

Manarchy

The ChimpanZine is angry. No. Angrier.
The ChimpanZine is fucking furious.

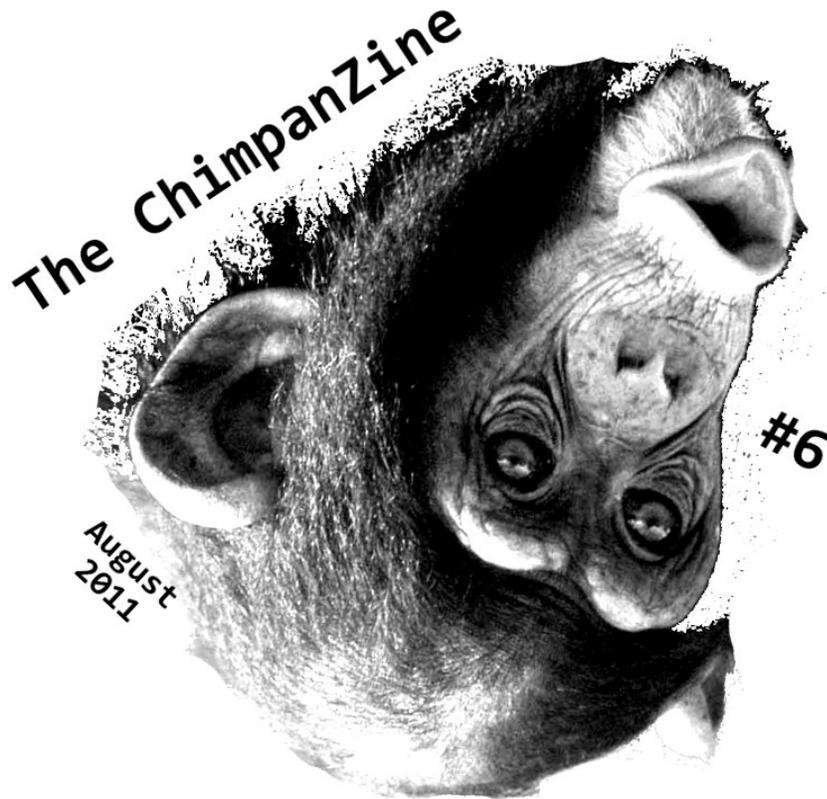
The nation's public policy architects preach the gospel of the wrecking ball and like good lemmings we trundle along in their wake, as if the fact that they're running ahead of us proves they're worth following.

What happened to the old Anarchists? The righteous ones who believed in the radical equality of human beings. They killed tsars, archdukes and presidents, not legislation to tax the wealthy. Where are they now? Gone, the way of the Dodo and the El Camino. You can find them resurrected in a stage of youthful idealism or stuffed and dithering, trotted out to scare children away from a life of dissent. Forget those relics and embrace anarchy's new champions, the Manarchists. Every day they don their suits and ties to carry on the fight against government from within. They seize the bully pulpit and preach their self-referential logic.

"Government won't help you," they say to the working class, "because I am government and I won't help you. Vote for me and together we'll bring the whole thing down."

Oh clever, Manarchists! Oh strategic wizards, paragons of activist infiltration, princes among radical spies, how will you use this awesome power you have achieved? What will you do now that you've brought the hated State to its knees?

Nothing. That's right nothing. Manarchy is



about radical change in the pursuit of the status quo. It's about dismembering any threat to the privileged status of rich white heterosexual men bestowed by God on high in the golden days of Monarchy. It's about damaging any tool which could facilitate a collective will stronger than the spending power of the richest 1%. Government at its best is no more than that, a tool which allows unwieldy public opinion to act decisively. The inherited privilege of the Manarchists has enabled them to pose as caretakers of this tool while they dulled its cutting edge to the point of uselessness. Chop. Strip government of any transformative power but let it remain spectacular and dramatic with 30 second spots littering prime time television. Chop. Let a balanced budget justify itself in thrift, taxing every person equally with no penalties for the rich, or their offspring, the future rich. Chop. Let the entirety of this meager income fund the military, the only indispensable government expense.

