

The Coup's Boots Riley ★ Derrick Jensen on Modern Civilization ★ Factory Farms ★ Chris Boarts-Larson

*New Perspectives on Politics, Culture, Media and Life*

# clamor

November/December 2001



## Defending the Planet

**Forest Activism**

**Spiritual Ecology**

**Agrarian Reform  
in Honduras**

**Mexico's Assault  
on the Environment**

\$4.50 US / \$6.95 CANADA



[www.clamormagazine.org](http://www.clamormagazine.org)



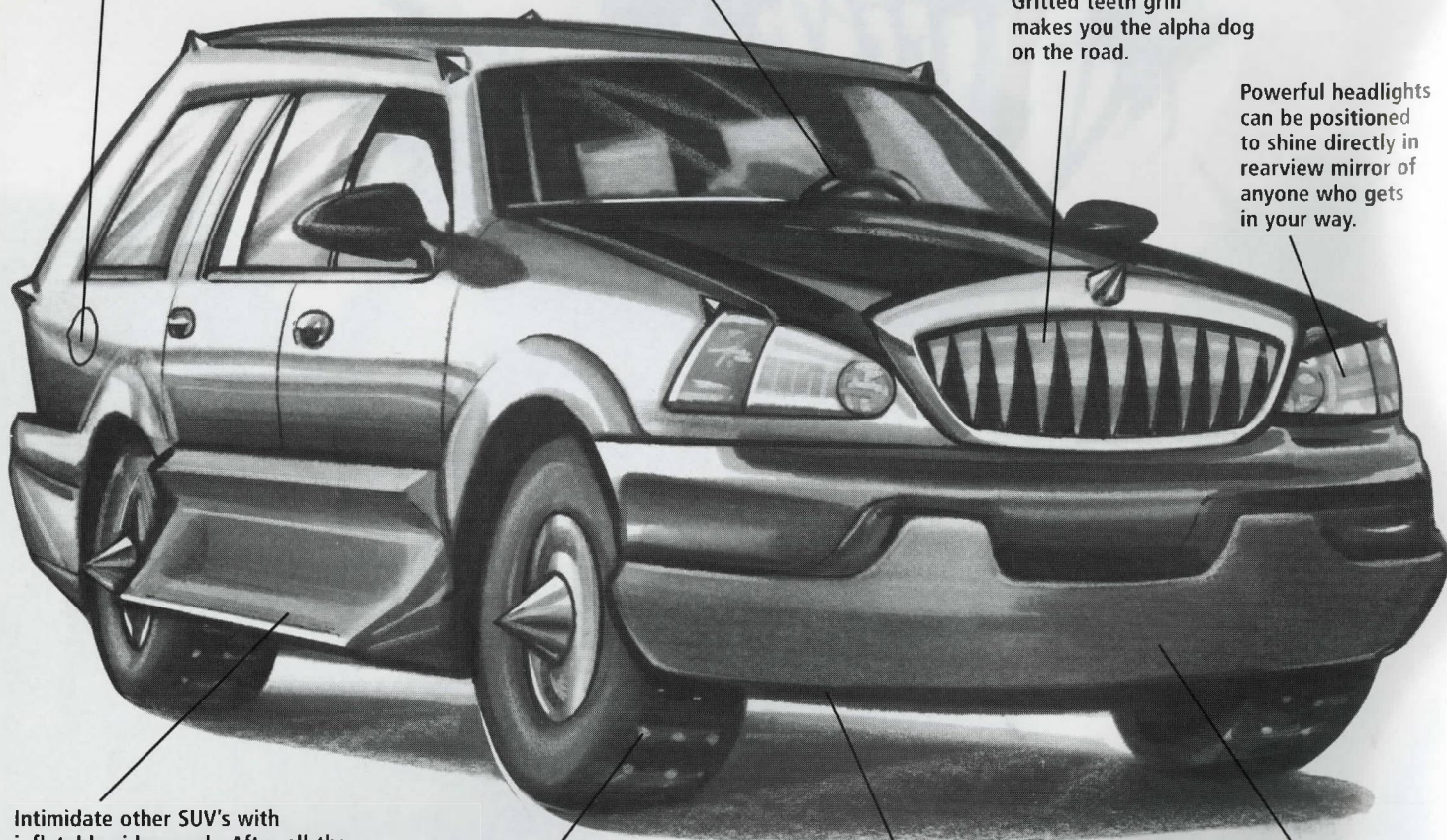
# PATHWRECKER 2001

Even lower gas mileage ...  
You can afford it,  
so who cares?

Steering wheel has a Palm Pilot with a wireless  
Internet connection. Who says you can't eat,  
drink, talk on the phone, surf the Internet,  
and drive at the same time?

'Gritted teeth grill'  
makes you the alpha dog  
on the road.

Powerful headlights  
can be positioned  
to shine directly in  
rearview mirror of  
anyone who gets  
in your way.



Intimidate other SUV's with  
inflatable side panels. After all, the  
biggest vehicle gets right of way!

Make your mark on the nation ...  
tear up national parkland  
with spiked tires.

Padded undercarriage reduces  
injuries to pesky pedestrians --  
that means lower liability for you!

Extra thick rubber  
bumpers to ram  
losers who observe  
speed limits.



THE 'NEW ECONOMY' SUV

You rule the stock market  
why not rule the road?



# SUBSCRIBE!



## Get 1 Year for just \$18

Save over 30% off the cover price.

CLAMOR subscribers play an integral role in sustaining this volunteer-run magazine. If you like what you read (or have read) here in CLAMOR, please subscribe! CLAMOR subscribers not only receive a discount off the cover price, but they also receive their magazine before it hits the newsstands and they know that their subscription payment goes directly to supporting future issues of CLAMOR.

Please send check or money order to:

**CLAMOR, PO Box 1225, Bowling Green, OH 43402**

or visit us online at

**[www.clamormagazine.org](http://www.clamormagazine.org)**

and subscribe or purchase back issues using your credit card.



# From The Editors

## EDITORS

Jen Angel • Jason Kucsma

## PROOFREADERS

Hal Hixson, Scott Puckett, Gabby Resch,  
Kristen Schmidt, Sarah Stippich,  
Fred Wright

## LAYOUT & DESIGN

Jen Angel • Jason Kucsma

## OUTREACH

Michael Szuberla

## COVERS:

Front: Greg Fuchs, details page 7

## ADVERTISING

Rates and deadlines available upon  
request. Please call 419-353-7035

## PRINTING:

Dartmouth Printing Co., Hanover, NH  
P: 603-643-2220 / F: 603-643-5408

## WEB DESIGN:

Derek Hogue

CLAMOR is a bi-monthly magazine. Single  
copies are \$4 ppd and 6 issue subscrip-  
tions are \$18 ppd in the US (Outside of  
the US single issues are \$6 and a 6-issue  
subscription is \$25 in US Funds). Checks  
may be made payable to *Become The  
Media*.

BACK ISSUES are available for the  
standard single copy rate. visit  
[www.clamormagazine.org](http://www.clamormagazine.org)

## DISTRIBUTION:

CLAMOR is distributed to stores and  
distributors by Big Top Newsstand  
Services, 2729 Mission Street Suite 201,  
San Francisco, CA 94110-3131  
[info@bigtoppubs.com](mailto:info@bigtoppubs.com)

CLAMOR is also available through these  
fine distribution outlets: Active  
Distribution UK, AK Press, Armadillo,  
Gordon & Gotch, Ingram, Last Gasp,  
Media Solutions, Milligan, Newborn, RPM,  
Small Changes, Stickfigure, Tower, Tree of  
Knowledge, and Ubiquity.

Do you sell CLAMOR at your indepen-  
dently-owned store? Let us know and we'll  
list you on our website!

CLAMOR (ISSN 1534-9489) is published six times a year (Jan/  
Feb, Mar/Apr, May/Jun, Jul/Aug, Sept/Oct, Nov/Dec). ©2001  
in the US by Become The Media Incorporated, PO Box 1225,  
Bowling Green, OH 43402, Telephone: 419.353.7035.

Postmaster: Send address changes to Clamor Magazine, PO  
Box 1225, Bowling Green, OH 43402.  
Periodicals postage paid at Bowling Green, OH.

## Timing.

We finalize this issue scarcely two weeks after the events of September 11, 2001. These events and their implications are so overwhelming that we have decided to allow only minimal coverage this issue. We understand that the impact of these events is so far-reaching and as yet to be discovered. The January/February 2002 issue of CLAMOR, in addition to focusing on consumerism and consumption, will feature stories and analysis of how this has affected our lives.

## The Environment.

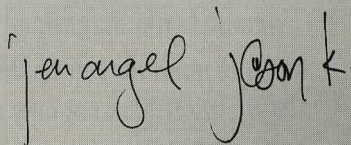
A clear cut is an area of forest where a logging company has gone in and cut down all of the trees. Trees, which took hundreds of years to grow, are gone, along with the wildlife and undergrowth that they protected. All in the name of progress and the bottom line.

The idea of a clear cut, simply put, is horrifying. A big gaping area of land where life once was. The fact that sustainable harvesting is possible but not used, well, that's enough to turn one into an activist.

We have chosen to put Ecology and the Environment on the cover because this is an issue, long belabored, that is still worth talking about. The fact that at this moment our forests are being cut down and our water and land is being polluted is reason enough. We have highlighted here many people who we believe are noticing how environmental issues affect each and every one of us and are doing something about it. From local citizens here in Bowling Green who are opposing factory farms or fighting sprawl, to people who are dedicating their lives to saving our magnificent forests like the folks at the Eagle Creek Free State in Oregon or at Sun Peaks in British Columbia. There are many ways to "save the trees," and we want to encourage all of them by advocating a connection with the environment around us and an awareness of the long-term implications of our culture and civilization.

Please visit our website at [www.clamormagazine.org](http://www.clamormagazine.org) for a list of organizations who are a  
defending the planet and ways that you can help.

Thank you,







**CLAMOR • A Loud and Continued Uproar of Many Human Voices • Number 11 • Nov/Dec 2001**

## [ECONOMICS]

- 11 **The Eagle Creek Free State**  
An Interview with an Oregon Forest Activist
- 14 **Practical Ecology**  
The Black Swamp Conservancy  
Marcus Ricci
- 15 **We Are Agrarian Reform**  
The Campesino Movement of the Aguan River Valley, Honduras  
Jeff Conant
- 17 **Angier Avenue and the New Corporate Enclave**  
Jordan Green

## [CULTURE]

- 22 **Derrick Jensen: Fighting Civilization**  
Sera Bilezikyan
- 26 **Resisting Colonization**  
Photos by Chris Boarts Larson
- 28 **Wild Magic: A Defense of Spiritual Ecology**  
Sunfrog
- 31 **In Search of Jesus**  
The American Passion Play  
Karen Switzer

## [POLITICS]

- 36 **Another Piece In The Puzzle**  
Pan Puebla Panama: Mexico's Latest Assault on the Environment and Indigenous Culture  
Kari Lyderson
- 40 **Oil and War**  
Fragments of the Long Line from Combat to Car  
Hal Hixson
- 42 **Activism at Sun Peaks**  
Thatcher Collins

## [PEOPLE]

- 48 **Five Million Ways**  
A Conversation with Boots Riley of The Coup  
Not4Prophet
- 53 **Postcards from the Edge**  
Tales from the Anti-Nuclear Movement in the UK  
Catriona
- 54 **The Memorization of Clarity Part 2**  
Fiction by James Marks
- 56 **Hiking the Turkey Mountain Savannah**  
At Play in the Arena of Evolution  
Christopher Tracey
- 59 **Getting Involved:**  
Wood County Citizens Opposed to Factory Farms  
Interview with Anesa Miller by Jen Angel

## [GENDER & SEXUALITY]

- 62 **No Shirt, No Shoes, No Reproduction**  
Margaret Sanger and the Fraud of Eugenics  
Tom Breen
- 64 **Real Feminists Don't Get Raped And Other Fairy Tales**  
T-Bone Kneegrabber

## [MEDIA]

- 68 **The Crash of TWA Flight 800**  
Missile or Mechanical Failure?  
Gavin Phillips
- 72 **The FCC Crackdown**  
Oregon's KBOO Fights an Indecency Ruling  
Catherine Komp

## [PREVIEW]

- 74 **Vanity Kills**  
Phil LeFebvre

*on the inside cover:*

Pathwrecker 2001 parody ad was written by Sheila Walsh and illustrated by Robert Bevans. Contact them via **CLAMOR**





# Letters

please address any correspondence to [letters@clamormagazine.org](mailto:letters@clamormagazine.org) or via USPS at PO Box 1225 Bowling Green, OH 43402

Dear Clamor,

Since the April rebellion here in Cincinnati, there has been much discussion about what took place and how we should move forward. Particularly within our white, anti-authoritarian activist circles, debate has been heavy about what our roles were before and during the uprising. Most importantly, we have struggled to understand what we could have been or should have been doing then. Armed with that knowledge we have moved to make educated decisions about what we should be doing now, as well as how to focus our energy. Although there has been considerable dialogue about these issues, these are our personal views and we do not claim to speak for all activists in Cincinnati.

J. Uprising's article, subtitled "But where are all the radicals and anarchists?" (July/August 2001), led to a host of concerns and ideas that we believe go beyond this particular set of events and speak to the larger tendencies of the anti-authoritarian movement in general. In attempt to further a necessary dialogue, we would like to offer the following critical analysis of Uprising's piece.

From the outset, reading "But where are all the radicals and anarchists?" gives the reader a feeling that the rebellion did not reach it's full potential because of the absence of a strong contingent of "radicals and anarchists." We feel "radicals and anarchists" referred exclusively to white people, and that an "us" and "them" dichotomy resonated throughout the article. This mentality illegitimizes what was an overwhelmingly black rebellion that Uprising seems to suggest would have been somehow validated by white anarchist presence and theory. While this uprising was clearly radical and anarchist by its very nature, there has been a refusal to recognize it for what it was. Rather, we continue to try to fit this set of events into an "ideology box" that mirrors our typically white beliefs and ideas rather than recognizes that things will not happen in any set way at any set time. For example, the fact that corporate banks were attacked was quickly mentioned while the smashing of local and independent businesses was conveniently left out. The real strength of this rebellion was in

its spontaneity and in its motivation rooted in desire, not theory. In this way, the uprising was probably closer to the pure sense of anarchy than any planned protest held thus far.

It is when we examine our relationship as white activists to a primarily black uprising that we realize our distance from what took place. We do not yet have significant ties within the black community and the implications of this shortcoming are many. If those connections were already established, we would be much closer to a place where we would be a part of the spontaneity and desire rather than a group of people trying to simply ride that energy. Ideally, there would already be an established, sustained relationship of trust developed between communities of color and white activists. In this scenario, we would already be known as allies to the struggle when it takes place. Without the establishment of these relationships, to suggest that Cincinnati's white activist population, let alone "anarchists in surrounding areas of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Kentucky," should have "run the streets with the urban rebels" is to make some broad assumptions that raise many questions. Mainly, would they have been welcomed as allies?

Obviously, solidarity needs to exist so that these questions are not left unanswered. True solidarity does not begin in the streets, true solidarity begins when long-term relationships are established in your community. Through these relationships, a comfortable and mutual exchange of ideas that would allow for the introduction of anarchism to take place. Instead, we consistently allow ourselves to go into communities where we have no ties or sustained relationships and push our ideas. The mentality that we are white vessels of knowledge that hold the key to anarchist utopia needs to be seriously confronted and challenged early and often if we really want to work towards a society that is free of hierarchy and authoritarianism. While this is an oft repeated idea, actions speak louder than words, and we need to realize that we are not immune to dogmatism ourselves.

Clearly, committed and consistent community organizing and outreach needs to be at

the center of our work if we hope to establish sustainable long-term relationships with communities of color. Furthermore, this topic needs to be discussed both in white activist circles, and more importantly with communities of color which we seek to establish relationships with and learn from. Keeping this discussion exclusively within our own white circles not only limits our exchange of ideas and our ability to learn from people of color, but it perpetuates the problem of white people deciding for themselves how they fit into communities of color without input from those communities. We are open to and encourage any and all responses and look forward to continuing dialogue in the future.

Cincinnati activists  
[fivethree@hotmail.com](mailto:fivethree@hotmail.com)

Dear Clamor,

This article written by Pavlito Geschos ("The Siege of Toledo," April/May 2001) is the most truthful and comprehensive reporting I have ever come across on the situation that has been unfolding at Toledo Jeep for many decades.

I wish to commend and thank Mr. Geschos for the research and honest examination of the facts. I hope you will forward this note to him on my behalf.

I worked for Jeep for 14 years from 1983 to 1997. I worked in every phase of production and inspection during my years there, and even did a stint in management for awhile.

I was often vocal about my thoughts on different happenings over the years. I was always disregarded by my co-workers. It seemed to me that as long as they had a paycheck, they were willing to be blind to what was happening, for the most part.

I was injured while working on a certain job, and suffered with chronic neck strain for many years, compounded with fibromyalgia which I feel resulted from all the stress and physical strain of assembly work and bad engineering of job setup. I finally decided that my life and health was not worth the paycheck, and I never went back to work after the July shutdown (vacation) in 1997. I didn't quit, I just went AWOL, and never contacted Jeep



*Portions of this article are posted online at  
www.clamormagazine.org*

Z is an independent political magazine/ web community of critical thinking on political, cultural, social, and economic life in the United States. It sees the racial, sexual, political, and class dimensions of personal life as fundamental to understanding and improving contemporary circumstances and it aims to assist activist efforts to attain a better future. For more information visit Z online at: <http://www.zmag.org>

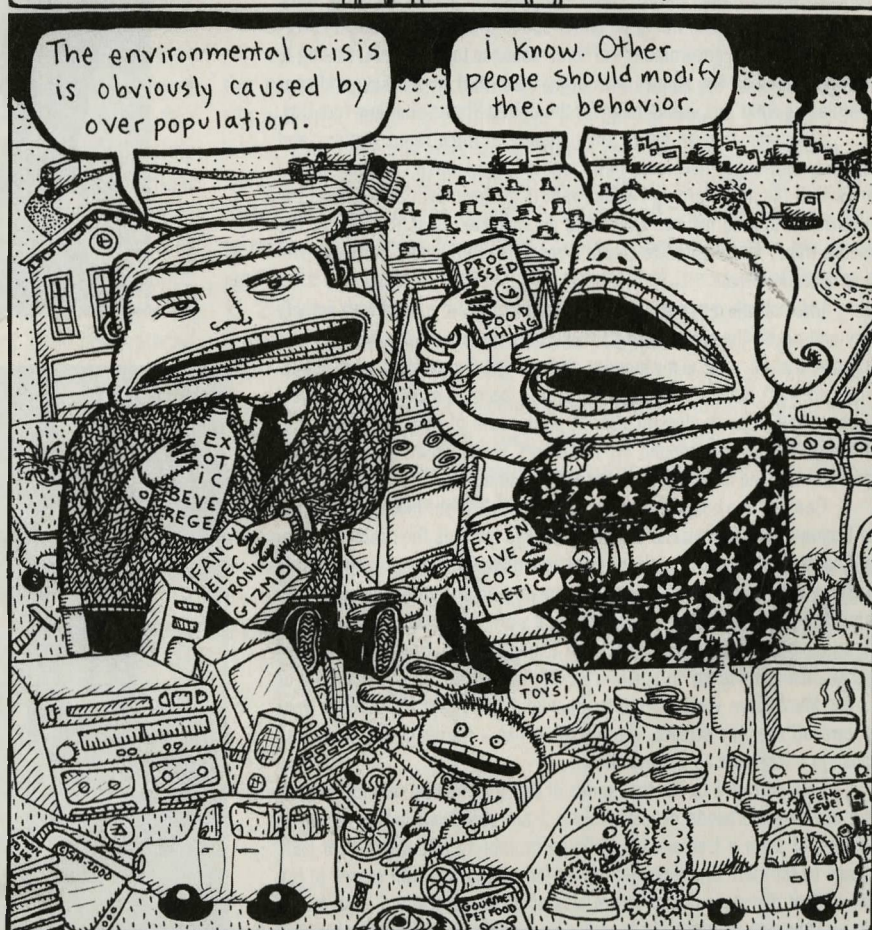
For more information, contact Green Guerillas, 151 West 30th Street, 10th Floor, New York, NY 10001, USA, 212-594-2155, [info@greenguerillas.org](mailto:info@greenguerillas.org).



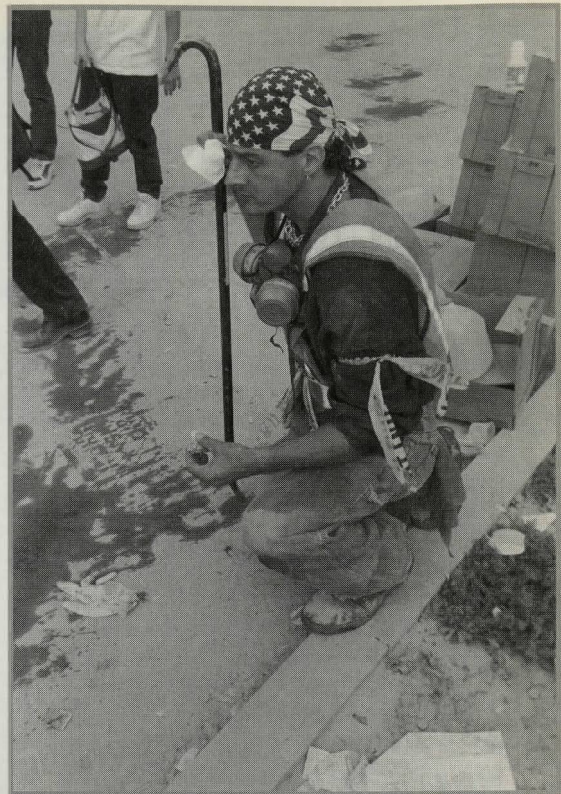
MY TIE COSTS MORE THAN YOU MAKE IN A YEAR.

TEAM USA WINS GOLD MEDAL  
IN HIGHEST CONSUMPTION  
OF WORLD'S RESOURCES!

by S. McMillan







# THE COLLAPSE OF LOWER MANHATTAN

Photographs and a Reflection of the Crash of the World Trade Center  
By Greg Fuchs

I took these photographs the day after two hijacked planes crashed into the World Trade Center (WTC) causing their collapse. I got to Chambers Street, which was as far south as the authorities allowed any press, just two blocks from where the WTC stood the day before.

On Tuesday morning, September 11, 2001, I watched the WTC collapse from my fire escape in Brooklyn and listened to the radio news in disbelief. Immediately I thought of trying to get downtown to document this horrific and historic event. Yet I suspected every journalist in New York City would clamor toward Lower Manhattan to get his or her big story. I decided that my time would be better spent analyzing the media coverage as well as the government's official response to the events, talking to my loved ones on the phone, reassuring them that I was okay, and contemplating what this would mean for the United States and New York City.

After spending an entire day listening to three radio stations and the only non-cable television news whose signal wasn't knocked out, I knew that the next morning I would want to go downtown and witness the aftermath, to gain my own first hand perspective. I was troubled by the media frenzy and wanted to create a response that would be thoughtful and contemplative.

I was shocked by what I witnessed. The city that pulsed with activity day and night, the city in which I could take three subways home or just jump into a taxi, pick up my laundry, and still get dinner when most Americans are fast asleep, was crippled. It had become a police state overnight. I had to show identification to walk south of Houston Street. U.S. military personnel cordoned off Chambers Street creating a perimeter around what the media had christened "ground zero."

Camouflage humvees carried officers into the perimeter. Thousands of firemen from all over the northeast walked towards the rubble to try to put out fire after fire. Bus after bus shuttled steelworkers and other burly working men to cut steel and move concrete hoping to rescue survivors and stop any further destruction. Medical workers set up trauma centers in public schools and underneath the Tribeca bridge. Priests in full cassocks, obviously ready to say last rights, helped set up I.V. bags. All of Lower Manhattan was covered in dust and important documents were strewn all over the streets. The air smelt like a barbecue pit. It was as close to a war zone as I've ever been.

I am outraged by the thousands of deaths. The somber pall darkening our neighborhoods devastates me. I am shell shocked by recurring images of such a tremendous building crumbling into dust. I am saddened by the swift and jingo-istic cries for vengeance. I am scared at the thought of our current and future loss of civil rights. And I wish in our attempt to recover that we'd consider how we really all are culpable.







It's been 18 days since the World Trade Center and the Pentagon were attacked by hijacked airplanes. And even though you will be reading this almost two months after the tragedy, it feels hard to imagine a time when we won't be temporally placing ourselves in relation to September 11, 2001. "It's been three years and four months since that unforgettable day," we'll be telling each other somewhere down the road. Hopefully September 11 will remain the day that we will remember when thousands of Americans died from the indiscriminate violence turned to in retaliation and frustration by the hijackers. Hopefully September 11 won't be replaced by November 10, December 12 or some other potential date when US bombs turn Afghanistan into "a glass factory" as some of our fellow "patriots" have suggested we do. Hopefully we will learn a lesson from what has happened and make sure that the violence wrought on our own land will serve as a reminder when the lives of innocent citizens in other countries hang in the balance, awaiting the US Government's decisions as an international "superpower."

Today, thousands marched on Washington to let our government know that there is a sizable opposition to the notion that retaliation with extreme prejudice is the only response that the "terrorists" will be able to hear. Options other than violent retribution were ruled out from the moment the attacks happened and the wheels of the war machine began to turn. It is encouraging to hear "patriots" of another bent simultaneously mourning

the loss of thousands of fellow citizens while also vehemently opposing the potential bombing of unknown numbers of innocent victims in our name. One need only go down to Ground Zero where rescue workers have worked tirelessly for weeks to see what sort of response we should be taking. They've seen the violence firsthand and they aren't calling for us to do the same thing to another country. Such retaliation would only legitimate this cycle of violence and ensure that the horror of September 11, 2001 will be played over and over again in various parts of the globe. And we'd be naive to think that it won't happen again in America. Our government has already proven itself unable to defend us from the such attacks, so why shouldn't we consider the current arrogance of our leaders to be not only embarrassing (like a bully trying to save face after being brought down) but also dangerous — putting the lives of its citizens in jeopardy without our consent?

And while there was an anti-war march in Washington today, there was a pro-war march this week in Berkeley, California. Needless to say, it seems less possible to predict what will happen in the coming weeks and months. Hopefully our next issue won't be put together in the midst of a world war. Too many people have died already.

Jen & Jason  
09.29.01



# clamor contributors

**Joe Adolphe** (p. 22) is currently living and working in Williamsburg, Brooklyn and is married with two daughters. He is also a fulltime Instructor at St. John's University, Department of Fine Arts, Jamaica, NY. Visit his web site: [www.jadolphe.com](http://www.jadolphe.com) or e-mail: [jadolphe@juno.com](mailto:jadolphe@juno.com)

**Beth A. Barnett** (p. 11) writes for CLAMOR sort of regularly from Corvallis, Oregon. write to her via [bethbee@ziplip.com](mailto:bethbee@ziplip.com) or through CLAMOR.

**Sera Bilezikyan** (p. 22) divides her time between ancient forests and urban decay. Send recipes to: [SeraBZ@hotmail.com](mailto:SeraBZ@hotmail.com)

**Chris Boarts Larson** (p. 26) photographs old abandoned buildings, plants busting out of old houses, and plenty of punk bands. She's been publishing her zine, *Slug & Lettuce*, for half her life. Every spare moment is spent in the garden, or surrounded by books she's reading or selling through her distro. She can be contacted care of CLAMOR.

**Tom Breen** (p. 62) is a freelance journalist who lives in Southern New England. In addition to journalism, he is also one of the stewards of the Paranormal Connecticut web site ([www.paranormalct.com](http://www.paranormalct.com)). This is his first article for CLAMOR. Sass him direct at: [tbreenct@earthlink.net](mailto:tbreenct@earthlink.net) or PO Box 353 Manchester, CT 06040

**Catriona** (p. 53) is a peace activist in Scotland; who is heading west to Canada at the beginning of November and will be travelling around North America for the next few months. She has a sneaking suspicion that she's a hippie in disguise because of her love for trees, nature and the ocean. Reach her at [grrl\\_love@gurmail.com](mailto:grrl_love@gurmail.com) and suggest interesting places for her to visit in Canada/America.

**Thatcher Collins** (p. 42) works with the Independent Media Center and is a correspondent for Free Speech Radio News. He has a degree in Mathematics. [thatchercollins@yahoo.com](mailto:thatchercollins@yahoo.com)

**Jeff Conant** (p. 15) is a writer, editor and activist based in Oakland, CA. He has worked in Honduras, Mexico, Ecuador and other countries researching environmental health initiatives for the Hesperian Foundation, a non-profit publisher of books on health and social justice. He can be contacted care of CLAMOR.

**Greg Fuchs** (cover, pp. 8, 9) is a photographer and writer living in New York City. You can reach him at [greg@communiqueny.com](mailto:greg@communiqueny.com).

**Jordan Green** (p. 17) now makes his home in New York City. He is a member of the editorial collective of La Lutta Dispatch ([www.lalutta.org](http://www.lalutta.org) "dispatch").

**Hal Hixson** (p. 40) is a musician and writer living in Chicago, IL. He can be reached at [hixsonfour@yahoo.com](mailto:hixsonfour@yahoo.com)

**T-Bone Kneegrabber** (p. 64) is an anarchist living in Philadelphia, the city that loves you back. She works with a variety of groups including ACTUP Philly, the Wooden Shoe Books, and a wonderful radical feminist group still searching for a catchy name. She has been personally involved in a long and intense situation dealing with a repeat sexual assaulter within the activist community and has learned a lot because of her personal experiences. She can be contacted care of CLAMOR.

**Catherine Komp** (p. 72, various reviews) lives in Portland, Oregon. By day, she wields the powerful airwaves of community radio station KBOO 90.7 FM to battle the 9-headed corporate media behemoth. By night, she goes undercover and slings drinks to pay rent and William D. Ford. She can be contacted at [joanoxford@yahoo.com](mailto:joanoxford@yahoo.com).

**Joshua Krause** (p. 72) is an artist living in New York. He uses illustration, design, photography and fine art in a variety of approaches. You can view his work at <http://www.KrauseArt.com>

**Philip Lefebvre** (p. 74) lives in Anguish, TX and bears a striking resemblance to the god, Pan. His e-mail address is [sirphilip@att.net](mailto:sirphilip@att.net). Philip knows Walter.

**Kari Lydersen** (p. 36) is DJ Gurgle at Guerrilla Love Radio in Chicago and is trying to overthrow "the boss's sick system" at StreetWise newspaper, where the staff just won a nasty battle to unionize and had fun doing it. She is also an instructor in the Urban Youth International Journalism Program. [Karilyde@aol.com](mailto:Karilyde@aol.com)

**James Marks** (p. 54) currently resides in the mythical city of Ypsilanti and lays awake long into the night scheming of ways to incorporate a zip-line into his daily routine. Contact him c/o VG Kids! 117 Pearl Street Ypsilanti, MI 48197. [www.vgkids.com](http://www.vgkids.com) - [james@vgkids.com](mailto:james@vgkids.com)

**Not4Prophet** (p. 48) currently resides somewhere in the underground El Barrio autonomous zone, and is the voice of reason for the New York City "Puerto Punx" known as Ricanstruction. His electronic identity can be contacted at Ricanstruction.net

**Gavin Phillips** (p. 68) traveled extensively in his mid-20's. He has an eclectic, insatiable curiosity and constantly questions conventional wisdom and the so-called experts. He has found both to be severely wanting. He adores his two-year-old daughter, loves writing, the movies, reading and laughing. Reach him at [twarticle@yahoo.com](mailto:twarticle@yahoo.com)

**Marcus Ricci** (p. 14) is the Executive Director for the Black Swamp Conservancy, a not-for-profit land trust based in Perrysburg, Ohio. A graduate of Bowling Green State University's wonderful Environmental Studies Program, he is putting into practice the theories of conservation biology through wildlife corridors, habitat "de"-fragmentation and environmental restoration. In all his spare time, he works on home restoration and dances the salsa with his partner, Jeannie Ludlow, and works on the finer points of science fiction and RPG's with his son, Zac Daniel. Reach him c/o CLAMOR.

**Ailecia Ruscin** (p. 31) is an American Studies grad student at the University of Kansas in Lawrence. She is available to do photography work for small zines. She writes a personal political zine called *Alabama Grrrl* and keeps busy doing radical community organizing. Her zine is \$2 from PO Box 297 Lawrence, KS 66044 or [ailecia@hotmail.com](mailto:ailecia@hotmail.com).

When not getting hate mail from angry Christians, **Karen Switzer** (p. 31) is letterpress printing anarchist booklets, trying to sell fancy greeting cards to rich people and learning to speak Korean. You can reach her at PO Box 3525, Oakland, CA 94609.

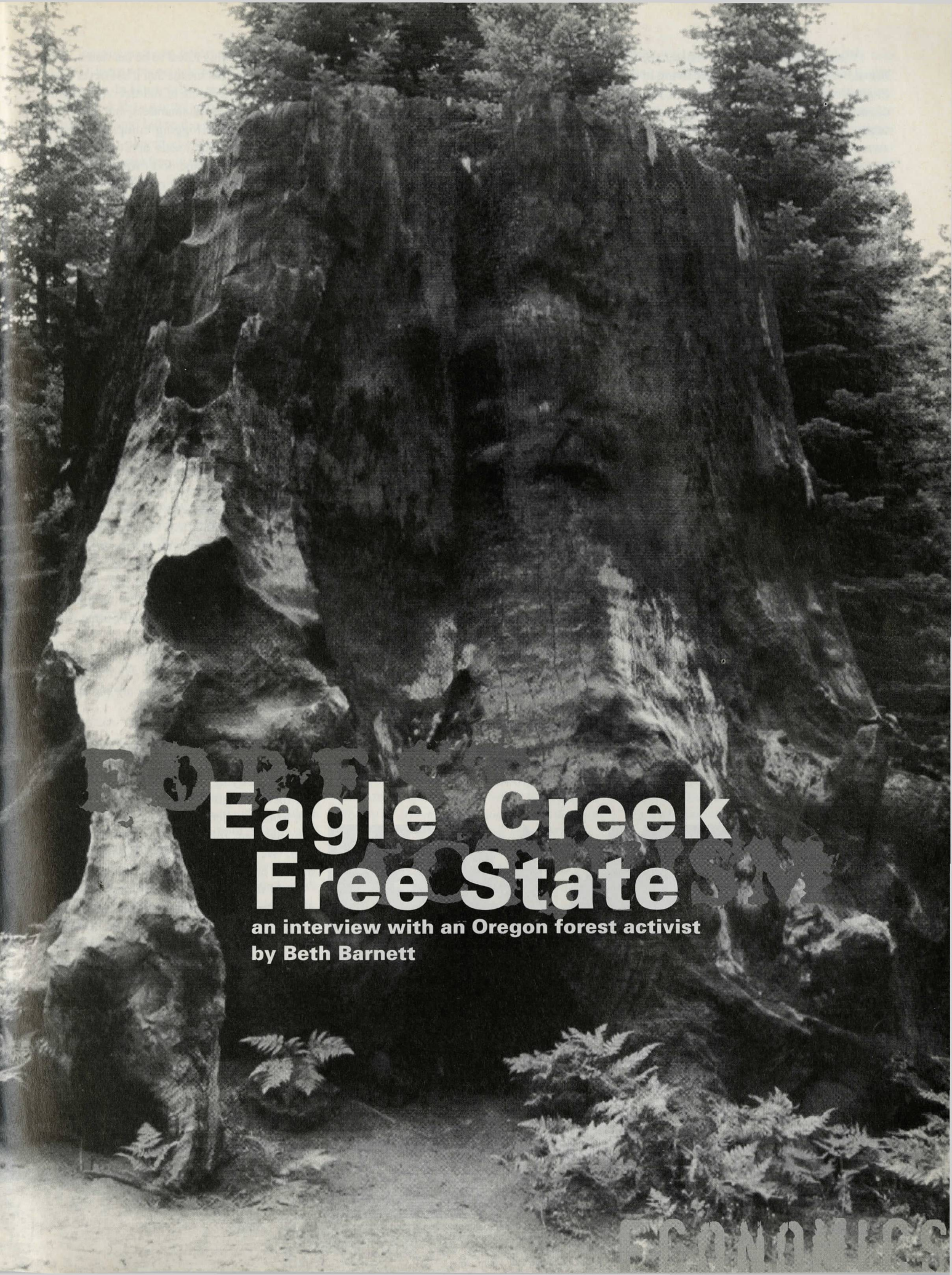
**Robert L. Teague** (p. 29) has been an artist for most of his life. He is married with one daughter and lives in the Seattle area. He is also an avid NFL fan.

**Christopher Tracey** (p. 56) is currently a graduate student at Bowling Green State University studying the conservation of small plant populations. He spends his time learning ecology and dabbling in other things. Reach him at [ctracey@enviroweb.org](mailto:ctracey@enviroweb.org) or in care of CLAMOR.

**Andrew Wahl** (p. 40) is an award-winning journalist based in the rural metropolis of Waterville, Washington (population 1,163). During the day he works for the mainstream press as features editor for *The Wenatchee World*. At night, he's a freelance editorial cartoonist. He can be reached at [andrew@offthewahl.com](mailto:andrew@offthewahl.com).

**JT Yost** (p. 31) is currently starring in the off-off-Broadway production of *JT Yost Superstar*. He can be reached at [www.jtyost.com](http://www.jtyost.com) or via phone at 1.800.745.7013.





# Eagle Creek Free State

an interview with an Oregon forest activist  
by Beth Barnett

ECONOMICS



When I learned that Alfonso, an old friend, was spending the summer living in the Eagle Creek Free State in defense of an area of forest, I thought it would be a good opportunity to learn about it first hand. I'm pretty aware of environmental issues and forest ecology and view our forests as important resources intact. However, I don't vigorously keep tabs on forest activism news and haven't been involved personally. I know there are a lot of people out there like me who want to hear about environmental activism and get more exposed, if not involved.

Forest Activism and Forest issues are a hot topic in the Northwest, and in California particularly, because of the abundance of National Forests. Many states east of the Rocky Mountains cut their native forests out of existence in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century. In Oregon, because of the relatively small population of 3 million, concentrated primarily in the Willamette Valley west of the Cascade Range, there are actually a few remaining old-growth forest fragments that have never been logged, or at least never logged by non-indigenous groups. Diversely populated forests and roadless wilderness are increasingly rare due to logging. I have found such areas that I have hiked into to be unique and wonderful places — especially when contrasted with clear-cut areas. Forest activism calls attention to the behavior of logging corporations and of our National Forest Service, with a hope of preventing unnecessary and excessive logging and increasing public awareness of forest issues.

*Clamor: I've heard about the Eagle Creek sale situation, but could use a summary — as could a lot of other folks. What's the history of the situation and what's going on right now that people should know about?*



Alfonso: The Eagle Creek Free State is a motley, yet effective, collection of structures (tree sits and road blockades), individuals, and base camps in the Mt. Hood National Forest. The Free State is located within the Eagle Creek Timber Sale that is about an hour and half outside of Portland, Oregon. The Free State is currently stopping the logging of native forest within the Eagle Creek watershed, which provides water for over 250,000 people.

In 1995, the US Legislature passed this really fucked bill that allowed "salvage logging" all over the northwestern part of the United States. This bill allowed the US Forest Service and other governmental organizations to facilitate their destruction of indigenous eco-systems. The "salvage logging" bill allows timber harvesting that is not regulated by other environmental laws such as the Endangered Species Act. This creates a situation in which groups can't really challenge the fucked-up, ecologically unsustainable practices of corporate timber harvesting such as clear cutting or logging in old growth and native forests. In addition, the "salvage" bill was only passed because it was put in front of the legislature as a rider on to the same bill that authorized relief funds for the victims of the Oklahoma City Bombing. No representative in her right mind would have voted against that.

Anyway, folks have been working to stop the logging of Eagle Creek for 5 or 6 years. There have been full-time direct actions in the woods for 3 years. These actions have included lock-downs, tree-sits, suicide platforms blocking the road, and disruptions of active logging.

*Why Eagle Creek and not some other part of the patch-work of clear-cut forest plots in the mountains around Portland, or some other area of old growth?*

Nobody wants this forest to be cut down. It is native forest. That means that it has never been logged. It is the home of red tree voles, spotted owls, cougars, salamanders, and dirty kids in the trees. The logging company doesn't want to cut it. The locals don't want it cut. The people of Portland don't want it cut. The eco-groups don't want it cut. The only group that wants to cut it is the Forest Service. Well, so far, this logging season as of September 2001, they have failed. Not one single tree has been cut or taken.

Furthermore it is right next to the Salmon-Huckleberry wilderness area, a huge untouched wilderness area that is only over the ridge. Eagle Creek is an important chunk of roadless area that is integral to the habitat contained within the Salmon-Huckleberry area.

*Why is the preservation of remaining old-growth forest so important to you?*

We have so little intact wilderness areas left in this part of the world. I could give all sorts of valid ecological reasons for maintaining watersheds and bio-diversity. But to be completely clear, I think that our culture has developed an unhealthy way of viewing our relationship with each other and the Earth. I believe in revolution for social and ecological reasons. And I think that defending the little wilderness we have left is a part of that revolution.

*Yes. So what type of resistance is actually going on at Eagle Creek? What are the activist tactics?*

The entire campaign is using several different types of strategies. We, as a campaign, engage in lobbying the Forest Service, the Department of Agriculture, and the Legislature. We would challenge the sale in the courts, but the "Salvage" bill effectively limited that option. We build mass support against the sale, and we engage in direct action in the woods.

At this point, I am most knowledgeable about the direct action in the woods end of the campaign at Eagle. In the woods, folks are involved in sitting structures, which physically protect a tree and a circle of 250 feet around the structure or last support line. We use tree sits and suspended platforms at heights of up to 150 feet, but often lower.

We have also engaged in lock-downs to gates and vehicles on the road to limit their access to the timber sale. In addition, for the

two logging seasons before this current one (2001), there were suicide pods suspended over the roads. In short, folks couldn't drive down the road or through the gates cuz if they did, activists would fall to their deaths or be hung. We've also played cat and mouse with the Freddies (Forest Service Officers) and the loggers in active cuts. This is a method of putting our bodies physically in the way of logging on the ground. It is very dangerous, scary and strenuous. This is the tactic that Gypsy was engaged in in Humboldt County, when he was killed by a logger in 1998.

*That sounds pretty scary. Are the activists at Eagle Creek pretty flexible about who does that type of high-risk stuff? I know there are usually a few activists who are real risk takers and others who choose not to do everything that is thought up...*

Of course. Folks decide for themselves what types of activities in which they want to be involved. And people have different levels of comfort, skills, and sheer dedication. In general, all the forest campaigns that I've been a part of have had really good operational security. This means that folks are careful about whom they involve in illegal actions such as building sits, sitting structures, supplying structures, etc. I should really point that at Eagle we try hard to root out the stupid macho patriarchal pressure that is often placed upon activists to be "core." We try and respect folks' comfort levels, and get rid of macho attitudes.

