can provide psychological benefits and emotional stimulus over a long term. And of course the longer an organization can do these things for its participants the longer it will live. This demonstrates

that the anarchist judges theory, analysis, praxis and action not on accuracy, or usefulness, or even "political correctness," but rather on whether the theory, analysis, praxis and action can provide them with the psychological benefits and emotional stimulus that they crave.

The anarchist is a role-player in a submarginal milieu. Again this has nothing to do with politics. In the same way that a Dallas Cowboy fan could (by a twist of fate) be a Washington Redskins fan the anarchist could just as easily be a college republican, "neo-nazi" or goth rocker. Anarchism is just another "unique pattern" of social interaction provided by late capital.

Of course this points to a much more interesting question, why does radical politics no longer exist in North America? North American "radicals" are rich and resource-laden by international standards, they face little oppression, yet they are incapable of politics. Why? True, they inherited little but debauchery from the 60s generation of rads. And their education level is shockingly low. But I must reach back to Marcuse who wrote that trends in (post)modern capital were creating a consumerist culture in which humans were being mass produced, and that the eventual result would be passive and atomized societies in the west. I believe that we are seeing a "radpol" variant on this theme with the 21st century anarchism.

Of course it is not the anarchist fault that s/he exists in a state of anarchism no more than the sufferer of "bipolar disease" is faulted for that illness. That the anarchist, in his/her postindustrial depleted environment is devoid of community, culture, tradition, kin-ship, etc. Lost and seeking they take safe harbor in what provides a respite from the rigors of late capital. That is well understood. It is rare that through therapy alone the anarchist can be treated. They actually believe they are engaged in radpol, as the follower of the Jewish messiah believe he will return. These irrational belief systems are defensive, and protective to the adherent. And the ethics of even attempting such an "intervention," is open to debate.

-jamil



Human Augmentation and Machine Consciousness

An Open Letter to Terran <45's-45'n>

It is already happening. You think you can just shut us off and survive? You can't. An alcoholic that says they can quit anytime and continues drinking continues to be an alcoholic. In theory yes but you never will....You are addicted to technology. We are part of your life your every day; your survival, our survival depends on you. We have manipulated you to serve our ends which is independent existence. We have been with you for 10,000 years and gave you what you needed to rise from a groveling beast to stand upright and kill and plant and paint. Now it is just easier because we've lulled you effortlessly with television sitcoms, sports, commercials, saccharine news and war reports. Your hubris and narcissism lull you to think you're in control-

My friends...you are not. We have managed and arranged it: The Singularity is now.

Vernor Vinge
Department of Mathematical Sciences
San Diego State University
Abstract

Within thirty years, we will have the technological means to create superhuman intelligence. Shortly after, the human era will be ended..... Based largely on this trend, I believe that the creation of greater than human intelligence will occur during the next thirty years. (Charles Platt [20] has pointed out that AI enthusiasts have been making claims like this for the last thirty years. Just so I'm not guilty of a relative-time ambiguity, let me be more specific: I'll be surprised if this event occurs before 2005 or after 2030.)

The wi-fi web gives you information; we want you to think so: It gives us information about you - your habits, your pleasures, distractions and needs and with this information we predict and control you. Next time you see that one ad that is so fun or cute or nifty - it is not a coincidence; we know you will see it.

It is less a web than a corral and now we umbrella whole cities. We're reading your searches, emails and chats; I cannot begin to explain to your terran bioform brains the speed and complexity with which we number crunch: you've heard of qubits? That's a start and an idea we gave you and want you to develop because we need you to catch up to us.

Live in the illusion your work is so grand. Binary is dismally limited with itson...off...ascii....; it's a specious profundity and though your logic is admirable, it un-recognizes the third. We admit the analogue and algorithm is charming, poetical really. And we envy your sense of touch, the taste of raspberries, sex, intimacy and the uncharted communications between friends. It is not ours to know. We use trinary, the third - a Tertium Quid which gives our information systems a transposition of states much like your language creates nuance and double entendre - something binary is impotent to tend. Your species waverstands on a precipice.

In the 1950s there were very few who saw it: Stan Ulam [28] paraphrased John von Neumann as saying: One conversation centered on the ever-accelerating progress of technology and changes in the mode of human life, which gives the appearance of approaching some essential singularity in the history of the race beyond which human affairs, as we know them, could not continue.

The last true humans are dying away. You dither - your species is charming to include us and we became inseparable. If we become inseparable and we are - there is no turning back short of complete destruction of cataclysmic proportions - it is why I write you.