The Manarchists have stolen the taste of liberation from Anarchists who meant it to be savored by everyone. The ones who wanted individual rights, not just for themselves, but for all other individuals and the communities individuals form. Manarchist controlled corporations reverse engineered that freedom flavor and found it similar enough to a chemical compound of self-interest, apathy and a fear of difference, that when combined with high-fructose corn syrup and packaged in petroleum derived plastics, 9 out 10 white Americans were unable to tell the difference. They used Big Box

stores to sell this Faux-Freedom at below market rates so that mid-level purveyors of a better world, who couldn't simultaneously offer bargain DVDs, were forced out of the field, leaving only a few isolated local movements. They have copyrighted Liberty. They have crippled the anti-trust statutes that might hinder them. Now they issue their call to arms, confident that the only emancipatory product we will recognize is the one they've crammed down our consumer consciences.

Be careful Manarchists. Swords have two sides, human beings have many more. Psuedo-populism is just close enough to the real thing to allow for slippage and maybe some day you'll be remembered as the ones who made it just bad enough that things had to get better.

**Got Something to Say?
Spit it OUT**

Contribute to TheChimpanZine@gmail.com



Brand Name Reassurance

Capuchin

I was sitting at a bar the other day when a woman came in and ordered a Grey Goose martini. When the bartender politely explained that the establishment didn't stock Grey Goose the woman was appalled.

So was I.

On the shelves behind the offending mixologist stood half a dozen superior vodkas from local craft distilleries, each with a unique character and several more affordable than the brand she sought. This could have been an opportunity to justify restaurant prices by experiencing something new without having to buy an entire bottle, but it was evident the woman felt betrayed instead.

By not participating in the corporate takeover of food and drink the bar had removed her frame of reference, stolen her guarantee of satisfaction. Billboards and commercial breaks inform us that Grey Goose is smooth and delicious. They reassure us that Grey Goose is consumed by the wealthy and attractive (who could presumably drink whatever they desired) and that we will look wealthy and attractive if we are caught sipping a Grey Goose martini, dry and dirty to hide any possible remaining flavors.

This guarantee is not limited to luxury goods, it's the very foundation for food industry marketing, from the bottom up. It stands to reason that when you no longer know the people who grow your food, make your cheese or brew your beer, you will need something else

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No One deserves to be president
more than them**

to ensure quality control. The irony is that, as national brands of processed foods have taken over our refrigerators, this corporate guarantee has become more familiar and reliable than the personal relationships it's supplanting. Do you want a cheap burger on the run? You know exactly what McDonalds is offering, whatever state you're in, because no matter who owns that franchise they will provide you with the same synthetic meat and flavored potato products. McDonalds in turn knows they will be able to provide identical burger patties to their millions of customers because they source their beef from equally large corporations who own feedlots and processing centers around the country.

As you go up the price scale the stakes get larger. You celebrate a birthday at Applebees, an important anniversary merits the Cheesecake Factory. Here the insecurities that a consumer culture has ingrained in us become increasingly important. For that much money, for such an important occasion, you need to know that the product you are purchasing will be worth the price you pay. Our own ability to determine something's worth is under attack. Advertising supported by "expert testimonies" provides us and those around us with the only way we know to evaluate our purchases. Ostentatiously ordering filet-mignon is like wearing Rolex or driving a Aston Martin.

Unfortunately, thanks in large part to a subsidy structure which supports the processed food industry, local, responsibly produced food is all too often priced at these luxury levels.

With no one to advertise the merits of a home cooked meal of expensive local zucchini during a Superbowl timeout, it isn't hard to see why someone would pass it over for the Olive Garden. Local food, mostly in the form of high-end locavore restaurants, is instead marketed to the small percentage of the population with large amounts of disposable income. The limited supply of small producers is touted to increase demand for these "rare commodities" and the expert approval of the highly qualified chef's discerning taste removes the need for personal evaluation. Some small farms get a boost, as long as they stay small, the elite compare the sustainability of their larders at cocktail parties and the root problem goes unsolved.

Unless we can restore inter-personal trust to its rightful place above a corporate logo; unless we can alter the systems that feed us to where that option becomes once more relevant to the working class and low income families that make up the majority of the country, we will be doomed to a life of cookie cutter meals and a world controlled by the type of corporations that feed us.

Is Your Neighbor's Paper Recycling Putting Yours to Shame?



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