

PAY.BEV.

PROTESTS ARE YOUR BEST
ENTERTAINMENT VALUE!

\$1.00

#3



LITTER A PARK FOR THE EARTH!

Hi! I am Rich Mackin, Consumer Defense Corporate Poet. Welcome to Protests Are Your Best Entertainment Value issue 3. This is a little side project of mine documenting stuff that I do and see. I am going to get a bit defensive so pardon me. But notice the title. It is not "the most informative guide to protest" or "how to do stuff". This is not the manifesto of an organization that is solving the world's problems. This is some guy who has a hobby that combines making a point with having fun. I have been criticized for this 'zine by people who think that past issues have not been informative enough, or not deal with information that is already out there. (le; Nike is bad. Of COURSE most zinester types know this, but most "normals" don't...) Anyway, I don't really care if I get bad reviews or anything, I just get annoyed when the reasons are wrong. Tell me issue 2 was too small, and you're right.

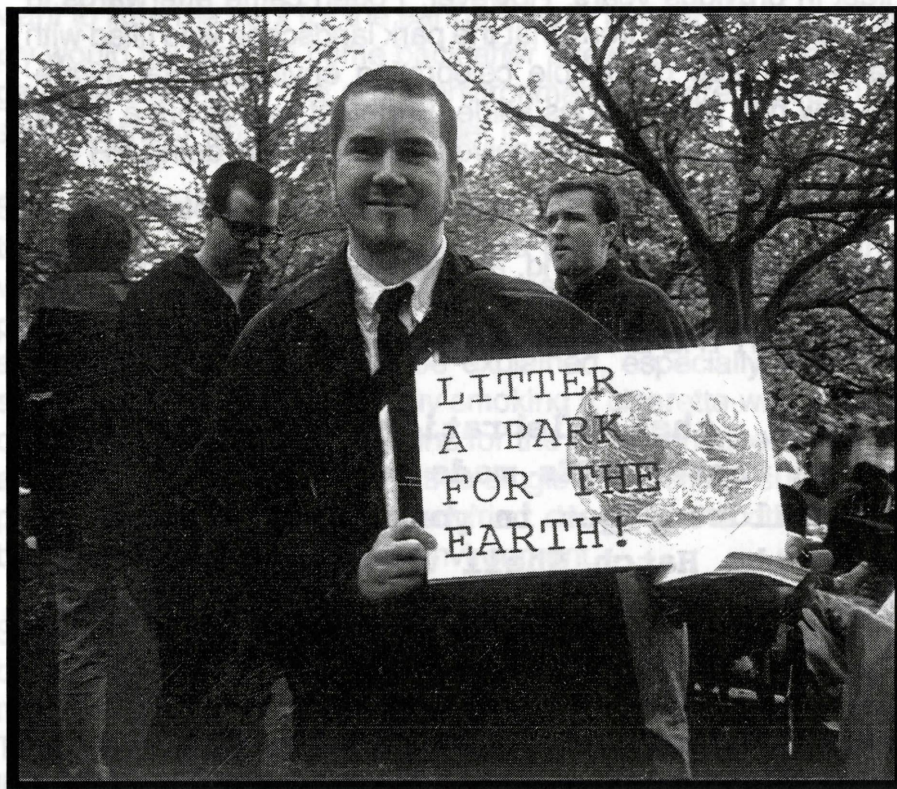
That said. This mostly is the Earth Day issue. Earth day is a holiday that was invented in the 60's by so-called "hippies" back when that was a semi-derogatory term to describe young activists, not a reference used to sell the new VW bugs. Many people these days make fun of hippies. At the time, many people made fun of hippies, including Abbie Hoffman, who many today consider to be THE hippy. The thing is, what many people consider to be 60's hippies are no more connected to the movements of the time as kids in baggy pants and OFFSPRING T shirts are to true punk rock. I digress, that's what I do. The point of tie dye Tshirts is that anyone could easily make a brightly colored one of a kind piece of clothing themselves. Now people buy mass produced ones at the mall. In the 80's you could actually go buy a kit with a safety pin and beads to make a "friendship pin" as if these were hard to find ingredients. If something can somehow be turned into a commodity, if profit can be had, someone seems to find a way to make money. Mothers day was originally intended as an anti-war day, as mothers were sick of seeing their sons sent off to die, now it is a tool for greeting card companies to make millions of dollars for writing letters for you. Things get corrupted and perverted into self-parody...