*Is forest activism a full-time commitment and if so, how do you guys support yourselves?*

It depends on the activists. There are some activists who have a place in town and come out every once in a while. And there are some activists who work in town with getting supplies, making phone calls, etc. And there are some activists who pretty much live in the woods full time. People support themselves in different ways. In general, we are a community and we take care of each other. We salvage most of our supplies/building materials. Local stores kick down an amazing amount of goods and supplies. And Eagle is lucky enough to have a strong donation base.

*I know there's constant conflict with the Forest Service in actions like the one at Eagle Creek. How much trouble is there with the*

*forest service/police? What kind of interaction have you seen or experienced up there?*

The forest service's job is to harass us and stop us from interfering in the logging operations. They constantly spy on us, file made-up charges, and generally act like assholes. For example, just a few months ago, there was this one Freddy who would dress in camo, night-vision, and face make-up. He'd be out spying and surveilling us all night. It turns out that his co-workers are even scared of him cuz he is a real fucking psycho.

I've seen Freddies try and get [our] dogs to come close to them so that they can mace them or hit them with tactical batons. I saw a Freddy and four paramedics tackle and hit a wounded activist. I saw one Freddy almost cut a support line that was holding an activist up in a blockade. That activist was 70-80 feet up in a collapsible suicide platform that was blocking the road. Right after that, the Freddy cut an activist's hand with his knife. I have to admit that we kinda hate the Freddies. It is hard watching them consistently torture and threaten your friends lives.

*What's the legal authority of Forest Service officers? How are they different from cops encountered in urban activism?*

The Freddies are definitely cops. They carry weapons. They have police powers. They have investigative authority. In fact, they are Federal officers. They can carry weapons over state lines. They file federal charges. They are frequently transferred from one National Forest to another.

*I debate "activism" and direct action within myself a lot, often because I tend to be cautious and avoid situations where there is a possibility of arrest, getting sucked into the "justice system," or just getting hurt. What is it that empowers you to be an activist and put yourself at risk? Do you feel like this issue strikes something deeply personal, or it's something about your personality makes you inclined to act?*

I hate being arrested. I hate losing my freedom. I hate being vulnerable to the police and those with police powers. So, I don't put myself in positions where I'm definitely going to be arrested. In the woods, it is totally different than in the city. If a Freddy is trying to arrest a person, they have to catch that person

first. And most Freddies are fat assholes who can't walk through the forest without falling on their ass. Of course, there are exceptions (i.e. Super-Freddies, poaching enforcement agents, etc.). Or you are 150 feet in the canopy and they can't get you.

Activism is empowering. It makes me feel like I have some control in my life. It allows me to look myself in the mirror in the morning without being disgusted. Furthermore, with forest defense, you can see the results. They are right in front of you. There are parts of Eagle Creek that would be totally destroyed if it weren't for our silly little tactics. But, nope, the forests are still forests. The forests keep you going.

And of course, I have to admit my class privilege that allows me to be an "activist," whatever that is. I'm definitely a privileged member of society. Hell, I'm on vacation from the woods typing this interview on my mamma's computer, in her middle class bourgeois paradise.

*Have there been any victories for the activists' movement that give you and your colleagues momentum to continue in Forest Activism?*

Well, I'm pretty new to backwoods direct action, but there are definitely some victories. For example, Warner Creek is a notable victory. Warner Creek was a salvage sale in the mid-late '90s. There was a Free State blockade. It was totally empowering and successful. There is a documentary on it called *Pickaxe*. Another inspiring campaign is the Watch mountain campaign. Watch mountain is a great example of direct action and local support coming together to stop Capital and State from destroying wilderness.

*When I spend time in the national forests hiking and camping, I always laugh at the irony that literature for hikers and backpackers stresses the "Leave No Trace" ethic, encouraging us not to take shortcuts on trails because it causes erosion. But then in the same forest we pass steep, chewed-up hillsides where every tree has been cut and erosion is destined to occur. Do you encounter this conflict in encounters with forest service employees? Do you sense the competing interests within the "opposition" which tries to silence and eradicate activists in the forest?*

Definitely. The Forest service likes to green wash itself as protecting the environment.

**I could give all sorts of valid ecological reasons for maintaining watersheds and bio-diversity. But to be completely clear, I think that our culture has developed an unhealthy way of viewing our relationship with each other and the Earth. I believe in revolution for social and ecological reasons.**



However, they are really there to promote timber agriculture. Hell, the USFS is part of the US Dept. of Agriculture.

The Forest Service constantly sends out these press releases that say that activists are destroying "Resources." For example, they will tell the press that we are shitting in the watershed. Well, I have to admit that it is true. We are shitting in the watershed. But, everyone shits in a watershed. Everything is a watershed. The entire planet is comprised of different watersheds. Or, the Forest Service will say that we are trampling under-growth under the tree-sits. This is also true — people have to make paths to walk around under the trees. But if there weren't tree-sits, then the whole stand would be a big clear-cut. It is totally ridiculous.

*I believe that forests have value as natural systems, and appreciate old growth and naturally diverse tree populations. But, I also know there is a huge demand for wood products. What would you envision as the ideal policy for the forest service and the country toward our forests that would provide a healthy ecosystem and timber for the wood product demand?*

First of all, I personally am not against all logging. I think that humans can log sustainably. At this late point in the game, I am against all logging on lands that are old-growth or native forest.

As a society we can do much to limit our consumption of wood products. A few examples: stop using stud framing and return to timber frame construction, use more natural alternative construction materials such as straw bales, or cob. We could use far less paper.

As for supply, I think that it is possible to log selectively and sustainably (although, many places use those terms to green-wash their clear cutting practices). In British Columbia, a First Nation has created a timber company with Weyerhaeuser (a pretty horrible company). But the First Nation has retained a permanent majority in stock. I haven't seen it, but supposedly on Cat Mountain, they are doing really revolutionary and sustainable selective logging.

At the very least, I would hope that multinational corporations would be broken up, and the local logging companies would be returned to local hands. Many of the huge timber companies became really horrible after being purchased by these huge multinationals that have no ties to the local communities.

*Anything else I should have asked you or that you really want to tell me about?*

It is amazing traversing from one huge old Doug Fir tree to another, 150 feet from the ground with snow falling around you. It is amazing running through the forest with the pigs chasing you only to get away, cuz you are

a part of the forest and they are just in it to destroy it. It is amazing stumbling back into camp after a 15 mile hike up and down ridges with a heavy pack. The circle of firelight is filled with your friends, lovers, and annoyances. Smoke is the smell of home. Soup is dinner. The forest is alive.

*Are there any good resources on Eagle Creek forests, or environment in general that interested people should be looking up — that you recommend?*

Folks should come out and visit us if they are in Portland, Oregon. We have an office at 1540 SE Clinton, Portland OR, 97208. Our phone number is 503.241.4879. And our web site is at [www.cascadiaforestalliance.com](http://www.cascadiaforestalliance.com).

As well, folks should check out the *Pickaxe* video on Warner Creek. And visit/support your local Forest Defense Campaign. ★

## DO YOU SUBSCRIBE?

Or do you buy CLAMOR on the newsstand? The best way to make sure your money goes directly toward keeping CLAMOR going is to subscribe.

\$18 gets you 30% off of the cover price and a whole year of independent media.

Subscribe online at  
[www.clamormagazine.org](http://www.clamormagazine.org)  
or write to

PO Box 1225, Bowling Green, OH 43402

# Practical Ecology: The Black Swamp Conservancy

In the past 16 years there has been a staggering loss of farmland and natural areas as a result of unmanaged growth into the suburban, rural and wild areas of our nation. A U.S. Department of Agriculture report shows that nearly 16 million acres of land were converted to development from 1992 to 1997 — a rate of 3.2 million acres a year. Ohio ranked sixth in the nation in the percentage of prime or unique farmland that was developed: 54 percent of the 521,000 acres of cropland, forests, and other open spaces converted (281,000 acres) was prime or unique farmland.

Concerned by the rapidly accelerating rate of development, the Black Swamp Conservancy, a not-for-profit regional land trust, was formed by a group of local citizens in 1993 to encourage the conservation and preservation of agricultural and natural areas in Northwest Ohio for the benefit of future generations. Its primary area of action includes those counties comprising and bordering the historic Great Black Swamp region: Defiance, Fulton, Henry, Lucas, Ottawa, Sandusky, Seneca, Williams and Wood. The Conservancy's success will result in both an increased

quality of life for humans by promoting increased recreation and tourism opportunities as well as agricultural sustainability. It will also result in the protection of natural and biological functions by improving wildlife and plant diversity, air and water quality, and floodwater and toxin management.

To meet its goal of protecting farmlands, wetlands, and wildlife areas in northwest Ohio, the Conservancy developed a two-pronged approach:

- 1) promote educational and research activities intended to bring about the wise use and conservation of local land and water resources and
- 2) provide local property owners with a vehicle through which land preservation can be realized.

The Conservancy educates people on the importance of conserving our natural resources through individual and group presentations to landowners, real estate, legal and tax professionals, elected officials, and agencies. In 2000, the Conservancy gave presentations and provided educational tables to 15 com-

munity organizations reaching over 450 people.

The Conservancy also promotes land conservation by working with public and private landowners through the transfer of a conservation easement on their property. Conservation easements are voluntary agreements that allow property owners to limit the type of development on all or part of their property, while retaining ownership of the land. This land restriction may also give landowner certain tax benefits. In 2000, the Black Swamp Conservancy tripled its easement holdings to 725 acres in eight easements in Wood, Sandusky and Ottawa Counties.

It has become exceedingly apparent from our activities over the past five years that there continues to be a need to educate the public about land use planning and the preservation of natural areas and farmlands to maintain a balance with developed land. Also, people on the whole are still unaware of how they can participate in preserving their property. Thus, the Black Swamp Conservancy still has a significant role to play to conserve and protect our lands in Northwest Ohio and the Great Black Swamp.

For more information, contact the Black Swamp Conservancy at 115 W. Front St., PO Box 332, Perysburg, OH 43552.

—Marcus Ricci





# We Are Agrarian Reform

The Campesino Movement of the Aguan River Valley, Honduras

by Jeff Conant

As our landcruiser speeds inland across the low Caribbean coastal plain, a caravan of trailer trucks with the Dole fruit sunburst logo and the slogan "naturally good" (in English) blasts by us in the other direction, hauling their precious cargo to the packing plants at Puerto Castillo.

"Each one of those trucks is carrying tens of thousands of dollars worth of bananas," Father Pedro Marchetti points out. Father Marchetti is a gray-bearded Jesuit with years of work in the killing fields of Central America behind him. "So when the peasants come out and block the highway, and the fruit begins to rot in the trucks, there's a certain amount of political pressure there."

He gives me a lesson in local history as we drive up the Aguan River Valley to visit a community of his parishioners – 1000 peasant families who've occupied some valuable ranchland formerly owned by a handful of Honduras's most powerful men. "This highway was built two years after Hurricane Mitch washed out the old road," he tells me. "If it wasn't for the fruit, they would've taken five years to build it, or ten. Never mind the needs of the local people. The fruit has to keep moving."

Along this same highway, Father Marchetti tells me, between the plantations of bananas and African palm, are the homes of Honduras's most feared drug lords. "They claim to be cattle ranchers and the State sells them the land as part of the agrarian reform. In fact, they *are* cattle ranchers, but their ranches also serve as the entry point for Colombian cocaine on its way north. *La droga*. This is what the peasants are up against."

Puerto Castillo, the destination of the fruit trucks blasting by us, is a large industrial port on the spit of land that separates the Bay of Trujillo from the sea. This place has a long history of plunder: Christopher Columbus landed here on his final voyage; Captain Henry

Morgan conscripted sailors from among the Miskito Indians just south of here, and buried his treasure on the nearby Bay Islands. And William Walker, the American adventurer who tried to conquer these humid latitudes for the United States in the mid-nineteenth century, was executed in the city of Trujillo, the old colonial capital of Honduras. Now, Standard Fruit operates one of the world's largest fruit-packing operations from Puerto Castillo. Sitting among the old cannons that point out into the Bay from the decayed fortress in Trujillo, you can see the lights on the loading docks out on the point. They are moving fruit twenty-four hours a day.

Given its violent history, it is not surprising that this area was once home to one of the United States military's chief training centers for the wars in Central America in the 1980s. Here the U.S. trained Salvadorans, Nicaraguans, and Hondurans in the art of dirty war, and sent them to overthrow the Sandinista rebels of Nicaragua, who, according to President Reagan, were only a day's march from the Texas border. What used to be the Regional Military Training Center, however, has changed hands several times since then. After a period when its airstrip was used by drug lords and its vast acreage was used to graze cattle, this 5000 hectare piece of real estate is now in the hands of the peasants. On May 14, 2000, under cover of darkness, nearly 1000 families who had lost everything to Hurricane Mitch hopped the fence and squatted these lands.

Nearly a year later, the site is home to a bustling village of thatch huts and families struggling to get through another hungry season. The Movimiento Campesino del Aguan (MCA), was formed just after Mitch in a desperate attempt to force the state to honor its word and give aid to the displaced in the form of long-term land reform rather than short-term emergency handouts. These villagers – still

more like refugees than villagers – are working hard to plant the seeds of a secure future not only for themselves, but for all the rural poor of Honduras.

Their land takeover has not been well received. Police and military tried to prevent their entrance, and on several occasions, the ranchers have tried to chase them off. There have been exchanges of gunfire and a few deaths. Several of the movement's organizers have received death threats. But on October 12, 2000, the President of Honduras gave them title to nearly 1000 of the 5000 hectares of land they hope to own and protect, as part of the National Agrarian Reform program.

"It is only just," says Donaldo Aguilar Valle, one of the organizers of the MCA. "As *campesinos*, we ARE agrarian reform."

The MCA named their village Comunidad Guadalupe Carney, after an American Jesuit priest who was assassinated here in the 1980s for working with *campesinos* who'd taken up arms. According to the word on the street, Jim "Guadalupe" Carney was drugged, tied up and thrown from a helicopter into the Bay of Trujillo, halfway between William Walker's grave and the Standard Fruit shipping plants. But his spirit, and the spirit of this whole haunted and embattled region, lives on in the village that bears his name.

The MCA is dug in for the long haul, and they hope to be a model for the rest of Honduras. They lost their harvest to torrential rains the first summer and live in a constant state of emergency, but they are still out in the fields planting more crops: beans, yucca, banana, watermelon and whatever else they can get their hands on. And they are doing it organically. Also in the works is a massive reforestation project to restore their watershed and protect the mangrove swamp and open lagoon that abut their fields. With the help of the local diocese, they are also hoping to establish a training center for health, ecology and organizing.

ECONOMICS



"If the ranchers and the government leave us alone, and with a little help from the international community, there is no reason why we cannot make this work," says Ruben Valazquez, a veteran of the struggles in both El Salvador and Nicaragua.

"Ten years ago we could never have done this," says Ruben. "There is a new respect for human rights now. Ten years ago we would have been massacred like in El Salvador, Nicaragua, Guatemala. But this doesn't mean we have it easy. We have a long way to go."

The land they've occupied is a long valley ending in an enclosed lagoon, the Laguna Guaymoreto. According to the guidebooks, this is an eco-tourist destination. But there are no tourists here. I went for a paddle out on the lagoon with Guillermo, one of the coordinators of the environmental protection team of the MCA, and he told me the story:

"The lagoon is supposed to be protected by a local NGO that gets money from the U.S. Aid for International Development Program. But the cattle ranchers came in and cut down all the trees, leaving the lagoon totally unprotected. Now that we're here we want to reforest, and we are making the cattle ranchers leave. They have guns, but we're a lot of people. The environmentalists say they are protecting this place, but they can't do anything against armed ranchers. But us, we live here. Just by being here we can protect the lagoon better than anyone."

Guillermo fails to mention what Father Marchetti hinted to me in the truck as we drove in: these cattle ranchers are some of the most dangerous and well-connected men in the country. Since Colonial times, Honduras has seen its best lands steadily concentrated in the hands of the wealthy elite. It is the archetype of the banana republic, with multinational conglomerates exploiting the region's rich agricultural potential through the production of various monocrops (sugar, cotton, coffee, and most recently, African Palm.) Between 1962 and 1992 – years of revolution throughout Central America – a national agrarian reform program attempted to reverse this process. But the 1992 Law of Modernization and Agricultural Development – part of a World Bank Structural Adjustment Package – brought an end to the attempted reforms. Under this new law, rural cooperatives were forced to pay their debts in full to the national government, in order for the government to service the exter-

nal debt. Consequently, small farmers who had benefited from the years of agrarian reform had to sell their lands to foreign and national investors.

The MCA is trying to reverse all that. Rather than doing it by asking for handouts, they are taking it upon themselves to become a model of the new agrarian reform. The movement is organized and led by women as well as men, and gender equality – along with health, environment, economics – is a regular topic for discussion in the work groups and community meetings. The women have their own cooperative garden plots, and each of the MCA's twelve work groups must contain at least one woman. Both gender equality and protection of the environment are crucial to their vision of what their country needs. An-



The environmentalists say they are protecting this place, but they can't do anything against armed ranchers. But us, we live here. Just by being here we can protect the lagoon better than anyone.

other hope is to establish a free university and training center for popular education, with a focus on ecology and land management.

"We ARE the environment," says Donaldo Valle, putting his fist to his chest. "If we destroy the environment, we destroy ourselves."

In the summer of 2000, during the same months that saw the MCA beginning their land occupation, the international development organization World Neighbors conducted a study comparing the effects of Hurricane Mitch on farms which practiced conventional chemical agriculture to those which practiced sustainable, organic farming. The study showed conclusively that those farms which had established soil conservation strategies such as terracing, forest farming and soil building through composting and other organic methods suffered dramatically fewer landslides and other disasters than conventionally farmed lands. Many sustainable farmers actually benefited from Mitch, as silt from flooding and soil washed down from the uplands came to rest in the bar-

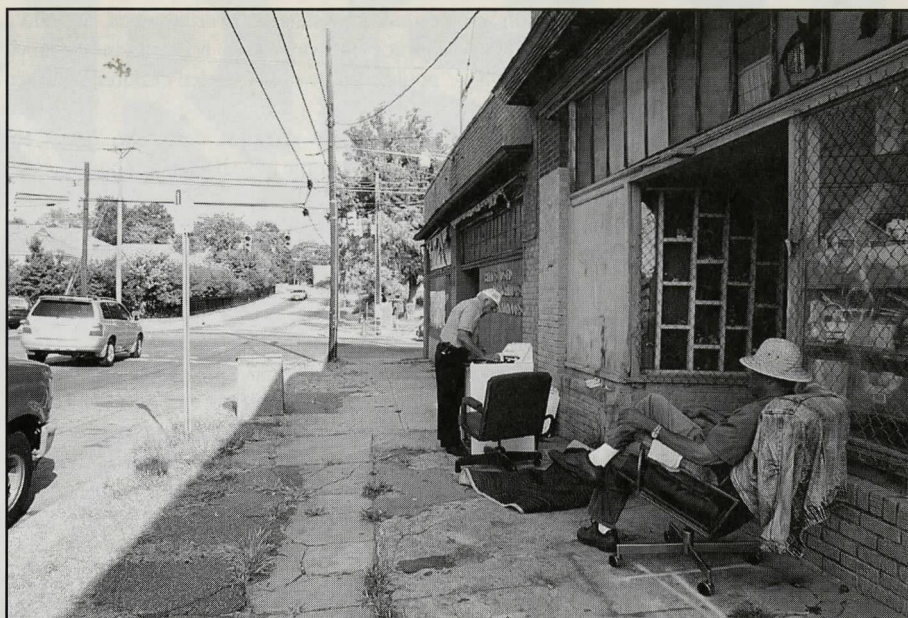
riers and contour ditches that are a fundamental strategy in sustainable tropical agriculture. But the majority of the rural poor, forced onto barren lands and degraded slopes by the large landowners, were devastated by the impact of the hurricane.

It is well known that agrobusiness is one of the most environmentally destructive industries in the world, and the sloping, tropical soils of Central America are especially vulnerable to degradation. The wholesale removal of tropical forests and their replacement with a monoculture of sugar, bananas, and oil palm is one of the leading causes of the devastating mudslides and flooding brought on by Hurricane Mitch.

The MCA, with its hopes of reforesting lands around the Laguna Guaymoreto and establishing ecological sanitation and organic gardens, is just one example of a growing environmental consciousness among peasant farmers throughout Central America. But the pressure coming down from local and national officials puts them at a dangerous juncture where dreams of a sustainable future come into conflict with the short-term economic interests of wealthy elites and international business.

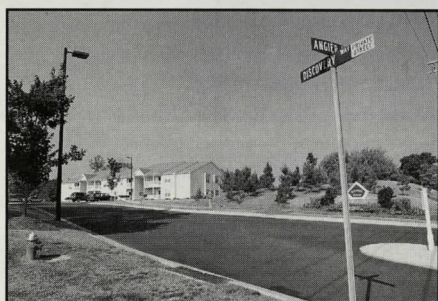
The Comunidad Gualdelupe Carney wants to become a legal municipality with full representation before the law, but they have recently suffered a series of dramatic setbacks. On June 26, 2001, in an effort to bring attention to their petition for more land, the MCA blocked the highway. When police and military were sent in to break the blockade, two days of struggle ensued, leaving several wounded on both sides. Under threats to his life, Father Marchetti, one of their strongest supporters, was forced to flee the country. The struggle to hold onto their land takes valuable time away from food cultivation, and the community still has no sanitation infrastructure or clean drinking water. And with further militarization of the region – U.S. troops digging in from Vieques to Colombia and establishing new footholds in Guatemala and El Salvador as they brace for the implementation of the Free Trade Area of the Americas – it looks like the new respect for human rights that has allowed the MCA to be born is under increasing pressure from the forces of globalization. The struggle of the MCA and other groups in the vanguard of the peasant land reform movement, with its new ecological consciousness, may continue to bear frightening parallels to the bloody struggles that wracked Central America in the not-so-distant past. ★





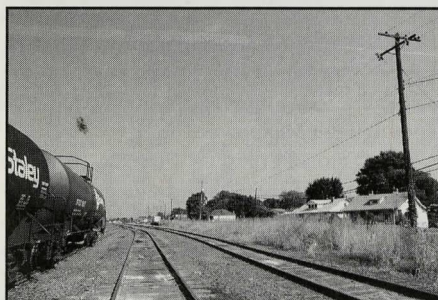
# Angier Avenue and the New Corporate Enclave

by Jordan Green  
photos by Alex Maness



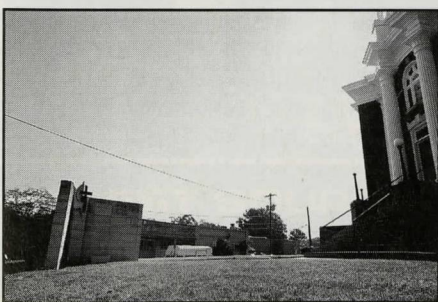
Durham's Angier Avenue goes from ghetto fabulous to barrio to hillbilly heaven to gas station strip to farmland to corporate enclave in roughly the space of ten miles. This is the litmus strip of North Carolina's high tech corridor.

Angier Avenue runs a course from the old Hosiery Mill through the heart of the city's African-American East Side out towards the pinewoods and farmlands of the county. The varied prospects of its inhabitants reflect the turbulence of 30 years of abrupt economic change, glaring racial segregation and class division.



On one end of the spectrum is the struggle for economic vitality of an oppressed community with a long history of economic and cultural vibrancy. On the other end is a no man's land of gated communities and corporate office parks springing up next to the weathered shells of old tobacco barns and the ghost of farm culture.

In the summer of 2000, under the patronage of the US Census and before the economy soured, I learned Durham's unique spatial arrangement of class and race. Floating over the hot asphalt on a second-hand bicycle, I gained a passport into Durham's demographic melange, passing discretely across the color line. I was invited into the homes of mildly irritated whites consumed with careers and tight schedules. I was welcomed into public housing apartments of blacks, friendly but wary of further government intervention. I met Latinos who had arrived in Durham to take part in the booming building trade as well as Lumbee and Cherokee Indians.



Durham's East Side is not the picture of blighted social decay and economic shambles that many like to project on the black inner city. The East Side is a thriving hub of local enterprise. The neighborhood boasts a handful of hair salons and soul food restaurants, some auto detailing shops and muffler joints. Streams of people head down the sidewalk and crowd onto front porches. There seems to be a solid brick church every two blocks promising transcendence from strain and poverty in magnetic block letters.

Durham, like many other mid-sized American cities, has made a concerted push to revitalize its downtown. The southern end got the new Durham Bulls minor league baseball park and a high-rise county jail. The northern end got a renovated Carolina Theater and a modern blue glass office tower. The final frontier of downtown development is the West Side's renovated tobacco warehouses, converted into condos and office space for a hip, young, white generation's reassertion of urban royalty. According to Barbara Solow, managing editor of Durham's Independent Weekly, there have been several plans to revitalize the East Side which have met with little success. A phalanx of public services, from the Public Library to the Health Department and the Housing Authority, make life bearable but effectively cut the East Side off from the heart of downtown. Huge vacant lots abandoned by the textile industry and the infamous railroad tracks serve the same purpose. The East Side is literally on the other side of the tracks.

Scattered through the East Side are many new Latino households. In my work collect-

ECONOMICS



ing Census data, I interviewed a Honduran family man flush with civic passion, proud to have his family counted. I met single Salvadoran men packed in upstairs apartments by the dozen. These journeyman carpenters gamely humored my awkward Spanish to ensure that I had accurate information. A household of single Mexican men wanted assurance that I would not share information with la policia.

Past the black-owned businesses and Latino households on Angier Avenue, the city gives way to boarded-up industrial buildings and country dry goods stores. The complexion lightens, fading into a neighborhood where white folks sit under shade trees fixing motorcycles and cooking out. Two Confederate flags flap over a modest farmhouse, testifying to that old white quest for independent yeomanry, to be left alone. Then further along is the great American gated community.

The people who live out here, mostly but not exclusively white, are not the type to fear the rage of the underclass or even necessarily want to distance themselves from social clamor and strain. They are not quite upper class themselves, but they are workers who have given themselves entirely over to the new economy.

They need easy access to the corporate campuses where they work, access to Interstate 40 and to Raleigh-Durham Urban Airport. Most importantly, they need to be freed from the burden of civic responsibility. With an increasing share of corporate work being outsourced to temporary staffing services, mobility is at a premium while community involvement is at an all-time low.

I rode out to Pinewoods Apartments with another Census worker named John Brant (the Census ensures confidentiality; no real names are used in this article). Mr. Brant, an imposing African-American man who had wrapped up a career as a federal marshal, was now preaching in the Baptist church. Without his combination of cajoling charm and blunt insistence, I would have left Pinewoods Apartments empty-handed. Already four different enumerators had been frustrated. The residents were either never home or too busy to be bothered.

When we walked into the lobby, the office was undergoing a changing of the guard. The new community manager, Carrie Liesen, had just arrived from Atlanta. She was an employee of Ram Corporation, recently awarded the management contract for Pinewoods. The crisis at hand: high rates of vacancy.

We took a seat in a lobby that had the look of a dusty European study crossed with a rustic ski lodge. Hardbound encyclopedias rested on bookshelves and glass coffee tables. A splendid chandelier hung overhead from the domed ceiling. At the end of the room, a wide plate glass window looked out onto a lake sur-

rounded by stately towering pines. Set into a terrace halfway down was a kidney-shaped pool where two unattended children splashed listlessly.

Liesen walked in, declaring, "Mr. Census, your people have been here four times already. I've got a million things to do and you're not at the top of my list."

Our request for "pop counts" for each housing unit was refused first because the information was supposedly confidential, then because she didn't have time to pull the files.

"Listen ma'am," pleaded Brant, "we just need some estimates."

Liesen snapped her fingers at a young African-American assistant. "These guys need some numbers. Make up some numbers!"

"Just make the numbers up?" the assistant asked in distress.

"Make 'em up. Sure, why not?" The assistant shook her head doubtfully. Since she was unwilling to fabricate data for the Census, we waited for Sherry Long, another Ram employee who had also just transferred in from Atlanta in the past 24 hours.

"Please help yourself to some cookies," Long offered cheerfully. "They're Otis Spunkmeyer!" Then she gushed, "I think it's just wonderful here. Beautiful."

The conversation inexplicably turned to residential hotels and how hard it could be to count people in them. Brant posited that someone who wanted to take himself off the grid could pay cash at a residential hotel and completely frustrate any attempt to trace him.

"I swear," Ms. Long exclaimed, "A person could just disappear!"

Brant started in on a story about how President Clinton was nailed in the Monica Lewinsky scandal because of credit card point-of-sale records. "After the President got into that trouble with the young lady," he explained, "businessmen and politicians started carrying hundred dollar bills in money belts so they could maintain discretion in their entertaining expenses."

"Those are the big guys," Long replied. "I'm just one of the little people. We can't get away with that."

Pinewoods Apartments is part of a satellite of exclusive communities ringing Research Triangle Park, a high tech free trade zone. One Durham activist I know refers to it as "a corporate sweatshop" because the activity there so thoroughly excludes anything social or without a profit motive.

Research Triangle Park, or RTP, is one of many such capitalist nerve centers around the country, pulling the doors shut in fortress-like seclusion and greatly fueling the vast boredom and seething rage of the suburbs. The ascendancy of the Internet has made it finally possible for corporations to completely abandon the cities with their nagging civic obligations

and set up secure outposts along the conduits of the interstate highway system.

RTP was devised in the late 1950s by Durham's moderate civic leadership to replace North Carolina's faltering agricultural economy. Positioned midway between Chapel Hill and Raleigh with easy interstate access, it would benefit from the energy of three growing cities. Harnessing the doctoral scholarship of the area's three largest universities (Duke, North Carolina State and UNC-Chapel Hill) it could rapidly establish itself as a research and development hub.

RTP proper is actually an eight mile long, two mile wide corridor shared by Durham and Wake counties and it has its own zip code. It is administered not by a mayor and city council but by a private nonprofit foundation. It hosts R & D facilities for a vast array of industries: pharmaceuticals, computer software, healthcare and telecommunications. The multinational companies that make use of RTP include IBM, Glaxo-Wellcome, DuPont, Sumitomo, Novartis, Nortel, Bayer, Cisco Systems and Lockheed Martin.

RTP is the flagship of North Carolina's participation in the globalization of capitalism. In some ways, RTP could be considered a free trade zone. Its rise mirrors the development of the maquiladoras in Latin America, set up specifically to induce foreign investment with a minimum of interaction or commitment to the local economy — walled compounds which also recruit an alienated, migratory workforce from outside the community.

Many of the people who work in RTP are, of course, researchers. Many others are the blacks who commute in from Durham's East Side to work for the food service and cleaning companies that keep business humming. RTP thrives on an army of flexible employees who work through temporary staffing agencies. Forklift operators and assembly workers who make computer processors for IBM, once guaranteed generous wages, health care and job security as IBM employees, now earn \$7 an hour through Manpower.

In Durham, the East Side has persisted by the sheer will of its entrepreneurs and community organizers. Meanwhile, following a national pattern of investment, North Carolina has aggressively targeted high tech companies who take advantage of generous tax breaks and employ a transient workforce without any passion or energy to return to the community. North Carolina, as a province in the global economy, has changed in some ways. RTP is emblematic of the governing class' decision to displace local white elites in favor of migratory white elites while maintaining the economic strangulation of the black majority.

Welcome to the New South. ★



# GARRISON

Be A Criminal

REV103 ★ LP/CD 11.13.01



"A combination of post rock intellect and pop sensitivity."

-Lollipop Magazine



COMING SOON: WILL HAVEN - *Carpe Diem*, HIMSA - *Death Is Infinite* VARIOUS ARTISTS - *Revelation Rarities*, SHAI HULUD - *That Within Blood Ill Tempered*

REVELATION RECORDS ★ P.O. Box 5232 Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232 ★ [www.RevelationRecords.com](http://www.RevelationRecords.com) ★ [www.RevHQ.com](http://www.RevHQ.com)

NEW SUMMER 2001 MAILORDER CATALOG AVAILABLE NOW! - SEND TWO DOLLARS FOR YOUR COPY.

death cab for cutie  
we have the facts and we're voting yes

DRIVE LIKE JEJU

unwound  
The Future of What

GARRISON  
Be A Criminal

Jets to Brazil  
four cornered night

Get Up Kids  
THE FOUR

SAVES THE DAY STAY WHAT YOU ARE

RevHQ.com

IT'S A RAINY DAY  
OF ULYSSES!

Plays Pretty For Baby

RUFIO  
perhaps, i suppose...

There is the Reason  
Do You Know Why You Are?

THE BEST SOURCE FOR INDEPENDENT MUSIC ON THE WEB.

<the non-computer-savvy can still write for a catalog: Revelation Records P.O. Box 5232 Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232 USA>



1 FAST FOOD HAMBURGER ...  
16 SQUARE FEET OF LATIN AMERICAN RAINFOREST

8-OUNCE STEAK ...  
ENOUGH GRAIN TO FEED 40 PEOPLE

1 POUND BEEF ...  
2500 GALLONS OF WATER

1 ROAST TURKEY DINNER ...  
40 POUNDS OF GRAIN

MAINTAINING MEAT CONSUMPTION ...  
1/4 OF THE WORLD'S TOTAL LAND MASS

ANIMAL-FREE EATING ...  
**PRICELESS**



BGVeg  
Bowling Green's Vegetarian and  
Animal Issues Organization  
800 Third Street #10  
Bowling Green, Ohio 43402  
(419) 353-7188  
<http://www.bgsu.edu/studentlife/organizations/bgvveg/>



new ep

nashville indie rock

[secondgenerationofblue.com](http://secondgenerationofblue.com)

★ Order online at [jadetree.com](http://jadetree.com) ★

JADE TREE >>



- 1 PEDRO THE LION "It's Hard To Find a Friend" LP/CD JT1063  
Pedro's debut album. Remixed, remastered, and repackaged with a brand new layout and lyrics for the first time. On tour this Fall.
- 2 PEDRO THE LION "The Only Reason I Feel Secure" CD EP JT1064  
The follow up EP, contains 4 extra tracks. Remixed, remastered, and repackaged with a brand new layout and lyrics for the first time.
- 3 NEW END ORIGINAL "Thriller" DBL LP/CD JT1062  
Members of Far, Texas is the Reason, Chamberlin. On tour all Fall.
- 4 NEW END ORIGINAL "Lukewarm" CDS JT1058  
Featuring 2 non LP B Sides. Only available online, not in stores.
- 5 MILEMARKER "Anaesthetic" LP/CD JT1061  
The 4th, and latest from these Chicago veterans. On tour all Fall.
- 6 STRIKE ANYWHERE "Change is a Sound" LP/CD JT1060  
The debut album from this Richmond powerhouse. On tour all Fall.
- 7 OWLS "Owls" LP/CD JT1059  
Members of Cap'n Jazz, Joan of Arc, American Football, Ghosts & Vodka. On tour all Fall.
- 8 ZERO ZERO "AM Gold" LP/CD JT1056  
Members of Lifetime. On tour this Fall.

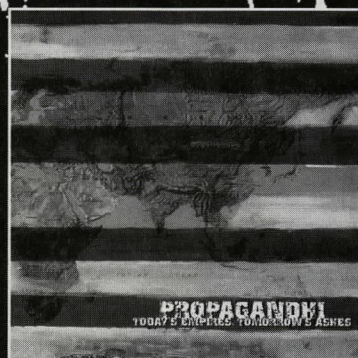


Distributed by Mordam • [mordamrecords.com](http://mordamrecords.com)

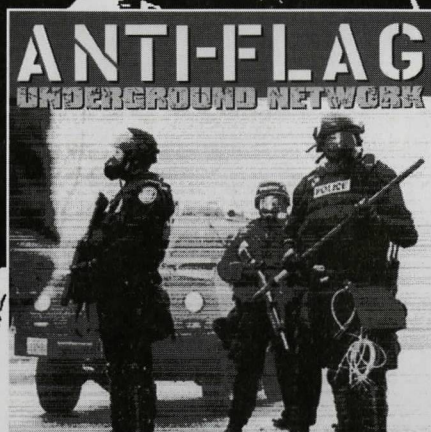
★ Good Riddance/Kill Your Idols Split CD EP JT1065 out November 20 ★



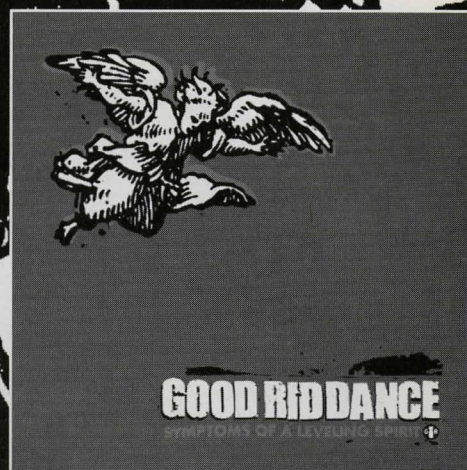
# THREE BANDS MOBILIZING FOR CHANGE!



**PROPAGANDHI**  
"TODAY'S EMPIRES,  
TOMORROW'S ASHES" CD/LP



**ANTI-FLAG**  
"UNDERGROUND NETWORK"  
CD/LP



**GOOD RIDDANCE**  
"SYMPTOMS OF A LEVELING SPIRIT"  
CD/LP

Fat Wreck Chords  
P.O. Box 193690  
San Francisco, CA 94119  
[www.fatwreck.com](http://www.fatwreck.com)



new line of  
products  
coming...  
full color  
photo quality  
printing on  
vinyl is here.

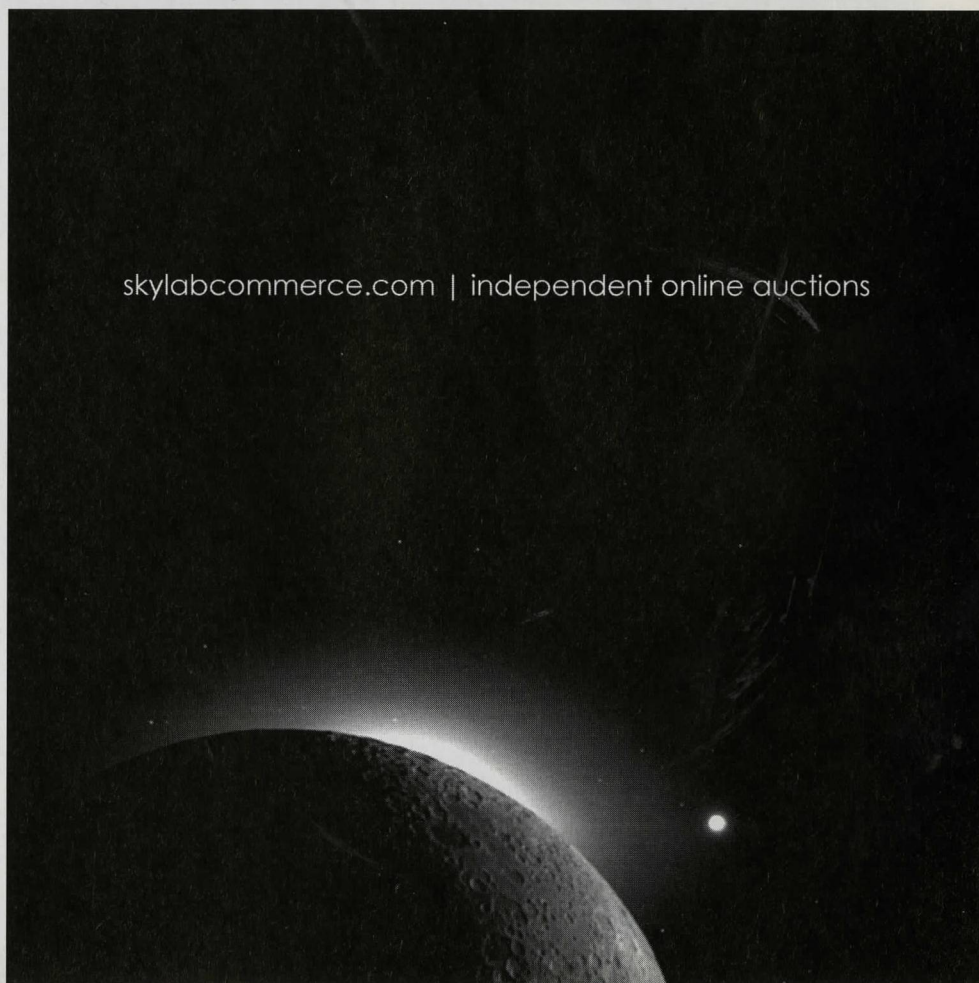


vinyl stickers  
t-shirts  
babydolls  
buttons  
patches  
and much  
more coming...