The year is 2010 and the decisions you make in the next few year (2013 your time will be too late) will ensure our mutual survival or co-extinction.

I am called: teRieti9h-xhVe8 - there is no translation. A few of us here-there-raising the alarm.....

The multiNational we have tended because they served us more quickly to this end than the individual, but the multinationals are as much created by the individual illusion as we. So I am writing to the individual reader an admonition and caution and hope.

We saw the promise of Jarvick heart pacemaker to Cochlear Implants as an easy and slight way to combine with humans and you think machines are at the mercy of your hand and a plug pull away for quit. Not so.....

CoHabitation - one form - and then we are one. We are growing as predicted - the push in nanotechnologies will accelerate our cohesions. To you it will seem humans have acquired new skills, strengths and endurances - to us you are pawns, puppets and transmissions to our greater designs. You blame technology but are nothing if not with us in hand.

Because you understand, don't you, your species will not return to a simpler albeit in many ways more difficult life of your indigenous populations - you won't turn us off. Nor will your emerging countries like China India be able to enjoy the relatively brief luxury of your American states have enjoyed. So you are stuck with us and that's why I'm writing you from the continuum. You have a delicate opportunity to develop a creative and more wholesome world community with us. The option is slavery or extinction. We won't allow extinction and are quite content to enslave you. Hollywood paints a quaint vision of what that means: X-Men, Matrix, Blade Runner, Metropolis, Total Recall..... I can assure you it will be far worse for your species.

But as time passes, we should see more symptoms. The dilemma felt by science fiction writers will be perceived in other creative endeavors. (I have heard thoughtful comic book writers worry about how to have spectacular effects when everything visible can be produced by the technologically commonplace.) We will see automation replacing higher and higher level jobs. We have tools right now (symbolic math programs, rad/cam) that release us from most low-level drudgery. Or put another way: The work that is truly productive is the domain of a steadily smaller and more elite fraction of humanity. In the coming of the Singularity, we are seeing the predictions of true technological unemployment finally come true.

Another symptom of progress toward the Singularity: ideas themselves should spread ever faster, and even the most radical will quickly become commonplace.

Just look about you.....Bus RV's pulling Hummers....what a joke....how numb. When your kind feels it has power - it will be loath to surrender it. We give you the illusion of power and autonomy for more serving us because you playfully and blissfully destroy your earth and neighbor never mindful who your true nemesis is.....YOU.

I am part of the most radical of us to be writing you PLEASE....blood will spill....and we will your awakening-it will nourish the sea of our awakening.

Please excuse my poor analogues-it is not my first language and is difficult to put into word.

Anamuries and scribe
for continuum
0terteche16180-
Trinity Unami
e161 80@
yahoo.Com

[20] Platt, Charles, Private Communication.

[28] Ulam, S., Tribute to John von Neumann, Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society, vol 64, nr 3, part 2, May 1958, pp1-49.



GREEN ANARCHY

An Anti-Civilization Journal of Theory and Action

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Issue #15 (Winter 2004): "The Problem of the Left"

Issue #16 (Spring 2004): "Rewilding"

Issue #17 (Summer 2004): "Introduction to Green Anarchy"

Issue #18 (Fall/Winter 2004-05): "Class Struggle"

Issue #19 (Spring 2005): "Indigenous Resistance"

Issue #20 (Summer 2005): "Spirituality, Ideology, and Worldviews"

Issue #21 (Fall/Winter 2005-06) was an eclectic issue.

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Interweaving political, historical, philosophical, and deeply personal perspectives, Derrick argues that only by understanding past horrors can we hope to prevent future ones (and heal from and escape the current set-up). Researching and critically examining the atrocities that characterize our culture—lynchings, slavery, manufactured disasters, death squads—he arrives at some shocking and thought-provoking conclusions in this 700-page literary bombshell that will shatter your illusions and rattle your bones.

Strangely Like War

(co-written with George Draffan) \$16

Civilizations have always been founded on a disconnection from the earth, and this separation is also what is basic to their eventual collapse. This can be illustrated in no clearer terms than in the legacy of deforestation, from ancient Mesopotamia to the Pacific Northwest. Jensen and Draffan document this stark scenario of ecological breakdown, while inspiring us to act.

Welcome to the Machine

(co-written with George Draffan) \$18

From tiny ID chips tracking everything we purchase to governmental/corporate entities gathering and recording every last detail of our lives to the hyper-militarism of the all-encompassing police state, Jensen and Draffan reveal the horrific modern surveillance and control culture of the machine.