Such is Earth Day, Boston, MA 1998

Happy Earthday Everybody!

Litter a park for the Earth!

(note- this text is based on the Flipside #113 column "SUCKER-PUNCHLINES" by yours truly. It has been altered and expanded for this publication.)



OUR FRIEND AND NARRATOR

(photo by Lydia Eccles)

It was April 25, 1998. Sure, technically, Earth Day was April 22, but any celebration would have to be on a Saturday so that everyone would have the day off and be able to come. In Boston, the big official Earth Day event is the WBOS Earthfest at the Hatch Shell. WBOS is one of those "lite" radio stations that have TV ads about being the perfect mix of adult contemporary music from yesterday and today. You know-crap. Kenny G. Stuff kids make fun of their mom for listening to. As my friend Matt once said in the not-the-most-politically-correct but very accurate way "NON STOP GOD DAMN CHICK MUSIC!" The Hatch Shell is one of those big out-

door concert things that look like a big scallop, or quarter of a sphere, in the big park area of Boston. Same place as the fireworks and other stuff.

Normally, my schedule prevented me from actually attending the Earthfest in previous years. However, I often came afterwards in order to appreciate the irony that the park landscape was filled with the garbage made by people celebrating environmental awareness. A few non profit groups aside, Earthfest was about a bunch of businesses promoting themselves- Big business doing PR and hot dog and souvenir venders.

This year, I was able to attend, and was ready. I made signs that said "LITTER A PARK FOR THE EARTH!" and "\$UPPORT BIG BU\$INE\$\$ FOR THE EARTH!" and a bunch of flyers that read

"On this, the celebration of Earth Day, strap on those NIKES made by exploited third world children, get in your car and drive on down to the Hatch Shell where the same companies that environmental groups protest sell you high profit products in the name of the Earth! Eat a burger! Eat a hotdog! Who cares if the animal it came from grazed on a former rainforest clearcut for such a purpose! Who cares if all this junk food kills you? Your corpse will be comfy in a well preserved sealed coffin, taking up valuable real estate in a cemetery. SPEND YOUR MONEY! SPREAD SOME LITTER! YOU ARE HELPING THE EARTH!(In keeping with the spirit of this event, this flier was not printed on recycled paper. Please dispose of it however you damn well feel like it."

When I arrived, most people looked at me with a combination of confusion, curiosity, and mild amusement. A few chuckled or said something like "That's good, man" or something like that. A few came up to me and said that they "didn't get it, why would anyone want to litter the park for the earth? What's that MEAN?" and I simply would tell them to come back after a few hours and see all the garbage caused by the day's environmental awareness, and then some of them would say "Oh, I get it now"

Several people told me that my sign was not the best way for me to make my point. (I always get this feedback, usually by those who have no point to make themselves) I think it is pretty sad that people need everything spelled out for them so much, that even such blatant irony needs to be explained, especially when I am standing next to a really fat guy smoking a cigarette with a coke in one hand (with no recycling bins for the coke container to go into) and a bleached paper plate with a single use lifetime, supporting a pile of processed sugar coated fried dough in the other, but by being here, he is helping the environment.

Soon I found myself at the Food Not Bombs table, food not bombs being one of many "Something good not something bad" groups run by scruffy people that actually have some effect on something. They give out free food, at events like this and several regular public meetings. Not free food to any certain group or in any certain situation, just "Here is food. It's free. It is all vegetarian. Eat some."



SKOTT
(EXPLAINED LATER)

That's all. I was starving as I came to this thing directly after work and didn't have a chance to eat. I got myself a hummus and veggie sandwich for free (I later sent them a \$5 donation.) and as I ate, I took time out from "business" and looked at the political tables, all of which were together, away

from all the commercial tables, which all seemed to have considerably better locations. Looking up from a flier, I saw my old friend Skott.