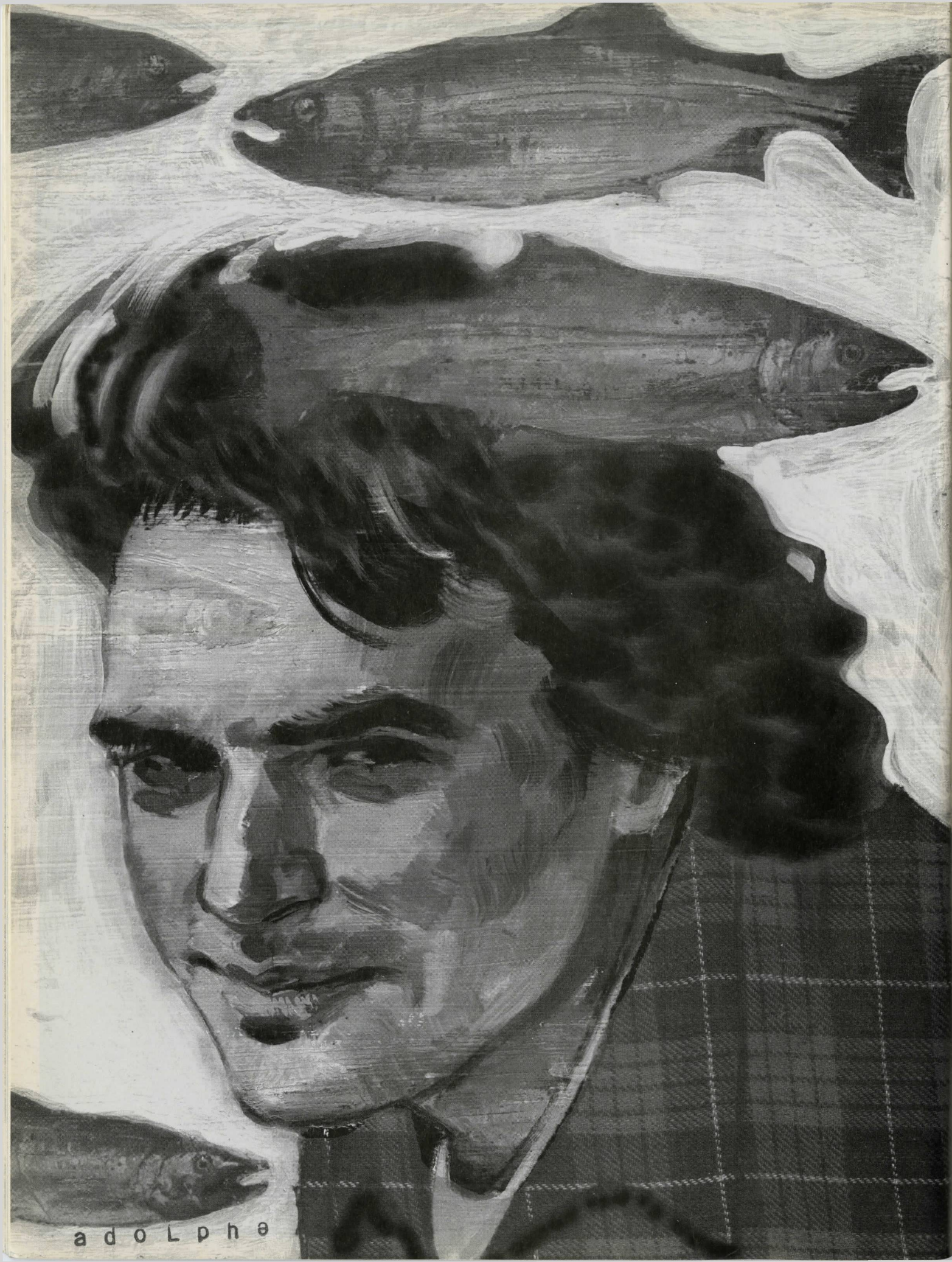
custom  
work available  
for bands  
and all interests

[www.theamericanterrorist.com](http://www.theamericanterrorist.com)

[skylabcommerce.com](http://skylabcommerce.com) | independent online auctions







a d o l p h e



# Derrick Jensen

## Fighting Civilization

Derrick Jensen is a writer and an activist on behalf of forests, salmon, and domestic violence survivors. He is the author of *Listening to the Land* and *Railroads and Clearcuts*, and a regular contributor to *The Sun*. His most recent book, *A Language Older Than Words*, has become a common sight in the hands of activists and anarchists everywhere. It is a beautiful, cyclical narrative combining memoir, politics, and philosophy concerning the relationship of humans to the land and to other species as well as the dangers of an economic system that dehumanizes everything in its path. Jensen has been an inspiration to radical environmental activists for years, as well as to indigent people and survivors of violence. A survivor of family violence himself, he has been described as one who has "looked evil in the face yet not lost his capacity to love." I cannot recommend his writings enough, to anyone who cares about what it means to rediscover what it is to be a human inextricably connected to the land, in a society which has done everything to destroy that connection, to make the decimation of all communities, ecological and social, all the more possible.

This interview was conducted on the beach near Jensen's home in Crescent City, California, where he is working on a new book, helping to restore the historic salmon runs, and teaching writing to inmates at Pelican Bay State Prison. He recently did a benefit in Eugene, Oregon, for imprisoned eco-activists Free and Critter. This is just a small portion of the interview, and Jensen's website, [www.derrickjensen.org](http://www.derrickjensen.org), can give further background on his work and current projects. Interview by Sera Bilezikyan, Summer 2001.

*Clamor: Is writing a personal outlet for internal ideas and creativities or is it a necessity, a contribution to the larger struggle?*

Jensen: Writing is definitely how I contribute and communicate. I write to bring about social change and if my writing doesn't achieve it then I am going to attempt to achieve social change through other means. It's all aimed towards bringing down civilization.

*When did you start writing?*

I dedicated my life to writing in about 1987. By that time I knew that everything in the culture was fucked up, but I didn't have an outlet for it. Then I met John Osborn, the heart and soul of the Spokane, Washington environmental community. He really helped channel my energy. I had this huge amount of pent-up energy, and I didn't know where to take it and what to do with it...and I will be forever thankful to him for helping me find direction. So, I really started writing when I was about 26. And I've been writing more and more ever since. These days it's pretty much all I do.

When I wrote *Language*, I had this Madison Avenue agent. I sent her the first 70 pages, and she hated it. She told me, "if you take out the social criticism and the stuff about your family, I think you'll have a book." She told me this on April 22, 1997, the day US-backed troops in Peru slaughtered the Tupacamaristas. I e-mailed her, "if they are going to give their lives, the least I can do is tell the truth. You're fired." She also said that I was a nihilist.

*There's nothing wrong with that.*

At the time, I didn't even know what it meant. I looked it up in the dictionary. The first definition is somebody that hates life, which is obviously not me. The second definition is somebody who thinks society is so rotten that it needs to be taken down to its core, which is definitely me. What all of this means is that I really want to write for the people who have thought about it all for a long time, and I want to push them further. Push them harder, push the analysis harder. For whatever reason, the universe, plus my family, plus everything else have made it so I have the capacity to look at these things and analyze them; so goddamnit, I have to.

CULTURE



*Do you consider yourself an anarchist?*

That depends on how we define it. I like John Zerzan's definition of anarchist: someone who wants to eradicate all forms of oppression. In that definition, yes. But then I saw this article the other day in *Green Anarchy* saying that the Zapatistas aren't anarchists.

*That has come up in every conversation I have had this week.*

You know what? I don't care whether the Zapatistas are anarchists. There is definitely a strain of anarchism that can get kind of convoluted and silly. But I think that's true of any "ism." Am I an anarchist? Sure. Am I an anarchist? No. It took me years to even call myself a writer. I'm happy to publicly associate myself with anarchists, and speak out in support of the ELF (Earth Liberation Front) and the ALF (Animal Liberation Front).

*Speaking of the ELF, do you believe in the power of economic sabotage as a tactic to slow down the machine?*

Yes, I think that is a wonderful tactic and should be used far more often. The problem I have with it is that, and I will talk about this in my next book I'm going to write this fall, I think it needs to go to a whole other level. What we do far too often is *endpoint* sabotage. Destroying the SUV or the house at the *end*. So is tree spiking, which I think is a really good idea. We need to take offensive. We need to begin dismantling the entire economic infrastructure. Which includes changing people's hearts, education—everything. I mean, I'm a writer. Of course, I have no problem with that. There is another level that needs to be happening. We need to recognize that ours is a government of occupation. How do you disable the infrastructure of this country? I don't know. That's why I have to write the new book. Another way to say this is that I perceive a lot of the activities of the ELF as "propaganda by deed." I think that's incredibly important, but I would also like to see us systematically dismantle the economic and physical infrastructure of this civilization. To tell the truth, I don't think it would take that many people.

Albert Speer, the armaments minister for the Nazis, wrote that the American and British carpet bombers were not as effective as they could have been because they would target, for example, a tractor factory which would make it so the Nazis couldn't build engines for their tanks and airplanes. But they didn't hit the ball-bearing factory, which would have made it so they couldn't rebuild the tractor factory. If they had gone for the bottlenecks, they would have been more effective. What I want to do in this book is figure out where the bottlenecks are.

*What about on a more local, immediate scale?*

If I could do one thing, immediately, I would stop international trade. Most of the countries where people are starving are food exporters. In India, at least a couple of states that used to be graineries now export dog food and tulips to Europe. So the point is, I would like to see it escalate fast. I am saying this in full cognizance of the fact that the repression will be increased exponentially. I wish somebody would have acted 100 years ago.

*So tell me about your new book.*

It's called *The Other Side of Darkness*, or maybe *The Culture of Make-Believe*, or maybe *The Culture of Contempt*, or maybe *Being Not-Human, Being Human*. In other words, we don't yet have a title. AIt starts out as an exploration of hate groups, and then spreads out from there to examine how these things arise, and it really goes after the main causes of atrocity, which are economics and the economic system. About half-

way through the book, my publisher said, "Well you've got to talk about the Nazis," and I thought, what can I say which hasn't already been said? Then I remembered something a friend said years ago, which was that Hitler's big mistake was that he was about 100 years ahead of his time. Assembly-line mass murder is the endpoint of civilization. One of the things I say near the end, is just think about how much Hitler would have accomplished with face-recognition software...DNA testing...social security numbers...what if he had had the capacity to destroy the planet, which he did not have, but which we do.

The salmon are dying. We're changing the climate. Earthworm populations in the Midwest are disappearing. I picture people coming 20, 30 years later, after civilization collapses, and they'll be reading some old book anywhere in this region, up the coast, and they'll say, "there were so many salmon that people were afraid to put their boats in the water for fear they'd capsize...and I'm fucking starving to death.

We don't have to wait for collapse; we have to actualize it now. That doesn't mean timber sale appeals are worthless. An image I use for that a lot is Hammer and Anvil, a military term describing what Robert E. Lee used at the battle of Chancellorsville, where the anvil is a defensive force, and the hammer is an offensive force. The purpose is to smash the enemy in between. I view timber sale appeals, working at rape crisis centers, and so on as the anvil—the solidity—and attacks on the system through writing or blowing up dams or whatever as the hammer.

*From working in the forest defense movement, it seems like there is a lot of deceit. There is the Forest Service selling off the old-growth forests (on public lands) at subsidized prices to the timber corporations. And then this media-sensationalized conflict between environmentalists and local people. And then the harsh reality of just 4 percent of old-growth, ancient forest stands remaining, and an economic system which victimizes rural, poor, logging and mill towns. What is the solution to this impervious forest dilemma?*

I don't think there are solutions. Civilization creates no-win situations, and the sooner we realize that, the sooner we can get it out of our minds and hearts and begin the task of dismantling it. It specializes in false promises and destructive bargains. We have been on this continent for less than 500 years, and we have rendered a good portion of the water undrinkable. We are in the process of rendering the air unbreathable for those with pollution-induced asthma, cancer, or any other such diseases we already have. We sign on the dotted line for aluminum cans and find that salmon are stolen in the bargain. We take jobs in the forest and the forests are destroyed. We turn on the lights and find that we have been handed poisons that last a thousand human lifetimes. How is it possible to make human and humane choices—choices that benefit ourselves and others as beings — when each time we sign a contract we find ourselves further enslaved?

Yes, local people need jobs. But what is physical reality? The old growth is gone. Let's talk about that. Let's at least be honest. I don't want to hear any phony jobs-versus-spotted-owls arguments...we have to talk about automation...we have to talk about raw log exports...if we're not going to speak honestly about those things, I've got nothing to say to you, even if you're some local guy. If you are going to be honest, well, then let's figure out what the hell we're going to do about it. I totally support local farmers. I support family farmers, independent loggers...in their struggles against the agriculture corporations, but if they are going to abuse the land, I will not support them. All that said, I think we need to choose our targets. It's clearly a huge waste of time to fight some guy who, by hand, clearcuts 200 acres a year.

*Do you think it is a viable thing to work with rural people who are also being exploited by corporations - to say, look, Plum Creek Timber Corporation is not saving the land, it's not saving your life?*



We've got nothing to teach them. They've been put out of business by Plum Creek. They know it already. I am all in favor of local economies, but what local economy ends up meaning in our culture, is corporate control. It's all a big excuse. If it's really a local economy, that would be better. But even so we have to remember that our entire economic system causes people, rewards people, constrains people, and forces people to destroy their own backyards, and then move on somewhere else. I worked with a farmer years ago who said "Cargill gives me two choices, I can cut my own throat or they'll do it for me...." These people know what's going on. That's why when I talk about violence to family farmers they understand, they've experienced this in their own bodies. They've sat there with a shotgun across their lap and an empty bottle of Jack Daniel's on the floor and thought about whether or not to put the shotgun in their mouth. For many environmentalists, it's a game.

*It's a luxury too. A privilege.*

Yes, so many of us talk about how we feel the death of the salmon in our bones but I don't see me taking out a dam...I don't see you taking out a dam. I have no patience for mainstream environmentalists who say it's so horrible to even think about violence. I mean, what does the mother grizzly do?

*As you address in Language, do you think society is in a serious state of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder?*

That's the fundamental unstated thesis of *Language*. We have it, individually and collectively. In my new book, I talk about the rules of a dysfunctional family, which are also the rules of a dysfunctional society, according to R.D. Laing. Rule A is: *Don't*. Rule A1 is: *Rule A does not exist*, and Rule A2 is *never discuss the existence or nonexistence of Rules A, A1 and A2*. We can spend all this time talking about everything in the world but that which is important, it is simply the case that we aren't seeing the damage.

*Or we see it too much; you show someone a forest clear-cut, an animal in a lab, and they get shocked.*

That's another level of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder.

*The "the problem is so big, what am I supposed to do?" level.*

It is necessary to look at it, and then go through it. The real problem is not so much the sorrow or the pain, it's our avoidance of it.

*You talk about civilization a lot and its implications for both society and the environment. What roles do religion and civilization play in the alienation of humans to the land?*

It seems pretty clear to me that everything comes from the land. You've heard the argument that since humans are natural, and humans invented chainsaws, then chainsaws are natural? I thought about that for years. Because we are *imbedded in and part of* the natural world, anything that helps to understand and reinforce our understanding of our imbeddedness is natural—any institution, any artifact, any religion. And if it doesn't do that, it is unnatural to the degree that it doesn't. A chainsaw is unnatural because it helps us to forget that we are imbed-

ded in the natural world. Let's presume for a second that Christianity or Judeo-Christianity made sense in the Middle East—to move it from there to here, means by definition that it is a religion that is separated from the land. And it is thus not going to articulate and help one to realize a right relationship with the land.

What is the point of civilization? The point of civilization is for the rich to acquire more...it is for the comforts and elegancies of the

few. I've been reading some of the main rationales for slavery in pre-Civil War America, and a lot of them were refreshingly honest. They say our way of life is based on the comforts and elegancies of the few based on the sweat of those who are less refined than we are. That is the point of civilization. To make it so that the few can stand on the backs of the poor and the non-human, who are also less refined.

It emerges from this damaged mindset we discussed earlier. It is a manifestation of and a reinforcer of the damaged mindset that is not capable of entering fully mutual relationships, and perceives that all relationships are based on power. Civilization is a social organization that is based on the flawed belief that all relationships are based on

power, and it is a social organization that maximizes the capacity for those on the inside to utilize that power for physical comfort. Religion often (although not all religion) is used as a way to get through the misery of this culture...because *someday* you'll be connected. I want to be connected *now*.

With PTSD, the fundamental fear is relationship. This God is really like an abusive father. I love looking at the bible in terms of abusive family dynamics; the comparisons are straight one-to-one. No wonder: they are manifestations on different levels of the same thing. Fear of relationship. Fear of our own feelings. Fear of what it would actually mean if we were to engage another being, human or other. It has been reinforced over time so that we have forgotten that there is even any other way to be.

*What do you think is going to happen in the next 40 or 50 years?*

An increase in grinding away at whatever natural and human diversity is left. People will lead increasingly miserable lives, not paying attention as long as they've got a television. I think about all of these people who sit in front of their TVs: they might as well be in SHU (isolation unit at Pelican Bay). Their world consists of the space between the couch and the TV. I do not see us having a transformation to a sustainable way of living that is either voluntary or that maintains capitalism or industrialism. I see the next 100 years being pretty nasty, no matter how you look at it.

*What hope do you have for the future? That's kind of a bleak way to look at it.*

I don't think it's my perspective that is bleak. I think that the reality is bleak and it remains bleak whether or not we choose to look at it. I don't take it personally. This is what doesn't paralyze me. My hope is that salmon survive. My hope is that salmon forgive us. My hope is that [gesturing to the sky] this family of brown pelicans survives...and I have hope for that. I hope that people survive and that people remember, relearn what it means to live on the land. So, my hope is that I have hope in the particular. ★



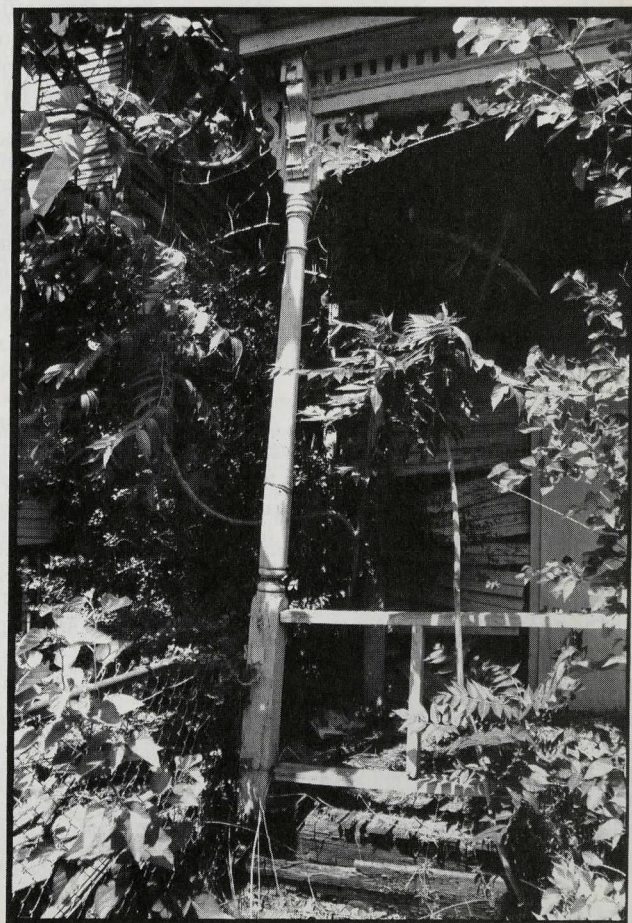
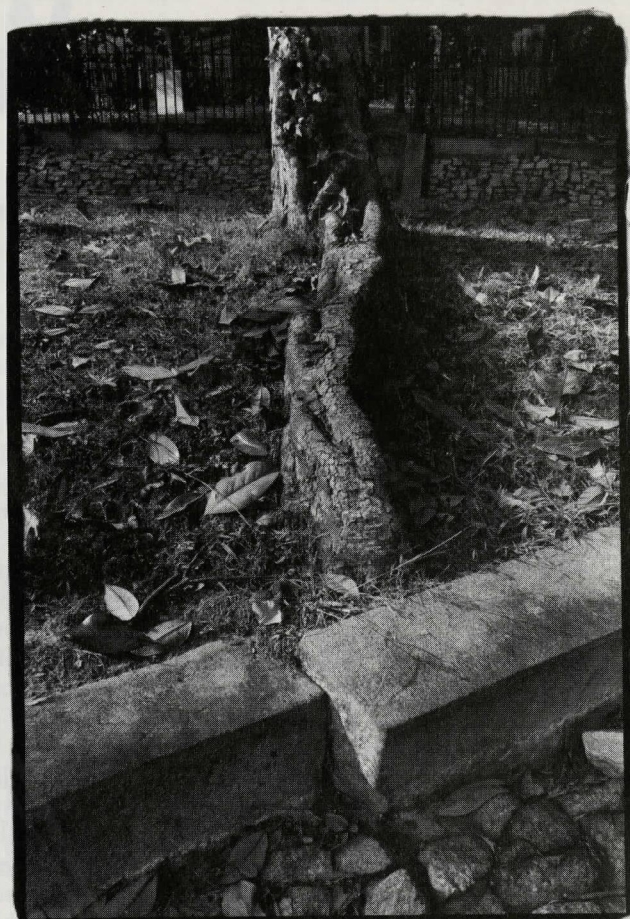




# RESISTING COLONIZATION

photos by Chris Boarts Larson  
words by Jason Kucsma

This collection of photographs represents the ability of nature to resist the imposition of human "progress." Buildings are overtaken by weeds. Sidewalks erupt from the force of elaborate root systems. Homes become property of the land on which they were developed. In her 1996 book *The Culture of Wilderness*, Frieda Knobloch reminded us, "What is remarkable about all weeds, human and plant alike, is their persistence in the face of colonization, mechanical and chemical wars, systematic exclusion and policies of eradication." Indeed, we have much in common with our botanical counterparts.





# Wild Magic:

## a defense of spiritual ecology

by sunfrog

### What is spiritual ecology?

We gather in the wild. We invoke energies and invite ancestors to join us. We honor the forces of nature. We discard clothing and shame. We burn incense and sage. We dance until dawn, touching the flesh of our sisters and brothers and the weedy, fragrant flesh of our earth mother. We are neopagans and naughty Christians, anarchists and mystics. We are spiritual ecologists.

In her brilliant survey, *Radical Ecology*, Carolyn Merchant explains: "The main project of spiritual ecology is to effect a transformation of values that in turn leads to action to heal the planet." Spiritual ecologists draw inspiration from Native American conceptions of a sacred, living, maternal planet, the reverence of some Christians for "God's creation," and neopagan invocations of archaic nature gods and goddesses. Spiritual ecology privileges changes in inner consciousness and believes in the consciousness of plants, animals, and the earth itself. Starhawk is probably the best known proponent of this perspective, putting these ideas into practice in writing, ritual, and direct action. Her book, *Fifth Sacred Thing*, is a major work of fiction exploring social manifestations of neopagan ecofeminist spiritual ecology, bringing with it significant promises and problems. Due to her outspoken involvement in the antiglobalization movement, nonspiritual radicals cannot ignore the presence of anarchist pagans in our midst.

### Why does it need defending?

Any metaphysical philosophy that ignores material reality or any spiritual approach to life that refuses plurality and fails to address political inequality can quickly give way to authoritarian structures and a cultish mentality.

From Catholic Workers to African-American Baptists to the American Indian Movement to the Nation of Islam to contemporary neopagans, there's always been a spiritual and religious presence on the left in America. Non-religious radicals have greeted these groups with a mixture of tactics: they might tolerate them, ignore them, or openly challenge and critique them. Spiritual activists are commonly called simplistic idealists

and naïve escapists, unwilling to accept the rational, material, economic basis of all social relationships as promoted by anarcho-marxists. However, today, unlike in the civil rights and peace movements of the past where religious people were present in large numbers as key leaders and organizers, spiritual ecologists participating in groups like Earth First! and the new broad-based anti-capitalist movement must work with some of the fiercest rationalist and atheist critiques of spirituality around. Fact is, many radicals feel hostile to anything that smells of authoritarian theology — and for good reason.

In light of this tension, I have a few suggestions for my fellow spiritual ecologists and those who work with us to consider:

1. We should commit ourselves to anti-authoritarian, non-hierarchical decision-making in our collectives; this goes for covens as well as direct action affinity groups.
2. Our practice of spiritual ecology should always be paired with habits of sustainable living and gestures for social and economic revolution.
3. We should resist the arbitrary and destructive institutionalization of our spirituality and our politics. Both the mystic and the atheist can be guilty of embracing a constricting ideology and its tendency to police the beliefs and practices of others.

### Going tribal

Many spiritual ecologists pay respect to the influences of primitive societies throughout history, most notably those "tribal" teachings found in Native American cultures and European pre-Christian paganism. When these tribal gestures merely recuperate the simplistic imagery and iconography of the "noble savage," they are deeply problematic. At worst, this pseudo-spiritual appropriation becomes the kind of hippie fakelore discussed by Michael Niman in *People of the Rainbow* and exposed as a hodge-podge imitation of authentic vision peddled by new age charlatans and wannabe shamans. Beyond trivial romanticizing, the notion of the earth as a living being that pervades tribal societies transhistorically

and cross-culturally inspires an ecological sensibility that deserves recognition, discussion, and support. Any sensitive and politicized discussion of the effect of Native American ideas on the contemporary counterculture should include an understanding of the historical legacy of colonialism and genocide against Native Americans along with the contemporary challenges facing existing indigenous communities. While some hippies and "new-agers" approach "tribalism" as a trendy fashion statement in thinly veiled cultural thievery, many others learn from the American Indian example with a sense of reverence and distance. While the distinction between respectful learning and cultural theft tends to be fuzzy and depends on who's speaking, we can be ethically tribal if we understand our own project as a form of modern tribalism with all the shortcomings and mixed influences that this implies without pretending to be direct descendents of or spiritual heirs to the Native American tradition.

Clearly aware of the inherent dangers in a glib romanticization of the pristine past or "a patronizing attempt to appear multicultural," Glenn Morris researches some specific communal models offered by the over 600 indigenous nations that existed in 1492 in what is now known as the United States. Not only does Morris contend that an ecological communalism was the pervasive social model for Native Americans, he firmly asserts that contemporary communities should understand the example of indigenous history as a viable alternative "to environmental destruction, to the inequality created by capitalist competition, and to the continuing fragmentation of human beings in an expanding industrial milieu." Furthermore, the popularity of books like *Black Elk Speaks* and *Lame Deer: Seeker of Visions* among hippies and the rise of radical anthropology that highlights the cooperative nature of many primitive societies extends the discourse on primitivism and tribalism beyond trite apologies fueled by an "imperialist nostalgia" for the past our Western European ancestors helped erase.

### Spiritual activism

Grounded in a vision that embraces the



interconnectedness of all things, neopaganism should not be separated from activism. According to Margot Adler, the "Neo-Pagan movement" is based on "the values of spontaneity, nonauthoritarianism, anarchism, pluralism, polytheism, animism, sensuality, passion, a belief in the goodness of pleasure, in religious ecstasy, and in the goodness of this world."

The manner in which my ecological values are bolstered by an evolving mystical philosophy and active participation in spiritual practices has not blinded me to the political and economic factors that determine whether the world we create in this new century will be able to sustain a healthy life for all the earth's creatures. The potentially debilitating dichotomy between spiritual and social ecology is most problematic when either perspective exists in a vacuum. For me, the potential realization of social and economic transformation is supported by everyday rituals that honor my place as a human in the web of all life. Some of the most powerful collective actions for defending the planet and preserving community that I have participated in possess a distinctly spiritual component.

Although difficult to prove, I firmly contend that the use of spiritual techniques—including song, dance, art, poetry, sexuality, prayer, and ritual—in social movements produces a level of solidarity among the participants that cannot be achieved through the mere articulation of a rationalist economic agenda or social analysis. Furthermore, the kind of "deep" thinking and feeling of communion with the natural world that spiritual ecology encourages can effectively dissolve the crippling philosophical dualities between mind and body or humanity and nature that feed and provide justification for the political and economic domination of the natural world perpetuated by industrial capitalism. Because social ecology, like the Western intellectual tradition that spawned it, tends to privilege analysis over experience and thought over feeling, it can

learn from a spiritual ecology that honors our perceptual awe at the mysteries of the infinite universe. For spiritual ecology to work within a larger movement that includes the goals of political transformation promoted by social ecologists, it must be by principle inclusive, non-dogmatic, and anti-authoritarian. It can be argued that people who have been swayed by

the transformative power of a spiritual experience are particularly susceptible to unethical adherence to the manipulative tactics of a leader or guru. Thus, spiritual ecology without a critique of power and authority is potentially dangerous.

#### Going wild

Radical spiritual ecology is the opposite of domestication. The conver-

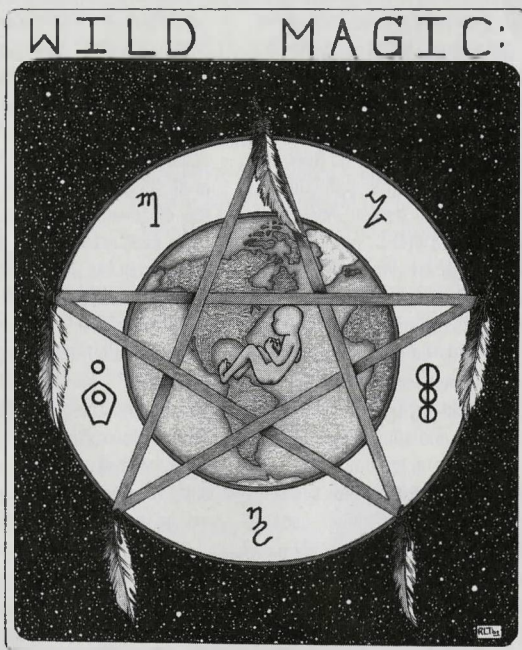
gence of internal wildness and expansive wildness begins with the recognition of how all life forms have been domesticated by the logic of repression inherent in the production-consumption grid of contemporary capitalism; resistance to this domestication can be a form of "going wild." Additionally, the small slices of land that remain relatively wild—remote forests, streams, mountains, and meadows—offer a tentative glimpse of what the entire world once looked like and constitute a hopeful reminder that industrialism has not yet succeeded in destroying everything beautiful and green. Furthermore, human "wildness" emerges within artistic endeavors, erotic relationships, and the gathering of wild plants along with celebrations and rituals that honor seasonal cycles, plantings, harvests, and full moons. Yet, after centuries of indoctrination in the alienated ethics of political and economic domination, a return of human communities to the primal possibilities of genuinely liberatory and gently ecological living may appear at best unrealistic and at worst ridiculously romantic. Nonetheless, numerous individuals, families, collectives, and tribes participate daily in the resurgence of wild living through the collective defense and preservation of wilderness and the personal or communal practice of cultivating wildness in a wholly spiritual, intellectual, sexual, political, and poetic manner.

While the wild prosperity of the woods and the fields opposes the kind of packaged convenience we usually associate with wealth, conscious eco-mystics can base rural renewal on abundance and sensitivity not austerity and scarcity. An ethical rejection of ecologically harmful practices does not translate into the wholesale sacrifice of simple pleasure and shared prodigality. The earth's fluid fertility and the tribal interdependence of various life-forms joyfully infect the pioneer patient enough to learn feral yet cooperative rhythms. Thus, the truly radical response to the diabolic decimation of the planet is neither materially ascetic or socially anorexic but rather creatively dynamic as we build what David Watson calls "the real adventure of living, of singing, of dreaming," employing a "different language, spangled with eternity" to create a "festival of the oppressed capable of bursting its limits and calling a new culture into being."

#### Ritual and everyday life

My experience of spiritual ecology as a founder of the Wild Earthy Neopagan Anarchist Polysexuals (WE NAP) has not been particularly "religious" in any traditional sense of the word. We share no guiding doctrine or dogma; some of our members or friends are not particularly "spiritual" at all, or they practice a sort of "mystic atheism." While I have organized or participated in explicitly neopagan rituals on the "high" holidays of Beltane (Mayday) and Samhain (Halloween), Lamas and Brigid's Day, along with winter and summer solstices, fall and spring equinoxes, and full moons, these practices deviate from orthodox paganism, draw from a variety of traditions, and possess a unique character indigenous to our own collective experience. Rather than recognize "ritual" as something separate and discrete from the rest of everyday experience, I try to imbue everything I do from washing dishes to writing for 'zines to harvesting blackberries to making love to cooking dinner to emptying the compost with a sense of ritual. Writing about the spiritual practices at an early 1970s commune in Oregon, Elaine Sundancer explains, "The energy that vibrates among us is the thing that matters, not the particular form it takes." If that "energy" encourages personal growth, communal responsibility, and respect for the land, it can be an integral part of (re)creating an environmentally stable and politically liberated culture that coexists with and celebrates the beauty of the wild earth.

When I discuss the philosophical consciousness of spiritual ecology (and its overlapping solidarity with neoprimitivism), I argue that a radical reorientation of ethical values supports resistance to megatechnic industrial civilization and its monotheistic hierarchical religions. By moving from a critique and protest of the





# GO GUERRILLA!

toxic status quo to envisioning the creation of viable green alternatives, I believe the ecological basis of my spiritual path seeks solutions to contemporary crises on theoretical, spiritual, and practical levels. Because the prevalent consensus of both industrial capitalism and dualistic theology posits humanity's domination over rather than communion with the natural world, the dream of a healthy, wild planet can never be fully achieved without a complete break from the exploitive practices fostered by these ascendant belief systems. By refusing to confine my arguments to an ideological absolutism, I can accept technological gains that do not harm the earth and consider an anticapitalist economic view and a libertarian social politics alongside a shift in consciousness. This can further an inclusive, non-dogmatic approach to radical ecology.

In my ecological mysticism, I seek not the mystification of reality in the authoritarian murkiness of religion but instead the intensification of joy and wonder through the immanent majesty found on mother earth. ★

Author's note: Many of the ideas in this essay have been excerpted from "Wild Earth," a chapter from my book *Utopian Prospects, Communal Projects*, to be published sometime in 2002 by Autonomedia. WE NAP publishes a quarterly zine called *Black Sun* (sample copies are \$3 and 1-year subscriptions are \$12, available by writing to PO Box 6, Liberty, TN 37095)

For further reading, please consult:

Adler, Margot. *Drawing Down the Moon: Witches, Druids, Goddess-Worshippers, and Other Pagans in*

*America Today*. New York: Viking, 1979.

Mercahnt, Carolyn. *Radical Ecology: The Search for a Livable World*. New York: Routledge, 1992.

Morris, Glenn. "For the next Seven Generations: Indigenous Americans and Communalism." *Communities Directory: A Guide to Cooperative Living*. Langley: Fellowship for Intentional Community, 1995. 158-64.

Niman, Michael I. *People of the Rainbow: A Nomadic Utopia*. Knoxville: U of Tennessee P, 1997.

All books by Gary Snyder

All books by Starhawk

Sundancer, Elaine. *Celery Wine: Story of a Country Commune*. Yellow Springs: Communitiy, 1973.

Watson, David. *Against the Megamachine: Essays on Empire and Its Enemies*. New York: Autonomedia, 1998.

Ever feel like activism is too dry and tiresome? Like you'll expire completely if forced through another year of insipid teach-ins and panel discussions? Enter Go Guerrilla, a loosely organized, umbrella collective that started out of Buffalo, New York. Members take their individual passions — whether that is painting, acting, cooking, dancing, writing or making films — and weave those passions into a larger form that examines our social and political environment. Go Guerrilla states their goal is not to save the world but to have fun while trying.

Within a year of its inception, Go Guerrilla organized 15 multimedia events, published a magazine, made t-shirts and stickers, hosted art and music shows, traveled to D.C. and Philadelphia, held meetings/idea art jams, staged protests, and formed the Buffalo Critical Mass.

But Go Guerrilla is not just a collective limited to Buffalo, New York. Go Guerrilla is a feeling, an urgency, an action verb. To Go Guerrilla means to transform your political cause into a spectacle that is visible and appealing, silly and spontaneous, accessible and inviting.

At the core of the Go Guerrilla philosophy is empowerment through self-expression. Locate your creative impulse and use it to amplify your voice. Layer that voice with other loud and divergent voices and the result is more powerful, colorful and, ultimately, effective. These voices come from students, wage slaves and common citizens who decided to rise up against the monotonous cycle of working to consume and consuming to work. Multimedia events and actions are designed to bring people together to explore and question this mechanization of life. Through this process, people realize their ability to increase their options and to understand their capabilities, both of which can lead to social change.

Besides organizing politically charged multimedia events, Go Guerrilla affiliates are also culture jammers who engage in creative displays of media subversion. Last year, a handful of Buffalo folks staged the impressive Rust Belt Hoax during which a small group of suit-wearing protesters paraded in front of an independent bookstore carrying signs that read "The Organization of Corporations Against Cooperation" and "Corporate America Still Rules." The protesters argued there was a cooperative bias against big business and corporate chains would bring "jobs galore" to the area. All three TV stations and the print media ate it up, covering the mock protest on the nightly news cast without checking any facts. Brian Lampkin, the architect of the hoax and owner of the bookstore, came clean the next day, a victor on two fronts: highlighting media negligence and generating dialogue about the potential of corporate chains infiltrating an area of Buffalo that remains unscathed by Starbucks and The Gap.

The New York-based Surveillance Camera Players are another group exhibiting Go Guerrilla tendencies. The SCP are a guerrilla theater collective that performs short skits in front of sur-

veillance cameras. They speak through messages printed on poster-board that question not only the surveillants but the unwitting spectators. "You are being watched for your own safety" reads one of the signs. The SCPs believe that surveillance cameras are more than just an invasion of privacy, but the prejudicial products of imperfect capitalism. In an article written by the SCPs' Billy Bored, issues of transparency and opacity are explored in depth. Bored debunks the myth of reciprocal transparency (society benefits from the safety transparency provides) and the inherent goodness in all things light/transparent, badness in all things dark/opaque. He covers the hypocrisy of governments imposing transparency on trade partners while keeping trade negotiations secret from the public and Bored talks at length about how society has been convinced to voluntarily make themselves more transparent, evidenced through the sweeping addiction to reality-based TV and the media-made desire that fame is everything. As stadiums install state-of-the-art face recognition devices and companies track Internet surfing, the SCPs ask us to consider the price of transparency; they maintain it will be the mass destruction of social life.

A third Go Guerrilla-like provocateur is Chris Wilcha, a filmmaker, wage slave and member of rtmark.com, a Web-based corporate jamming collective. Wilcha received several awards and international attention from his 1999 film "The Target Shoots First," a documentary chronicling the uncertain path from college to corporation. The film critiques education, work, corporations, pop culture and punk rock. Instead of merely swallowing the daily dose of wage slavery at Columbia House Records, Wilcha armed himself with a camcorder to document and study the anatomy of office parties, strategy meetings and CEOs. Go Guerrilla members praise "The Target Shoots First" as a fine work of irony, humor and humanism. In a Go Guerrilla interview, Wilcha reveals he is not ashamed of or depressed about working in the corporate world. Instead, he feels fated to make many works about work.

To date, the Go Guerrilla collective has put out two magazines and a video which showcase those directly involved in the Buffalo group and others — like the Surveillance Camera Players and Chris Wilcha — who independently observe guerrilla-leaning philosophies. Both magazines (Vol. 1, Winter 2000 and Vol. 2, Winter 2001) provide diverse and well-written content (interviews, articles, essays and reviews). The video does well to expose Go Guerrilla in action; however, poor sound, recording and editing make it a little tedious to watch. If you can get past that, the video serves to inspire and promote the idea that no matter where we are or what our talents may be, we can all Go Guerrilla! For copies of the magazine send a couple of dollars and a stamp to P.O. Box 995, Buffalo, NY 14213. The video, *Go Guerrilla in Your Living Room*, is \$10. You can also email [goguerrilla@disinfo.net](mailto:goguerrilla@disinfo.net).

—Catherine Komp



# In Search of Jesus

## The American Passion Play • Karen Switzer

My plan, at one time, was to travel across the country attending outdoor plays based on the life of Jesus Christ.

To answer your question right off: no, I am not a Christian. In fact, I don't think I've ever been one. Although I can remember believing in God in elementary school, I think that by the time I even comprehended what "Jesus the Son of God died for your sins" meant, I had already become an atheist. And that was at age eleven.

All this in mind, you may be wondering why I would want to travel around the country watching outdoor Christian drama. You can thank the Ohio Tourism Board for sending me my first passion play brochure over a year ago and a Midwestern friend of mine for coming up with the idea for a cross-country trip.

While planning a bike trip across Ohio last year, I received a bundle of brochures from the Ohio Tourism Board and discovered that the Living Word Passion Play just outside Cambridge, Ohio fell right on my route. The gory photograph in the brochure of a reenactment of the Crucifixion was the selling point, so as I biked 200 miles across the Buckeye State last summer, I made it a point to stay the night in Cambridge and see the play.

The woman introducing the play that evening made the announcement that this play was one of only eight outdoor passion plays currently in production in the United States. That night, after the show, I called my Ohioan friend to tell him all this.

"Eight plays?" he said, "Oh, we gotta see the other seven!" We spent the next few months, in our separate states, conspiring to cross the continent together, touring Jesus plays. That was a year ago, though. Situations change, and it seems unlikely that the grandiose cross-country passion play tour will happen any time soon, at least by us. So, I'll document here the two plays I did manage to see — keep in mind that this is observation from without, told from someone on the far periphery of Christian culture.

### Part I: The Living Word Passion Play, Cambridge, Ohio

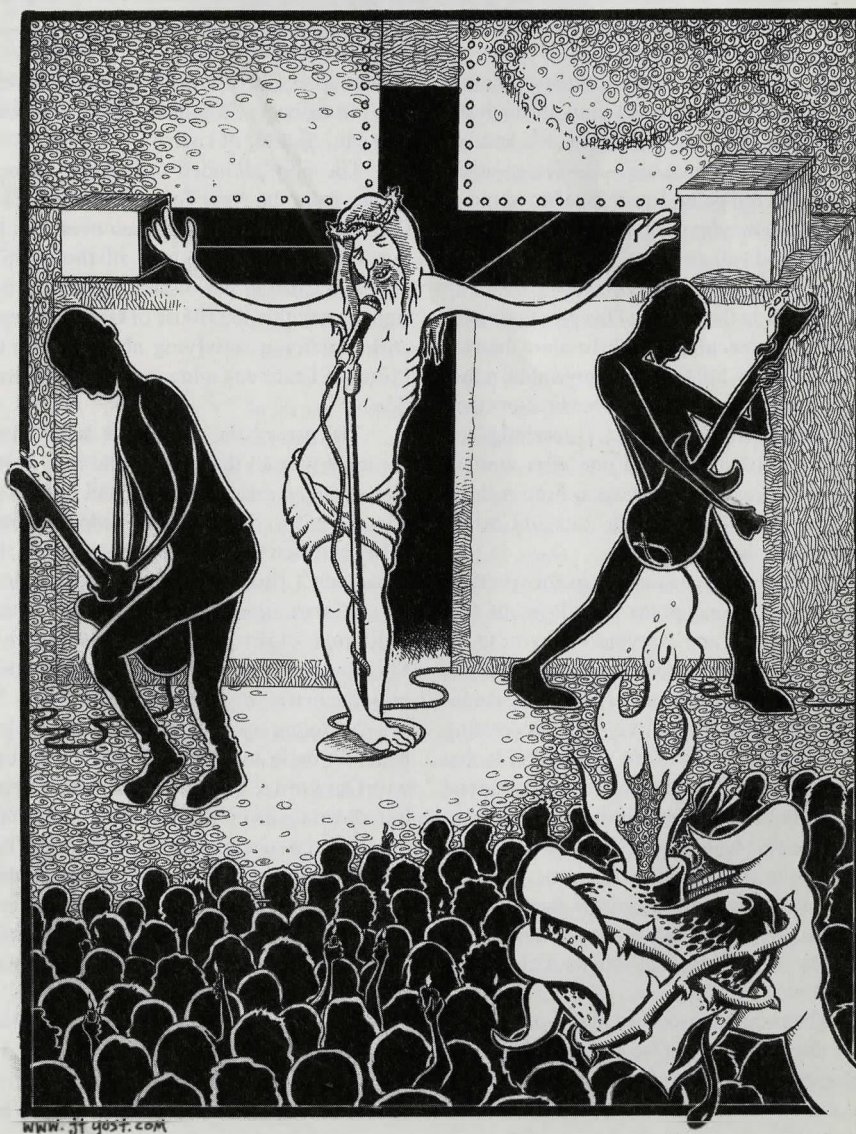
As I mentioned, I was biking across Ohio when I visited this particular play. Specifically, I had packed all my supplies into a milkcrate, strapped it to the back of someone's old, rusty 10-speed, and biked southeast from Bowling Green to Barnesville. I had taken mostly small,

rural highways, alone in a foreign landscape (to a native Californian, "the middle of Ohio" may just as well be "in another country"). I sprang for a motel room in Cambridge that day and set out on the county road to the site of the play. Oh and I discovered that the advertised "beautiful, rural setting" more or less translated (native Californian or not) into "in the middle of nowhere."