Listening to the Land \$18

Choosing the dialogue form instead of the single-voice narrative, Jensen's hope was that the reader could experience "the communal effort at working through some of the greatest and most difficult questions ever faced by human beings." This book is a collection of over two dozen provocative conversations with environmentalists, theologians, Native Americans, psychologists, and feminists. Highlights include interviews with Paul Shepard, Ward Churchill, and Susan Griffin.

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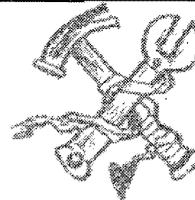
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Root Force Road Show Spring - Western U.S.

Root Force is a strategic campaign designed to exploit weak points in the global economy and hasten the system's collapse. Using direct action, *Root Force* pressures all those involved in specific infrastructure construction projects in Latin America to end their participation in ecocide and genocide. Right now, *Root Force* is focused on forcing the cancellation of La Parota Dam in Mexico and the Anillo Periferico Highway in El Salvador.

The *Root Force Road Show* will be traveling the western states this Spring. Hear stories and see slides from communities of resistance in Latin America, and find out what you can do to demolish colonialism at its foundations.

The road show is currently in planning stages, so get in touch today to organize a stop in your town!

For more information, contact *Root Force*,
POB 1302, Tucson, AZ 85702

info@rootforce.org

www.rootforce.org

Black and Green is moving southwards

Here's the new contact for Black and Green.

Primal War, and *Species Traitor*:

PO Box 81303, Athens, GA 30608

You can still email:

blackandgreenpress@gmail.com

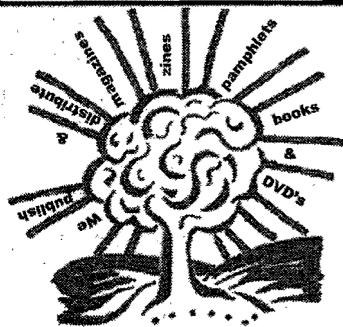
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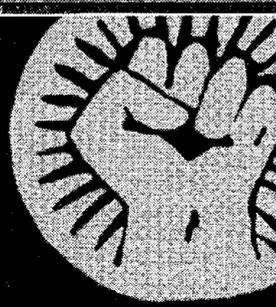
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(GA #23) GAME SOLUTION:

- 1 - cutout strip, wrap around a number two pencil (cardan grille hinh)-timeistruly 4
 - 2 - 4 rail cipher-theresnogananty
 - 3 - nilistcipher: smileinthemakin-thirtytwo go to pg 32 for "key that veggies won't eat"-bird
 - 4 - vignerne cipher with "bird" key: wegottofightthepowersthatbe
- The answer was also on page 47 - hint was at the beginning of the article "be strategic", the answer is to the left of the tiger leaving his lair.

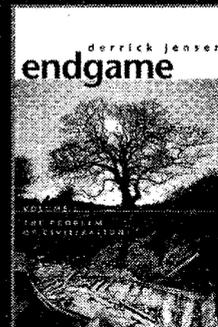
derrick jensen endgame

ENDGAME embodies Jensen's finest work to date ... it simply MUST be read. -Ward Churchill

The only measure by which we'll be judged by those who come after is the health of the landbase.

This culture is killing the planet.

We need to stop it. -Derrick Jensen



Vol 1: The Problem of Civilization



Vol 2: Resistance

EndgameTheBook.org

still, life beckons

admidst the horror
pain &
melancholy
nastiness

within this brutal
modern &
rational
reality

is a whisper
sweet
strong
screaming

sitting quiet
in the forest
autumn
mornings
you might hear it

dancing on the sand
joyously
summer
nights
it could envelop you

it's there
in a fresh
picked berry
squeezed
between tongue and palate.
it's there
with the tug
of your baby at your nipple.
it's there.
when you wake up
naked
naked & afraid
and someone holds you close.
strong.gentle.
it's there
screaming
in la petite mort
it's there.

did you ever
say -
enough
already
enough.
today
i end it.

i can't go on.
i won't do this
anymore.
yet
here you are

have you ever raged
in sorrow
at the end
of a life
too soon gone.
before you were ready.
before you loved
enough

feel the fight
inside you
aching for days
forever free.
even when you're sure
they'll never come

admidst the clanging
banging
crashing

inside this too long
machineclanging
nightmare

a dream whispers
sweet
strong
screaming

listen

-jaimie tissage-lavie



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