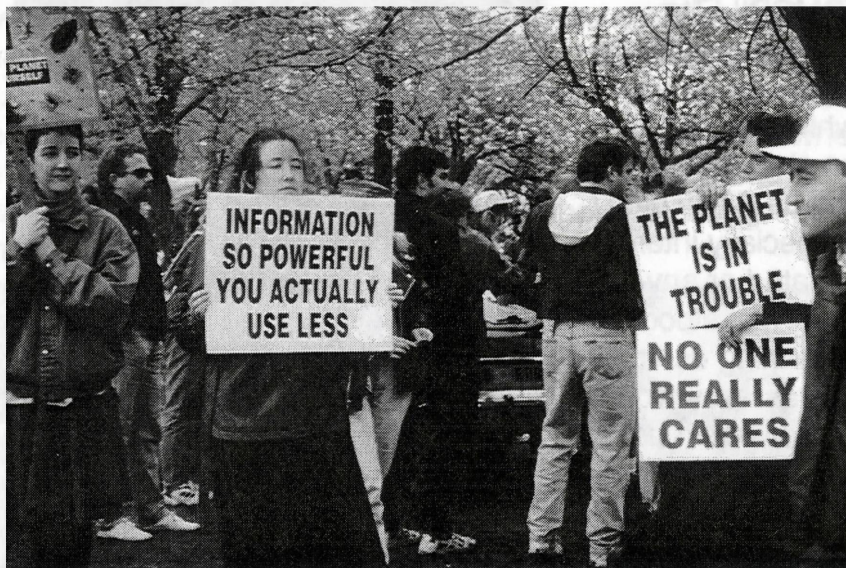
A few words about Skott: I have known him maybe 10 years now, maybe longer. We lived in neighboring towns of CT. I have run into him enough times in enough situations that I would not be surprised to ever see him within any context. The last time before this I ran into him in a small bookstore in Somerville that I had never been to before, but was trying to sell my zines at. Upon seeing me, he immediately produces a note from a mutual friend who I had lost touch with, who had decided that the best way to contact me was to give Skott a note and wait until he ran into me. Despite the huge leap of logic, she was right. I see Skott more by chance than I do many people I plan to see. We chatted, but were blasé about goodbyes, as we knew we would see each other again that day.

I returned to sign holding mode, and made a good lap around the event as a whole, and as I often do, wound up next to the Church of Euthanasia set up. The COE is a religious group/ political-environmental extremist group/ bunch of Jerry Springer guests stress overpopulation and modern lifestyle as the major causes of environmental stress, and encourage you to, as their propaganda says "Save the Planet, Kill Yourself!" (This slogan has actually been the root of a National Geographic article discussing such overpopulation related environmental problems.) They also can get really silly and/or offensive,



COE MEMBERS W/SIGNS (UNAF-
FILIATED KID IN FRONT)

depending on your point of view. Whether or not you agree with them, you have to admit that a man in drag with a 12' banner saying "EAT A QUEER FETUS FOR JESUS!" gets more attention than some guy with a stack of pamphlets. I have "worked" with the COE many times before. We share many points and tactics, but there is enough to make me want to stay separate, partially my own ego of not wanting to be someone else's helper, but also the lack of wanting to hold a "Fetuses are for Scraping" sign. A few other reasons. Anyway, it makes our relationship similar to when I had a girl friend, who is not my girlfriend, but my friend who is a girl. I am WITH the COE in that they are here and I am here and we are both here with each other, but I am not WITH them.



My favorite thing about watching the COE in action is that passerby always tell them that they are freaks or crackpots, or whatever, as if this was not fairly obvious to all involved. A man in a dress next to a clown with army boots and a giant toothbrush ranting about saving the environment one minute, and the benefits of paving the whole world the next, probably has an idea that he is not conforming. Also amusing is the fact that the people who always mention this are the beer-gutted wearers of ads-NIKE shirt, Budweiser hat, etc...)