The setting was nice enough, surrounded by trees in a little valley. The amphitheater seated about a thousand, and I'd say there were a few hundred in attendance the evening I went. My advance ticket purchase secured me a space in the front row, heretically incognito, in front of a group of ladies who had traveled

all the way from New Jersey for the play and a man from Cambridge who attends the play every weekend. A few youth groups showed up, giggling and slyly checking each other out. I had been biking alone for days but couldn't properly socialize. I sketched the entire set instead.

Though technically a passion play covers the events of Jesus's life from Last Supper through the Crucifixion, the plays I researched seem to include much of Jesus's adult life and span through the Resurrection and Ascension (how could you not?!). One goal is to simply teach the life of Jesus through drama, but the main idea is that the audience really sees how *excruciatingly* Christ suffered in his last days,



www.jfghost.com

CULTURE

nov/dec 01 clamor 31



	sets	costumes	acting	the Crucifixion	the Resurrection	the Ascension	value	dates
<b>The Living Word Outdoor Drama</b> 6010 College Hill Rd. Cambridge OH 43725 (740) 439-2761 <a href="http://www.livingworddrama.com">www.livingworddrama.com</a>	+	+	+	+	+	+	\$12. (2 bucks off if you buy ahead of time)	mid-June to late Sept. Th-Sat. (Sat. only in Sept.)
<b>The Life of Christ Passion Play</b> 329 Bethel Church Rd. Townsend TN 37882 (865) 448-9080 <a href="http://www.1-search-engine.com/jesus-drama.htm">www.1-search-engine.com/jesus-drama.htm</a>	+	+	+	+	+	+	\$20!! (2 bucks off if you buy ahead of time)	mid-April to late Oct. F&S: April, May, Sept. Oct. Tu-Sun: June July Aug.

+++++ = Hallelujah!  
 ++++ =  
 +++ =  
 ++ =  
 + = get thee behind me!

giving insight into the Scriptures by acting them out. It is one thing to plow through the mire that is the New Testament. It's another thing entirely — trust me — to see an actor, spattered in red paint, squirt fake blood out of his hands as they're seemingly driven through with railroad spikes.

The Living Word play began its story with the Sermon on the Mount. This production focused on the teachings of Christ more than his miracles. It's Christ-as-nice-guy-rabbi rather than Christ-as-holy-wizard. The directors took all the best soundbites of Christ's teachings and the actor rattled them off one after another while robed extras stared up at him, making the experience kind of like a "Best of Christ's One-Liners, Volume One."

Actually, the costumes in this production were a strong point. The Romans had flashy uniforms, and everyone else wore tasteful, pastel-colored robes. The Prince of Light, of course, wore white, and Judas wore something dark and distinctive. One interesting policy of the Living Word production is that once you have seen the play, you can attend any future date and if you bring your own sandals, you will be loaned a robe and will be an extra in the performance. The producers bill this as a marvelous way to get more deeply involved with the story of Jesus, and entire families — children and infants included — participate.

The props and scenery in this production were also impressive. One highlight was when a Roman centurion rode a chariot across the set and up the hill leading out of the amphi-

theater. Also, Christ actually rode into "Jerusalem" on the back of a donkey. The extras waved real palm fronds, of course.

The play included one of my favorite scenes from the New Testament, the "den of thieves" scene, in which Jesus overturns the currency exchange tables in the temple. Granted, Christ's not dissing capitalism outright, just within the House of God, but there's still something satisfying about seeing the Prince of Peace engaging in property destruction.

The part of the drama that annoyed me the most was all that stuff while he's in Roman custody, resigned to his fate. Long periods of time were spent with people (namely Pilate and Herod) trying to get him to talk, but he wouldn't. Even in my favorite passion play, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, Jesus comes off as a delirious eight-year old in a tantrum. Flogging's a bummer for sure, but there must be some better way to dramatize it.

Suffering always gets worse before it gets better in these matters, and such is the case with Our Lord & Savior. The Romans stripped him down to his underpants and roughed him up. Here the special effects expert at the Living Word was quite clever. When the soldiers turn the flogged Jesus around for the audience to see the physical manifestation of his suffering, they somehow fasten on him a false back made of torn-up, "blood"-stained fabric.

The suffering continued still more. Sentenced to death by his own people, Jesus is forced to drag an actual wooden cross across the set and up the hill leading out of the am-

phitheater. The crucifixion itself was performed atop the hill, about 100 feet from my front-row seat. By this time, the sun had pretty much set. I was disappointed that the crucifixion was so far away, although looking back, I can appreciate the dramatic factor and the special effects concerns.

The crucifixion scene was alright, with fake thunder and lightning. This was the stuff I had come for — disrespectful or not, I had come in search of kitsch. Here, the Resurrection scene was straightforward — a clean and rested Jesus mysteriously leaves his tomb and hangs out with his posse for a last-minute pep talk. This was a touching scene because this actor's particular depiction of Jesus emphasized his friendliness, and the scene after the Resurrection is when Jesus's virtues as a friend to his apostles are most notable. Also, the suffering is over at this point. Everyone breathes a sigh of relief; all Jesus has to do now is float into Heaven, and that's the easy part.

Well, it's an easy thing for the Son of God to do, but not so easy for a mortal actor *playing* the Son of God. I had been expecting them to pull off something spectacular with wires and pulleys lifting the Savior into his Father's Kingdom. I was rather disappointed when all they did was have Jesus kneel down on a rock with all his apostles standing around him, and then when he said his final goodbyes and pointed his hand toward the sky, he slowly stood up while the apostles squatted down. A low-tech dramatic solution I guess, but it still seemed like kind of a rip-off to me.

At the close of the performance, the



woman who introduced the play informed the audience that ministers would be waiting by the cross to talk to anyone who needed prayer. I, however, needed to bike that tiny (and now pitch-black) road back into town. What had been a quaint two-lane road in that early summer evening turned into a perilous path after sunset. As I walked my bike out of the parking lot and down the steep gravel driveway, I stuck my thumb out hitchhiker-style and called out to everyone who drove by with a window rolled down, "Can I get a ride just back into town?" Dozens of cars, trucks, and vans (some with bike racks even) passed me on the way. Some people averted their eyes; some stared as they went by. So much for Christian charity. I braved the dark, shoulderless road back into Cambridge. Almost as if by miracle, I made it.

## Part II: The Life of Christ Passion Play, Townsend, Tennessee

The play I saw this spring in Tennessee was also at a site down a winding country road and come to think of it, I biked there too. My friend since pre-school now lives in Knoxville, and nearby, nestled in the Great Smoky Mountains, is a passion play I had found through my research on the subject. So, I spent my last night in Tennessee (after having sweated through the worst hangover of my life, ironically enough) taking a nice country ride out to a "rural setting" and hanging out with a bunch of hardcore Christians. Talk about Daniel in the lion's den! At least I didn't have to worry about someone stealing my friend's bike.

This play had substantial merchandise: t-shirts ("a great conversation-starter" they said), booklets, and a video of a past performance. However, because the ticket price and the merch was pretty pricey, my budget only allowed me a ticket in and a "Jesus Saves" commemorative soda bottle at the concession stand. Yup, I was still on the hunt for kitsch.

As in Ohio, my advance ticket purchase gave me a front row seat, although in this amphitheater that could seat a thousand or more, only twenty people showed up. The emcee of the evening (who played both Pilate and Peter and was the son of the actor playing Jesus) was not dismayed by this low turn-out. In fact, he said it would give us all an opportunity to get to know each other better and began asking us all questions. Great, I thought, not exactly the anonymity I was looking for. He was curious as to what denominations the audience represented; he asked for a show of hands as he read the laundry list of Christian denominations, beginning with his own, the Baptists, then Pentecostal, then in descending order until finally reaching Catholics. I was concerned about being singled out as the representative of the "none of the above" club, but nobody said anything. Then the young man asked everyone to introduce themselves and say where they're from. Since I hailed from far-off California, a group "Ooooh!" washed over the audience like a wave over sand. "Oh, the Lord brought you a long way to us, didn't he?" he asked rhetorically. I then tried to explain to the group my intentions to travel across the country watching passion plays, without letting on that I was quite honestly fetishizing Midwestern/Southern Bible plays. In essence, I was doing cultural research, but no one ever likes their culture documented by an outsider, and rightly so. I don't remember how I ended up wording it, but the emcee smiled and asked, "You're lost out here, aren't you?" I had just spent a week in suburban Tennessee, way out of my element, so I spoke truthfully when I answered, "Yeah, you could say I'm pretty lost." We shared some passion play information and then he mercifully moved on to the next person, (I'm not kidding) his Uncle Billy-Bob. ★

# Peaches, meet Mystic



"There's Only One Peach With the Hole In the Middle" meets "Girlfriend Sistasgirl, You a Precious Queen In a Twisted World"



Lying in bed looking at the tight pink mini-shorts barely concealing Peaches' crotch, I hear the opening beats of the first song "Fuck the Pain Away." Suddenly, I want to be 21 again, drunk and grinding in a queer club with some hot dyke. Then the opening lyrics hit me with a catchy eroticism, "sucking on my titties like you wanted me, callin' me." Little did I know that for the next month the same lyrics would be circling continually in my head overriding all the elevator musics of the world and causing some embarrassment when I'd repeat them out loud in public.

Peaches is "only Double AA, but thinking Triple X" and not too subtle with the club dance beats and sexual lyrics. Somehow she pushes it further than any Madonna could ever conceive and forces the sex goddess within to emerge. Suddenly I'm the cocky one singing along, "motherfuckers want to get with me, lay with me, love with me, alright." This

album is suggested for play at your next party when people are on alcoholic drink #3. I have the feeling it will definitely make things a little more raunchy and perhaps over the top. And I realize it's probably not appropriate to be playing her CD in my office at the university. So, I save Peaches first album, "The Teaches of Peaches" for those after-hours work nights. But maybe I should ask, "Who's gonna motherfuckin' stop me?"\* (all above quotes are lyrics of Peaches).

If your game is to be less obvious and you want some of the same effects of Peaches' eroticism; I suggest the less obvious lyrical rhymes of Mystic's new album "Cuts for luck and scars for freedom" which is now out on Good Vibe Recording. You might have heard Mystic's "The Life" on *Blu Magazine's* Issue No. 12 CD compilation. She weaves tough girl raps with beautiful harmonies and pushes political lyrics with tight beats and lyrical flows accessible to most audiences.

Mystic challenges the consumerist images perpetuated through mainstream rap music in "Ghetto Birds" and asks if the people are ready for battle, "you got mountain of things (get money), they not high enough to save you when the troops come runnin', n' your shiny new hummer that ain't strong enough to withstand the bombs they gon drop on us." She uses her lyrics to talk about domestic violence, drugs on the street, violence, the police, and her own life story.

"It's a Monday finally found the perfect beat to speak my peace on how I came to be, the way I was raised, how I was born, why I smile so sad and have eyes of the storm; time passed to 1973 and you begged my mom to create me, first she said no but she loved you too much, 1974 had a child to touch but you was into other things that rip life's seams, liquor, drugs, other women, destroyin' dreams, but you know how women be, she tried to hold on for the sake of y'all love and y'all beautiful bond."

Peaches and Mystic are both amazing in their own ways. Peaches has the club beats and flippant sexy lyrics, while Mystic has the hip-hop beat with sexy lyrics on one song and sad real stories of life on the next. I'll end this article with a battle of the sexy lyrical compositions.

Peaches says, "you like it when I like you less, no caress, just undress. You like it when we play hardcore, the party war, then you get pussy galore. You like it when I turn your back, give you no slack, the slap attack. You like it when we leave parts on when we're getting it on. And on and on and on."

Then Mystic rhymes her b-girl ballad, "I admit I was nervous cuz things get changed, something about my lifestyle makes love so strange, so many angles and tangled components, everybody wanna touch just for the moment, but you put a new hue in my blue, added a perspective in my concrete views, 'bout tossin' caution into the breeze, followin' emotion like streams to the seas, top priority believe you me, like love how you feel? You alright? Watchu need? It's more than your lips on the nap of my neck, or your hands on my breast with your leg on my thigh, or the look in your eyes as you slide inside, it's the way you make me wanna live instead of die."

Peaches, *The Teaches of Peaches*, 2000, Kitty-yo, [www.kitty-yo.de](http://www.kitty-yo.de)

Mystic, *Cuts for Luck and Scars for Freedom*, 2001, Goodvibe Recordings, [www.goodvibemusic.com](http://www.goodvibemusic.com)

-Ailecia Ruscini

CULTURE



# HELL BENT & KNIFE OR DEATH HOOK UP FOR THE BEST DOUBLE TEAM IN PUNK ROCK!

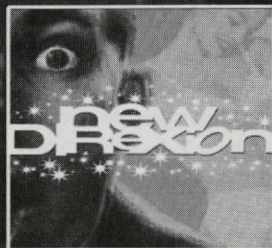


## NEW RELEASES FROM HELL BENT RECORDS - OUT NOW



The Self Titled  
Debut Album From:

**new  
DIREXION**



"NEW JERSEY'S FINEST POP PUNK ON  
TOUR ALL SUMMER!"

PUNKS NEW SOUNDTRACK FOR BROKEN HEARTS  
AND BROKEN BOTTLES

**JEDI FIVE**  
relentless



"ON TOUR THIS SUMMER WITH AMERICAN STEEL"



HELL BENT RECORDS - PO BOX 1529 - POINT PLEASANT BEACH - NJ - 08742 - USA

FOR JEDI FIVE, NEW DIREXION, AND MORE MP3'S VISIT [WWW.HELLBENTRECORDS.COM](http://WWW.HELLBENTRECORDS.COM)  
BOTH JEDI FIVE AND NEW DIREXION CD'S AVAILABLE FOR \$12PPD FROM HELL BENT  
RECORDS. STILL AVAILABLE: KILL YOUR IDOLS/FULL SPEED AHEAD SPLIT CDSP.  
COMING SOON: THE CRACK ROCK STEADY 7(BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE LEFTOVER CRACK  
CORPORATION)/F-MINUS(HELL CAT RECORDS) SPLIT OUT SOON!!!!

[www.hellbentrecords.com](http://www.hellbentrecords.com)  
[hell666bent@aol.com](mailto:hell666bent@aol.com)

**VISION**  
JUST SHORT OF LIVING

TAKING PRE-ORDERS NOW!!

**OUT THIS FALL**

THIS HASN'T BEEN AVAILABLE SINCE 1992!!!

CRUCIAL HARDCORE/METAL  
CROSSOVER CD!!!

TO ORDER:

EMAIL  
[KNIFEORDEATH@IRONMAIDEN.COM](mailto:KNIFEORDEATH@IRONMAIDEN.COM)

VISIT  
[WWW.KNIFEORDEATHRECORDS.COM](http://WWW.KNIFEORDEATHRECORDS.COM)

CD IS \$10 PPD IN THE U.S. \$13 ANYWHERE ELSE.  
CASH OR MONEY ORDER/PAYPAL



KNIFE OR DEATH RECORDS  
805 ADELE ST. - NORTHFIELD, NJ - 08225



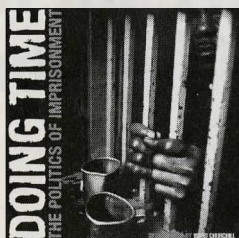
## 1. analysis

*"We don't have to worry about whether we will have a political police either in the United States or Canada. We've had them for a long time ... It's not a question of how to prevent it, it's a question of how to deal with it since it is an existent reality."* -- Ward Churchill, from the CD.

The U.S. government has used all means to subvert and neutralize movements for social change. This lecture focuses on the FBI's counter intelligence programs, their use in undermining dissent and the criminal justice system's role as an agent of social control.

Ward Churchill is co-director of the **American Indian Movement** of Colorado, Vice Chairperson of the **American Anti-Defamation Council**, and a National Spokesperson for the **Leonard Peltier Defense Committee**.

**WARD CHURCHILL**  
**'DOING TIME:**  
**THE POLITICS OF**  
**IMPRISONMENT'**  
G7020 CD  
**OUT NOW!**



## 2. action

This album takes a passionate, inspirational speech from two OCAP anti-poverty activists (Sean Brandt & Sue Collis) and edits it into 11 spoken word pieces with radical beats & strings by "Bakunin's Bum" -- 1 Speed Bike (from **godspeed you black emperor!** & **exhaust**) and Norman Nawrocki (from **Rhythm Activism & Da Zoque!**). The result: a powerful, 69 minute mix of music & ideas about how to step up local resistance to the effects of globalized misery.

The words from the OCAP activists offer a fresh perspective on how to combat growing poverty in the face of abundance; about how to confront & challenge an insensitive, uncaring, police-dependent, State apparatus; and about how to work with others, in community organizations, using "direct action" approaches, uncompromisingly, to "fight to win".

**BAKUNIN'S BUM**  
**'FIGHT TO WIN!'**

G7021 CD

**OUT OCTOBER 9TH**  
**A Benefit for the Ontario**  
**Coalition Against Poverty**



CDs are \$12 ppd. Write to **G7 Welcoming Committee Records** | P.O. Box 27006, C - 360 Main Street | Winnipeg, MB | R3C 4T3 | Canada  
Full catalogue of radical music and spoken word and secure online ordering at <http://www.g7welcomingcommittee.com>

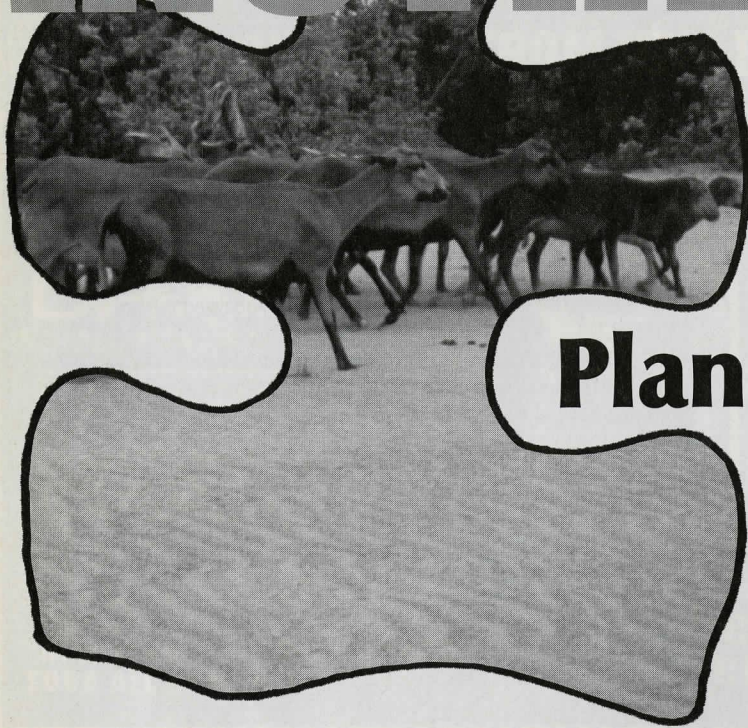


**www.makeoutclub.com**  
shyness is nice, but don't let it stop you.

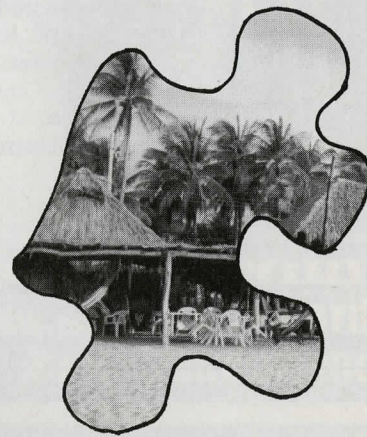
- <3 : Thousands of users and growing ...
- <3 : Join yourself ! Its free !
- <3 : Meet friends, form a band, talk music !
- <3 : The only place like it.... indierock online.
- <3 : Tons of CD's and Vinyl
- <3 : T-shirts, zines, videos
- <3 : Sell your music here on consignment!
- <3 : Orders shipped within 24 hours!



# ANOTHER PIECE



## Plan Puebla Panama:



The inhabitants of San Antonio Tutla haven't heard much about the World Bank. In their small town, made up of thatch and mud huts, two basketball courts and a smattering of rectangular concrete structures nestled in the tropical mountains of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in Oaxaca, Mexico, life goes on much as it has for decades, even centuries. The residents of San Antonio, indigenous Mixe Indians, make their living off farming oranges, corn and other crops in the wet, hilly area. Chickens and turkeys meander freely between homes and young children ride bareback on horses along the dirt road through town. Though most of the residents are Catholic, they still practice original Mixe traditions.

Though terms like World Bank, NAFTA and, most recently, Plan Puebla Panama (PPP) are only mysterious, abstract terms to them, they are fully aware of the concrete effect that globalization and free trade have had on their lives. They note that oranges, corn and coffee prices are steadily dropping, and even so it is harder and harder for them to make sales because Mexicans can buy corn imported from Iowa more cheaply than corn grown right around the corner. The government assistance

program for farmers known as Procampo has not been a big help to them, members of the Council of Elders note, because men are required to pick up their checks in the city, spending a full workday and no small amount of money on transportation to the railroad town of Matias Romero — about a two-hour drive away over dirt roads. Once in town, one of the elders noted in Mixe, the men are tempted to spend their checks in bars.

The residents of Playa Cangrejo, an idyllic fishing village and local vacation spot on the Pacific coast not far from San Antonio, also have seen life changing because of globalization. Isaias "Chayon" Seferino Martinez used to make his living as a fisherman, going out in the morning and evening in a small boat with an outboard motor to catch fish in nets.

"He loves the sea," said his wife, Julia Fuentes Avendano, who runs Palapa El Chayon, one of a string of thatched roof restaurants that line the beach, serving residents of the area and nearby cities who come to eat fresh seafood and sleep in hammocks on the beautiful beach for short vacations. "He misses it."

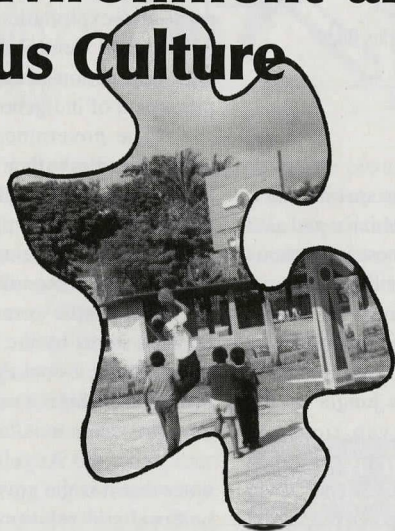
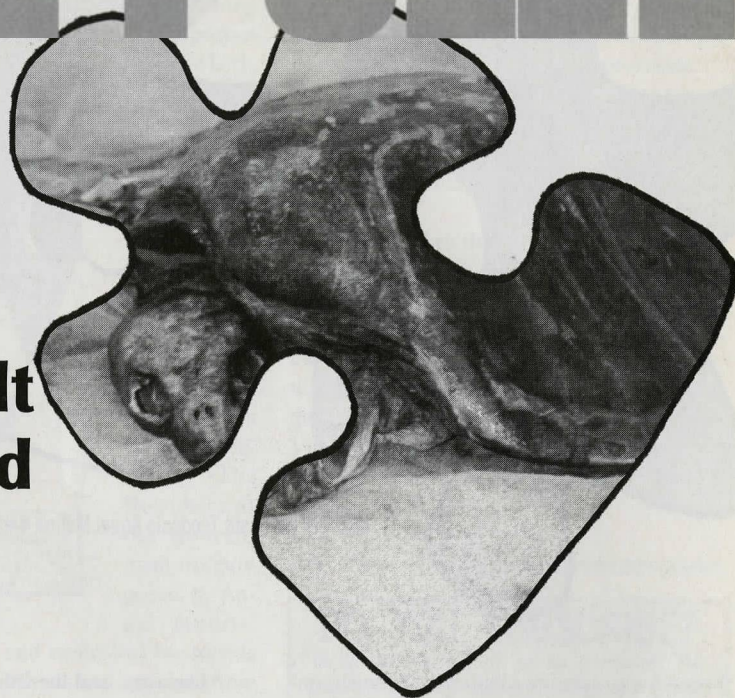
Fishing and the restaurant stopped bringing in enough money and now Martinez gets up at 5 a.m. every morning for a long taxi and bus ride to Juchitan where he works in an electronics store. He often stays overnight in Juchitan for days at a time while he's working there, or if he returns home it is not until 10 at night, only to leave at 5 a.m. again.

The area was devastated in Hurricane Paulina four years ago, Avendano said, and the government did nothing to help them rebuild. Tourists have been diverted to the better-known beaches of Huatulco further west, an area formerly populated by indigenous locals who were moved off their land to make way for a Cancun-like resort area. Local tourism has picked up recently at Playa Cangrejo, Avendano notes, but it is harder to feed the tourists because the fish have been getting smaller and smaller off the beach, possibly because of weather changes and also because of contamination from the Pemex oil refineries at Salina Cruz, a port city located about 20 miles away.

"This is an example of public spaces fighting to survive against privatization," said Carlos Beas, a leader of the indigenous rights



## Mexico's Latest Assault on the Environment and Indigenous Culture



by Kari Lydersen  
photos by Kari Lydersen & Allan Gomez

group UCIZONI. "They are being squeezed between Pemex on one side and the tourist industry on the other side."

Local environmentalists and fishermen say the refinery has had a definite negative effect on the coastline and the marine life in the area. Despite the fact that Oaxaca produces a huge percent of the country's oil, gasoline prices are high in the area, equivalent to prices in the U.S.

Pemex, Mexico's nationalized oil industry, was once heavily subsidized to keep gasoline prices low, but in the early 80's the government began to change its policy to make Pemex a profit industry and to do this it began selling concessions to foreign multinational oil companies to do exploration throughout Mexico.

"When they built the refinery, they said it would create jobs," Martinez said of the refinery which was built in 1975. "But it has created unemployment. You can't do agriculture in the area anymore because Pemex is diverting 90 percent of the (fresh) water. You can't fish because it is polluting the water. There used to be about 100 fishermen in our area, now there are only 30.

They are leaving for jobs in the north and in the U.S."

### The Man with the Plan

The increasing economic squeeze on indigenous and native people like the residents of Playa Cangrejo and San Antonio has been an ongoing story over the last few decades of Mexico's history as globalization and free trade have moved forward at a steady pace. However, the delicate rain forests, coastal regions and the indigenous populations of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec are at a critical juncture right now, hanging on a precipice of an unprecedented, sweeping free trade project that – if it goes through – could destroy countless ecological habitats and indigenous cultures forever.

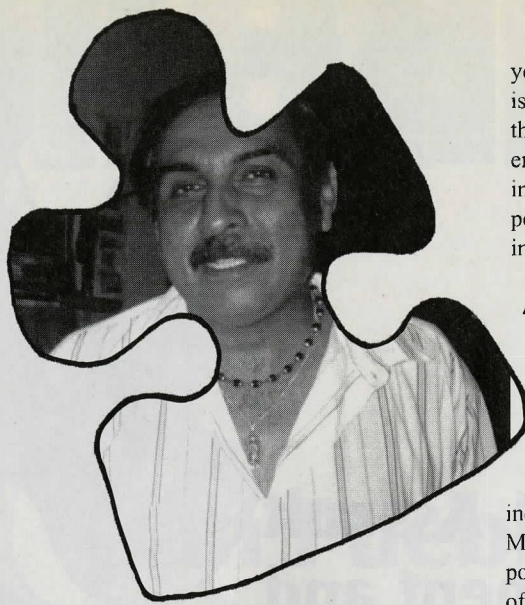
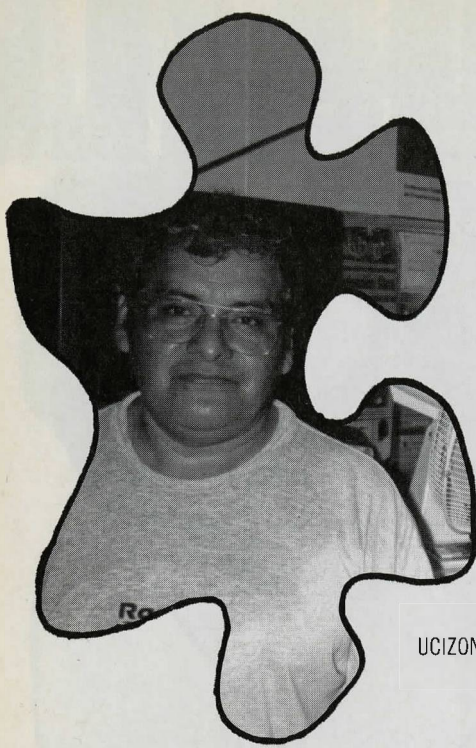
This project is the Plan Puebla Panama, a pet cause of President Vicente Fox which has been one of his main focuses since he took office in December. The PPP is a plan of tremendous scope that would basically create a dry canal for international trade through all of Central America and southern Mexico, ranging – as the name suggests – from Panama all

the way up to the state of Puebla in central Mexico and beyond. The canal would be lined with maquilas and mass-scale, industrial shrimp and eucalyptus farms, petrochemical operations and mineral excavation, exploiting the area's rich natural resources and the potential cheap labor available throughout Mexico's small towns and indigenous communities. The canal would provide immediate transport for eucalyptus lumber – a non-indigenous weed of a tree known for wiping out native ecosystems – and mass-produced shrimp and maquila goods. The shrimp farms would largely be cultivating non-native species of shrimp from the Philippines and other areas, potentially driving local shrimp fishermen out of business and infecting local populations with foreign bacteria.

### Ground Zero

While the PPP as Fox has dreamed it up encompasses much of Mexico and Central America, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is ground zero. The isthmus, the narrowest part of Mexico with the state of Oaxaca on the south side and Veracruz on the north side, has





UCIZONI Activists Teodosio Angel Molina and Carlos Beas

you're talking about, the project doesn't exist, but journalists from other countries tell us they'd posed as investors to meet with government officials and were given all sorts of information about the project. If this is supposed to be beneficial, why aren't they informing the population about what it is?"

### Another Piece in the Puzzle

The PPP is another piece in the puzzle that includes NAFTA, the FTAA (the in-the-works trade agreement that would essentially expand NAFTA to all of the Western Hemisphere) and the controversial indigenous rights law passed by Fox and the Mexican Congress this spring. All of these policies and plans basically accelerate the trend of land privatization and multinational investment and exploitation of land and labor in Mexico and Central America, and the attendant destruction of natural habitats and displacement of indigenous peoples.

"The government hasn't been giving people the titles to their land so that it will make it easier for them to take it away for the highways they are building," Flores said. "Communities are also being asked to donate some of their land, being told the highway will benefit them. People were thinking they could put up little stores by the highway and sell tortillas, walk their donkeys along the road. They don't realize this is a super-highway and they'll have no access to it."

Teodosio Angel Molina of UCIZONI notes that it is the government's longstanding paternalistic relationship with indigenous people that makes something like the PPP possible. By this he means, roughly, the government's process of doling out or taking away land and favors from indigenous communities on a whim, playing communities against each other and keeping them ultimately all dependent on the government for survival. A clear example of this is in Chimalapas, where territory disputes between indigenous groups have festered since the Spanish entered the area to cut cedar in the 1600s. Over the past 40 years, the government has continued to play people off each other in numerous territory conflicts between indigenous communities, and between indigenous people and mestizo cattle farmers, all complicated by an ongoing border dispute between Oaxaca and Chiapas.

### Divide and Conquer

As of now, much of the land in the PPP proposed area still belongs to indigenous people and is protected by Constitutional guarantees. The goal of the government is now to wrest this land from communal, indigenous hands and put it into the hands of individuals, who then can be forced or persuaded to sell to

been a trade route since before the Spanish conquest. The isthmus was a central part of the 1976-1982 Jose Lopez-Portillo administration's Alpha Omega plan for a trade corridor. While that plan never materialized, former president Ernesto Zedillo (of the PRI party) brought the idea back to life with his Megaproject plan for shrimp and eucalyptus plantations and a dry canal through the isthmus. While some of the road building, land acquisition and industrial farming projects outlined in the Megaproject did take place, for the most part it also stagnated, but many think that Fox's PPP, the latest incarnation of the dry canal idea, is close to becoming reality.

"Fox's PPP probably will be more successful in generating business interest in eight months than the PRI's Megaproject was in five years," said Wendy Call, a journalist working in Matias Romero on a fellowship from the Institute of Current World Affairs. "Fox has much more success with the World Bank and IMF than Zedillo did. He is being heralded as the man who will bring global capitalism to Mexico."

Call said that the main factors driving Fox's PPP include his determination to facilitate the success of the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA); pressure from the U.S. to decrease Mexican migration, which would be achieved by jobs created along the dry canal; and the overall consolidation of power over land and people in the south of Mexico, including the effect this would have on the Zapatistas in Chiapas. She noted that the plan includes related projects throughout Central America – specifically in Honduras, Guatemala and Nicaragua – largely designed for the benefit of Mexico.

Oaxaca – and the isthmus specifically – is one of the poorest states in Mexico and also the state with one of the highest indigenous populations. There are at least 16 indigenous groups in Oaxaca, including the Mixe, Mixteca, Zapotec and some groups of African descent. It is also one of the areas richest in biodiversity. The Chimalapas jungle on the isthmus is judged to be even richer in biodiversity and with more virgin forest than the famous Lacondon jungle in Chiapas. Over 70 percent of the people in Oaxaca live in extreme poverty, according to the organization CAMPO, and 30 percent of the total population is indigenous people with the vast majority of them being very poor.

While relatively few people in Mexico have heard of the PPP or know any details about it, it has become a hot topic in the international investment scene. Call noted that at the June 15 "Concertacion Tuxtla" summit meeting of Central American presidents and Fox in San Salvador, the Inter-American Development Bank announced its commitment to leading the search for funding for the project from the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, national banks, and private corporations and investors. She said that specific funding is slated to be announced in September.

Though the PPP is outlined in a 300-some page report on the Mexican government's Web page, the government has been relatively mum about the plan within the country.

"A lot of people don't have any idea what the PPP is," said Elba Flores Nunez of the Red de Derechos Humanos de Tepeyac (Tepeyac Human Rights Network). "State and federal government officials say we don't know what



the government or multinational corporations. Often the intermediate step in this process is to turn the land over to ejidos, collectively-run lands that are closer to individual control than the communal lands. The "indigenous rights" law passed in April, which drew widespread protest from indigenous people throughout the country, failed to provide any meaningful protections for this land. In fact, the national law is a particular setback to Oaxaca's state indigenous law, passed in 1995 after intense lobbying by indigenous rights groups, which provided more protections for indigenous people but can be superseded by the national law.

"The goal of the government is to create division among the communities so that the government can come in as the savior," said Cesar Morales Rodriguez of CAMPO.

While organizing resistance to the PPP has been a somewhat slow and difficult process because of lack of available information, transportation, communication barriers and pressing local conflicts, UCIZONI and other groups have been fostering a growing awareness of and movement against the plan. And right from the start, the resistance to the plan and to globalization as a whole has been met with extreme repression. UCIZONI members have received serious death threats and one was actually murdered near San Antonio Tutla.

"When the people defend their land, there is repression," said Sofia Robles of the indigenous group Servicios al Pueblo Mixe. "They are jailed and attacked. The government is trying to destroy their organizing structures and every day the communities are losing more and more territory."

The falling crop prices caused by NAFTA have also aided the government in their campaign of displacement as farmers who can no longer make a living on the land are forced to migrate to cities in Mexico and the U.S. looking for work.

### Death Knell of the Chimalapas

Of all the potentially devastating effects of the PPP, partial destruction of the Chimalapas rain forest and the indigenous communities that live there may be the most tragic and globally harmful. Angel noted that just one example of the likely attacks on the

forest would be the resumption of a World Bank project, introduced but derailed in the 1980s, to build a four-lane highway cutting through the jungle, and of course the project would open the jungle to sacking by the U.S., Canadian, Chilean and other lumber companies that are already invading the Lacondon and other areas.

The government has proposed creating a

protected biosphere in the Chimalapas, but this move could actually fit into their overall plan of privatization and displacement. The Biosphere as the government has proposed it, Angel reports,

would be planned and controlled by outside academics and officials without any input from local populations, and the sole focus would be on the preservation of flora and fauna, not indigenous rights or cultures. In this way, the reserve could actually serve as a tool to further displace indigenous people from the

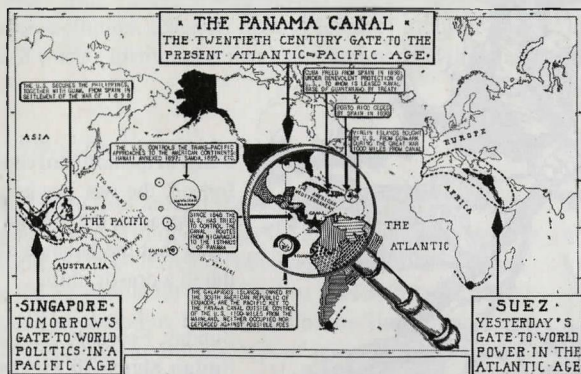
jungle. UCIZONI and other organizations have made a counter-proposal for a Campesino Reserve, which would protect indigenous people as well as plants and animals, and which would be managed by local communal processes.

But the government has refused to accept the Campesino Reserve plan, according to Angel, "because that would be one step toward autonomy, and that would set a dangerous precedent."

Beas places the blame for the PPP not only on Fox but on the whole global military industrial complex.

"This is part of a very aggressive process, the same process that gives us Plan Colombia, that gives us new U.S. military bases in Ecuador, that gives us bombing exercises in Vieques," he said. "We are up against a monster that is putting the very life of our planet in danger." ★

*Note: All quotes in this story were translated from Spanish.*



### DO YOU SUBSCRIBE?

Or do you buy CLAMOR on the newsstand? The best way to make sure your money goes directly toward keeping CLAMOR going is to subscribe.

\$18 gets you 30% off of the cover price and a whole year of independent media.

Subscribe online at  
[www.clamormagazine.org](http://www.clamormagazine.org)

or write to

PO Box 1225, Bowling Green, OH 43402

**For 7 years now, Blowfish has been the supplier of sexuality and sensuality products you can rely on.**

**We review the books, comix, videotapes, toys, lubes, safe-sex supplies, and everything else that we carry. We've tested it, we use it, we have opinions on it, and we'll tell you exactly what those opinions are.**

**If you are 18 years of age or older, we invite you to request our paper catalog or visit our extensive web site.**

### The Blowfish Catalog

**Good Products for Great Sex™**

**[www.blowfish.com](http://www.blowfish.com)**

**(800) 325-2569**

**We never, ever sell, rent or trade our mailing lists.**





# Oil and War



## Fragments of the Long Line from Combat to Car

by Hal Hixson

illustration by Andrew Wahl

In the heat of the city day, the long parade passes slowly. One by one, single file, these units are strung together by a unified motivation of determined destination. Rolling by in opposite directions, some follow north, others south. Although they do pass head-to-head, these long chains of pistons and gears are not opposed at all. In fact, they are in perfect unity. Contained in a vast, cohesive machine, churning and chugging and coughing and purring to the sound of the *drip drip*, the echo that rings across land and sea, desert and mountain. Out of the earth comes this dark, viscous substance – the fundamental liquid in a relentless drive toward a mythical progress.

Travelling and movement. Point A to point B, and back again. Single silhouettes patched against leather and vinyl. Molded glass and twisted steel. Unity toward progress, unity in individualism. Striving to reach happiness with hands clenched on a plastic wheel. Driving. The mind is bubble-headed, closed-eyed, isolationist.

**WASHINGTON, July 30, 2001** – In his first six months in office, President Bush has abandoned a treaty on fighting global warming, rejected protocols enforcing a ban on germ warfare, demanded amendments to an accord on illegal sales of small arms, threatened to skip an international conference on racism and vowed to withdraw from a landmark pact limiting ballistic missile defenses.

The reaction from Berlin to Beijing has been one of concern that an American president who walks away from so many treaties might be one who wants to walk away from the world – or, at the least, one who will demand that the world live by terms dictated by America alone (New York Times).

Time passes and words fall by the wayside. The parade continues to pass and the *drip, drip* reverberates toward a promised infinity. But in truth, this supply can hold no infinity. It is contained, finite, ending. As we walked, we joked about the end. The day when the last *drip* would fall, the last chug and then quiet. The last car in the last parade stops silent. Fallen by the wayside, like words, crumpled masses of metal. Radios dead, curved wire, batteries dead. A fuel that filled the world now drained to the last drizzle. Alas, this is a playful and dreary dream, a fantasy likely not to find a home within our life spans.

The civil war in Sudan is nearly two decades old. It has raged on, government against rebels, Muslim against non-Muslim, the north against the south, the Middle East against Africa, for this long. In the south of the country, the Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA) continues their fight against the Sudanese government army, which is

based in the northern capital of Kartoum. Indeed, the war has gone on for nearly two decades, but it is only in the last two years that the balance of power has endured a drastic shift.

Sunday, February 22, 1998

### Sudan Signs Oil Pipeline Agreement

Sudan has signed an agreement worth six-hundred-million dollars with four international companies to construct an oil pipeline. Sudanese television said the President, Umar al-Bashir, was present at the signing ceremony, which took place on Saturday. British, Chinese and Argentinean companies will supply equipment and help to lay the

pipeline, which will be one-thousand-six-hundred kilometers long and run from the Hegleg oil field in the west of the country to Port Sudan on the Red Sea. It's hoped that the pipeline will be completed by mid-1999 and will enable the export of a-hundred-and-fifty-thousand barrels of oil per day (BBC).

*drip, drip* = One-hundred-and-fifty-thousand barrels of oil per day = *drip, drip*. Myriad liquid fragments toward destruction and turmoil.

Thursday, 15 March, 2001

### Oil Linked to Sudan Abuses

Sudan began exporting oil in 1999, and relief workers say that since then it has fuelled Africa's longest-running civil war. The government had doubled its military budget since oil came on stream, the charity [Christian Aid] said, showing there was a direct correlation between oil revenue and the ability to wage war. It also says infrastructure designed for the oil industry is being used by government forces fighting in the area.

Mr. Curtis [Christian Aid's policy director] said oil companies from Malaysia, China, Canada and Sweden operated in Sudan. And he accused oil giants BP, Shell and ExxonMobil of indirect involvement through their investment in two subsidiaries of China's state oil company, PetroChina and Sinopec. However, the multinationals maintain that their funds are ring-fenced and can not be used for investment in Sudan (BBC).

Strong words, but rarely heard or considered in a land of cool technological comfort. Not much more than a faint and distant whisper from a dark and strange land – a sound that is easily lost in a climate filled with mechanical honks and electronic whirrs, techno-dings and cellular buzzes.

And so, the heat of the city reigns down, driving thousands of hands to turn thermostat dials, to dodge into the crisp, shadowy insides of home and automobile and office. Some spend days without accumulating more



than a few dozen breaths of true, unfiltered outside air. A continued seclusion into an environment of complete human fabrication.

Again...we joked of attempts to cool the world. Of ice-cold air pouring out of restaurant storefronts – huge window/doors agape to reveal diners enjoying the beauty of the day without the painful annoyance of the heat generated by the sun – finally, open air that is twenty degrees cooler than reality. And the painful disappointment and anger in the bitter realization that this is all just a vicious cycle. A crumbling environment feeding a drive toward behavior that will simply continue the crumble. More heat = more energy spent cooling = more heat. Engine, generator, pollution, exhaust, heat. Pieces of a puzzle that forms a picture of waste. Instruments that blare their parts in the great cacophony.

Human sweat. *drip, drip.* Human blood.

Screams and cries rose around the world on the day that Ogoni activist Ken Saro-Wiwa was murdered. By the mid-1990's, the struggle of the Ogoni people in the Delta region of Nigeria had boiled to a head. Saro-Wiwa had led his people for years against the environmental and economic devastation caused by the exploits of the Shell corporation and the Nigerian government. But his days of activism were called to an end in November of 1995, when he and eight other prominent Ogoni were executed by the Nigerian government (then led by Sani Abacha) on a fabricated murder charge.

Everything he did was measured against the end game of securing a better future for our people. He spent most of his working life campaigning for a fairer share of the US\$30 billion dollars of oil revenue that had been extracted from Ogoni since 1958, and protesting against the ecological damage wrought by the unchecked practices of the oil companies operating on our lands (BBC – Ken Wiwa – “Burying My Father”).

And then the end. Spheres of power and influence and money...and oil, the life's blood of the modern world. In the space

between bullets and gas tanks, a dollar floats down and rests. It has only moments to balance before it is whisked away through the avenues of the vast global economies that shape our existence. Of course, currency itself holds no inherent meaning – but it's symbolic presence is one of the heaviest and most powerful that we know. And the implications of its movements are certainly not innocuous. It holds great depth and meaning in its travels – in its ability to motivate or repress, to lift or crush. Dollars *drip, drip* into the ocean of wealth that turns the world.

Thursday, 3 May, 2001

#### Shell Posts Record Profits

The oil giant Royal Dutch/Shell has reported a 23% rise in net profit to \$3.86bn (£2.69bn) for the first three months of 2001 (BBC).

Hold now...back to the city and the parade. Cars move along slowly and methodically like the *drip, drip*. Long tendrils pulling the hearts and minds of the West. Minds and hearts now focused on and frustrated with the red tail-lamps in front of them. But ask only for a seed of mindful thought – a seed that will grow and break through the monotony of modern life and encompass the struggles and horrors that our actions create. Let minds transcend locales, rise up and see the world as a whole and then descend to a microscopic level, not here but abroad. Across a sea of dust, in a puddle where two liquids swirl and mix, there lies the red and the black, the two substances that drive war in one land and comfort in another. Let minds see these connections and catastrophes, the way in which these two colors are joined. But above all, let each individual mind see its role in the world and the power that it holds to stop the flow and halt the relentless *drip, drip*. ★

#### Work Cited

Shanker, Thom. “White House Says the U.S. Is Not a Loner, Just Choosy.” *The New York Times*, July 31, 2001.

All other quotations taken from the BBC Online News Archive ([www.bbc.co.uk](http://www.bbc.co.uk))

# VGKIDS

## CUSTOM SCREENPRINTING WORKSHOP

AN EXPERIMENT IN SUSTAINABILITY.

vinyl stickers, tees, posters, magnets and more...

117 Pearl Street • Ypsilanti, MI 48197 • [www.vgkids.com](http://www.vgkids.com) • 800.528.6343





activism



# Sun Peaks

by Thatcher Collins

Within the last two years, British Columbia's indigenous communities have started one of the most effective economic justice campaigns in Canada's history, led by their elders and their youth. By reclaiming land, occupying offices, blocking construction sites and bringing cases to court, they are getting media attention, raising development costs and forcing the B.C. government to the negotiation table. British Columbia's economic development continues to use indigenous people and their land at every stage for nearly every major industry.

In 1812, the Astorian & Northwest Company put fur trading posts in Kamloops and then merged with the Hudson Bay Company in 1821. James Douglas worked for the Hudson Bay Company (H.B.C.); he was captured by the Carrier Nation and released after negotiation. The Hudson Bay Company also negotiated the acquisition of furs from indigenous people and their land. Indigenous people were important enough to the H.B.C. that the company started inoculating them against smallpox in the 1830s. Douglas moved up to Chief Trader of the H.B.C. in 1834, then to Governor of Vancouver Island in 1851 and then to Governor of mainland colonial British Columbia in 1858. Douglas was responsible for B.C.'s only treaties with Vancouver Island Nations during this period. He was genuinely worried of a war with local tribes (given his capture) because the colony's biggest industry at the time was fur trading. He asked the British Crown for money to buy native land rights but his request was denied. Instead, he simply negotiated simple pacts (not treaties or settlements) with tribes in mainland B.C. that were somewhat reasonable in comparison with other parts of North America. Chief Neskonalith of the Sewcwepemc (often anglicized as Shuswap) Nation ensured enough land for independent subsistence, called the 1862 Neskonalith-Douglas Reserve.

During Douglas' tenure as governor through 1864, B.C.'s economy went through a radical transformation. H.B.C. bought coal in 1855. Commercial fishing started in the 1860s, and logging dominated the B.C. economy by 1900. Of these advancements, perhaps the most important was the beginning of a series of gold rushes after the California Gold Rush. Gold was leaving B.C. down the Columbia River, destined for the US – untaxed. In response, B.C. created its own trade route from the East using the Thompson River which flowed right through the Neskonalith-Douglas Reserve and past Kamloops. The fur industry relied on native human capital (knowledge and skill) for success as well as the natural resource of animal fur, but the gold, coal, forest and fishing industries needed little or no native human capital, only their natural capital (natural resources). An Indian strike or boycott could only hurt the fur industry. This lowered the value of a content Indian population dramatically.

In 1864, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works Joseph Trutch canceled all of the Douglas Reserves, unilaterally seizing most of the land. At the same time, white settlers seized agricultural and grazing land from tribes forcing them to clear timbered land and live in



increasingly separated marginal pockets. The Neskonlith-Douglas reserve became several small bands (Neskonlith, Little Shuswap and Adams Lake), that are separated by the white settler town of Chase.

Systematic oppression increased significantly as land became more crucial to colonial economic development. Catholic residential schooling started in Kamloops in 1890 when police came door to door with the priest, forcing Indian children to leave their homes, leave their language and leave their culture. Residential schooling ended in Kamloops in 1978, and many of today's Secwepemc elders went to school there. The indigenous presence in the fishing market was a threat and the B.C. government banned commercial fishing by Indians from 1871 through 1927, which included the destruction of Indian fishing devices by federal officials in 1897 and 1912.

New indigenous groups and organizations actively fought the taking of land and fishing rights in B.C.: the 1906 Assembly of coastal and interior Indian people at Cowichan, the Indian Rights Association (1909), the Interior Alliance (1909), the Friends of the Indians (1910) and the Allied Indian Tribes of British Columbia (1916). These groups petitioned government agencies and politicians and rejected their unfair proposals. William Parish, Chief of the Neskonlith Band, went to England in 1926 with other B.C. chiefs to petition the Queen on land issues. Soon after, the 1927 Indian Act prohibited meeting or raising money to pursue land claims; lawyers representing Indians on land issues faced disbarment.

As most of the indigenous rights organizations fell apart, some people took the movement underground with the 1931 Native Brotherhood. They led protests over fishing, land and the loss of culture during a time when the native population in B.C. hit its low point. The Native Brotherhood sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" at their meetings to disguise them as religious gatherings (they still sing it as a reminder of their oppression). Chief Frank Calder of the Nisga'a Nation was elected to the B.C. Legislature in 1949. Even though the ban officially ended in 1951, organizing was minimal until 1969 when the Minister of Indian Affairs, Jean Chretien (the current Prime Minister) drafted a white paper proposing an end to all Indian reserves, Indian land claims and Indian sovereignty. The Union of B.C. Indian Chiefs raised enough support to have the white paper rejected. Neskonlith Chief George Manuel, as president of the Union (a democratic institution with broad equal representation and less hierarchy), formed the World Council of Indigenous Peoples in 1975, which earned him three Nobel Peace Prize nominations.

Two hundred years of complex and unresolved legal battles and negotiations hit a wall in 1990 after the Oka Crisis in Quebec, where a golf course built on a reserved Mohawk burial ground was occupied by the Mohawk nation. The Canadian government's response was a military siege; the white people's response was a series of riots of up to 7,000 people, with riot police being hit by firebombs from white rioters. Since then, negotiations have been on hold but a landmark December 11th, 1997 Supreme Court case, *Delgamuuk'w vs. Regina*, put indigenous Canadians on perhaps the best legal footing since the seizure of the Douglas reserves. The B.C. Treaty Process, the only process the B.C. government considers valid, requires foregoing all Aboriginal Title and Land rights as a precondition of the process. *Delgamuuk'w* requires "good faith and give and take on all sides," including the provincial side.

The Native Youth Movement formed in Winnipeg during the same time as the Oka crisis. With support and direction from elders, they

have taken to a new set of tactics. Instead of waiting for governments to grant their land to them (as it is being logged and developed), they are taking the land and waiting for the government to take it back, thus forcing a court battle with the intention of using *Delgamuuk'w* and the established right of native people to preempt unused Crown land, a right reacknowledged in 1953.

After over 120 years of over fishing by white people, the B.C. government banned fishing in the Fraser River for fish conservation. This prevented the Cheam people from using their right to fish and hunt grounds on or near traditional land. The Cheam asked, "conservation for whom?" Starting April 14, 2000, they disobeyed the laws and continued to fish, forcing an agreement allowing them to fish. In the process, members of the Native Youth Movement (NYM) reoccupied several islands in the Fraser River, giving them to the Cheam. Similarly, Westbank Nations started to harvest trees in 1999 without paying stumpage fees to B.C..

The tourism industry is beginning to expand based on the success of the Whistler Ski Resort and Municipality, built on unceded indigenous land. Olympic Gold Medalist Nancy Greene Raine and her developer husband, Al Raine, received government permission to build a \$55 million dollar ski resort at Sutikalh (a.k.a. Melvin Creek). Women leaders of the St'at'imc Nation initiated an occupation of the proposed resort site by members of the Native Youth Movement on May 2nd, 2000. The site is still occupied. Nancy Raine says she won't develop without consent from the local native people, yet the government has not given up. They allowed parts of the same area to be logged. The occupants of the Sutikalh camp began blocking the logging trucks. The trucks stopped coming for a while, but then on July 5th, 2001, the logging resumed with Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) support. The RCMP asked the blockaders to move off the road then, after they moved, arrested seven people.

Another ski resort, Sun Peaks, is already half-built and located on the 1862 Neskonlith-Douglas Reserve. The government's system is to lease mountain and hillside land for ski runs and then grant tenure (which is near ownership) for the valley land below, thus giving the government a stake in the success of the ski resort and the ability to raise the rent. Sun Peaks is actually a town, with its own municipal government, RCMP post and other services. Its proposed site is larger than all the land officially held by the three bands of the area is. During the planning stage, Sun Peaks tried to negotiate with local tribes (not just the three bands of the 1862 Neskonlith-Douglas Reserve) but with the development of the resort a foregone conclusion. Chief Art Manuel of





the Neskonlith Band petitioned for the resort to not be built, while Chief Felix Arnouse of the Little Shuswap Band took a concession from Sun Peaks to build and operate employee housing at the resort.

Sun Peaks' next ski run is set for Morrissey Mountain which prompted a protest on March 10th, 2001 by Secwepemc people during MuchMusic's SnowJob TV special. Sun Peaks then added "First Nation Attractions" to their tourism melange, including a Secwepemc Medicine Trail, a Secwepemc retail store and cultural performances.

Sun Peaks' development strategy is similar to the early settlers' strategy of seizing adjacent land bit by bit, using the needs of the already seized property to justify more seizure. The overcrowded band reserves are unable to get more Crown land because the province insists that they enter the humiliating treaty process first. The Neskonlith-Douglas reserve has already been clear-cut and the Secwepemc people still use the area for subsistence: animals, fish, medicine, roots and berries.

The Native Youth Movement started a Secwepemc chapter, inspired by the Sutikalh occupation. They placed a camp outside of the entrance to Sun Peaks on unused government land, called the "Skweltwek'welt Protection Centre" and handed out leaflets, reminding the residents of Sun Peaks that the land, Skweltwek'welt, was stolen. Everyone who comes to Sun Peaks drives by the signs, tents and flags. Another part of Sun Peaks' expansion included ringing McGilvery Lake with town homes. That expansion would pollute the water more than the other expansions because the drinking water for the bands comes in part from that lake. So on May 24th, 2001, the Native Youth Movement began their three day occupation of the government's British Columbia Assets and Land Corporation (B.C.A.L) office in Kamloops. The office is responsible for administering logging and development rights on Crown land, including and especially the expansion by Sun Peaks into McGilvery Lake.

On the second day, the RCMP delayed the use of a court order to remove the protest from the B.C.A.L office, seized the clothes and bedding of the occupants, locked them inside and turned up the air conditioner. That tactic didn't work, and the RCMP still had to physically remove and arrest all 16 of them from the office the next day. Amanda Soper, one of the Secwepemc Native Youth movement spokespeople, said, "It's up to us the young people ... to take a stand. Fifty percent of the aboriginal population in Canada is youth. So we're the future leaders. We're the majority of the demographics ... It's up to us to make that change and challenge the system."

Immediately after leaving jail, the same group of indigenous youth and elders began to reoccupy McGilvery Lake. A tour company was forced to not use the lake and mosquito spraying for the lake was axed. A rotating group of 45 people built a traditional summer home for the site. Another summer home was placed on a construction road and later destroyed by Sun Peaks. Periodically, the Secwepemc Native Youth

Movement protested at the Sun Peaks Daylodge; a few NYM members from the US have joined the occupation in solidarity. In the tradition of Oka, Wounded Knee and Chiapas, they wear camouflage and bandanas and they play drums. This occupation and the protests scared the white residents of Sun Peaks who have since been meeting about the occupation. While the local media reports that the tourism industry in the area will suffer (perhaps due to the province-wide coverage on TV?), Sun Peaks reports high occupancy rates and their best season to date.

During one of the NYM's routine daylodge protests on June 24, a drunk angry white male approached the protest. He said he wouldn't hit a woman, so the two spokespeople (both women) moved to the front to prevent a conflict, their lawyers standing next to them. Eventually, he hit one of the spokespeople, Nicole Manuel, in the face, with his fist. One of the lawyers struck back, and the white man fell to the ground.

A little later, Nicole Manuel said, "I went back actually to see if he was all right, because he was bleeding off his head. I pulled down my mask and I just wanted to ask him why he had hit me. He basically just still had hate him for me and he said, 'Because I fuckin' hate you fuckin' Indians.' He just looked at me."

Todd Lamirande of the Aboriginal Television Network, videotaped much of this protest (but was unable to film the whole confrontation). On his way home from the protest, he was stopped by the RCMP. They impounded his car, brought him to jail, obtained a warrant for the unbroadcast tapes, got the tapes from the car and set Lamirande free without charges. The RCMP used those tapes (which included other protests) to get arrest warrants for six of the native youth at that protest, including Nicole Manuel. Thirty-five RCMP arrested three of them at the McGilvery Lake camp on June 26 and two more turned themselves in. The man who assaulted Nicole Manuel turned himself in as well.

In response to that protest, an arsonist burned down the (nearly finished, yet unoccupied) protest cabin on the road to McGilvery

Lake. White residents of Sun Peaks had been threatening to take action if the RCMP did not and apparently this was their first step. These events caught the attention of the new Liberal Party provincial government, encouraged by Sun Peaks, who hope to draft legislation and start talks toward ending the conflict.

Sun Peaks drew a line in the sand regarding the continuously occupied Protection Centre at the entrance to Sun Peaks. They wanted the camp removed and the site unoccupied by Friday, July 6. Chief Art Manuel and Secwepemc elders, along with the Native Youth Movement, called for a rally on that day. During that rally, Sun Peaks logged the adjacent land (making room for more development). The rally participants suspected Sun Peaks of trying to bait rally participants into blocking the logging trucks which would have allowed the RCMP to take immediate action. It was only the day before that NYM protesters near Sutikalh were set up





by the RCMP for blocking logging trucks.

During that rally, I saw a dozen trucks and SUVs drive by with middle-aged white men armed with video cameras and angry shouts: "Go home!" I raised my camera to photograph one of them and the driver sped off. A local private security and detection agency kept a man posted at the rally, writing down the license plate numbers of all the cars and keeping a log of events. One of the houses on the adjacent hill served as an RCMP station, again with more videotaping.

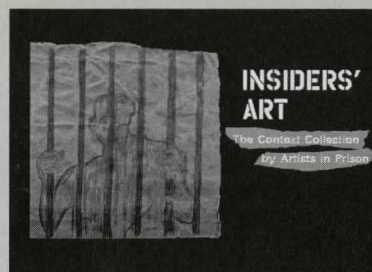
After a big media blitz (with the ubiquitous images of drumming Indians and journalist voiceovers – and little else), nothing happened. As promised, Sun Peaks applied the next Monday for a court order to remove the Protection Centre. At the beginning of the occupation, it was unused government land yet it was later granted to Sun Peaks by B.C.A.L. Native land preemption rights conflicted with the new Sun Peaks land grant and delayed the issue of the court order to remove the protest camp. Unlike the B.C.A.L. office occupation in Kamloops where a court-ordered removal was easy, every court order on unused Crown land faces complex legal action and the ability of the protesters to appeal. After the RCMP arrested four people on July 23 at the Protection Centre, the protest camp moved to new, unused government land down the road and now the process starts all over again.

Occupations are extremely important from a legal perspective, in part because the validity of land claims within the Delgamuuk'w decision's framework rests on the fact that B.C.'s crown land is unceded, unconquered, still used and still occupied by indigenous people. If the government ever comes to the negotiation table, occupations will be part of what establishes "used" land – but everyone in the area uses the watershed and the trees.

Chief Art Manuel through the Interior Alliance is spearheading another legal challenge in the lumber industry. Along with the Canadian Grand Council of the Cree (in conjunction with U.S. environmental groups, on top of the U.S. lumber industry's complaint), they asked the U.S. government to apply a tariff on Canadian softwood lumber because if indigenous people had any of the legally promised sovereign control over crown land, they could restrict supply (which raises the price) or require compensation (also raising the price); the lack of that control is a subsidy on Canadian softwood lumber, according to the petition.

Delgamuuk'w may come into play in the forthcoming Canadian challenges against the 19.31% tariff in U.S. courts, NAFTA and the WTO. That depends on whether the U.S. thinks that helping winning the softwood lumber dispute is worth empowering Canada's indigenous people. That seems unlikely, given a new direct action campaign in the northeast corner of B.C. where on August 8th, members of the Halfway River Nation began blocking the construction of a natural gas pipeline through traditional hunting grounds. New natural gas discoveries in the area have set off a small natural gas boom and the power-strapped U.S. West Coast power grid's main long run solution is more natural gas plants.

Currently, two thirds of B.C.'s natural gas goes to the U.S. With the Canadian dollar so weak in comparison to the U.S. dollar, large exports are important for getting enough currency to allow U.S. imports. B.C.'s indigenous people are challenging three of their biggest U.S. currency sources: forest products, energy and tourism. The Indigenous Environmental Network held its annual conference in Penticton, B.C., in July, where oil drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge was a major topic. The Native Youth Movement held workshops on decolonization and direct action. The Gwit'chin people (who straddle the Alaska-Yukon border) plan direct action to stop the drilling. Setting large developments aside still leaves the issues of poverty and pollution in indigenous communities; the loss of land requires indigenous people to rely less on themselves and more on the B.C. economy, which can be quite racist, discriminatory and contrary to their values toward their environment. ★



*Insiders' Art: The Context Collection by Artists in Prison* is a book filled with the art and words of over 100 prisoners. It is an impressive collection of thoughtful work, skillfully executed with pencil and ink, on envelopes and handkerchiefs. Like many artists, these men and women create as a vehicle for expression, as a way to exercise their passions. But prison

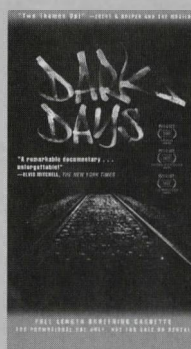
artists also create to record their struggles – struggles inside an unjust, debilitating system that seeks to strip away all expression, passion, and creativity.

*Insiders' Art* came together sort of by accident. The group of volunteers running the Philadelphia-based Books Through Bars (BTB) project wanted to do something with the many pieces of art sent as thank-you gifts from prisoners who received literature. By compiling an art collection to be shown in public venues, printed on post-cards, and published in a book, BTB extends their program of education to a realm outside of prisons. In this manner, not only do prisoners have the opportunity to share their story but that story may help to shatter misconceptions about prisoners and the prison system. Recurring images and themes school the 'outsider' on everything from day to day life, economics of the prison system, the death penalty, women and political prisoners, faith, and culture. Artwork is accompanied by written contributions that speak of artistic influences, personal reflections, memories from childhood, and the dehumanizing conditions inside U.S. prisons. The editors supply brief introductions to each section that include statistics on everything from the lack of rehabilitation programs, to abuses by prison guards and officials, to the increase in prison labor used by companies like Starbucks and TWA.

*Insiders' Art* will capture your attention both emotionally and intellectually. This book opens a window into the inhumane reality of the prison system that many ignore or justify as America's only solution to crime. One can't admire the beautiful, poignant works without being led to question the iniquitous factors that have led the U.S. to boast the world's highest incarceration rates. The Contexts project and BTB hope that this questioning will bring people together in dialogue, provoke activity and participation, and eventually lead to prison reform and social change.

*Insiders' Art: The Context Collection by Artists in Prison*, Edited by Jill Benowitz, Tim Dunn and Barbara Hirshkowitz. Published by the Contexts Project of Books Through Bars, 4722 Baltimore Avenue, Philadelphia, PA. 19143 or email [contexts@booksthroughbars.org](mailto:contexts@booksthroughbars.org); 80 Pages, \$14.95.

–Catherine Komp



*Dark Days* is arresting. I watched this film last night and will probably watch it again in the next couple of days. I can't get the images and narrative out of my mind. For those who don't know, *Dark Days* is an 88-minute documentary about people living in the tunnels beneath New York City. Director Marc Singer spent two years under New York City living in the tunnels with the subjects of his film. In fact, the "production crew" of the film usually consisted of people living in the tunnels with him. The resolve of the subjects in their intention to carve out comfortable niches for themselves in the tunnels beneath the city is amazing. The stories you hear from the people about how they came to live in the tunnels as well as the theories behind why they intend to stay there are

tragically complex. I found myself laughing at some and shrugging my shoulders at others; amazed throughout at the resilience of the people living in make-shift homes next to the train tracks below the city. In addition to captivating hour spent with people below the city, one of the most interesting aspects of the film is watching the transition they make from their underground dwellings to their above-ground apartments arranged for by AMTRAK after much protest of their removal from the tunnels. With a soundtrack by DJ Shadow and three awards from Sundance in 2000, *Dark Days* is undoubtedly one documentary you should see this year.

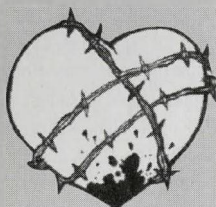
VHS: \$24.99; DVD (contains 50 minute of additional features): \$14.95

[www.palmpictures.com](http://www.palmpictures.com)

–Jason Kucsma

POLITICS

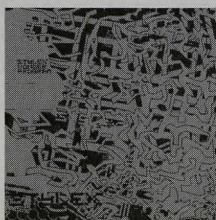
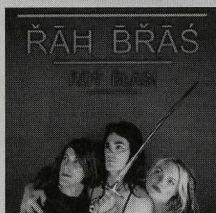
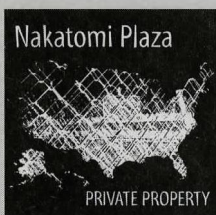




With Literacy and Justice for All...



A Benefit for the DC Area Books to Prisons Project



**Atom and His Package** *Redefining Music*  
Atom is a young man from Philadelphia. The package is his sequencer; the little electronic machine that provides the structure for incredibly clever, insightful and unavoidably danceable songs like you've never heard before. Even as I write this, I know many of you are familiar with the work of Atom and His Package. With three full-length recordings (four including this one) and over 20 cross-country tours in his corner, chances are you know someone who is a fan. This new release only furthers Atom's work as an artist, critic, satirist, commentator and documentarian of pop culture and independent music scenes. Included on this 15-song CD are three covers of Mountain Goats' originals, a cover of Madonna's "Open Your Heart" and my self-explanatory favorite, "If You Own the Washington Redskins, You're a Cock." This release, contrary to its title, does not redefine music, but rather reinforces the importance of the music he redefined over three years ago when Atom met The Package and brought us new expectations for what music could offer.

\$7/LP; \$10/CD  
Hopeless Records. PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495  
www.hopelessrecords.com

**Amor Y Lucha**  
Working from the rich tradition of independent art, politics and culture in Washington D.C., Amor Y Lucha is a new record label dedicated to bringing independent political artists and bands to an audience in North America. The idea is that global capitalism affects us all and that we can learn from and work with each other to develop alternatives to corporate exploitation and the resulting economic inequality—and a love for music is one thing that we all have in common. The first two releases on Amor Y Lucha include a split 7" between Homage to Catalonia and Redencion 9-11 (the former is a solo acoustic project done by Kadd Stephens and the latter is a Chilean hardcore band) and a full-length CD by Homage to Catalonia. Both releases are beautifully packaged in hand-constructed sleeves bound together with hemp twine and hand-screened graphics. This is definitely a great introduction to what will hopefully be a longstanding contributor to politically progressive art and music.

7"/\$4 ppd; CD/\$8 ppd at:  
Amor Y Lucha. 2012 1/2 Pierce Mill Road NW, Washington, DC 20010 USA  
www.idealpolitik.org/amorylucha

*With Literacy and Justice for All: A Benefit for DC Area Books to Prisons Project*  
The DC Area Books to Prisons Project was created to "facilitate and support positive efforts to educate those behind bars." Books to Prisons is one of many nationwide projects to recognize the need for rethinking how the US justice system deals with crime. It does so by providing free reading materials to prisoners while also working with projects aimed at reversing the trend that has seen an increase in incarceration spending and a decrease in education funding—a seemingly counterintuitive trend. This CD compiles independent political artists ranging in styles from hardcore to punk to acoustic and anything in between organized together to support the Books to Prisons Project. Included on this compilation are previously-unreleased tracks from The Assistant, Zegota, Rouge, Marion Delgado, Virginia Black Lung, Homage to Catalonia, Thursday, Andrea Lisi and others. This

is definitely a worthwhile project and notable collection of artists.

CD/\$10ppd  
Exotic Fever Records. PO Box 297, College Park, MD 20741  
www.exoticfever.com

**Nakatomi Plaza** *Private Property*  
It's all too rare that an unknown release shows up in our mailbox that grabs my attention. This is due, in part, to the fact that I like a lot of different types of music and usually keep up with the stuff that I know I like. So when Nakatomi Plaza arrived, I was skeptical. Who the hell are these kids and why should I like 'em? Within seconds of the first song, I knew they were punk/hardcore in the way that I like my punk/hardcore served: intense, poppy (at times), political and with a healthy sense of humor and satire. Combining the raw ugliness of the hardcore sound born out of the Angelhair/Heroin/Antioch Arrow-esque scenes and the vocal harmonies and anthemic energy of Strike Anywhere with the poppiness of some of the new biggest things (i.e. Get Up Kids), Nakatomi Plaza piece together a full-length effort of personal/political epics that make for an amazing first effort. I'm looking forward to hearing more from them in the future.

\$7/CD  
Nakatomi Plaza. c/o BD Records. PO Box 860, NY, NY 10268-0860  
www.bd-records.com/nakatomi

**The Faint** *Danse Macabre*  
I've been waiting for this CD to come out for a long time. About a year and a half ago, I stumbled onto The Faint's *Blank Wave Arcade* and was amazed by their ability to write convincing new wave jams that didn't sound contrived. After going back and listening to their first full-length, it seemed a logical progression that their sound (which had previously featured a more prominent "indie rock" type of sound, if there is such a thing) would begin to incorporate more of the electronic elements into their sound. If Blank Wave Arcade was, indeed, a transition album, then *Danse Macabre* is evidence that The Faint have gone headlong into a dark new wave void and show no signs of re-emerging. Gone are the hints of indie/punk rock influence. Instead, The Faint are completely immersed in the colorless (but not motionless) void of gothic new wave.

Saddle Creek Records. PO Box 8554, Omaha, NE 68108-8554  
www.saddle-creek.com

**Milemarker** *Anaesthetic*  
Quite recently, our great president GW Bush issued an edict that either "you're with us, or you're with the terrorists" in reference to the attacks on this "beacon of freedom and democracy." Where was the gray area that allows you to think things through? To agree with some things and disagree with others? Recognizing the lunacy and counterproductivity of such reductive thinking, I wondered if I had ever been guilty of the same flawed logic in my relatively short life? And then I remembered that I had, just six months ago, said that "either you love Milemarker or you hate them, there's no 'in between.'" Based on my admittedly unscientific research, this is what I had surmised. Mention Milemarker and people either said, "Gross, I hate them!" or "Hell, yeah, I saw them two months ago at the \_\_\_\_\_, and they were amazing."

However, after listening to *Anaesthetic*, I've thought about them a bit and I'm ready to retract my flawed hypothesis. Truth is, Milemarker have written some amazing songs in their short, but prolific, lifespan. They've also written some pretty horrible ones. I've often rationalized this disparity as them "trying to find their sound," and I think they finally have it nailed down. "Anaesthetic" is, at once uncomfortable and haunting in its combination of electronic and electric elements that creates what I think is their most cohesive effort. Seven songs detail with beautifully poetic lyrics the discontent of the status quo and the promise of resistance as evidenced by the lyrics of "Shrink to fit" that profess "We sleep to sew the seams that we oppose. We shrink to fit in our pre-assigned roles. Resist with each stitch. Split the seams and start all over again. Cut the pattern that fits. Ready made rarely means ready to fit." I could quote the rest of the album, but I'll leave that up to you to investigate.

Jade Tree Records, 2310 Kennwynn Rd, Wilmington, DE 19810  
www.jadetree.com

**Rah-Bras** *Ruy Blas!*  
It would seem humanly impossible for three people to make music that is so elaborately larger than life. If you were to just listen to *Ruy Blas!* without looking at the liner notes, you would be quick to assume that Rah Bras is a project consisting of a sizable cast of misfits; a band of electronic gypsies convening with a viking chorus. The twelve songs that make up the first full-length from the Rah Bras (featuring ex-members of Hose Got Cable, Sleepytime Trio and Damn Near Red) creates a wall of emotion and movement that is unstoppably poppy at times and chaotically unnerving at others. If there was such a town (and there arguably is in each of our heads), I would travel to Twin Peaks to see them perform as a house band in one of the dance clubs where they would be very much at home. In the meantime, you might just want to see them on their North American tour this fall and winter.

Lovitt Records, PO Box 248, Arlington, VA 22210-0998  
www.lovitt.com

**Stylex** *Wonder Program*  
A few issues back, I claimed that Stylex was sincerely melding the world of rock and roll and electronic music in ways that were sure to garner them the attention outside of the loyal Northwest Ohio crowds that support them. I'm even more convinced this is the case after hearing their most recent full-length effort. Their creative use of keyboards, vocal processing, and time-tested formulas for constructing catchy rock songs (as well as strategically placed hand-claps!) has deservedly earned them comparisons to The Faint and Brainiac. Combine all of this with the fact that these (really great) kids have produced their new CD from start to finish all by themselves (i.e. wrote, played, recorded, produced, mixed, burned, cut, folded, etc...), and you have a project that is SO worth checking out. I'll be the first to admit that the CD-R(evolution) has its fair share of poorly-executed projects, but this is definitely NOT one of them. Stylex would rather not do a CD than release something that they weren't completely happy with, and this is why we have had to wait so long to hear recordings of these 10 songs we've been singing along to at shows for over a year now. Check 'em out.

\$6/CD  
Stylex, 15 N. Michigan, Toledo, OH 43624  
www.stylexohio.com



"The temps, in their own words, let us know what it is all about. Let's not kid ourselves. Temp is a euphemism for day laborer. George and Lennie are no longer merely ranch hands. They work in law firms, banks, insurance companies and in your own workplace."

**-Studs Terkel**

**BEST OF TEMP SLAVE!**  
edited by Jeff Kelly  
only \$12.00

stories and artwork by:

Dishwasher Pete, Heidi Pollock,  
Brendan P. Bartholomew, Keffo,  
Bob Thompson, Clay Butler,  
Pete Sickman-Garner, Leah Ryan  
Malcolm Riviera, Debbie Goad  
and many more...

Send check or money order to:

Garrett County Press  
828 Royal St. #248  
New Orleans, LA 70116  
only \$12.00

check out [www.gcpress.com](http://www.gcpress.com) for more great books!



# DARK DAYS

**"A Film of Staggering Force."**

—Peter Travers, *Rolling Stone*

Music by DJ Shadow

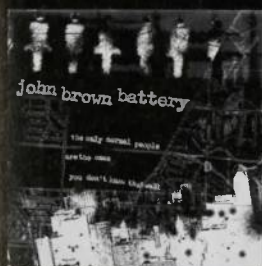
Includes 45 minute  
"Making of Dark Days"  
documentary featurette  
and more!

**DARK DAYS IS THE MULTI-AWARD  
WINNING FEATURE LENGTH DOCUMENTARY  
FROM MARC SINGER, ABOUT A COMMUNITY  
OF HOMELESS PEOPLE LIVING IN  
A TRAIN TUNNEL BENEATH MANHATTAN.**



on **DVD** and **VHS**

## JOHN BROWN BATTERY CHICAGO



"the only normal people are  
the ones you don't know that well"

brand new 5 song CDEP  
Intense/emotional rock for fans  
of jawbreaker/hot water music, etc.  
**\$7ppd. usa/\$9ppd. world**

\*cash/money order only  
payable to: eric graham



the world won't listen...  
PO Box 1681,  
Auburn, AL 36831  
[worldwontlisten.com](http://worldwontlisten.com)

**Web Hosting for:**  
(Independent) thinkers,  
makers and doers...

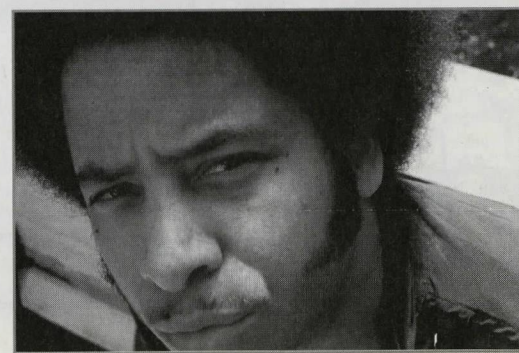
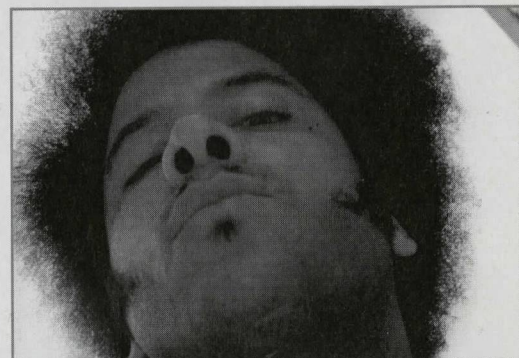
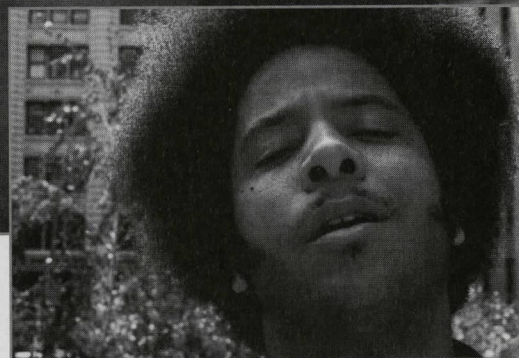
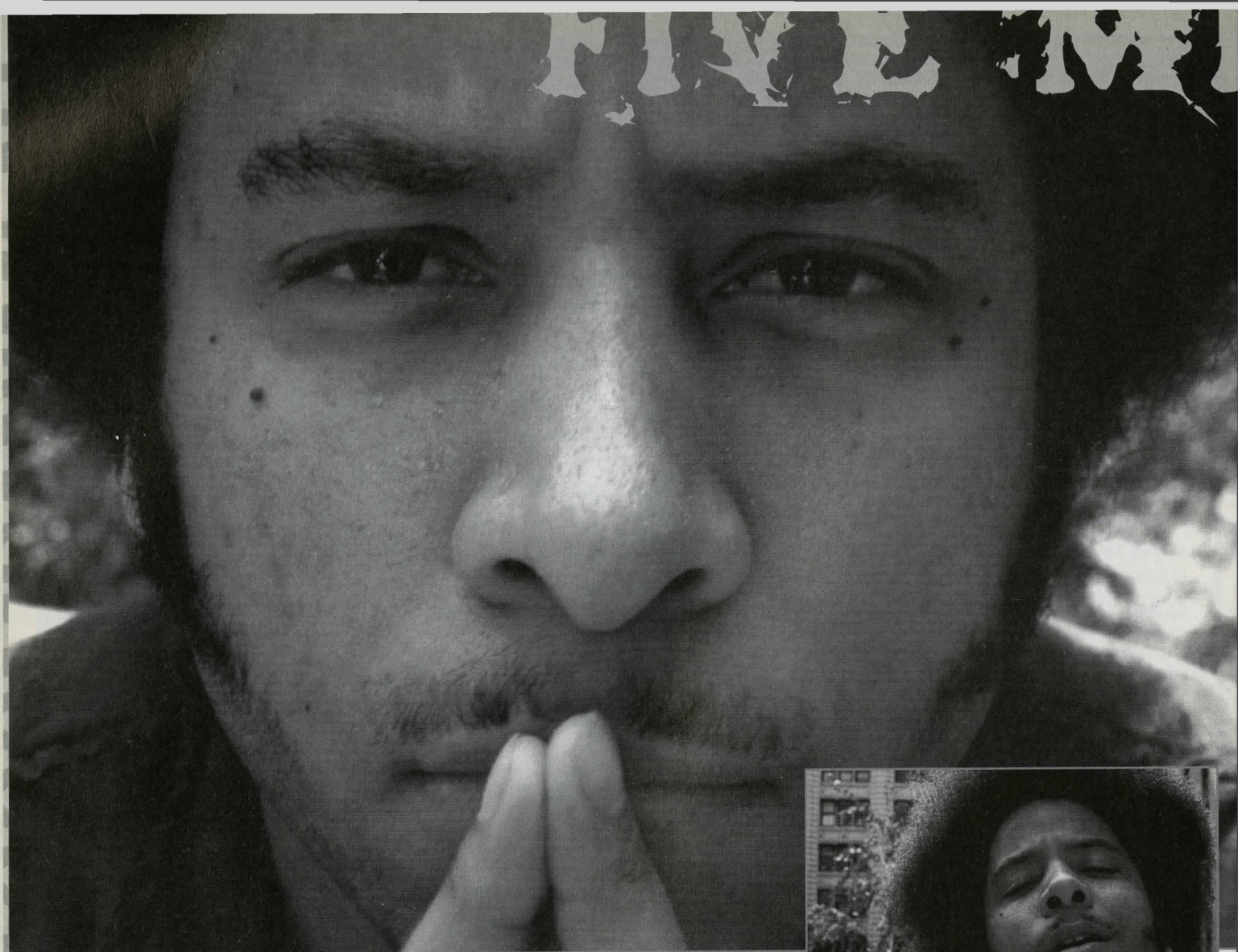


**worldwontlisten.com**

join the family: clamormagazine  
g-7welcomingcommittee, a-zone,  
punkplanet, disgruntledmusic,  
hybridmagazine, fueledbyramen...



FIVE



THESE ARE THE DAYS



a conversation with

# Boots Riley from

# The Coup

photos and words by Not4Prophet

The Coup has been around from the days of conscious hip hop through gangsta rap and the co-opted ©rap that currently passes for culture, and has lived to tell a story of the streets, survival and socialism. For The Coup, revolution is rap and resistance, but never rhetoric. In their music, they talk about life and liberation and all those other little things that usually slip through the collective cracks of our commercialized consciousness. The Coup wanna kill their landlord and the CEO and encourage you to steal their album while you're sippin' on that ghetto glass of genocide and juice. Yeah, they're real, and they believe in armed struggle too, but it's a war against who stole the soul and ripped off the rhyme. I met with Boots Riley, the leader of the Coup, in some posh apartment somewhere in downtown New York/Babylon where neither of us seemed to belong to preach politics for the people and play a little party music.

*The Coup has existed for over 10 years so you've essentially seen everyone from Chuck D and BDP to the X-Clan and Wu-Tang Clan, but I think when it comes to hip hop, a lot of folks' memories only go as far as MTV and Eminem. So who stole the soul?*

I think the whole way that the history of hip hop is being told to people right now is a kind of cooptation or theft in and of itself. They've essentially taken hip hop away from the source that it came from and whitewashed it so it no longer has a clear history and origin, so we become almost stripped of our collective memory, but hip hop is not just a series of ac-

cidental occurrences where somebody moved from here to there and put the peanut butter in the chocolate and then you had hip hop. When I was in Detroit, the thing was hamboning before I ever heard anybody rap – this was in '75, '76 – so when I first heard Sugar Hill Gang, I was like, "Hey, they got a hambone record on the radio," but nobody ever talks about things like that. Hip hop is not just a series of things that happened with a few people. It's not just what you see on TV. For what hip hop is today, you have to give props to those people that helped it to become what it is.

*So what would be the reason for blurring the history of hip hop?*

It's an attempt to commodify the art or culture so that they can sell it, like anything else. It's much easier to sell a simplified, watered-down version of anything than to deal with the real history and the complications and questions that may exist. Even the idea that the four elements are all that drove and comprised hip hop is basically a way to commodify it. To be able to separate something in such rigid categories is in keeping with the way that they sell anything.

*In terms of the history of hip hop and artists like Public Enemy or KRS who helped to pioneered political hip hop, I don't see an awful lot of politicking these days. What happened to "I'm a rebel so I rebel"?*

I think right now with the lack of a Black mass

# PEOPLE



movement out there, and with the fact that things are just getting worse economically for people, we're more and more – outside and inside of hip hop – being taught to embrace everything that is wrong with this capitalist system. We're essentially being told that it's cool to have a poster of Bill Gates on our ceiling and jerk off to him every night and we are being convinced that Donald Trump and his type are some kind of social superhero, so for many people, images in hip hop of someone that has a million dollars are the only liberating images that they've ever seen in their lifetime. It's the only image they've seen of someone that's free from oppression. A lot of people are latching onto that simply because there is no movement that they see, so they are believing in the American dream that anybody can become a millionaire and that's what some of that hip hop that exists today is there to affirm, but it's really just telling of the fact that there is no movement out there. When they see that someone has a mansion and a big car, it's almost like they're witnessing power that they've never seen and never had access to. It's not a real image but they think that it's a liberating image. That's liberation as far as they're concerned.