Chris Korda, COE founder, had a bullhorn and was touching upon many of the same points as my flier. He brought up the fact

that we all drank bottled water, despite being next to a river. Water was 10 feet away, but we needed to BUY drinking water, since the river was so polluted. At some point, I got involved, and next thing I know, I had the bullhorn and was thanking people for drinking out of disposable cups for the Earth. We were a few hours into the event, and the garbage was already beginning to overflow, and people were getting the idea.

An interesting coincidence is that the COE was set up next to the "House of Blues"™ "BLUESMOBILE"™, which is supposed to be an old cop car.

Meanwhile, we had half a dozen state troopers watching us. They didn't seem especially interested or irritated or anything, they just stood there, watching us. It was surreal. Passerby would also stop to watch us, parking themselves for longer than I would think our repeated actions

would warrant. Skott showed up wearing a furry dog mask and stilts (did I mention that I am never surprised to see him in any context?)

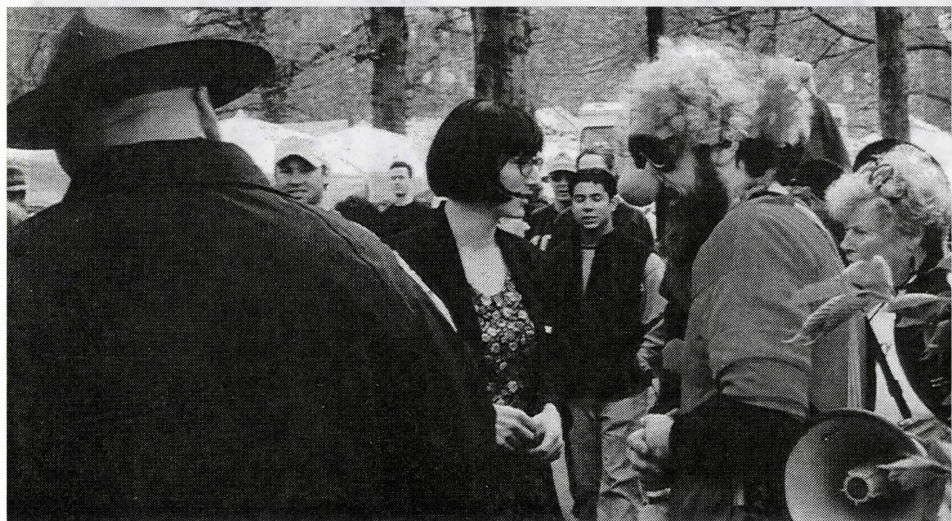


LOOK! HERE COMES SKOTT!