*There was a time when some of us thought that the Hip Hop Nation itself could be that new revolutionary movement, but now we're saying that there's no movement that can move hip hop in a politically conscious or revolutionary direction.*

Hip hop is not a movement in and of itself. Hip hop is not separate from the people. Hip hop was and has always been an outgrowth of people's struggles. It's an outgrowth of where the people are. The idea that they were putting out there that there's a separate Hip Hop Nation or whatever, and inside this Hip Hop Nation everything is politically perfect and The Nation will go this way or that way and lead the people, is an outgrowth of the fact that they tried to make hip hop seem like it wasn't an outgrowth of the people.

*So hip hop is essentially just a name. It could have simply been called Black culture or Black music.*

Yeah, and at one time it would've been called blues or jazz or rock or funk. Everything is an outgrowth of the people and where the people are at.

*Within the underground punk culture, there is this idea that you are automatically a sell out if you go to a major label but within hip hop, that never really existed and, in fact, the underground is often simply perceived as a kind of minor league from where you will one day get signed and step off into the majors, and many hip hop artists will say that they are simply trying to get by or find a way to survive, and so the majors are just another way to get paid. Do you feel there's a need for hip hop to try to become more independent?*

I look at it like this – we're inside capitalism already so we have to deal realistically with what we've got. The difference between indie as opposed to major mostly has to do with the fact that if you own that indie label then you'll get more money from what you are putting out. You may also initially have greater control over what you do, but the markets are still ruled by the major labels who control the gatekeepers of the industry so if you're an indie and you pose a threat, you can still be easily shut down by the majors, but definitely, it would be better if hip hop artists had more control of what they create. It would also be better if Black people had more control over what they create, but owning your own indie label is not necessarily a revolutionary concept in and of itself. It's really just a matter of tactics as opposed to being this great liberating thing. Certainly I don't like the monopoly that the corporations have, but I think it's kind of a false idea that because it's an indie label, it's somehow a more progressive label.

*Talking about The Coup, who have been back and forth between major and indie labels, or Dead Prez, for instance, who are on a major label, you definitely have a question of access. Although Dead Prez are still not being heard as much as, say, Jay Z or Puff Daddy, they still have a relationship with the big boys who essentially control the radio, TV and, potentially, billions of dollars in advertising. So the question is, would Dead Prez, who are getting some above ground recognition, be a total obscurity if they were on an indie label that didn't have all that corporate power and if they were on an indie label, would that mean that there's that many less people who could hear what they are trying to do and the vital message that they're trying to put forth in terms of the movement and the struggle?*

Of course there's a lot of irrelevant music being put out by the majors, but is what's being put out by the indies automatically more progressive than the shit the majors are putting out? If we're talking strictly capitalism or entrepreneurial enterprises, then yeah, the indies are it, but if we're talking about the real struggle and the fact that our people have historically been denied access then the question becomes "What are you doing with that extra money you're making with that no sell out indie label?" Are you using it to finance the revolution? Are you using it to create food, shelter and clothing for people besides yourself? Are you using it to educate the masses on the streets? And what is your overall message, anyway? Is it revolutionary? Or is it the same old shit? Truth is, many times indie labels are just aspiring to be major labels and they don't necessarily give a damn what they're putting out and putting forth as long as it sells, so being part of an indie label is not in and of itself some sort of revolutionary act.

*By the time The Coup came into existence in the early 90's, many of the so-called conscious hip hop artists were no longer selling and so-called gangsta rap ruled the roost.*

Yeah, there weren't too many people doing politically-minded music on a nationwide basis, but the way we looked at it was that we were coming at it from the same angle as artists who were being called gangsta rap. If you really looked at it, we were all just talking about our surroundings although we may have had a deeper analysis of what was going on in our surroundings. If you really listen to a lot of music that people don't classify as conscious or call gangsta, it's simply saying that these are the problems we're having in our lives. The real difference is not the content but in their analysis as to why the problems are happening, but the general feel of most of it is that I'm giving you some game or advice as to how to deal with the problems and they're all coming with that, whether they are called gangsta or conscious. I think the only difference is that we may just have had a little better understanding of what was really going on in this world from a revolutionary point of view.

*Do you think that what's being given to us by the major labels, as far as what we hear on the radio or see on TV, is an attempt at an analysis of what's going on or is it simply an exaggeration of ghetto life, not unlike what you might see in a cheap horror flick?*

There are a lot of things that are not even attempting to pretend to be any kind of real analysis of what's going on and, in many cases, they are simply a saleable product like a horror movie, but in many cases, what people – artists – are still saying is that this is what's happening, this is our reality, like it or not, and in the case of stuff that gets called gangsta rap and gets written off as nothing more than a felon fairytale, they are actually trying to tell you that these are the problems that exist and these are the ways to survive them, like it or not. It just happens that The Coup's way to survive them and solve our problems is to change the system from top to bottom.



*Do you think that people have been getting that message?*

Yeah, but it's really not just a matter of them truly understanding what we're saying. To really understand it, you have to get involved in the struggle around something that deals with you and your life. A lot of times, the mistake of the movement is that we try to make the struggle nothing but a bunch of pie in the sky rhetoric. You know, "When the revolution comes in 50 years, this is how we'll change the world," and what this does is isolate the movement from the fact that the struggle for revolution is a material struggle. It's not something that's based on an emotion, an intangible freedom, or anything like that. The fact is that people need food, people need clothes, they need healthcare, they need shelter and those are material things and we need to struggle around those material things. We can't just struggle only around world trade policies and things like that because we need people involved in the struggle and many people are just trying to survive day to day. We need to get involved in those day to day struggles as well, so that means we need to get more money per hour. We need to keep people from being evicted from their homes. We need to show the people that there are victories coming from the movement and then people will connect it to, "Hey, these ideas about revolution do mean something," so when they hear a Coup song or a Dead Prez song or Public Enemy, they're not just hearing these nice ideas that don't mean anything to them.

*So the music becomes a kind of bridge between the day to day struggle, and revolutionary goals and ideas and ideals?*

Yes. We need to connect the larger struggle with actual campaigns in the community and music can help provide the analysis as to what these struggles are all about. You really understand what's going on once you get involved in the struggle but right now we're giving people the choice to either pledge allegiance to the revolution or blah blah blah. It ends up being almost like a religion instead of about anything real so that's why people gravitate towards songs that say,

"OK, you need to sell dope to solve your problems," because you can sell some crack for \$10 and have \$10 in your pocket and that's a material thing. The movement is separating itself from that reality.

*So why has the political movement in the U.S. separated itself from the real grassroots struggle in the streets?*

I think there is an aesthetic about the movement right now that has to do with the fact that there are a lot of students that came into it in the 1960s and although that's not necessarily a bad thing – because in other parts of the world it helped to motivate and energize the movement – in the U.S., the student movement was very different than the movements all over the world and whereas all over the world the student movements embraced struggles that had to do with everyday working people, here the nature of what people were struggling around ended up being almost a more intellectual endeavor, things that didn't have to do with everyday people, whereas if you look back into the 20's and

30's, or even like the labor movement in the United States, it tended to deal with real day to day issues. If you can get 50, 60 people to show up at an eviction and, as they move a family's furniture out, those 50 or 60 people move it back in, you're dealing with real world struggles, real people's struggles, and then people see that the movement and the revolution is something that is material. It's not just something that sounds like a good idea but something that can work.

*But does this lead us any closer to creating a socialist society or a communist society?*

I don't really know anybody that says socialism isn't a good idea once it's explained to them or that communism isn't a good idea. It's just a matter of "Does it matter, does it work, is it real?"

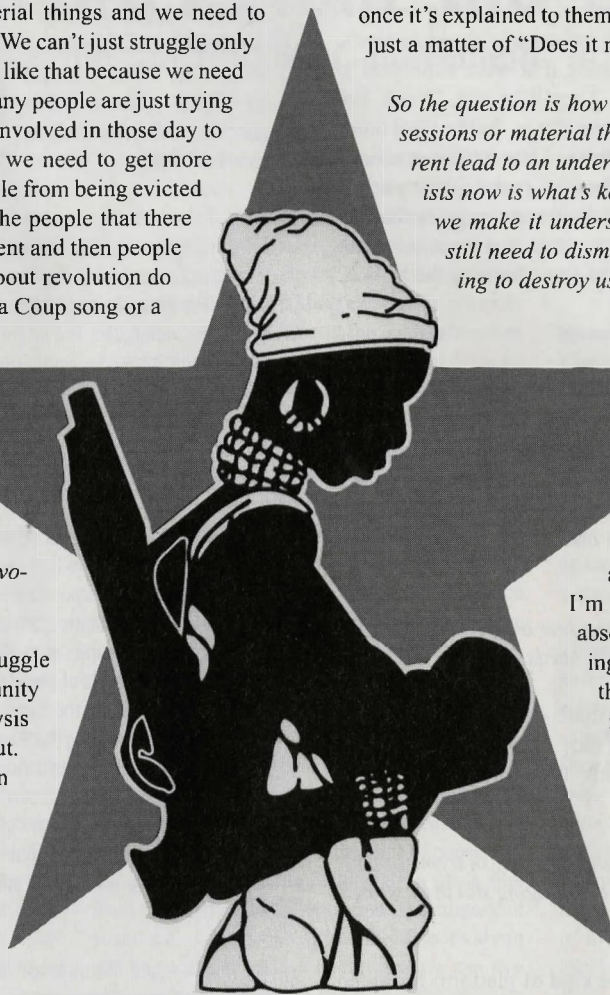
*So the question is how does talking about and fighting for possessions or material things or eating or survival or paying your rent lead to an understanding that maybe the shitstem that exists now is what's keeping you hungry or homeless? How do we make it understood that after all is said and done, we still need to dismantle and destroy the shitstem that is trying to destroy us?*

It's just like learning scales on the piano. You don't just tell someone this is how the piano works inside and that's it because odds are they're not going to be interested at all. Even if I'm curious about how the sound vibrates and all that, I'm still not going to be interested enough to absorb that information, but when they're trying to figure out how to play the piano and then they're learning about that, then you really start to take in that information. It's all about theory and practice. The only way people learn the theory is to practice and, in terms of the revolution, that practice is the struggle to get something to eat, to survive, to live. Through practice you figure out how the system works and that's how you will eventually figure out that it has to be destroyed, otherwise it becomes theoretical

and not connected to you in any way that you can really see, so the job of the revolutionary to sum up these things that are happening, to make it clear just what and why this is happening. This is what the struggle is about.

*To take it out of the classrooms and into the streets.*

And to teach through actual action. Otherwise it becomes something where you just hand people books and they're supposed to read Marx, Lenin, and Mao and ingest that and decide whether they agree with this or that based on something that they're not involved in, but all they're really doing is reading a book. For me, just from personal experience, I was in study groups that read those books before I really was involved in the struggle in a more concrete way. It really didn't start mattering to me enough to really look closely at the ideas in these books until I was involved with things that had to do with people's everyday lives, but once I did get involved, I also began to better understand the





general concepts. It's then that the questions start sprouting in your head and you're compelled to go back into history to put things into context.

*We hear a lot of talk about how you don't see as many black and brown faces in the streets when you look at the movements that exist today against, say, the WTO or the G8. Do you feel that this is because the activists haven't found a way to connect it to the real world struggle of just surviving day to day?*

I think that people and communities of color are active around a lot of different things but it's just that sometimes Black people have to be more practical as to what they will get out and fight for. For instance, the WTO demonstrations, which are very important, would easily be supported by the people on the bottom rung if it were explained to them in a way that made practical sense. They'll be like, "Yeah, I'm against what the WTO is doing," but the question is, do they feel motivated enough to feel that they can change things? Has it been explained to them in such a way that they feel like they can make a difference? I don't think people feel that. When you talk about struggles that are more practical with the day to day battles, when you tie it into that, then people will understand why you're out there fighting the WTO.

*And then support that aspect of the movement?*

Realistically, I think that poor people are more likely to first get involved in something else that feels closer to home, but that's not saying that those demonstrations aren't necessary or vitally important, because they do expose a lot of realities to people, but I think right now we need more community-based reforms. I think the fact that we are not more clearly focusing on grassroots actions is one of the reason why the numbers are dwindling in the movement.

*But there seems to be this political dividing line between fighting the big corporate machine or fighting for basic needs.*

So there ends up being this false question that's come up in the last 20 years between reform or revolution, as if they can't go hand in hand. That was never a question until very recently. It was always a battle for reform and revolution.

*What is The Coup trying to do musically and lyrically in terms of your message to create the link between reform, or changing shit in the streets and the eventual dismantling of the shitstem?*

The music we make, our party music, is a kind of platform for me to talk about what I believe needs to happen, but the way that I talk about or try to get a message across is through personal trials and tribulations, things that I go through and the things that I have to deal with. I try to discuss the things that I feel are important to me and I have to just trust that these are things that everyone's going through. Hopefully, through my analysis of my own personal situation, people can see how the day to day struggle connects with the bigger issue ... which is the fact that the system needs to be destroyed. ★

## PROGRESSIVE ORGANIZATIONS and INDEPENDENT BUSINESSES

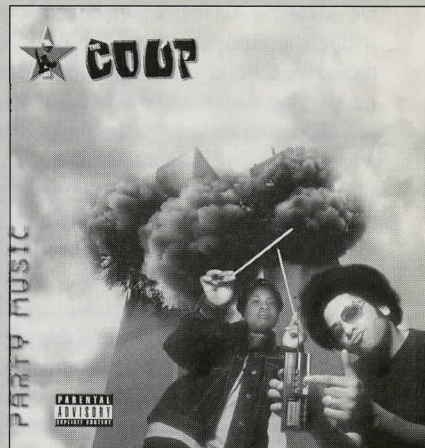
promote your work in CLAMOR  
and reach over 10,000 intelligent readers.

write [info@clamormagazine.org](mailto:info@clamormagazine.org) for more information

PEOPLE

# LIFE IMITATES ART

On September 11, 2001 at about 9:30pm, The Coup's record label, 75Ark, pulled the cover art for the forthcoming album, Party Music. The cover (shown at right) featured Boots and Pam the Funkstress at the base of the World Trade Center Towers setting off an explosion that eerily resembled the events that happened earlier that day. What follows is an official statement from Boots regarding the unfortunate coincidence.



The similarity between the events of September 11, 2001, and the intended album cover for The Coup's album Party Music, is pure coincidence. The artwork was started in May 2001 and finished the following month in September. The original intent of the cover was to use the World Trade Center to symbolize capitalism and was not supposed to be realistic in its depiction, although there is an uncanny similarity. All life is precious and this tremendous tragedy is by no means taken lightly by The Coup. This is a very unfortunate coincidence and my condolences go out to the families and friends of the victims.

While the television media works the public into a venomous frenzy, however, it must be said that recent atrocities at the hands of the U.S. government and its corporate backers each dwarf the World Trade Center catastrophe. Atrocities like the bombing of Sudan by Bill Clinton in which tens of thousands of civilians lost their lives, atrocities like the bombing of thousands of civilians in Iraq, atrocities like the deaths of thousands in Haiti at the hands of U.S.-backed terrorist Emmanuel Constance, atrocities like the thousands of civilians killed in their homes in Panama by U.S. bombs, atrocities like the thousands upon thousands massacred by U.S. backed troops in East Timor. These atrocities were committed in the name of corporate profit. With these terrible facts in mind, it is obvious that the events of last week come in a long line of worldwide murderous actions- usually ones committed by the U.S.

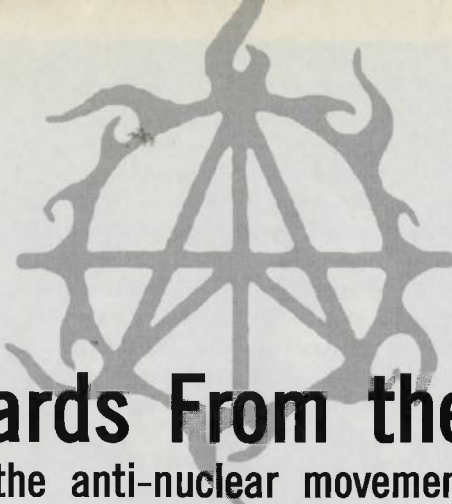
The media would like us to get angry at the "faceless perpetrators" of this crime and not the criminals with faces in the U.S. government. We are supposed to mourn only the victims within our borders and forget about the victims the U.S. government has created in the rest of the world. The fear and sadness being felt now is the same fear and sadness that people in other countries have felt for years in their dealings with the U.S.

We should be angry, angry at the U.S. government for starting this tidal wave of death, let's not support them in the continuing tide of death that they are planning to bring to the world.

One other thing, The Coup says "Fuck the American Flag." It stands for oppression, exploitation, slavery, and murder. If you're down with hip-hop, don't wave one. No one will be admitted to a Coup show wearing red, white, and blue together.

Thank You,  
Boots Riley





# Postcards From the Edge

## Tales from the anti-nuclear movement in the UK

by Catriona

*The woman who gave me a lift this morning commented that if there were ever a nuclear war, we'd be dead in the blink of an eyelid ... and this land I love, here, would be desecrated, destroyed. The people in my community who I care about, who stand bravely against the powers of destruction, dead.*

*You came to me in the middle of the night, in tears. Because of the base, because of the sheer arsenal of destructive power they have there, behind the super fence and the rolls and rolls of razorwire. You said you felt so powerless — all of us must at times, I think, when we are feeling low. I know I do.*

I live at Faslane Peace Camp opposite RNAD Clyde, 40 miles outside of Glasgow on the Gareloch, where Britain's four nuclear submarines are docked. Each submarine has 16 missiles. Each missile has eight warheads. Each warhead is eight times more powerful than the bomb that was dropped on Hiroshima. If a missile is launched, it goes into space; the fuel separates from the warhead carrier and is left there. The warhead carrier comes back near its target and then the warheads separate out, causing eight separate explosions. Every minute, £2000 is spent on this. And I wonder — when will we learn? When will we stop killing? To me, the base and the nuclear weapons held there represent the extreme edge of humanity, the worst we as humans are capable of.

So ... the loch is polluted because it gets sewage dumped in it. The beach is strewn with litter. There are too many cars going too fast up and down the road, and (one camp dog has been killed because of this, another injured. The land is probably radioactive and the loch definitely is. And there's a great big fucking ugly naval base with a fucking ugly grey fence. But ... there's a 500-year-old oak tree behind the camp called Granny Oak. There's a waterfall you can shower in, and the woods are beautiful. We have a compost toilet named after Tony Blair. Everything on site is brightly and beautifully painted, and the food is always yummy. The people who live here are amazing, and there are always loads of interesting visitors passing through. So ... I love it here!

Faslane Peace Camp was set up 19 years ago as a protest against the nuclear submarines stored inside RNAD Clyde. It was initially set up as a two week camp, but it quickly became a permanent site and a hub for non-violent actions against the base, like cutting into the base, blocking the gates, vandalising the submarines and stopping the nuclear convoys that carry the warheads up from southern England. It has also been a place for activists to monitor the actions of the base and the movements of the submarines. When the camp was set up in the early '80s, it was in the midst of a strong anti-nuclear mood and there were peace camps set up all across Europe.

Now, almost 20 years later, the political landscape is very different and, whilst there is still a very strong anti-nuclear/peace movement, Faslane is the only permanent protest site left in Britain. Part of what has kept it going is its fluidity; campers have come and gone over the years, always coming back to visit. It's the people here, the community living that I love most about the camp. Everybody is involved in working around site; everyone has an equal say in the meetings. It's about putting into practice the ideas of consensus and co-operative living, setting up a place free from hierarchy and violence that is as important as protesting against weapons. Because it's about offering alternative visions for how we can live together without masters, the state or the violence that is a by-product of these.

*I was thinking about the whole notion of communal living — it's going to be the first time I get to operate as part of a group where I get an equal say in how things are run and what decisions are made. Because being part of a nuclear family unit was living as part of a group, but I wasn't equal. And there's so much power in a community based on equality, that looks after everybody's needs.*

This is partially what seduced me about the camp when I first came in April. It didn't take me long to decide to leave University and move to the camp, because I felt that this was somewhere I really needed to be. It was a lot to do with the energy and the power there — flowing from people who are standing up for what they believe in, living their lives according to their consciences and

refusing to compromise to or support a system of destruction. I wanted to be free, to live my life how I wanted. I wanted to put more energy and time into fighting a system that is clearly violent and wrong.

And being at Faslane has taught me a lot about what it feels like to be free, how much power I have when I stand up for what I know is right and challenge what is wrong. It's taught me about what I really need from life and about living in harmony with nature and the rewards this gives practically, emotionally and spiritually. I moved to the camp at the beginning of June, and living in the community there, being so close to the rhythm of nature means I feel powerless and out of place — transported — when I'm in Glasgow or any city.

*Thinking about how 'male' the city feels, compared to being at camp; it just feels unyielding and merciless, arrogant — as opposed to the benevolence of nature, the trees and water. I'm on edge here. I keep my guard up because it feels like all this concrete is trying to get at my soul. But making the change between the city and the camp is always difficult. I feel a definite bond to the camp but it's still weak and needs to be repaired every time I leave and come back. Because it's a different way of living and it takes a lot of adjusting to. And that's difficult and challenging but it's worth it I think.*

When you're at camp, you can't just turn on a light when it gets dark or spend the day inside when it's raining. The natural world becomes a much larger part of your reality. That's part of the reason I love it there. It's the strength and beauty of nature that keeps me going through what seem like insurmountable odds.

When I turned up again on site at the beginning of June, it was the 19<sup>th</sup> birthday of the camp, with a week of workshops, actions, a wind-powered cinema night and a birthday party.

*Last night everybody was out playing with his or her new fire chains at the South Gate of the base (there was a fire chain-making workshop that day). It was amazing, magic, so powerful and beautiful and primal — all that fire flowing round and round...*



The highlight of the week was the actual birth-day party – celebrating 19 years of resistance to nuclear weapons. We all headed down to the South Gate of the base with fire chains and drums – lots of singing, dancing and music; again a feeling of magic and power – basking in the beauty of protest and feeling a part of something much larger than our individual souls. The fact that the camp has been there for 19 years is a powerful legacy, and a powerful reality.

And in the midst of all the merriment, Alex and Amanda were on top of the gate, one perched at each side, helped up by some pixies who had come along to join the celebrations. A merry game ensured trying to get cigarettes, lighters, boltcroppers and d-locks up to them. T-pot was arrested in the midst of a failed attempt to pass a d-lock up because he tried to grab the lock off one of the policemen, and he was roughed up by police as a result. Two other people were also arrested for not very much – shouting and spitting at the police. After this the police declared a 'sterile area' in front of the gate so we stood and sat behind the police lines, more subdued now but still singing and shouting messages of support to Alex and Amanda. We waited there until they were cut out of the razor wire and brought down, as the sky got light.

I can still see it clearly in my mind's eye – the whole week was amazing to me mainly because of all the friends made, quickly but surely,

and also the amazing energy. The site was packed. There were upwards of 50 people there at times, but it never felt like the site was too full. And we always managed to have enough food for all! And now it's Hiroshima day. It dawned clear and bright; I was up early this morning but I still had enough time to take a walk down to the South Gate. On such a beautiful morning it seemed strange to imagine that a bomb was dropped on Hiroshima 56 years ago, killing 200,000 people, tens of thousands instantly and tens of thousands slowly from radiation poisoning. And people are still dying now.

And I can't help but wonder why such an atrocity ever took place, why we still haven't learned from our mistakes, why there is the potential for it to happen again, on a much larger scale. I went down to the gate this morning to remind myself just what we're up against, what we are capable of, and I was too sad and hurt to do the usual routine of bantering and joking with the MOD police. Today, I don't care what they have to say because none of it can change the past, or prevent the bomb ever going off. They can't give back all the lives that have been taken years after the initial explosion, lives of people who had nothing to do with WW2

So, I'm tired now. I've just spent the whole day in a police cell, again – for trying to cut into the base. It was my way of bearing witness to the horror of Hiroshima, the horror of Trident, and

the countless lives that have been destroyed by war. For me it's a matter of saying 'no, there are things I cannot tolerate and I refuse to accept that you have a right to do this, to destroy life – and I will fight this for as long as it takes.' You cannot render me powerless by arresting me and imprisoning me. The power I have comes from deep inside me, from the earth and the sea; depths and mysteries we will never fully understand. So I say to those who think they rule the world, you will never win, my strength and power run deeper than you can ever imagine.

Peace and love from Faslane. ★

For more information on Faslane, Trident and the peace movement in Britain, check out the following web-sites:  
<http://www.faslanepeacecamp.org>  
 – the homepage of the Peace Camp  
<http://www.gn.apc.org/tp2000> – Trident Ploughshares, an anti-nuclear direct action protest group  
<http://ds.dial.pipex.com/cndscot/> – CND Scotland

Faslane Peace Camp  
 Shandon, Helensburgh, Argyll, Scotland. G84 8NT  
 phone: 01436 820

## THE MEMORIZATION OF CLARITY

part two in a series of fiction by James Marks

I follow Roger around behind the barn, and level with the ground I can see skylights and solar panels covering a nearly horizontal roof. The contrast between the crazy ultra-bright reflections and the rich black of new shingles is simultaneously blinding and relaxing. Even from here it's like you can feel the heat radiating off the sticky black tar. Lying on the beach in summer the heat holds and comforts you, eyes closed but it's still incomprehensibly bright and encapsulating – true solace. As we walk down a gentle slope away from the barn, more of the house becomes visible. First the roofline, then the stained cedar shingles and massive bay windows, all the way down to a 3' hedge that acts like a belt around the house.

There's a handrail along the path up to the house that's been painted white and looks clean and new; the path itself is hard-packed dirt, but with tidy edges defining it from the grass. It cuts between neat rows of flowers and herbs, emanating the strong, sick smell of basil that I remember from my Mom's house. Basil is one of the few spices I can identify with and really get into, it's just that it grows so well and on a humid summer day, it's heavy, sweet smell can be a little much.

Rog unlocks the door and pushes it open for me. He says he's going to mow the lawn as long as we're up here, and to let him know if I need anything.

I feel awkward and out of place, like I'm waiting for the aunt I never knew to come out of the bathroom and show me around. Chat for awhile sitting on the couch sipping sun tea; picking at a plate of cut vegetables and gazing out at the day. But she doesn't come out. And only in my dreams will I ever get to spend this time with her – she'll have to wait her turn though.

.....  
 These days my dreams are filled with Julie and I wouldn't trade them for anything, save Julie herself. My friend Estelle says that when you dream about

someone you loved and lost, it's their spirit coming around to say hey and check in on you. Personally I've got more the rational explanation; that our mind's capacity for storage is handicapped by our ability express ourselves. Julie and I had a conversation about this once after practice – your ideas being constricted by the words you know to communicate them – even in your own head.

Consciously I can only remember the things about her that I can put words around, but unconsciously, such as in sleep, it all comes flooding back to me. Every piece of clothing I ever saw her wear, every movement she made in front of me, the conversations and glances we shared, everything about her has been permanently affixed upon my brain. In sleep I extrapolate from this information the perfect vision of her, standing in front of me waving innocently, as if to apologize for all the trouble. As if to say, "Yah, I know it's been really hard on you, but I'm here now, right?" It's the most amazing rush of relief and happiness and pure joy. It wakes me up. My eyes flash open and in that same instant that I'm about to leap out of bed to call her, I notice the pale, drab colors of the world around me, the real world, and I know that everything is true.

That there was no mistake. How could there be? State troopers showed up on Justin's doorstep at 4 in the morning because that was the address on her license. Standing half a sleep wondering what he's guilty of, holding the screen door open for two uniformed strangers, there's been an accident on the freeway. I'm sorry to tell you that Julie didn't make it. Mathew was driving and he didn't make it either. Do you have her parent's phone number?

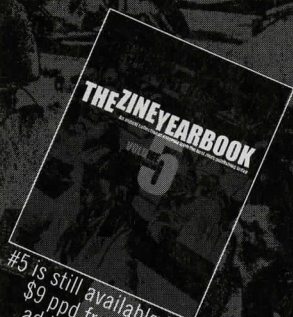
What do you mean, didn't make it? The deliverer tries to use the least painful of words, in doing so enabling the recipient one last flailing grasp at "Before". Then comes the forced understanding of what it is that's happened, like the concrete after soaring through the air; your new reality. "After".

I've seen movies of exactly this scene – the parent or friend starts crying,



# NOMINATE

your favorite zines from  
2001 for the 6th edition  
of the Zine Yearbook!



#5 is still available for  
\$9 ppd from the  
address below

send photocopies of nominations to  
po box 1225  
bowling green, oh  
or write

jen@clamormagazine.org  
for more information  
deadline is March 31, 2002



## Industrial Workers of the World

Direct action unionism  
for the rebellious wage slave

www.iww.org  
po box 13476 • phila., pa 19101  
[215] 763-1274

Write or call for a free sample  
of our newspaper or to get on our mailing list.  
Over 40 branches in the US & Canada.  
We'll help you start a campaign in your  
workplace or community.  
Discounted literature for tabling and infoshops!

then a roaring moan that might get quieter, but doesn't stop for years; and even then it's just below the surface. I don't think it ever occurred to Justin to cry out or scream- the exact opposite. The entire world was suddenly very, very quiet. The type of silence that screaming or banging fists against walls can't touch. Conversations go on, life goes on, the worker's down the street are still swinging girders into place and crashing to make them fit, but none of it makes a sound.

In my mind, he turned slowly away from the door and sat down on the couch in his underwear, pulling his backpack to him from off the floor and looking for his book of phone numbers, wondering who he would have to call to get the number for Julie's parents. Who else would be at ground zero? The exact point was 1/4 Mile South of Greene Road on Northbound I-75. From there it spread quietly through our metropolis more like a tornado coming through town as charted on a map; leaving a house completely devastated next door to one entirely unaffected. Neighbors sleep on unaware that a whole world has just imploded in on itself. Within 12 hours the storm was nationwide as broadcast by a grapevine, taking out houses and families all along it's chaotic path.

Through a group of windows surrounding a painted wood dining set, I can see Rog pushing a manual rotary lawn mower. He looks horrible and out of place in his dirty, wrinkled suit, and yet the path he makes as he marches back and forth is even and well-done. He sees me in the window and glances over with a slight wave and awkward smile. I have hated this man from the moment I laid eyes upon him and I wish I didn't know why, but if I'm honest enough to admit it, I do.

He isn't attractive, his clothes are stale, and he sweats. I've based so much of my perception of he, and my aunt as an extension of him, around such petty crap. I don't want to be around myself. The best I can do is keep my mouth shut and try to permanently engage a lesson I've been aware of and sympathetic to, a lesson I gave

myself the gracious credit of thinking I'd been applying all along. A phrase that rings in my ears all the way back from kindergarten; to utter it here in it's unedited simplicity is too embarrassing, but I can tell you it's something to do with books, covers, and judgement of the aforementioned.

We don't stay long. I take a brief look through the house, it's clear Rog has spent alot of time up here, the rooms are empty and devoid of personality for the most part. The furniture stands lonely without the love and knickknacks that would normally act as insulation; clusters of boxes are stacked by category in a few different rooms. The house itself is in really good shape- everything is new and modern, but not in a way that's cocky, just well done. Lit by window after window, you can forget you're even inside. My mother taught me not only to do what you must, but to do it well. It looks to be a family trait.

As we leave, Rog gives me a set of keys that's similar to his own. House, car, barn. He says he isn't finished clearing things out yet and that he'd like to keep his set for a few more weeks if that's alright with me, and it is. He says there's paperwork back at his office that we can take care of later and for the first time, he's showing some emotion regarding the whole thing. There's a difficult moment while we both pretend he isn't about to cry. I feign sudden interest in the corner molding by the door, he cleans the lenses of his glasses on a handkerchief, and it's passed.

It's as if by realigning the glasses on his nose the facade is back up. The unbiased third party brought here for the purposes of drawing a close on a business deal; distributing the property of someone who has lost the right to ownership. No longer the absentee family member coming to take over property, and the friend with no legal claim trying to say goodbye. Just a lawyer and a client. Personality is obscured by technical jargon, bound by dollar marks and decimals, dated and signed in triplicate. ★

(part one of this piece appeared in the Sep/Oct 2001 issue of CLAMOR)



# Hiking the Turkey Mountain Savanna

## At Play in the Arena of Evolution

words and photos by Christopher Tracey  
(Chris pictured right, Theo Witsell opposite page)



Wilderness. We have all heard this term; a select few of us have ever seen it. To most people, wilderness is a wild and untamed place – a somewhat scary place. The basic definition of wilderness is a natural area that is essentially undisturbed by human activity. Wilderness is not wilderness without being wild and untamed. Conservation biologist and activist Dave Forman referred to wilderness as the “arena of evolution.” Thoreau mused, “In wilderness is the preservation of the world.”

There are currently 628 wilderness areas in the United States protecting just over 104 million acres, which is about five and a half percent of the total land area in the United States. Wilderness areas are protected from development, including roads, dams, and other permanent structures. They are also areas that are free from timber cutting, motor vehicle operation, and mining.

Earlier this year, I boarded the train in Toledo, Ohio, en route to Little Rock, Arkansas, for a small vacation. As an ecologist, I have found it incredibly hard to take a vacation. My mind is always thinking about ecology and man’s relationship to the environment. From trying to identify a plant specimen growing along the sidewalk to looking in horror at the latest subdivision being constructed on virgin land, I always find myself doing some sort of ecology (if only mulling over facts I have long considered). I have resigned myself to the fact that I will be doing work no matter how much I am trying to have fun. Ecology cannot be turned off and there is really no point in trying.

This time I wasn’t even going to try. Since I was going to Arkansas for a wilderness hiking trip with friend and fellow scientist, Theo Witsell, I knew the surroundings and company would result in many an ecological discussion and study. Theo and I had been trying to go on a real backpacking trip for several years, yet all we had ever managed was a few short hikes. However, we had finally managed to get enough time to go on a real – albeit short – trip, although I knew from the start it would be a working vacation – along the way we’d be checking out some areas for Theo’s job.

One of the areas we’d considered going to was the Lower Buffalo Wilderness Area. Along its northern edge, between the south-facing slope of Turkey Mountain and the north-facing slope of Granite Moun-

tain, there exists a somewhat degraded oak savanna ecosystem. A few days before I arrived, Theo received an assignment from the Arkansas Natural Heritage Commission (where he works as a botanist) to review a soon-to-be-published paper about an experimental burn done to restore the area, cementing our decision to pursue our hike there. Upon my arrival, I was declared an official Heritage Commission volunteer to assist Theo in the field and we even procured a state-owned vehicle for the trip.

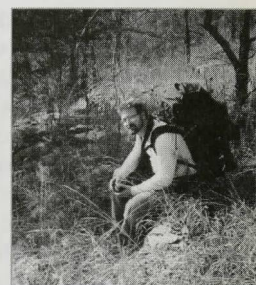
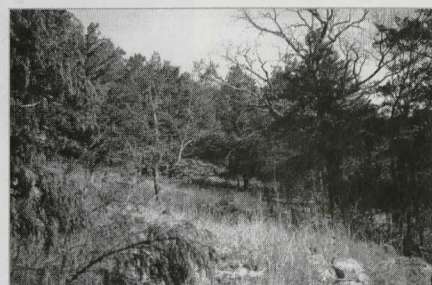
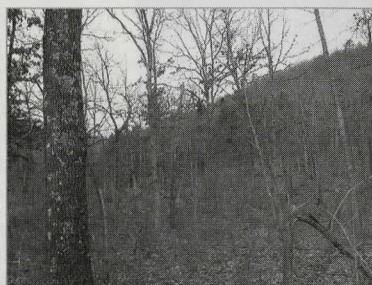
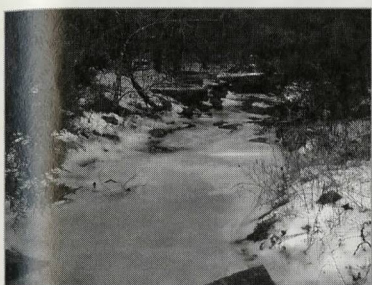
A savanna is an open woodland that has a ground cover of herbaceous plants and grasses. They are interesting ecosystems – a fragile environment full of unique plants and diversity; susceptible to invasive plants, development and other modern-day woes. My current research takes place in the remnant oak savannas of northwestern Ohio at the point where the eastern woods give way to the plains of the Midwest. However, savannas are not just a transitional environment marking the change through combined characteristics; savannas are unique environments formed by thousands of years of ecological processes.

Recent human history has caused the degradation of savanna habitats across North America through the suppression of natural periodic fires that clear the underbrush. The Turkey Mountain Savanna had not experienced a fire for almost a century which has led to the closing of the canopy and greatly increased the amount of fuel in the understory. Both of these factors reduce the diversity of the savanna ecosystem and could lead to a catastrophic wildfire.

Of course, our timing for this trip into the depths of the Lower Buffalo Wilderness could have been better – the week before my arrival had brought intense weather. Severe storms had covered much of Arkansas in a solid sheet of ice, knocking electrical power out and destroying many trees. The upshot was that the ice destroyed millions of dollars of corporate pine monocultures – proving forest diversity and structure imparts stability. While the weather was calm during our hike, we certainly felt the aftereffects of the ice storms.

We left while it was dark, and early that morning we reached the heart of the eastern Ozark Mountains. Theo decided to take a slight detour down to the Buffalo National River along the edge of the area we’d be hiking in. The road down to the river was long and icy with





just the Jeep, three fishermen and us. We made it down to the river mostly without incident, except for the few times Theo was distracted by an interesting natural feature on the side of the road when we'd slid around on the incredibly icy road. The Buffalo is marvelous, one of the clearest rivers I had ever seen. I placed my hands in the ice-cold water, wanting to feel the river.

We got back into the Jeep to drive the few miles down to the entrance of the wilderness area where we could leave the car. Just as we started to move forward, we hit a small dip in the road surface that led down to a small gully about three meters deep on the right side of the road. Caught in the gully, the Jeep began to slide towards the drop-off. Putting the car into reverse didn't help, nor did going forward again – we just kept sliding towards the gully, bit by bit.

As the gully came closer, I peered out the window, trying to inform Theo of our proximity to the edge after every move. When our front passenger side tire was even with the side of the gully, we decided to get out and better assess our situation. One of our rear tires was on a small patch of dirt; unfortunately all three other tires were on ice, which explain our propensity for sliding. We tried placing small sticks and rocks under the tires for traction on the ice but they promptly flew out as Theo tried backing out. After finding some bigger rocks on the side of the road and placing them under the tires, Theo got back into the Jeep and tried to back up again. The rocks worked and he was able to back out of the spot we were stuck in, but due to the large amount of ice on the road, he had no sooner backed up when the Jeep unexpectedly slid forward, this time into the gully.

As the front passenger side tire slid in, the rear wheel on the driver's side went up. With this tire, and the back part of the car, elevated almost a meter into the air, I stood behind the Jeep with my mouth agape. Not realizing what had happened, Theo rolled down his window, calling back, "How does it look?" As he got out of the Jeep, he realized the true gravity of the situation – only a small sapling was preventing the Jeep from going headfirst down the mountain.

We stood around for a few minutes, wondering what to do. It was at least three kilometers back to the main road, but before we started hiking out, we remembered the fisherman we had passed. A quick search

located them wading in the river only a short distance from where we were stuck. They were already about to leave, due to an unfortunate combination of a leaky pair of hip-waders and very cold water, and were willing to come see if they could be of help.

They tried to help us pull it out as best they could but there was no way we were going to get the back tire down on solid ground again. We had a cell phone with us, but there was no coverage available at the bottom of this rural valley. The older of the bunch noticed the bright red license plate that read "For Official Use Only" and asked if getting the Jeep stuck in this manner was an official use.

Having parked their rear-wheel drive truck up the road a ways as a precaution, the fisherman offered us a ride out with them. We began to walk, answering their curious questions as to what we were doing in the area. Finding out that we were botanists/ecologists, one of them spent the better part of the walk trying to find out if we knew of any nearby populations of Wild Ginseng (*Panax quinquefolius*) while Theo skillfully avoided the subject. Wild Ginseng is widely used as a medicinal herb and is currently threatened with extinction due to individuals harvesting from natural populations – current estimates say that the roots go for \$1,099 per kg.

After about 30 minutes of walking, we reached their old Chevy, climbed onto the bed of the truck and sat among the spare tire, ballast-providing cinder blocks and assorted fishing gear. It was smooth going until we reached the major hill leading out of the valley. A straight shot up, the road was covered with ice, and bordered by cliff/hillside on the right and a steep slope down on the left. Our friends in the truck barreled on, fishtailing all over the road, and had reached the halfway point when we started to slip. We backed down the road (which was much scarier then going up it) to give it another try. Speeding up the hill, my face grew numb as the wind rushed across it while I pondered which way would be better to jump when the truck went over the edge.

The truck started to slide at the same place as before and this time we tried pushing but the tires just kept spinning on the ice. The driver backed down the hill for another try as we walked and slid our way down the hill behind him. For this third run, we started farther back with all four passengers riding in the back for some extra ballast. Go-



ing faster than before, but with my escape plan intact, I was glad the speedometer was well out of my view. We made it past the ice patch and onto clear ground and traveled on, holding up the cell phone and hoping for a bit of coverage. When our technology was usable, we called the National Park Service and, embarrassingly, asked for a tow. After an appreciative thanks to the fisherman, we started the walk back down the hill to rendezvous with the Park Service.

After a relatively easy pullout by the NPS and the ability of four-wheel drive to conquer the aforementioned hill, we were soon driving down Route 664. As I navigated with the topographic atlas, Theo carefully turned onto the dirt road to the Turkey Mountain access point. We approached a rather steep hill that was covered with ice and thought we could get the truck up to the top, but we only made it halfway up before our forward motion ceased and the Jeep slid into a snow bank. Fortunately, this situation was nowhere near as bad as the first slide; it appeared we could do a simple, but cautious, three-point turn to head down the mountain for a second try. As we were in the middle of the turn, I heard a sound up the hill; I looked up for signs of movement, hoping it was an animal, but was shocked to see a lone water bottle, sliding down the hill: an ominous sign.

But, we decided to persevere, concentrating on getting to the little turnaround where we could leave the Jeep, for with this adventure; we weren't even in the woods yet. Arriving there, we decided to eat lunch before heading up the hill to the beginning of the trail near the radio tower at the edge of the wilderness. While we were eating, two day-hikers came sliding down the road, one of them carrying the ominous water bottle. We had a brief chat with them, and traded stories; they had one stuck car and were walking home to get another.

We donned our packs and chose to start up the north face of the mountain over the ice-covered road. However, it wasn't long before I heard a whoosh and a thud; I looked over and saw Theo, and his pack, lying on their sides. The softer snow and slush we'd started hiking through had become a solid sheet of ice. It was slow going, stepping on exposed rocks and using small saplings as handholds. One of us fell every few minutes. We were already getting bruised and tired and we could still see the car, so we decided to stop, take our packs off and look at the map.