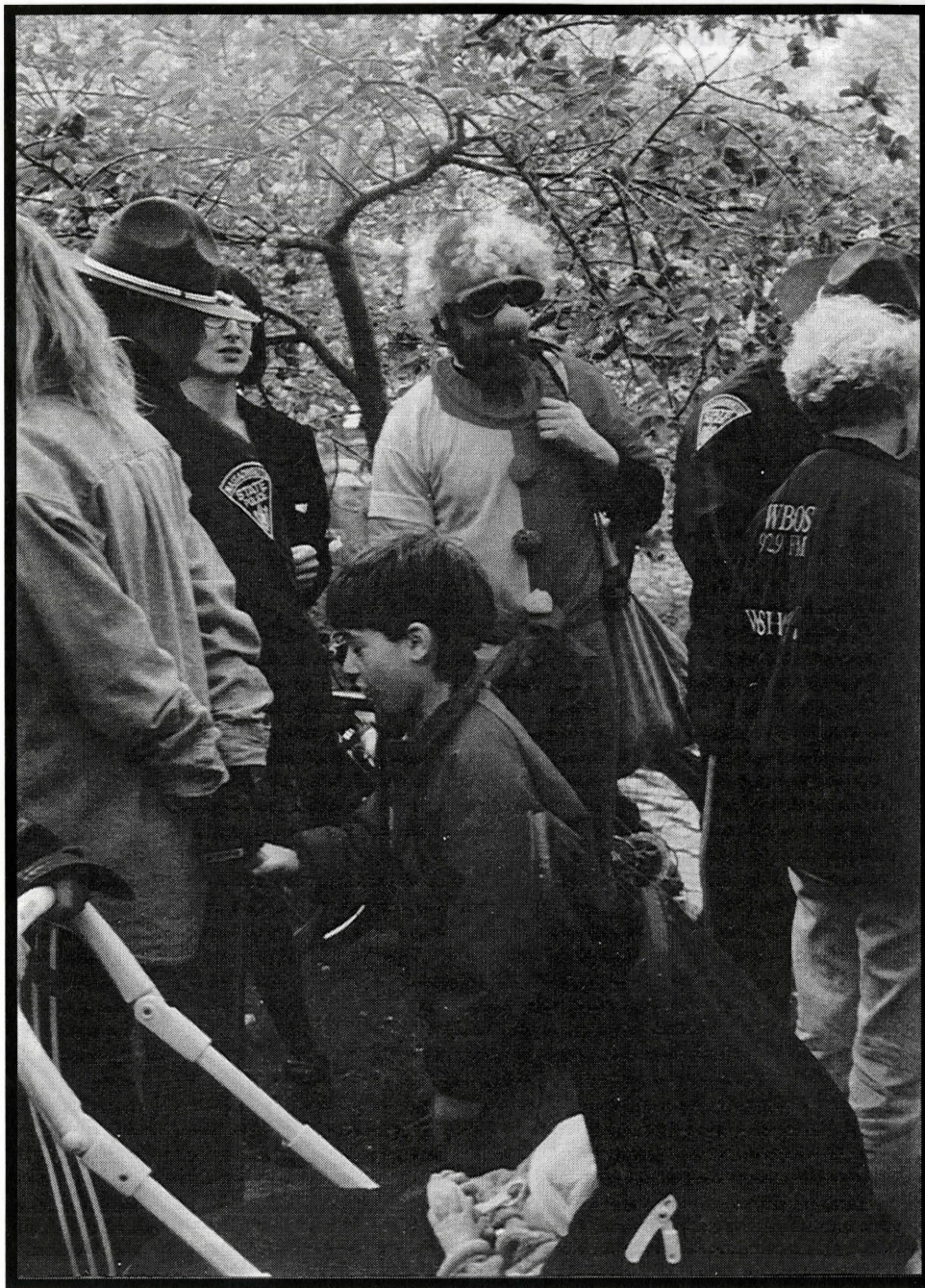
After a while, the cops told the people holding the big COE banners that the group didn't have a site permit and would have to move. There were some first amendment issues brought up, but it seemed that the message and such was not the problem so much as the size of the banners and the fact that they had been mounted into the ground. Nobody at any point told me, with my small hand held sign, that i had to do anything. The cops made the banner holders pick up, and the whole group moved through

the event, an incidental mini parade. When we stopped, Chris, some cops, and the woman who was apparently "in charge" of the event were involved in a heated discussion regarding the alleged forgery of an alleged document with her alleged signature that allegedly said that she welcomed the COE's active participation at the event. Apparently, it was this piece of paper that had kept the cops at bay until one of them was either smart or pushy enough to double check its validity. It was at this point that Vermin Supreme made his appearance.

A few words about Vermin Supreme, first of all, his name is Vermin Supreme. Everyone I know that knows him calls him that. Even his mom. He's well into his 30's, so it's not like a punk kid changing his name to spike. He lives in a hilltop cabin without plumbing, but with a typewriter garden and chairs tied to trees and more junk than a Sanford and Son rerun. He is somewhere between Santa and the Unabomber, a bit closer to Santa, if Santa was the cover boy of the 1997 rainbow gathering. Anyway...