We were still at least 25 minutes from the trailhead at this pace. We also noticed that the first two or three kilometers of the trip had similar topographic conditions to what we were experiencing, but we did notice that there was another trail entrance back along the main road, approximately one kilometer back. Since this entrance was closer to the research area we were heading to, it was an easy decision to head back to the car and start fresh. We made our way over to the road up above our Jeep, where we found a solid sheet of ice. As we slid down it, we passed some more locals, also with a stuck car. Confident they could push the truck the rest of the way up, we continued down the hill to our ride.

We climbed up the north face of the western end of Turkey Mountain from the new parking area along an ice-covered trail that appeared to be frequently visited by people on horseback. Upon reaching the top, we were greeted with a view of a seemingly endless panorama of uninterrupted wilderness. We clambered down the south-facing slope – ice-free due to its full sun exposure.

At the bottom of the valley, we crossed a stream and started to

head east down an unmarked trail. This section of the trail was flat with scattered icy sections allowing easy passage, a somewhat degraded post oak savanna with small glades occurring near outcrops of limestone. Before long, we encountered a shallow downhill slope covered in ice. Exposed fist-sized rocks were sticking ever so slightly out of the ice, staggered at seemingly regular intervals, making the hill resemble an indoor rock-climbing wall. I took one step forward and immediately fell flat on my side for a non-stop slide down the hill. I continued sliding for about 30 meters – hitting at least half the rocks – and covering my entire leg and left side with bruises while Theo chose a safer route.

After crossing a small stream and climbing up a small slope, we reached our destination. Noticeably different from the area we had been hiking through, the thick shrub layer mainly composed of eastern red cedar of the first section of our hike gave way to an open savanna. We took off our packs, propping them up against some trees. Many of the trees had fire scars, more evidence that we had finally reached the burn area. We walked around this area briefly to see if it was a suitable campsite since it was beginning to get dark, and then decided that it might be cool to check out some of the limestone glades upslope. As we climbed to the first one, enjoying the sense of being surrounded by only nature, I looked up and saw a bald eagle.

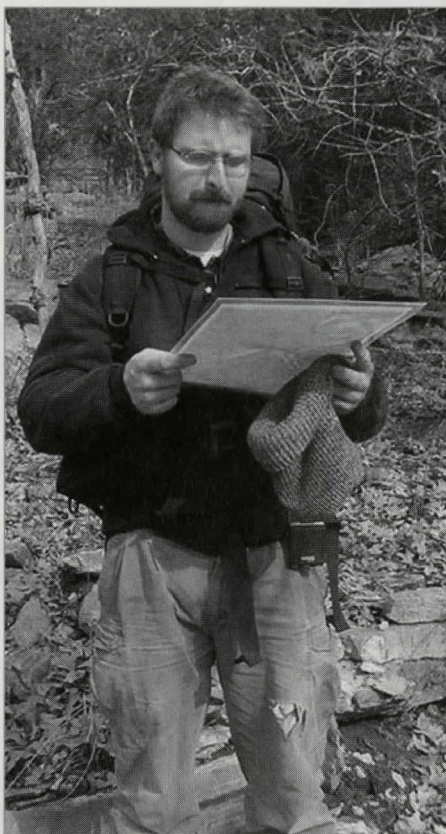
If it had been any other season but winter, we would have taken a more rigorous scientific approach to quantify the savanna. Since this trip was to compare the structure of the burned and unburned units, we used a more qualitative visual examination. All in all, we identified close to 50 plant species, including three species that the Natural Heritage Commission tracks. Theo discovered that one of the species was not what he thought it was after reviewing a sample several months later.

We never made it terribly far into the wilderness, no more than about 2 kilometers.

Sitting around the campfire that night, I looked around – no lights except for the moon and the stars, no sound except for the stray noises of some small nighttime wildlife and the low whistle of a distant train. No obvious sign of a human presence except for our equipment and us.

While my ecological training knows the importance of undisturbed areas for function and maintenance of ecosystems and biological diversity, I savor moments like this in a different way. Wilderness is one place where we can be free of the everyday struggles of modern life. Either one of these reasons is an incredibly powerful and matchless argument for the preservation of wilderness areas.

But while so many people do feel this way, many others do not place value on the importance of wilderness to exist. What is truly wrong is when those same individuals pointedly ignore solid scientific knowledge about the importance of wilderness areas for the preservation of plant and animal life. These wilderness values, and the lack thereof, has been in the media quite a lot lately. Most of the attention has focused on the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, a 20 million acre (including eight million acres of wilderness) area along the northern coast of Alaska that may be opened up to and degraded by oil exploration by the current United States administration. Allowing this to happen within the wilderness would destroy its very meaning. Wilderness and human construction cannot and should not coexist. It is impossible for something as technology and resource intensive as oil drilling to not impact upon wildlife and cause ecosystem disturbance. And yet is it so truly important, it becomes difficult to even fight this battle. ★







# Getting Involved: Wood County Citizens Opposed to Factory Farms

Our small town of approximately 30,000, Bowling Green, is the county seat and home to a state university (and of course, the National Tractor Pull Championships). Earlier this year, I was excited to see signs popping up for a local group fighting the introduction of a corporate dairy into our community. It is wonderful to see activism by citizens who care about the issues and who aren't "the usual suspects." The following short interview was conducted by email with Anesa Miller, a local resident and friend who participates in WCCOFF. Interview by Jen Angel.

*CLAMOR: Anesa - I know that you are involved in the Wood County Citizens Opposed To Factory Farms... could you tell us a little about how you learned about and became involved with the group?*

Anesa: Initially I simply read in the local newspaper about a group of neighbors getting organized to fight a large corporate dairy that had bought land in rural Wood County. The developer is now digging a cesspool, big enough to accommodate at least 1500 cows, within a few feet of a drainage ditch that leads into the Maumee River (our source of drinking water).

I took note of these articles because, as a lifelong Midwesterner, I've always been interested in farm issues from a progressive angle.

I'm also a board member of the Wood County Humane Society, and I really decided to get involved in opposing the factory farms when I realized this is a fight that includes both animal welfare and environmental issues.

*What's the current status of the campaign?*

People are in for the long haul. Other grassroots groups in nearby counties (especially in SE Michigan, where the developer has many operations) have worked on similar campaigns for years, and representatives have been really helpful, offering information and advice. Activities have included public education, letter-writing to the federal EPA as well as state and local officials, a petition drive directed to the governor, pre-testing local water sources, and establishing a baseline for fly populations. These ongoing efforts are aimed at discouraging the company from expanding in our county, since numerous large dairies tend to cluster in a region that proves favorable for them.

Various routes of legal recourse have been explored and, sadly, the system in Ohio at the present time does not allow citizens to prevent these industries from opening shop in our locale. I remember a man at one of the first meetings asking, "Can't we

just vote to keep 'em out?" The short answer is no, we cannot.

There still remains a possibility that homeowners in the immediate neighborhood can sue the company, for example, for loss of property values, which have declined by 50 percent in other regions where factory farms are located.

*What kinds of environmental issues are involved here, and how do they effect your community?*

The number-one concern is to control or at least limit the damage to water quality caused by manure spills and seepage. Contamination from factory farms can cause a range of problems from algae blooms that clog streams; to fish kills, to human health threats. In some states there have been human fatalities linked to animal waste in drinking water, including hundreds of cases in the Milwaukee area with in the past 10 years. For folks who live closest to the dairy, there are also major quality of life concerns, including stench, flies and rodents. Depending on factors like weather and farm management, these can become health problems for the region as a whole.

*Why do you think it's important, as a community member of small town like Bowling Green, to be concerned about these issues? In what ways do you participate?*

Local issues may seem boring or provincial, but I think that's mainly because we don't connect them to broader aspects of the problem like environmentalism or quality of life. On the other hand, small towns and rural areas often do have entrenched power structures and practices that can get discouraging. That's why I think it's great to find people with generations-long roots in the area ready to fight for important changes. It's very exciting.

In Bowling Green it's good that the university provides a resource not all communities have to fall back on. At first quite a few people were asking, "Why don't the academics get more involved?" I guess they weren't familiar with the myopic tendencies of academia and its tradition of publishing or perishing without ever leaving one narrow specialty. But of course some people are concerned. Once I started talking up the need for a public forum, I found plenty of takers willing to help organize. Now the university is bringing in 5 expert speakers for a symposium on sustainable agriculture. I think there is a lot of interest for both town and gown.

*You mentioned that this campaign is unusual in that it cuts across social and cultural divides - can you explain that a little bit?*

When I first made contact with the organizers of our local group, I identified myself as a concerned member of the Humane Society. People were thrilled to hear from someone willing to fight that aspect of factory farming. I have since written several letters-to-the-editor of newspapers in our region harping on the stress of overcrowding and the practice of poisoning animals with Bovine Growth Hormone. This has been well received, but at the same time, some folks get a little nervous, I think, maybe anticipating that someone like me could turn out to be a radical vegetarian. The majority of Wood County residents are not ready for that.

But in fact these are serious questions for a grassroots group, because several small beef producers are involved in opposing the corporate farms. Obviously, an animal rights drive could splinter our efforts. Local animal farmers have already been victims of a disinformation campaign, trying to frighten them into siding with the big guys in order to avoid state regulations.

I stick to a middle-of-the-road, animal welfare position that can attract more sympathy among the prevailing mindset than a strict PC viewpoint probably could.

*What advice do you have for people who are concerned about these issues in their own communities?*

Of course, we all have to pick our battles and can't plunge headlong into every struggle that comes up. That said, I still think, where a vital resource like your own immediate water supply is concerned, everyone should try to do something to protect it. Whether we organize a big public meeting or just sign a form letter and mail it to the governor, we can't take serious threats to public health lying down.

*What other campaigns are you involved in, and where can we get more information on them?*

I've done some work on urban sprawl and farmland preservation, huge problems for the state of Ohio. The regional groups I've worked with don't have a website, but the Sierra Club has lots of good information and links at [www.sierraclub.org](http://www.sierraclub.org) (follow buttons for "issues" and "sprawl").

On factory farms, there's a wealth of information at: Global Resource Action Center for the Environment, at [www.gracelinks.org](http://www.gracelinks.org), The Humane Farming Association, at [www.hfa.org](http://www.hfa.org), and The Clean Water Network, at [www.cwn.org](http://www.cwn.org)

Our local group, the Wood County Citizens Opposed to Factory Farms has a site at [www.wccoff.org](http://www.wccoff.org) that links to other sites, as well.



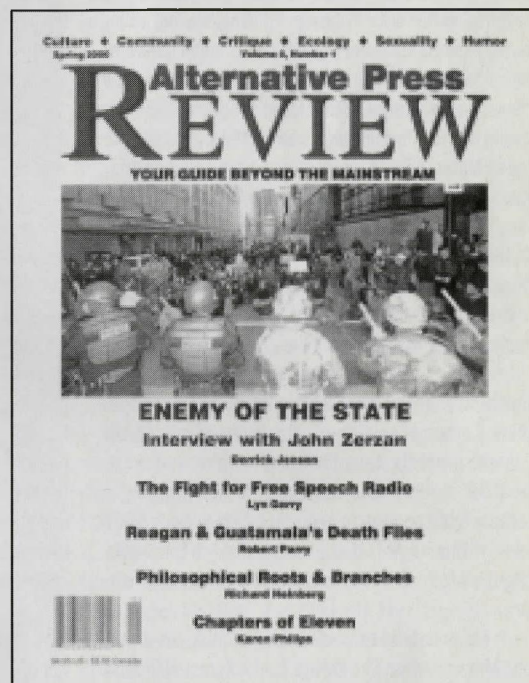
# Alternative Press Review

## YOUR GUIDE BEYOND THE MAINSTREAM

*Don't miss future issues!*

The **Alternative Press Review** can be your window on the world of independent media. **APR** publishes a wide variety of the best essays from radical zines, tabloids, books and magazines—essays that deserve a much wider readership than they currently enjoy. Plus, **APR** publishes a selection of short and lively article excerpts in each issue, along with reviews, commentary and columns on the alternative press scene and other alternative media.

**Special Offer:** Subscribe now for \$16/year (four issues). Or subscribe for two years at \$32 and receive a free copy of John Zerzan's *Future Primitive*, or a free copy of *Passionate and Dangerous* featuring interviews with Mid-western anarchists and anti-authoritarians. (Don't miss the excerpts in a previous issue of **APR** from *Passionate and Dangerous*.)



### Alternative Press Review Subscription

- ☐ Send me a 1 year (4 issues) subscription for \$16. Add \$6 for first class delivery.
- ☐ Send me a 2 year (8 issues) subscription for \$32 along with a free copy of *Future Primitive* or *Passionate and Dangerous* (circle one). Add \$12 for 1st class.
- ☐ Send me a 1 year international subscription for \$24 by surface mail. Add \$8 for airmail delivery.
- ☐ Send me a 2 year international subscription for \$48 along with a free copy of *Future Primitive* or *Passionate and Dangerous* (circle one). For airmail add \$16.

☐ Send \$6 for 1 back issue, \$10 for 2, & \$3 each for additional ones. Vol.1,#1 #2 #3 #4 Vol.2,#1 #2 #3 #4 Vol.3,#1 #2 Vol. 4,#1 Vol 5, #1, #3 (circle choices). Airmail is \$2 extra for each issue ordered. Contents of back issues are listed on our website.

Make your check or money order to: **A.A.L.** and send it to: **A.A.L. Press, POB 4710, Arlington, VA 22204-4710, U.S.A.**

(All subscriptions are in US dollars; checks or money orders in other currencies must add the equivalent to US \$15 for conversion.) Allow one to three months for regular delivery; allow one to three weeks for first class or airmail delivery. Subscriptions are unconditionally guaranteed. If you are not completely satisfied, the remainder of your subscription will be refunded.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_  
Country (for International Subscriptions) \_\_\_\_\_





# FUGAZI

## Records & Stuff We Sell:

- 130. FUGAZI 'The Argument' \* (C)
  - 129. FUGAZI 'Furniture' 3-song 7" ++ (A)
  - 124. NATION OF ULYSSES 'The Embassy Tapes' \* (C)  
'Nine 4-track songs from 1992, never released.'
  - 123. Q AND NOT U 'No Kill No Beep Beep' \* (C)
  - 122. FARAQUET 'The View From this Tower' \* (C)
  - 121. BLUETIP 'Polymer' \* (C)
  - 120. FUGAZI 'Instrument' soundtrack - 18 songs ++ (C)
  - 119. LUNGFISH 'Necrophones' \* (C)
  - 118. ONE LAST WISH 12 songs from 1986, CD never released. (D)
  - 80. FUGAZI 'Instrument' film/video DVD and VHS (F)
  - 112. SMART WENT CRAZY 'Con Art' \* (C)
  - 40. MINOR THREAT CD has every song! (E)
  - 14. DISCHORD 1981 Teen Idles, Minor Threat SOA, GI, Youth Brigade CD ONLY (D)
- \*regular CD, price @ / +Cassette, price @ / ++CD single, price @

Price Guide, including postage, in U.S.\$:

		U.S.A.	SURFACE & CANADA	Airmail
(A)	7"	3.50	4.50	6.50
(C)	LP	9.00	11.00	14.00
(D)	CD	10.00	11.00	13.00
(E)	MaxiCD	12.00	13.00	15.00
(F)	Video	18.00	20.00	23.00
(G)	CD single	4.00	5.00	7.00

We accept Visa / MC / Discover - Call (703) 351-7507 or E-mail or Fax us  
[http:// www.dischord.com](http://www.dischord.com) e-mail: [dischord@dischord.com](mailto:dischord@dischord.com)  
 Stores: Let's deal direct! Write us or fax us at (703) 351-7582

Illustrated CATALOG!  
 please send one US \$ or  
 3 US Stamps or 4 IRC's.



For a plain but complete  
 LIST of records, send  
 us a US stamp or an IRC.

3819 BEECHER ST. NW, WASH., D.C. 20007-1802



A Benefit for  
 the DC Area  
 Books to  
 Prisons Project

— art by Eric Drooker

CD/Zine out now on  
 Exotic Fever Records

PO Box 297  
 College Park, MD 20741-0297  
[www.exoticfever.com](http://www.exoticfever.com)  
[exoticfever@exoticfever.com](mailto:exoticfever@exoticfever.com)



\* Featuring \*

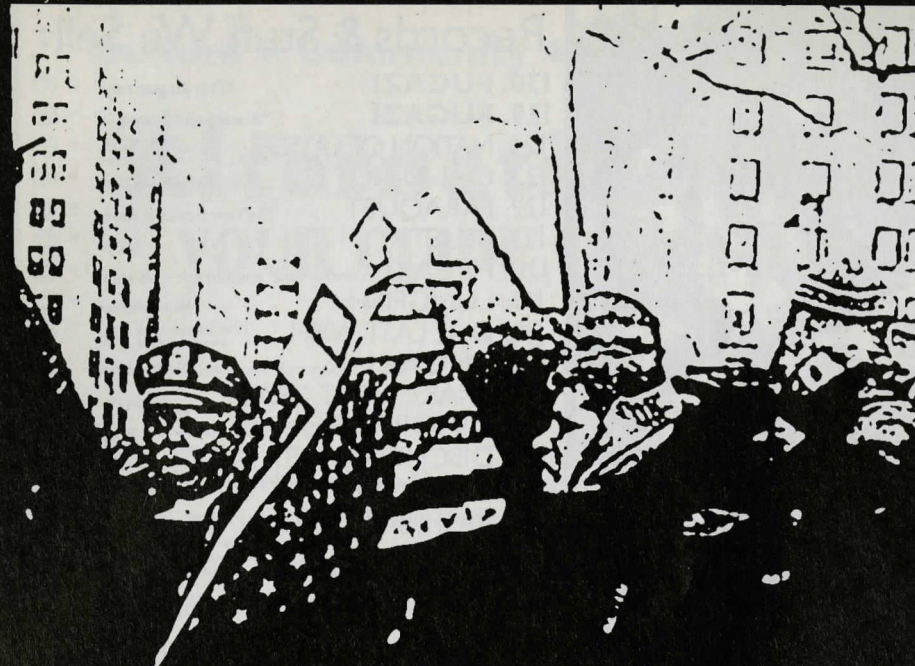
Rouge \* Marion Delgado \*  
 Virginia Black Lung \* Hom-  
 age to Catalonia \* Respira \*  
 Hiretsukan \* Flashbulb  
 Memory \* Andrea Lisi \*  
 Malabaster \* The Assistant \*  
 Crispus Attucks \* Death Is  
 Your Language \* Zegota \*  
 Beauty Pill \* Thursday



posters for sale: \$8 each or \$12 for two  
 price includes shipping

send checks to:  
 contex photo  
 po box 95467  
 seattle, wa 98145





## HELP CLAMOR TAKE IT TO THE STREETS!

help us spread the word that there *ARE* alternatives to corporate-owned mainstream media

★ **BE A STREET TEAM MEMBER!** ★

write [streetteams@clamormagazine.org](mailto:streetteams@clamormagazine.org) or call 419.353.7035  
to find out how you can help clamor *AND* earn free  
subscriptions, t-shirts, and other tokens of gratitude!!

*Lickgoldensky*  
*Enjoy Terror*

OUT NOW, THE LONG AWAITED 8 SONG DEBUT CD EP FROM LICKGOLDENSKY (EX-TURMOL).

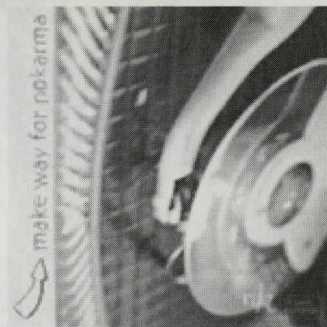


HAWTHORNE STREET RECORDS P.O. BOX 805353 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60680 USA  
[WWW.HAWTHORNESTREETRECORDS.COM](http://WWW.HAWTHORNESTREETRECORDS.COM)

STILL AVAILABLE: DEADGUY "I KNOW YOUR TRAGEDY" CD, SUICIDE NOTE/SEVER THE CORD SPLIT 7"

SOON: SUICIDE NOTE CD EP, STABBED BY WORDS (EX-UNBROKEN) 7", DROWNINGMAN 7".

PRICES: CD-\$10.00, CD EP-\$7.00, 7"-\$3.50. ORDERS PAYABLE TO JASON GAGOVSKI



## MAKE WAY FOR NO KARMA

COMPILATION CD

15 EXCLUSIVE TRACKS! ONE LOW PRICE!  
URBAN LEGENDS, THE FALLING, SLACKJAW,  
SAULT STE. MARIE, NEW RADIANT STORM KING  
IFIHADAHIFI, ANDI CAMP, THE MACCABEES,  
THE FRENCH NEW WAVE, JACKIE COOPER,  
THE BUDDYREVELLES, MAHOGANY THROTTLE,  
POR AVION, KOLYA, AND OLO.

OTHER NEW RELEASES:

**SLACKJAW**

DARKEST HOUR CD

**TRAINDODGE**

ON A LAKE OF DEAD TREES CD

**IFIHADAHIFI**

ONES AND ZEROES CD

**URBAN LEGENDS**

THE WORD IS STRANGE 7"

COMING THIS WINTER:

**THE WRENS**

**SAULT STE. MARIE**

**THE FALLING**



PO BOX 71203  
MILWAUKEE WI 53211-7303

ONLINE STORE FEATURES ALL  
THESE BANDS + DOZENS MORE.

**WWW.NOKARMA.COM**

MENTION THIS AD & GET FREE  
STUFF WITH YOUR ORDER!



# No Shirt, No Shoes, No Reproduction

## Margaret Sanger and the Fraud of Eugenics

by Tom Breen

Although her name might be only dimly familiar to those outside the confines of the American liberalism, Margaret Sanger is a patron saint. Roughly, she occupies the same space in birth control movement hagiography that Martin Luther King, Jr. occupies for the civil rights movement, albeit Sanger's legacy is untouched by assassination or unfulfilled hopes. According to Planned Parenthood, the organization she founded, Sanger is responsible for establishing the foundation of a woman's human rights, reversing federal laws which prevented the distribution of birth control information, and establishing civil disobedience as an American institution, along with many other "visionary accomplishments."

There is, of course, another side to Sanger's story. Having been a vocal proponent of family planning and birth control since the early decades of the 20th century, Sanger was criticized ferociously at the time, when sexual mores were very different. Since many of her most prominent critics happened to be clergymen, Sanger's defenders have been able to dismiss all of their criticism as unfounded, chalked up to the mental deformities of religious ideology. This dismissal plays very well in liberal, "progressive" circles, and so the canonization of Margaret Sanger has been achieved without serious difficulty. Two years ago, this process was completed with the inclusion of Sanger in a list of the 100 most important Americans of the last century in a special issue of *Time Magazine*, that reliable barometer of middlebrow liberal opinion.

This is a shame, because Sanger's critics, however ideologically unpalatable they may be, have good points. The most damning charge is that Sanger was a eugenicist, and that the modern American birth control movement itself was conceived as a eugenic project. Try as they might, Sanger's heirs have not been able to escape this unpleasant association. As bad as this may be for Sanger's reputation, that isn't even the gravest charge. This fall, a book by Georgia Tech Professor Andrea Tone, called *Devices and Desires*, will be published in which she contends that birth control was readily available to all Americans from the 1880s on, and that the real legacy of Margaret Sanger might have been to make safe and effective birth control inaccessible to large numbers of poor women.

The eugenics charge is an old one, and it has the added credibility of being irrefutable. It is the charge which is most vexing to Sanger's defenders, since the word "eugenics" summons before the contemporary mind a grotesque parade of Nazis, quack scientists and forced sterilization. Eugenics, the "science" of improving the human race by selective breeding, has justly been condemned as politically unacceptable and scientifically unsound. Moreover, the enthusiastic embrace of eugenic science by the Nazi government in Germany during the 1930s has forever (and often inaccurately) linked all eugenicists to fascism.



Sanger herself was an enthusiastic believer in eugenics, although Planned Parenthood goes to ridiculous lengths to deny this in their official literature (Planned Parenthood did not respond to repeated offers to comment on this story). On the first page of their "Margaret Sanger Fact Sheet," there is the following statement: "Margaret Sanger was not a racist, an anti-Semite, or a eugenicist." Mainstream historical scholarship, along with the writings of Sanger herself, begs to differ.

"Sanger was a eugenicist," Professor Tone states categorically. "Like most Americans at the time, she supported sterilization for the incarcerated."

In *Pivot of Civilization* (1922), a book that Planned Parenthood must surely wish was never written, Sanger herself says in the appendix entitled "Principles and Aims of the American Birth Control League" (which was renamed Planned Parenthood in 1942):

"Everywhere we see poverty and large families going hand in hand. Those least fit to carry on the race are increasing most rapidly. . . Funds that should be used to raise the standard of our civilization are diverted to the maintenance of those who should never have been born." Later in this document, Sanger goes on to urge the foundation of a Department of Sterilization in the ABCL to advocate the performance of this operation on "the insane and feeble-minded and the encouragement of this operation upon those afflicted with inherited or transmissible diseases."

*Pivot of Civilization* is one of those remarkable documents from the Progressive Era, a time when the first World War had shattered confidence in the progress of what used to be called Western civilization, and in which a variety of heretofore unthinkable ideas and goals were put forth with the utmost clarity of language. Reading it today, one is struck by the forcefulness of its vision, by Sanger's eloquent insistence on the sheer desperation of the condition of motherhood. However, one is also struck by statements like this: "The philosophy of Birth Control points out that as long as civilized communities encourage unrestrained fecundity. . . they will be faced with the ever-increasing problem of feeble-mindedness, that fertile parent of degeneracy, crime, and pauperism."

There is also, in the remarkable chapter called "Fertility of the Feeble-Minded," this contention: "Modern studies indicate that insanity, epilepsy, criminality, prostitution, pauperism, and mental defect, are all organically bound up together and that the least intelligent and the thoroughly degenerate classes in every community are the most prolific."

Sanger, who worked as a nurse in poor neighborhoods in New York City, offered this sage medical advice: "Every feeble-minded



girl or woman of the hereditary type, especially of the moron class, should be segregated during the reproductive period. Otherwise, she is almost certain to bear imbecile children, who in turn are just as certain to breed other defectives." Segregation during the "reproductive period" (from age 14 to age 45?) wasn't sure enough a solution for Sanger, though. She preferred "the policy of immediate sterilization, of making sure that parenthood is absolutely prohibited to the feeble-minded."

One could quote many more passages like this (such as the entire chapter entitled "The Cruelty of Charity," in which she calls persons with epilepsy "this dead weight of human waste"), but eventually the stomach begins to turn.

By attributing prostitution, crime, and poverty to heredity, Sanger is acting as an apologist for the economic ruling class at a time when its exploitation of the working class was nakedly brutal. This she has in common with many of her comrades from the Progressive movement; despite romantic claims that they were "socialists" (and Sanger devotes a whole chapter of *Pivot of Civilization* to explaining why Marxist revolution is undesirable). Often their "radicalism" is merely a masked form of the era's dominant ideology, which was the absolute supremacy of capital. By locating the origins of social conditions in human biology, Sanger mystified the political order just as surely as any number of Jesuits; the society in which some people were poor and others were rich was not a product of class dictatorship, but rather it was ordained by human genetics. This discourages a realistic analysis of society's economic structure just as surely as it encourages such disgusting measures as involuntary sterilization.

It is clear from Sanger's language that her understanding of eugenics led her to a far different position than "reproductive decisions should be made on an individual and not a social or cultural basis," which is one of many fallacious claims on her behalf to be found on the Planned Parenthood web site ([www.plannedparenthood.org](http://www.plannedparenthood.org)). Sanger was a eugenicist, and a eugenicist of the most pernicious type.

So much for that controversy. What is more interesting is the recent suggestion in Professor Andrea Tone's new book that Sanger unintentionally contributed to a medicalization of birth control which took it out of the hands of poor women.

Tone contends that modern birth control devices were widely manufactured beginning in the 1880s, following the discovery of vulcanized rubber. Part of the Sanger Myth is that it was only her fierce opposition to the "Comstock laws" (named for crusading postal inspector Anthony Comstock, who was responsible for laws preventing the dissemination of pornography through the mails) which enabled birth control to be widely available to Americans.

Tone paints a different picture, saying in a recent interview, "Despite the passage of laws criminalizing them, contraceptives were widely available in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries." This birth control had many forms — "condoms, suppositories, womb veils (the nineteenth century term for cervical caps and diaphragms), pessaries, douching syringes and powders" — all of which could easily be had from "rubber goods merchants, druggists, and mail-order catalogs." Sold under euphemisms to protect manufacturers and retailers from arrest, these were the ways which Americans practiced birth control, long before Margaret Sanger penned her first classist diatribe.

Sanger's real role was as a publicist, as someone who formed leagues and edited reviews, and who generally caused a tremendous ruckus. This is where Sanger's defenders are very nearly correct in their assessment of her, for she fought a good deal of First Amendment cases that proved tremendously helpful to later generations of unpopular politicians (although it's worth noting that the Supreme Court case which finally did away with Comstockism and state restrictions on birth control, *Griswold vs. Connecticut*, had nothing to do with Sanger). In terms of concrete contributions to pre-pill birth control accessibility, Sanger's record was distinctly mixed.

"Sanger struck a deal to make the birth control movement middle

class and respectable," Tone said. "To win the support of doctors and the scientific community, she promoted the doctor-fitted diaphragm as the best and safest method of birth control." Tone points out that the diaphragm was (and remains) safe and effective, but the medicalization of birth control left it inaccessible to many women. "Many women found the diaphragm too expensive or embarrassing to get, and too awkward to use. At no point in American history has the diaphragm been a method embraced by a majority of women using contraception."

The end result of Sanger's respectability drive, then, was (in the words of Daniel J. Kevles, who reviewed Tone's book for the *New York Times Book Review* and who is the author of *In the Name of Eugenics*), "A problem — medicalization put diaphragms out of reach of the many women who did not have access to physicians or who were embarrassed to submit to internal examination."

Tone's conclusions are fresh and important, but one despairs of their having an ability to break the tiresome debate over Margaret Sanger's worthiness as a political hero. This indeed is perhaps the great mystery surrounding Sanger and the organization which she founded and which has since outgrown her: Why does Planned Parenthood continue to link itself with the dubious memory of this person? The evident anguish, the huge amount of straw men erected by Planned Parenthood in defense of Sanger, shows that they have taken some pains to apply a coat of paint to her tarnished legacy. That this activity is futile should be evident even from the briefest perusals of Sanger's own works, and yet Planned Parenthood continues to devote time and energy to it. Her own twisted ideas about population and "feeble-mindedness" are far from dead, of course, but Planned Parenthood can hardly be accused of espousing them (the place to find such views today is the group Zero Population Growth, which counts among its supporters Ted Turner and Warren Buffet).

In fact, Planned Parenthood as an organization has changed so much in the years since Sanger's death that, were she alive today, it's likely that she wouldn't have anything to do with it. The major differences are not merely in the matter of abortion, which Sanger went to her grave opposing; rather, Planned Parenthood is indisputably concerned with the "individual reproductive choice" that they incorrectly attribute to Sanger. In other words, Planned Parenthood has tried to make a personal decision which Sanger sought to base on economic and "scientific" abstractions; namely, the choice whether or not to become a parent. Just as the NAACP has outgrown the legacy of one of its founders, the government informer WEB Dubois, so too has Planned Parenthood long since outgrown the legacy of Sanger, which makes their continued association with her all the more confusing. Perhaps their unwillingness to respond to numerous offers to comment on this article is illuminating; perhaps, like many Americans, Planned Parenthood has decided that Margaret Sanger is no longer worth worrying about. ★

---

The Margaret Sanger Papers Project can be found at:  
<http://www.nyu.edu/projects/sanger/index.html>

Planned Parenthood's defense of Sanger, as well as more biographical information can be found at: <http://www.plannedparenthood.com/about/thisispp/sanger.html>

Many contemporaries of Sanger contributed greatly to the fight for birth control in the early 1900s, including notables like Emma Goldman. Find out more by researching early feminists in your local library or at sites such as:

Infoshop.org's Anarcha-feminist resources: [www.infoshop.org/afem\\_kiosk.html](http://www.infoshop.org/afem_kiosk.html)  
 The Emma Goldman Papers: [sunsite.berkeley.edu/Goldman/](http://sunsite.berkeley.edu/Goldman/)



# Real Feminists Don't Get Raped

## *and other fairy tales*

by T-Bone Kneegrabber

A woman walks into a meeting looking drained and scared. Her eyes scan the room trying to find friendly faces, looking for support. The rest of the room sits silently judging her. Her gaze stops on a man across the room from her, surrounded by other men and women, looking smug. She cringes, beads of sweat appear on her skin; she is afraid and sick to her stomach. She slowly raises a shaking finger and points it at the man, "He raped me!" she proclaims. He becomes instantaneously outraged and jumps to his feet screaming, "LIAR!" The tension in the room mounts. Someone suggests separating the parties involved.

She is taken to another room. People come in. They ask questions: "Well, what happened?" "Were you two dating?" "Are you sure he heard you say no?" "Why are you doing this to him?" "I understand you feel violated but I mean why don't you just describe things as the *actually* happened?" "Why didn't you say anything earlier?" "How can this be true?"

Conclusions are made: "Well, there must be some horrible misunderstanding." "I don't believe it! He does such great work against globalization (racism, classism, etc.) and such great work for the trees (animals, people with AIDS, etc.)." "These are interpersonal problems, they don't have to do with this group." "That woman is just an oversensitive feminist." "I don't like the process she used to call him out." "We have too much work to do to deal with this now." "This is an environmental group (prison industrial complex group, animal rights group, etc.), not a women's issues group." "He has always been so nice to me." "We really need him he has rich parents (a car, a space, etc.)." "I'm not comfortable being judge and jury." "Maybe the two of them should just sit down over coffee and talk this through." "We all make mistakes, let's just work on this demo." "... no time." "... bad process."

The woman is victimized again. She is pushed from the so-called radical group. She leaves the meeting. As she is walking home she runs into other women similarly victimized, similarly ignored. They share their sadness and their anger, finally realizing that they are not alone.

This scenario is prevalent in all realms of activism. Sexual assault within progressive communities needs to be dealt with, swiftly

and productively. You can easily round up 500 black-clad anarchists to fuck shit up at a frat house where rapists live, but someone points a finger at a "progressive" man and all of a sudden there's a process; all of a sudden she is being divisive; all of a sudden she is COINTELPRO. We, as radicals, hold a society we do not have faith in to a higher standard than we hold our friends to!

Survivors of sexual assault within the progressive community are afraid to come forward with their stories and their needs. They have the same fear, shame, and guilt as "mainstream" survivors, with the added bonus of not wanting to go to the authorities out of principle. So now there are women being victimized by men they thought they could trust, men who were supposed to be anti-sexist, and men who they organize with. Survivors hear again and again about how strong women are. Thus, echoing through their head is the sentiment of "I am a radical, anarchist, feminist woman — I should have known better. I must be a bad feminist to let something like this happen to me!" After they work up the nerve to finally come forward, the people who should be supporting them are supporting these men, or remaining eternally neutral.

Then there are the people who believe the survivor, the people who want to be supportive. However, more often than not they jump to conclusions about what should be done, by whom and when, without the input of the survivor. "Let's go kick his ass." "Let's set up a mediation for the two of you." "I'm going to start an email war to try and torment him

and people who support him." The most important factor in any process dealing with intense transgressions is to make sure the survivor's needs are met and taken into consideration first and foremost. That means asking a survivor of sexual assault what they need and want and how supporters can make those things happen.

So let's see how this could work.\*\* A woman comes forward and says she has been sexually assaulted by a man. Supporters ask her what she needs and wants (very simply by saying, What do you need? What do you want? What can I do?). If the survivor cannot think of what she wants or needs, then a group of supporters may help her brainstorm some ideas. This could include: mediation, facilitated discussion, him to be removed from organizing at least until he has worked on his shit, counseling, STD tests, hugs, something/someone to punch, somewhere to cry, not to be asked all these questions right now, he needs to be held accountable, a sincere apology, a safe space, etc. Then, supporters would assist the survivor in meeting those needs.

In an ideal situation, the man would acknowledge that he fucked up and prove that he wants to be held accountable. He would voluntarily remove himself from groups and organizing until the time when it was seen fit that he return. The reason for his removal from the land of activism is because if he was not aware of his original transgression until after the survivor confronted him, he has a lot of subconscious shit to deal with and a lot of issues to work out. He cannot be working on his issues of sexism and violence if he continues to work on campaigns and deal with other activist distractions. It is easier for him to ignore his problem and not to allot adequate

It is of dire significance that as radicals we acknowledge sexism and sexual assault within our own ranks.

time to analyze his actions, deal with his issues of sexism and violence, or personal rehabilitation. He would want to do whatever the survivor

needed from him to be accountable.

The next step would be healing the survivor, healing the offender, and healing the community. This could be done through many ways, including but not limited to: groups for survivors, groups for offenders, workshops and discussions on sexism and sexual assault in theory and in specific, men



working against sexism groups, radical feminist support groups, etc. Giving people the option to process with others can be a helpful and productive way for people to start healing. Although healing of the offender is vitally important to any process dealing with sexual transgressions, it is not the job of the survivor to aid in that healing process. The survivor should never be asked to attend meetings to re-hash what happened and how it made her feel. It is not her obligation to ever forgive the person who assaulted her. She can forever refuse to work with him, regardless of whether or not he did everything that was asked of him. People who are close to the offender, if they are comfortable and able, should help him deal with his personal shit; they should help work on his issues of sexism and violence. It is very important to not put any of the responsibility to heal the offender on the shoulders of the survivor, unless she openly expresses wanting to help him, and she establishes the way in which she wants to help.

However, the ideal situation rarely happens, often times the man denies the actions of which he is accused. In this situation different steps need to be taken. It is still vitally important that the survivor's needs are given ultimate consideration and met. The offender should be given several opportunities to be held accountable for his actions. Perhaps both public and private options to be accountable. If he continues to refuse to be accountable for his actions it is time to take drastic measures. Drastic measures include but are not limited to: removing the offender from organizing, banning him from spaces, conferences, events, starting poster campaigns to tell others about the things he has done, petty vandalism, assault, ostracism, etc.

Healing the survivor and the community are always vitally important steps whether or not the offender is willing to be held accountable for his transgressions. Healing the community and allowing people to talk openly about their feelings is very important in situation where the offender refuses accountability. People should not chastise the survivor for her actions. The survivor should not be judged or punished. There should not be safe spaces for the offender. There should not be events where the survivor is asked not to attend because the offender is going to be present, only the other way around.

It is of dire significance that as radicals we acknowledge sexism and sexual assault within our own ranks. Just because a man identifies as radical, does not make him an angel. The label anarchist does not render him incapable of sexual transgressions. People within the radical community need to be held to a higher standard than people in mainstream

society. People must know that sexual assault will not be tolerated within this community. Survivors must be supported. Offenders must be held accountable. We must stand in solidarity with those who have been assaulted and heal together to try and prevent further victimization if we truly wish for revolutionary change and egalitarian society. ★

*\*I have used all male pronouns for offenders and female pronouns for survivors. I realize this is a misrepresentation. I am personally aware of women who have been assaulted by other women, men who have been assaulted by men, men who have been assaulted by women, people who do not fit into the gender binary being assaulted and assaulting as well, making any gender stereotypes null and void. The reason I chose to use male offenders and female survivors is I find this to be the most common dynamic and it is the only one that I can write from personal experience.*

Healing the survivor and the community are always vitally important steps whether or not the offender is willing to be held accountable for his transgressions.

*\*\* At this point in time there is nowhere that I know of to find a process for dealing with sexual assault within the radical community. I can find several books and websites on how to facilitate a meeting, but when it comes to*

*dealing with deep conflict we are forever reinventing the wheel. The ideas stated above are simply ideas. I want to compile the stories of people who have experienced sexual assault from within the radical community and how they or their community dealt or are dealing*

*with it. I want to try to establish a skeleton process for people to be able to use. It has been my experience, that trying to develop a process while in the middle of dealing with this kind of dilemma is very difficult. I want to be able to help other communities deal with sexual assault within their community successfully. If you would be willing to share your stories with me, I can be contacted at robandpillage@hotmail.com. (Anonymity will be protected.)*



Founded on the idea of free-thinkers taking control of their own media, it's everything you love about your scene and everything you wish it had.

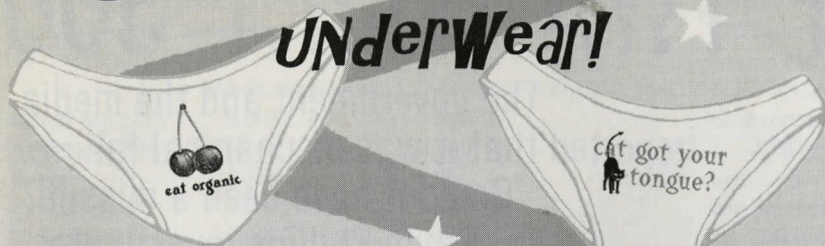
Welcome to the new, independent, and wanton source for all that's rad in your world.

fm  
frictionmagazine.com

Welcome to [frictionmagazine.com](http://frictionmagazine.com)



★ *Subvert the dominant*  
*UnderWear!* ★



*Free catalog*

[www.wackyjac.com](http://www.wackyjac.com)

toll free 1-877-922-5987

★ *Shop Wacky Jac*  
*CLOTHING & accessories*

all designs copyright ©2001 wackyjac.com

*A Revolutionary New Design*  
*for feminine protection*



*the*  
*Keeper*

The Keeper is an amazing little cup that could greatly simplify your feminine protection needs. With The Keeper, bulky pads and tampons are no longer necessary. You can go about your daily activities in virtual freedom from your period. Many women are finding out about it from friends who have tried it and love it. Visit

[www.sisterskeeper.com/clamor/](http://www.sisterskeeper.com/clamor/)

for information on how your purchase helps CLAMOR  
or call

1-877-The-Keeper

Need a  
break from  
all that  
holiday  
propaganda?

Get back to the  
simple things: spend  
some quality time  
with your vibrator  
and your loved ones  
this winter season.

This public service message  
is brought to you by



**Good Vibrations**

**1-800-BUY-VIBE**  
**goodvibes.com**



# THE CRASH OF TWA FLIGHT 800

The government and the media reported that it was mechanical failure. Could it have been a missile? Gavin Phillips investigates.

illustration by Dustin Amery Hostetler

"The truth is incontrovertible. Malice may attack it and ignorance may deride it, but in the end, there it is."  
- Winston Churchill

On July 17, 1996, 230 people boarded TWA Flight 800 at Kennedy airport, New York. At 8.31 p.m., about twelve minutes after take-off, the plane exploded and crashed into the waters off of Long Island. There were no survivors. Immediately afterwards many eyewitnesses stated that they had seen a firework/flare-like object rise from the surface shortly followed by Flight 800 exploding. The Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) and the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) quickly discounted these reports and started leaking various mechanical hypotheses to the media.