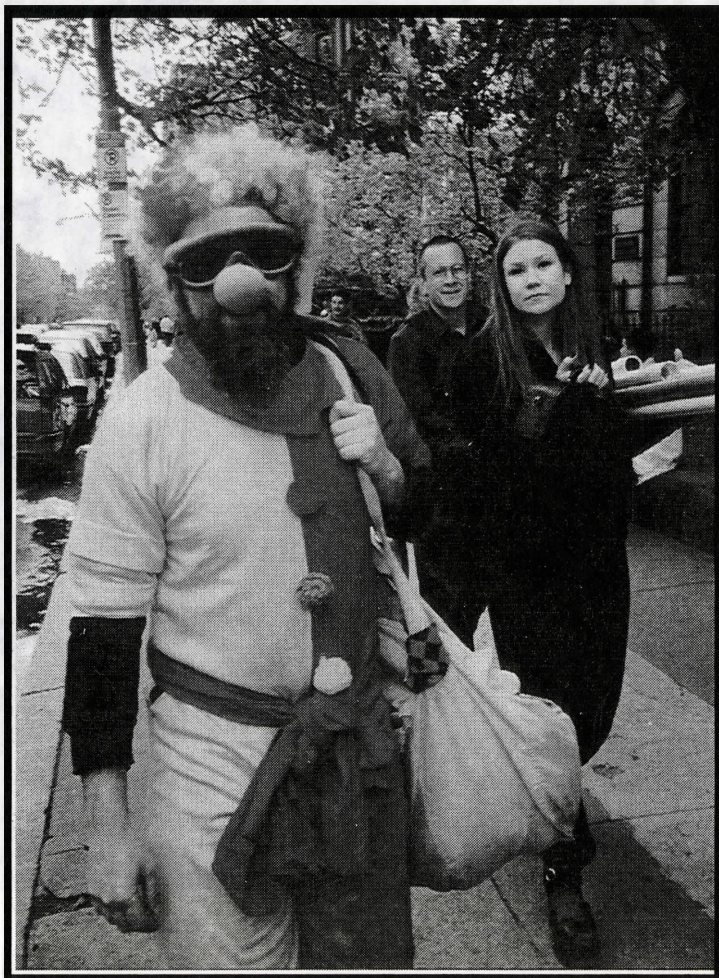


In full clown suit, rainbow wig, green nose and aviator goggles, Vermin went right up and stood next to Chris and without knowing what was going on found himself guilty by association. Partially of fear of such association, but partially to be annoying, I started shouting "I am an independent contractor!" In afterthought, probably mostly to be annoying.



From left to right; Unidentified lady (holding boy), state trooper, Chris Korda, Vermin, state trooper's shoulder, WBOS big shot lady. Baby in front is red herring.

Vermin, the COE members, and I all headed towards Chris' truck, I guess in defeat. This was not the first time we had been kicked out of something before (actually, I was never kicked out, I was just following.) I think I actually prefer these parts of the day. the removal of any logic to the context makes the whole thing even weirder. 12 people protesting something in any sense is never as strange as the same people walking down the street., 2 with bullhorns , most with signs and props. No longer having any direct subject to rant about, those with the bullhorns simply ranted. Vermin went on a tirade about how the "swan boats" in the pond weren't actually powered by swans, but instead by people inside. This REALLY confused people who thought that we had gathered solely to protest the swan boats. I think that perhaps we should all get together and forget about the protest part and just have a wandering parade sometimes.



Now here is where it stops being at all political and just is silly. While everyone was loading up the COE truck, a group of Tourists (and anyone from any tourist city understands how easy it is to spot tourists) comes up to Vermin and asks to take a picture of him juggling. Seems they are on a scavenger hunt and need a photo of themselves with a juggling clown, and seeing Vermin, thought that they had a stroke of luck. Vermin tried to explain that he wasn't really a clown, and couldn't juggle, but \$5 later agreed to throw some objects into the air to make it look like