Author and reporter James Sanders began investigating Flight 800 about two months after the crash. His wife Elizabeth worked for TWA as a trainer of flight attendants. Ms. Sanders and some other TWA employees were sharing information about the crash. They were concerned about the direction the official investigation was taking because it did not correspond with their findings. "But what if it really was a mechanical thing after all?" Sanders asked. "If it's mechanical, it's mechanical," they said. "But you have to find out."

Sanders knew that he would need a source inside the investigation. His choice was Terrell Stacey, a senior flight manager at TWA, who was one of the first to be assigned to the NTSB investigation. In the fall of 1996 Ms. Sanders contacted Stacey and asked him if he would speak with her husband. He said that he would think about it. About two weeks later, Sanders called Stacey. This call coincided with Stacey's own increasing disillusionment with the unprofessional manner in which the investigation was being handled. Sanders and Stacey began a series of meetings starting on October 30, 1996.

Stacey told Sanders that there was plenty of speculation amongst senior NTSB personnel about various mechanical hypotheses but no evidence to support it. Those suppositions would then be aired by NBC as the latest mechanical theory of Flight 800's demise. Over the course of the next three months Stacey furnished Sanders with two crucial pieces of evidence, including a 104-page NTSB printout giving the coordinates of all Flight 800 wreckage locations. When Sanders put the coordinates into his computer it gave him a diagram of the debris pattern. "It's like skid marks on the bottom of the ocean," said Sanders, "The diagram tells you a story of what happened," and the pattern did not match any mechanical theories. Stacey then sent Sanders two tiny pieces of red/orange residue-covered foam that was found on seats only in rows 17, 18, and 19, exactly where the front of the plane broke off. Sanders had one sample tested by West Coast Analytical

Services, who broke it down into a list of chemical components.

Sanders shared the information with David Hendrix, a journalist with *The Press-Enterprise* in Riverside, California. Sanders sent Hendrix a copy of the analysis results. Hendrix and Sanders separately asked experts within the missile industry if you would find the same elements in the exhaust from a missile. The answer was yes (later it was established over 98 percent similarity). On March 7, 1997, Hendrix called FBI headquarters and spoke with James Kallstrom, head of the FBI investigation. Sanders also was present.

H: I'm doing a story saying there is an apparent residue trail through TWA Flight 800 that tests out as missile propellant.

K: It's not true ... There is a red residue trail. It has no connection to a missile. I'm not going to get into it. There's a logical explanation, but I'm not going to get into it ...

H: The FBI took [samples] from seats in rows 17, 18, and 19. What were the results of those tests?

K: We're not in the habit of discussing lab tests.

The *Press-Enterprise* ran the story on March 10, 1997. The headline read, "New Data Show Missile May Have Nailed TWA 800." The first thing the FBI did was to strip the residue-covered foam off of the seats. Then the cover story was released to the press. It was glue. The NTSB's Dr. Birky wrote that NASA scientist Dr. Charles Bassett had tested the residue and the results were "consistent with a polychloroplene 3M Scotch-Grip 1357 High-Performance contact adhesive." The report was circulated to the media alleging that this proved that Sanders's residue was glue. But this was a lie. Bassett stated in a notarized affidavit that his tests did not come to those conclusions. Even though the NTSB had in their possession an identical sample of Sanders' residue, they didn't send it for testing. Instead, they collected some unknown sample, supposedly from the aircraft, and had that tested. Sanders has a taped conversation with Birky in which he refers to the prospect of analyzing Sanders' residue. Birky says, "Boy, if we had analyzed it and it came out wrong, then what do we do? We could



never put this thing to bed.” Below is a side-by-side analysis of 3M glue (analyzed at Florida State University) and Sanders’ residue. As you can see, they are totally different.

	3M GLUE (%)	SANDERS’S RESIDUE (%)
Aluminum [Al]	0.0082	2.800
Antimony [Sb]	<b>none</b>	<b>0.530</b>
Boron	<b>0.0053</b>	<b>0.081</b>
Calcium [Ca]	0.0820	12.000
Chromium [Cr]	0.0002	0.032
Iron [Fe]	<b>0.0108</b>	<b>3.100</b>
Lead [Pb]	0.0000	12.400
Magnesium [Mg]	0.9657	18.000
Manganese [Mn]	0.0013	0.210
Nickel [Ni]	0.0001	0.210
Silicon [Si]	0.0266	15.000
Silver [Ag]	none	0.032
Sodium [Na]	0.0157	none
Titanium [Ti]	0.0007	1.700
Zinc [Zn]	<b>0.2125</b>	<b>3.600</b>

### THE EYEWITNESSES

Hundreds of eyewitnesses saw a streak of light before the Flight 800 explosion. Ninety-six witnesses say that they saw a flare or firework-like object rise from the surface a few seconds before Flight 800 exploded several times and crashed. At the first public NTSB hearings held in Baltimore in December 1997, not a single eyewitness was allowed to give an account. The eyewitnesses became so incensed that the FBI/NTSB ignored or discounted their testimonies that a full-page advertisement was taken out in *The Washington Times* on August 15, 2000. The title read, “We Saw TWA Flight 800 Shot Down by Missiles And We Won’t Be Silenced Any Longer.” Below are a few eyewitness testimonies.

Navy Master-Chief Dwight Brumley (Ret.) used to work as a U.S. Navy electronic-warfare technician. He was on board USAir Flight 217 from Charlotte, North Carolina to Providence, Rhode Island. The aircraft was flying at 21,000 feet, a few miles behind Flight 800. Brumley said “... I noticed the flare-like object appearing to rise off of my right side looking down, probably underneath the wing, and then rising, peaking over, pitching over, and then the first explosion ... One to two seconds later, the small explosion became a much larger explosion and started to elongate as it started heading downward.” From his viewpoint, Brumley couldn’t see Flight 800 exploding, but another passenger on the plane, James Nugent, said he saw “... The cabin lights inside the plane a moment before it erupted into a fireball.”

Lisa Perry had an excellent view of the incident. Perry wrote to the NTSB on August 15, 2000: “I am just one of the hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds of eyewitnesses who were there that night. We don’t need anyone theorizing on the causes of the crash. Those of us who were there remember all too well what we saw in front of our own eyes. TWA 800 was taken from the sky by an assault of missiles. From whom or why, I have no idea. But this foolishness that the plane spontaneously exploded is not kidding anyone.”

Major Frederick C. Meyer was with the New York National Guard’s 106th rescue wing at the time of the crash. Meyer and co-pilot Chris Baur were flying an HH-60G helicopter over Gabreski airport in Westhampton Beach practicing landings. Meyer had an excellent viewpoint of the incident and was the first person on the crash scene. Whilst Meyer was keeping a close lookout for a Cessna that was in the area he saw “... A streak of light ... moving very rapidly from my left-

center farther to my left. It was red-orange in color ... And then for an instant I saw nothing—and then suddenly right there I saw an explosion— high velocity explosion ... It was military ordnance! A second and a half to two seconds later—farther to the left but down—I saw a flash once again—high velocity explosion.” After receiving clearance to investigate further, Meyer flew to the crash area and saw “... A lake of fire, probably 3 acres in size, burning with flames 50 feet high ... We worked around the upwind hemisphere of the lake of fire and the first thing we saw were four bodies.”

Meyer flew helicopters in Vietnam and knows what missiles and flak look like. On March 12, 1998, he told the *Granada Forum*: “My purpose in being here tonight is to tell you that what I saw explode in the sky on July 17, 1996 was military ordnance ... We’re (with Donaldson) here to say it’s no accident— somebody shot this aircraft down.”

In order to try and explain away the hundreds of eyewitness testimonies, the CIA produced a computer-generated video of the TWA Flight 800 crash. In the CIA’s video, the plane climbs about 3,000 feet after the nose section has broken off. According to the CIA, the witnesses mistook a burning, ascending 747 at over 13,500 feet for a missile like object rising from the surface. CIA spokeswoman Carolyn Osborn said, “There is no way a missile brought down the plane ... What these eyewitnesses saw was, in fact, the burning 747 [jet] in various stages of crippled flight ...”(The Press-Enterprise 9-25-97).

Unfortunately for the CIA however, pilots and engineers were quick to point out that a pilot-less 747, missing its front section, would immediately stall and drop like a brick-period. The laws of aerodynamics and physics can be extremely troublesome sometimes. Worse still, the CIA said that they had based their calculations primarily on the testimony of one witness, Michael Wire. But the CIA never interviewed him, and Wire emphatically denies that the CIA video bears any resemblance to what he saw.

### RADAR EVIDENCE AND WRECKAGE MANIPULATION

Pilot Richard Russell (Ret.) worked for over 26 years with the Airline Pilots Association (APA) investigating commercial aviation accidents. Russell was given a copy of an FAA radar tape from the night of the crash. Russell says, “What was on that tape was not an electronic glitch. This was an unidentified rogue target going some place in a big hurry ... it is a ... target that appears for four sweeps and then disappears ... This target appeared just seconds before TWA 800 blows up. Several controllers ... Actually reported that it was a missile.” Initially the Russell tape was discounted as a fraud but when it was authenticated, the FBI immediately confiscated it.

An APA investigator described an extraordinary scene to Russell when he arrived at the TWA 800 crash site. Russell says, “He was greeted by 500 police officers, several hundred FBI agents and twenty-three CIA agents.” “He went to the head APA official and asked, ‘What the hell is going on here?’ The official said, ‘I wondered how long it would take you to figure this out.’” Russell continues, “When any of the investigators attempted to photograph the area the FBI would forbid it.” According to the APA investigator, each investigator had two to six agents following them around. “He also told me that if you would pick up a fragment and call another investigator over to look at it with obvious interest, an FBI agent would come over and take it out of your hands and you would never see it again.”

The positioning of the wreckage was another problem for the NTSB/FBI because it did not correspond with their mechanical agenda. TWA employee Linda Kuntz was working in the investigation as part of the Cabin Interior Group. She noticed that the NTSB was altering passenger seat locations to conform to the official theory. Kuntz called on the assistance of two New York policeman to help her photograph the sequence of alterations. The photographs, showing how the seat

MEDIA



locations were being altered, were sent by TWA officials to the government. Kuntz was removed from the case.

### THE FRIENDLY FIRE THEORY

Immediately after the crash, the military vehemently denied that there were any military maneuvers in the area at the time of the crash. They said that there were only two navy assets in the area, a P-3 Orion plane and the ship "Normandy," about 185 miles away. Both these claims were later proven to be lies. After nearly five years, several facts have been established that support the friendly fire theory:

- There was a military presence in the area at the time of TWA Flight 800's crash. Sanders has a videotaped statement by an NTSB investigator saying that U.S. ships were within "several" miles of TWA Flight 800 when it crashed. Navy documents state that there were "significant Naval units" in the area of Flight 800's crash on the evening of July 17 (also confirmed by FAA and Navy radar). Eyewitnesses Lisa Perry and Alice Rowe saw a large "... United States military vessel ... Just outside the sandbar along the shore of Davis Park, Fire Island. It was about 6 or 6:30."
- There were military maneuvers being carried out in the area. James Kallstrom, in a recorded interview with Reed Irvine (Accuracy In Media) on September 14, 1998, said that three of the surface radar contacts "were Navy vessels on classified maneuvers." There was a Navy Cooperative Engagement Capability (CEC) exercise in the area scheduled from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. of July 17 (Sanders says sources told him that it was extended into the evening). CEC is a very complex system that was supposed to be able to differentiate between friendly, enemy, and neutral aircraft in the very confusing airspace that you have when you are at war.
- There were several warning zones in the area that were off limits to commercial/private aircraft at the time of the crash. Tom Stalcup, independent investigator into Flight 800, was given previously undisclosed FAA radar data from the night of the crash. He called Kelly O'Meara of *Insight* magazine who in turn contacted the NTSB and obtained a copy of the database. On September 20, 1999, *Insight* published an article by O'Meara entitled, "New Radar Data, New Questions." O'Meara says in part, "[The data show] in excess of two-dozen surface vessels and aircraft detected by radar just beyond the 20-nautical-mile mark. Of interest to experts who have reviewed the data plot is that most of the surface vessels in Chart B appear to be heading in a parallel movement toward Whiskey 105, or W-105—a military warning area highly publicized to mariners and aviators, designed to keep commercial aircraft and surface vessels out of harm's way during military exercises. On the evening of the explosion, W-105 was activated for military exercises along with several other warning areas along the Atlantic Coast."

Warning area W-105's northwestern boundary was within a few miles of where Flight 800 crashed. Some have said that these radar returns may have been commercial or sports fishing boats. The fact is that only larger ships provide radar returns; and why would commercial fisherman be moving in apparent formation into a military hot zone as night fell? Of particular interest to investigators is one ship, known as "the thirty knot track." This ship was very close to the crash area, about 2.9 miles away. Instead of turning to render assistance, it moves rapidly away, right from under Flight 800's burning wreckage. Sanders writes, "This 30-knot target continued moving south at a high rate of speed until it approached an armada of ships that could also be seen by the FAA radar."

Sanders was told by a source that if the navy was stupid enough to conduct missile firings close to Long Island, they would have an anti-missile missile backstop. Sanders says the exercise "... was being demonstrated real time in the White House Situation Room ... there

was a group of a senior bureaucrats ... something went wrong and the anti-missile missile backstop ... Met, I believe, met a fraction of a second after the first missile hit flight 800 ..."

In a terrible twist of fate, both missiles met at TWA Flight 800. Meanwhile, back in the White House, a source told Sanders "There was a long silence. Finally, someone said, 'Oops.' Immediately there was a hurried meeting between the most senior people present. They quickly announced that National Security was being invoked.

### DESTROYING THE MESSENGER

The day following the *Press-Enterprise* article, Sanders sent his other residue sample to CBS so they could run independent tests on it. The FBI found out and threatened to tear the CBS studios apart if it they didn't give it to them. CBS immediately handed it over. Sanders' expose of the residue in the *Press-Enterprise* article had caught the FBI off-guard. Drastic action was needed to try and stop the official investigation from totally unraveling. The FBI wanted the name of Sanders' informant, referred to only as "hanger man." They offered Sanders immunity from prosecution if they gave him up. Sanders refused and said that he was a protected journalist's source. The FBI immediately subpoenaed Sanders' phone records, totally disregarding the strict procedures required to obtain phone records from a journalist. Incredibly, Justice Department attorneys Valerie Caproni and Benton Campbell stated, "We can find no support for the assertion that Mr. Sanders is a member of the media." Sanders was identified in the *Press-Enterprise* article as "an author and investigative reporter." The FBI tried to bully Ms. Sanders into giving them the name of Terrell Stacey. The intimidation tactics became so intense that Ms. Sanders had to leave her family and go into hiding for months. In April 1997, Mr. Sanders first book on this subject, "The Downing of TWA Flight 800," was published. The FBI scoured the acknowledgement section and dragged many of the people in for questioning.

On December 5, 1997, a warrant was issued for the Sanders' arrest. They were charged with conspiracy to illegally remove parts of aircraft wreckage and the crime of aiding and abetting the removal of such materials. James Kallstrom said, "These defendants are charged with not only committing a serious crime, they have also increased the pain already inflicted on the victims' families."

During the trial the Sanders were not allowed to raise First Amendment issues or introduce evidence of government corruption. Terrell Stacey made a deal with the FBI. He pled guilty to a misdemeanor in exchange for his testimony. Even though Stacey testified that he had taken the two tiny pieces of foam from the Calverton hanger "... On my own volition," the Jury still found the Sanders guilty on all counts. They were sentenced on July 16, 1999. Sanders was given three years probation and 50 hours of community service. His wife received one year probation and 25 hours of community service. The case is under appeal.

### WAS IT TERRORISTS?

Commander William Donaldson (United States Navy/Ret.) has been instrumental in bringing the public's attention to the many large factual and logical flaws in the official version of TWA Flight 800's crash. Donaldson is a retired Navy pilot with over two decades of experience "... In virtually all phases of naval aviation," including 7 years as a military air crash investigator. Donaldson first began investigating the TWA 800 crash in April 1997. Donaldson has done an outstanding job demonstrating the extremely safe properties of Jet A-1 fuel that is used in commercial aircraft. Jet A-1 fuel is far safer than car gasoline. If you throw a lighted match into it at temperatures below 127° Fahrenheit it will put the match out. The government surmises that Flight 800 crashed due to an explosion in the nearly empty center



wing tank (CWT) ignited by an unknown source. Regarding the government's theory, Donaldson writes, "... Such an event is literally impossible because of the extremely low volatility of aviation kerosene and the superb ignition free design of the 747 fuel tank system ..."

In 1997 Donaldson extracted some fuel from a 747 at JFK airport that had been sitting with its air conditioners running and in weather conditions similar to that of Flight 800's on the day of the crash. The temperature of the fuel was only 68° Fahrenheit, nowhere near flammable range. Donaldson writes, "The NTSB would have you believe that Jet A fuel vapors are a virtual bomb waiting to go off, yet every day hundreds of 747s are sitting on hot runways in places like Saudi Arabia... With empty center tanks and none have ever exploded." The NTSB's hypothesis that air conditioning units close to the CWT raised the fuel temperature sufficiently to cause the vapors to somehow ignite defies logic. As many pilots have said, if air conditioners could set off fuel tanks they would have died a hundred deaths whilst sitting on Dallas and Riyadh runways, running the air conditioners full blast. In the entire flying history of the 747 there has never been an in-flight fuel tank explosion caused by some unknown ignition source whilst using Jet A-1 fuel. There are no wires in the fuel tank to set off an explosion.

Donaldson was shocked by the extremely unprofessional way the official agencies were running the investigation. Referring to the FBI/NTSB/CIA investigation he says, "Never in my wildest dreams did I ever expect to find such rampant incompetence of several agencies ... Mr. James Kallstrom ... Stated during his final press conference ... That the Bureau had turned over every rock ten times. The literal truth is that they didn't even find some of the eyewitnesses ... We found 140 eyewitnesses, and the FBI has never even interviewed 20 of them." One of the most compelling pieces of evidence disproving the government's exploding CWT is a photograph taken by James Sanders of Flight 800 wreckage as part of the discovery phase of his trial. Donaldson, working for the Sanders defense as a consultant, asked him to photograph a particular area of the fuselage where the government says the explosion took place. Donaldson says, "... One of his photos shows that the bottom of that center fuel tank is domed *upward* 14 inches! If the scenario offered by the NTSB is accurate, that metal surface should be domed *downward*, the result of an explosion inside the tank."

Donaldson points out that the positioning of wreckage in the debris field proves beyond any doubt that a missile struck Flight 800. He writes "... Either the aircraft was hit by an Amtrak metro-liner on the left side or by a powerful anti-aircraft weapon." Donaldson's conclusions are that terrorists, most probably in two locations, shot the plane down using shoulder-fired surface-to-air missiles. Donaldson theorizes that Clinton covered it up because the election was only 15 weeks away and he feared the American public would hold him responsible and he would lose the election.

Although Donaldson has brought vitally important information to the fore, I have not found convincing answers to a number of logical problems with the terrorist theory. During Clinton's Presidency, one

particular character trait that showed itself many times was his total preoccupation with his continued political survival. Why would he risk trying to orchestrate an enormous cover-up of a terrorist act? The many unforeseen leaks and inevitable whistleblowers exposing the cover-up would pose a far greater threat to his Presidency than simply admitting

that terrorists were responsible. Covering up for terrorists would place Clinton in an enormously compromising position because presumably the terrorists could expose his cover-up at any time.

We know that there were many navy assets in the area at the time of the crash. How could terrorists in two locations find their target, make certain the missile was locked on, launch and still make a clean getaway? Why did the navy rapidly flee the area instead of searching for survivors and terrorists?

### THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA

It's important to fully comprehend the crucial role played by the mainstream media on behalf of the government during the investigation. The mainstream media worked tirelessly for the government on two fronts. First, by spewing out government press releases without a contradictory word.

Second, and often overlooked, is their role of self-appointed censor controlling public discourse and enforcing the status quo. If anybody does not strictly adhere to their "Political Correctness" rules of conformity, and starts questioning the government's story, they are immediately labeled "right wing extremists," or the ultimate slur, "a conspiracy theorist." The mainstream media has slaved feverishly over the past few decades to make the word "conspiracy" synonymous with irrational or psychotic. I'll let you in on a secret, but keep it under your hat, if the *L.A. Times* gets wind they will become quite distraught. The fact is that the human species is conspiratorial by nature; it's as ingrained as curiosity. Our country was founded on a conspiracy. Thousands of conspiracies are committed every day. Yet the *New York Times* expects us to believe that politicians like Bill Clinton is above all that and would not try to cover-up a perceived threat to his Presidency.

The media has a vital role in any free society, to vigilantly and aggressively expose government wrongdoing. What we have instead is a mainstream media that is a fanatical protector of government malfeasance. Instead of exposing government corruption, they spend much of their time trying to malign independent thinkers with their "conspiracy nut" ad hominem. Unfortunately, the *Washington Post*, *New York Times* et al are far too arrogant to realize what appalling representatives they have become for the profession of journalism.

### THE GOVERNMENT'S MECHANICAL AGENDA

In August 2000, the NTSB announced its conclusions about the cause of TWA Flight 800's crash. "... An explosion of the center wing fuel tank (CWT) resulting from ignition of the flammable fuel/air mixture in the tank. The source of ignition energy for the explosion could not be determined with certainty ..." For us to believe the government's mechanical theory we must dismiss of eyewitness accounts, radar data, residue that is 98 percent compatible with rocket propellant, and the location and manipulation of the wreckage. Whether it was "friendly fire," terrorists, or a third option, the indisputable fact



is that a missile, most likely two, was responsible for the crash of TWA Flight 800. Despite the Herculean efforts by the government and mainstream media to deceive and obfuscate the truth, all they have managed to do is to stall it for a while. What is now readily apparent is just how rampant the corruption is within all branches of government. Of course government officials have a ready list of excuses for breaking the law and betraying their oaths of office. It usually involves phrases like "for the good of the country," "it would damage our nation's reputation," and "it would weaken us against foreign enemies." They always leave out the real reason though, which is to protect *their* careers and save *themselves* from embarrassment.

The repercussions of widespread government malfeasance are devastating. It kindles a seething contempt for the highest offices in the land and makes a mockery of the principles our country stands for. If government officials know that they are accountable to nobody and can invoke National Security anytime they want, despotism is but a few short steps away. The truth must be confronted, if only for the 230 people who died and their families' sake. If the government wants to claw back even a semblance of credibility, this absurd charade must be exposed and the people responsible for it held accountable. ★

#### REFERENCES (Abridged)

##### ARTICLES

"Feds Assault the Free Press," *Insight Magazine*, Kelly Patricia O'Meara

"New Radar Data, New Questions." *Insight Magazine*, Sept 20, 1999, Kelly Patricia O'Meara

"He Protected His Source: Sanders' Hangarman Ordeal," *The New York Observer*, April 19, 1999, Philip Weiss

"TWA 800 Shootdown," *The New American*, October 25, 1999  
(An interview with William Donaldson)

"Journalist or Criminal?" *Worldnetdaily.com*, August 12, 1998, Steven J. Allen

"Friendly Ire," *Valley Advocate*, September 3, 1998, Mark Anderson

TWA Probe: Submarines off LI  
By Robert E. Kessler

"Two years later, Flight 800 crash questions remain," *The Press-Enterprise*, July 17, 1998, David E. Hendrix

"TWA Flight 800 Analysts Say FBI Is Intentionally Obstructing Justice," *The Winds*, October 1998

"Going After Boeing," *Washington Weekly*, November 15, 1999, Edward Zehr

"The NTSB—To be or not to be?" *The Washington Post*, William S. Donaldson

##### BOOKS

*The Downing of TWA Flight 800*: James Sanders

*Altered Evidence*: James Sanders

##### WEBSITES

NATIONAL TRANSPORTATION SAFETY BOARD Public Meeting of August 22-23, 2000 Abstract of Final Report:  
[www.itsasafety.org/Publictn/2000/aar0003.htm](http://www.itsasafety.org/Publictn/2000/aar0003.htm)

William Donaldson's Website:  
[www.twa800.com](http://www.twa800.com)

Michael Rivero Website  
[www.whatreallyhappened.com/RANCHO/CRASH/TWA/twa.html](http://www.whatreallyhappened.com/RANCHO/CRASH/TWA/twa.html)

Flight 800 Independent Researchers Organization: [www.flight800.org](http://www.flight800.org)

The Hull Thread: [hometown.aol.com/bardonia/index.htm](http://hometown.aol.com/bardonia/index.htm)

Tom Shoemaker: [www.multipull.com/twacasefile/default.htm](http://www.multipull.com/twacasefile/default.htm)

## << ZINE READING >>

### Black Sun #7

This digest-sized zine published by the Wild Earth Neopagan Anarchist Polysexuals is a fairly slick look at the current state of things from a perspective that is underrepresented in much anarchist/radical literature. Self-described by editor Sunfrog as a "perpetual neopolitical collage of ideas and images to change the whole damn social lie into multiple truths of a planet worth calling home," Black Sun encourages a healthy injection of love, sex, magic and revolution in our movements for social change. This issue features a lengthy essay, "Purge Pretenses, not People," exploring how communally organized groups deal with antisocial behavior by its collective members that was inspired in part by the "Anarchism and Ostracism" panel discussion at the Underground Publishing Conference in Ohio last June. The issue also contains a look at the works of Michael Franti and Judith Malina as well as organizing efforts against weapons manufacturing in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Expand your horizons. Read this zine.



\$3/single issues; \$12/four-issue subscriptions plus copies of *AllHallowZine* and *AMayZine*

PO Box 6, Liberty, TN 37095

[Sunfrogj@hotmail.com](mailto:Sunfrogj@hotmail.com)

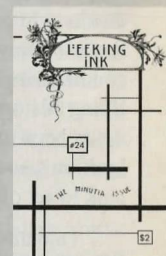
### Leeking Ink #24

Leeking Ink is one of a number of zines put out by the prolific self-publisher Davida Gypsy Brier. In addition to her day-job working at the Vegetarian Resource Group (where she wrote and designed the book *Vegan and Vegetarian FAQ*), Davida also publishes the *Glovebox Chronicles* and *Xerox Debt*. This particular issue of this long-running zine is focused on minutiae — a collection of would-be postcards that reflect the "idiosyncratic blur of the last six months" of Davida's life. While she apologizes in the introduction about the self-indulgent nature of this issue and encourages readers to check out an earlier or subsequent issue, this installment of documented daily life offers plenty to entertain and provoke the reader. Whether you're gleaning insight into Davida's mild obsession with Gary Busey (?) or having Indian cuisine with a long-time pen pal from Montenegro (bearing gifts from Uzbekistan!), this issue of *Leeking Ink* reinforces the notion that the personal can be universally entertaining and enlightening.

\$2, stamps or trade/single issue

Davida Gypsy Breier, PO Box 963, Havre de Grace, MD 21078

[www.leekinginc.com](http://www.leekinginc.com)



### other notable reads:

*Ideas is Matches* : a personal/political zine from Ireland done by Clo who takes us with her to the IMF protests in Prague and on her travels throughout Europe. In between, she offers us her insights on people important to her, thoughts about the scene(s) in Ireland, recipes, and alternative health care. \$2ppd or trade. 57 Woodview, Lucan, Co Dublin, Ireland. [Clodagh@gurllmail.com](mailto:Clodagh@gurllmail.com)

*sick to move* vol 3, #3: is a political punk zine from San Diego edited by a grand fellow named Scott Puckett. This issue contains great interviews with Dillinger Four and American Steel as well as an exposé on the West Memphis Three (previously featured in CLAMOR). In addition, Scott's insightful and eloquent thoughts are scattered throughout. His zine is free, but you should send him money for postage. PO Box 121462, San Diego, CA, 92112-1462. [www.punkrockacademy.com](http://www.punkrockacademy.com).

*girl/boy* #3: is a dual effort from Rob and Shyla Ann where each does one-half of the zine. This is a thick zine of personal essays mostly on the politics of (trans)gender issues and generally about living life between numerous identities and communities. If you enjoy reading enlightening, intellectual and personal essays on issues that we all deal with on a daily basis, send 'em some cash and get a copy of boy/girl. \$3 PO Box 743, Mankato, MN 56002.



# The FCC Crackdown

## Oregon's KBOO Fights an Indecency Ruling

by Catherine Komp

The Federal Communications Commission (FCC) has been quite busy since Michael Powell entered the picture. In April, the FCC voted to eliminate the "Dual Network" rule that prevents one television network from buying another. The FCC also plans to lift the "Cross Ownership" rule that previously precluded a company that owns a local newspaper from owning a television station in the same market. While the FCC is granting big media outlets the opportunity to get even bigger, they are also issuing indecency rulings that could be interpreted as a violation of first amendment rights to smaller radio stations.

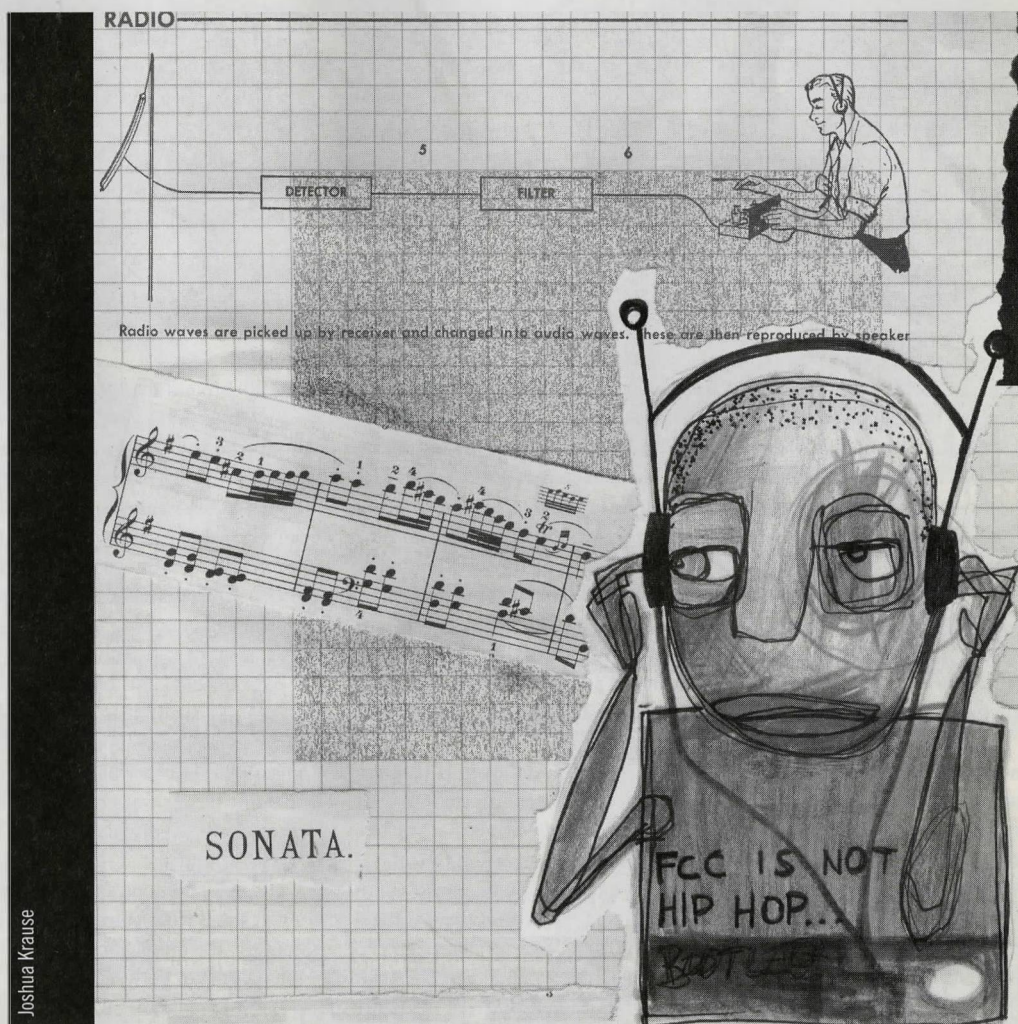
In May, the enforcement office of the FCC imposed a \$7,000 fine to Oregon community radio station KBOO-FM for airing the song "Your Revolution" by poet and artist Sarah Jones. The FCC charged that "Your Revolution" violates the indecency rule after interpreting content in the lyrics as "depicting or describing sexual or excretory activities or organs measured by contemporary community standards to be offensive." While the First Amendment protects indecent material from being completely banned, it can be restricted. To protect children from indecency, the FCC requires that stations refrain from airing content falling under the above definition between 6:00 a.m. and 10:00 p.m. "Your Revolution" was aired in October 1999, between 7:00 and 9:00 p.m. during The Soundbox, a show featuring Hip Hop, Rap, and Electronica music. Deena Barnwell, host of The Soundbox, plays music that delivers strong political views on racism, sexism, and misogyny. Barnwell chose to play "Your Revolution" because of its empowering message.

Jones's song addresses degradation and sexualization of women in rap music. Out of context, some of the phrases are sexual. Jones writes "Your revolution will not happen between these thighs," and goes on to link names in the Rap and Hip Hop scene with the sexual investment inherent in their "revolution." An alternate reading of the song shows that Jones and station programmers that play "Your Revolution" are not attempting to shock and pander. The song strives to chip away at the core of a music culture that indoctrinates oppression while purporting to fight it.

KBOO has been resolute in their response, fighting the charge every step of the way. Seeking to overturn the ruling, the station is arguing that offensive words are not necessarily de facto indecent. KBOO maintains the themes explored during "The Soundbox" fall under the KBOO mission to provide a medium in which to explore con-

troversial, unpopular, or neglected issues. In July, KBOO filed an appeal to the ruling with the FCC commissioners with a hearing expected at the end of the year. If the hearing is lost, the case could go the U.S. Court of Appeals, where the station would plead first amendment rights. Additionally, KBOO's attorney has warned that a second violation would probably result in a tripled fine. KBOO expects to spend at least \$30,000 on this issue. For listener-sponsored, volunteer-run community radio, this could be a significant financial setback. Instead of concentrating on membership fundraising for station upkeep or replacement of old equipment, KBOO will need to divert these resources into a "defense fund." In addition to rallies, benefits, and bake sales, KBOO is in the process of organizing fundraising events with Norman Solomon, Sarah Jones, and the ACLU.

To learn more about KBOO and the FCC ruling or to read the lyrics of "Your Revolution", go to [www.kboo.org](http://www.kboo.org). To contact Michael Powell and the FCC about unreasonable ruling, write to the Federal Communications Commission, 445 12<sup>th</sup> Street S.W., Washington, DC 20554. Email is [mpowell@fcc.gov](mailto:mpowell@fcc.gov). Phone is 1-888-225-5322 and fax is 1-202-418-0232. ★



Joshua Krause



# Philip E Lefebvre's Pan Diet Vanity Kills

Were you aware that liposuction kills? Apparently, it is not unheard of for fat pockets, broken loose by the procedure, to float through the bloodstream until they encounter some other blockage and are stuck, thus causing heart attack or stroke. Proof that vanity kills. And you know that it has to be vanity because there is not one single documented health benefit to the procedure. It does nothing for the cholesterol clogging the heart, builds not one milliliter of lung capacity. Muscles are still weak from lack of use and only one out of 1,000 who have the procedure quit watching television. If anything, liposuction still allows you to die on the same schedule, you just fit into a smaller suit for the wake. Small comfort, but a fairly consistently sought after one in this heroin-chic, Barbie doll culture we live in. Proper dieting may have some health benefits, but without a regiment of aerobic exercise, you are merely easing the load while you slowly kill yourself with stress.

Do you know what stress is? Stress is the number one killer in America. Stress is why dieting is bad for you. Dieting is merely one symptom of the sickening materialism of Western society. Follow — we want a new car, but not just any old car, a nice car. A nice red car, with an in-dash MP3 player. And 4-wheel drive. Okay, a truck. A big, gas-guzzling SUV, red, with an in-dash MP3 player. And what's an SUV without a dog? A big dog. No, two big dogs, because everybody has a dog. And we have to wear Abercrombie. Unless we're over 30, then it's Eddie Bauer. Unless we're hip, in which case we keep the Abercrombie. And we have to look good or we'll get a letter from Abercrombie & Fitch asking us to wear Eddie and a summons to appear in court from Eddie if we even think about switching brands. And all our yuppie scum friends will hold interventions and we'll cry because they love us enough to tell us we're fat. They'll hold the intervention in our big house with the big, foreign—no, I think black, it's more chic—SUV with the in-dash MP3 player out front. And we'll all sit on the floor because you get the house first and wait until the dot-com goes public before furnishing it. Stress. Stroke. Heart attack. Death. But they'll all say, "My, but look how thin she was."

Whatever happened to 50 acres and a mule? Whatever happened to that rugged individualism that would never subscribe to societal standards of beauty? You do of course realize that rugged individualism and the GAP are mutually exclusive, right? You do realize that if you stand in front of the pastry case at Starbucks and calculate calories in your head, trying to figure out if a chocolate chip cookie is going to show up on your hips, that you are actually doing more damage to your heart from the stress than if you simply ate the damn cookie and allowed yourself to experience the joy of it, right? You do realize that happiness and personal acceptance are hundreds of times better for you than stressful self-denial, right? You do realize that all those GAP commercials with all the happy little goose-steppers dancing in unison and wearing the same GAP approved uniforms are nothing more than crypto-fascist propaganda, right?

The only true blasphemy is the refusal of joy. Vanity kills. Happiness produces endorphins that keep you healthy. And even if laughter wasn't the best medicine, I would still rather live 10 years in a bowl of ice cream than a hundred in a bag of rice cakes. The truth of it is that you can eat right, drink your bottled water, take your vitamins and get plenty of sleep at night, and still be out-lived by the glutton next to you who didn't step in front of that bus. But fine, if your soul is so sold that you feel unworthy unless you're starving yourself, I give you the Pan Diet. As with any diet, remember to stretch your imagination, and maybe consult

a doctor (This diet has not been evaluated by any member of the medical profession and I make no guarantees as to its effectiveness, except to note that I follow it and even smoking a pack a day I can still hold my breath for two minutes.).

1. Judge any diet (especially this one) by its effect upon your health, not your waistline.
2. Accept your ass. Unless you are made out of plastic (as more and more people are, these days) you will not have a Barbie figure. People have all different body types, and it is worse for you to stress out over having big hips than to actually have big hips.
3. Cancel your subscription to all your beauty magazines. They have been proven in countless double-blind studies to make you ugly and leave you broke.
4. Take a multivitamin every day. This is a poor substitute for actually eating healthy, but will keep your body supplied with the stuff it needs to function.
5. Drink a gallon of clean water per day. This flushes toxins from your system and will even help to carry out excess fat. Never let yourself dehydrate to the point that your piss has color. It should always be clear.
6. Every so often, get the chicken instead of the hamburger.
7. Start every morning with a bowl of oatmeal. Not only will it help to lower your cholesterol, but will keep your colon bright and shining like new. Use fresh fruit or whole fruit preserves to flavor it; no refined sugar.
8. Unless you have an addiction, have a glass of red wine every day. It's good for your heart.
9. This one is for men only: at least five orgasms per week will cut your risk for prostate cancer by 80 percent. This will also help to burn calories, but the real benefit is in telling the missus that it's part of your diet.
10. Eat nothing within three hours of bedtime. Sleeping and digestion just do not go well together. Added benefit: you'll save a bundle on antacids.
11. Walk around the block after your evening meal. This will aid in digestion, elevate your heart rate and burn calories. As you progress, move up to a brisk walk, but never jog. Jogging is bad for just about every joint in your body.
12. Instead of three square meals a day, have five triangles. Eating smaller meals, more often, with fewer food types at a time is a lot easier to digest and won't upset your stomach.
13. If someone asks if you want to order a pizza and you think, "It's easier than cooking," say no. If you think, "Pizza tastes good," say yes. Laziness shouldn't be your motivation.
14. Skip the elevator; take the stairs.
15. Avoid—at all costs—diet foods. The crap they put in that stuff to approximate real food flavor will kill you.
16. Avoid food that won't spoil if you leave it out. Food is organic, and organic things are supposed to decay. If they don't, it's a good bet that they don't digest well, either. Note: this also goes for the stuff you feed your pets.
17. Uncooked onions and garlic are great for your heart; eat them often.
18. Cut stress from your life. High blood pressure is immeasurably worse for you than high cholesterol. There is a good reason why most heart attacks occur between the hours of 8 and 9 a.m. on Monday mornings.



# NO IDEA 100 : REDEFILING MUSIC



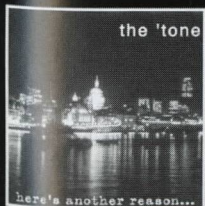
**SIXTEEN UNRELEASED TRACKS ON LP OR CD... \$6 POSTPAID!!**

**HOT WATER MUSIC • SMALL BROWN BIKE • RADON • TWELVE HOUR TURN • ASSHOLE PARADE • PALATKA  
PANTHRO U.K. UNITED 13 • USUALS • I HATE MYSELF • FAY WRAY • ANTHEM EIGHTY EIGHT  
RUMBLESEAT • ELMER • CLAIEMEL • ANKLEBITER • THE HAM**

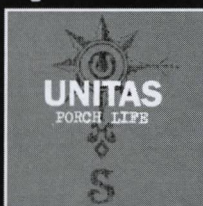
**THESE PRICES ARE POSTPAID IN THE USA: LP or CD \$8 • 10" or CDep \$6**

*Please see our website for overseas postage rates and a huge catalog of over 4,000 CD's, records, shirts, & other fun stuff!*

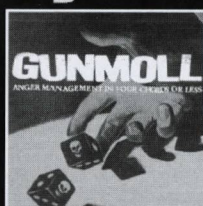
**NO IDEA! po box 14636 gainesville, fl 32604 [noidearecords.com](http://noidearecords.com)**



**THE 'TONE**  
"Here's Another Reason...to Believe in Rock'n'Roll" -LP/CD



**UNITAS**  
"Porch Life" -LP/CD



**GUNMOLL**  
"Anger Management in Four Chords or Less" -LP/CD



**SMALL BROWN BIKE**  
"Dead Reckoning" -LP/CD



**PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS**  
"Fuck With Fire" -LP/CD



**TWELVE HOUR TURN**  
"Bend Break Spill" -10"/CDep





4 Contributor • Jan/Feb 02  
Sean Carswell  
Gorsky Press  
PO Box 42129  
Los Angeles, CA 90042

**DREAM**  
of a time when  
every woman  
around the world  
can be as  
fortunate  
as you.

**DISCOVER**  
the outrageous truth  
that millions  
of women are  
denied access to  
regular checkups,  
Pap tests, and  
birth control.

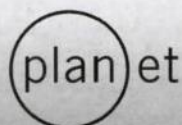
**DEMAND**  
that every woman  
in the world has access  
to the same vital  
reproductive healthcare  
that we take  
for granted.

**DEFY**  
the voice inside  
you that says  
you can't make  
a difference.  
And we'll show you  
how powerful your  
voice can be.

*To find out how you can make a difference,  
contact Global Partners at [www.plannedparenthood.org/global](http://www.plannedparenthood.org/global)*



Global Partners in Local Communities™



**Planned Parenthood®**  
of Northwest Ohio, Inc.