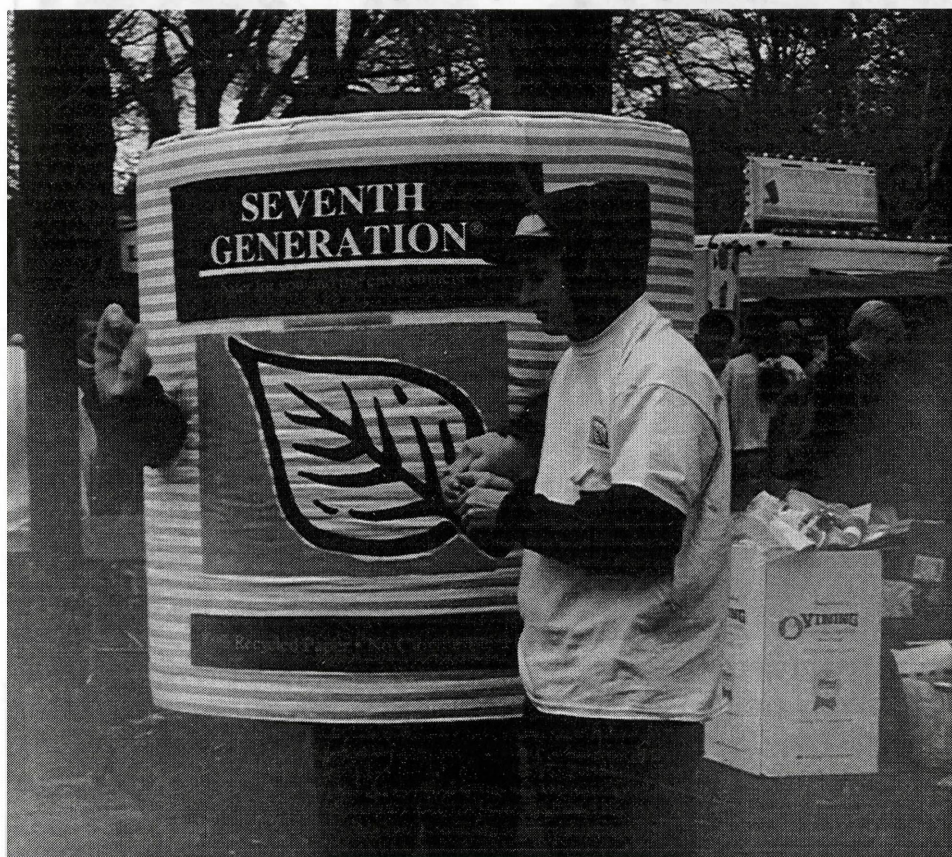


ABOVE—Note the fake clapping used to further the illusion. RIGHT—She took a picture, I took one.

he was juggling. part of the deal was that I got to take a picture of the tourist taking a picture. I always love the concept of doing that, it often disturbs people immensely. I picked it up when I had a big colored mohawk and people would want to take my picture, "look honey, and actual big city punker!" and I would ask to take theirs. That I would want a picture of them seemed without reason (like them having a picture of me made that much more sense.)



Technically, only the COE was kicked out, so Vermin (having changed to normal (well, normal in comparison) clothes) and I went back to check out the actual events of the event, and to meet Vermin's girlfriend Becky and some others. The two of us wandered around the event, some of the hipper participants recognizing us, and virtually everyone involved with every serious group knowing Vermin on some level. We got into a discussion with Zero Population growth about how that may not be enough (as opposed to negative population growth) and attempted to buy the special promotional toothbrush beanies from some company that sold toothbrushes made from recycled plastics. They wouldn't sell them to us, nor would they give us the specially made "recycled plastic shapes" that they had on the table to indicate that they used recycled plastics. Every now and then we found something actually educational, but mostly it was business promotion, however interesting (see giant walking toilet paper.)



REMEMBER, TO MAKE IT WORK WE NEED YOUR HELP.

Clearcut logging. Strip mining. Cattle grazing.

The process of transforming a living forest into a stream of commodities. Resources to be exploited. Profit for the taking.

It was easy once and no one complained.

With everyone so dependent on a timber company paycheck and distracted by their jobs, how could they?

These days, however, people are questioning our plans.

And putting up resistance.

So we grant limited reforms and make token concessions.

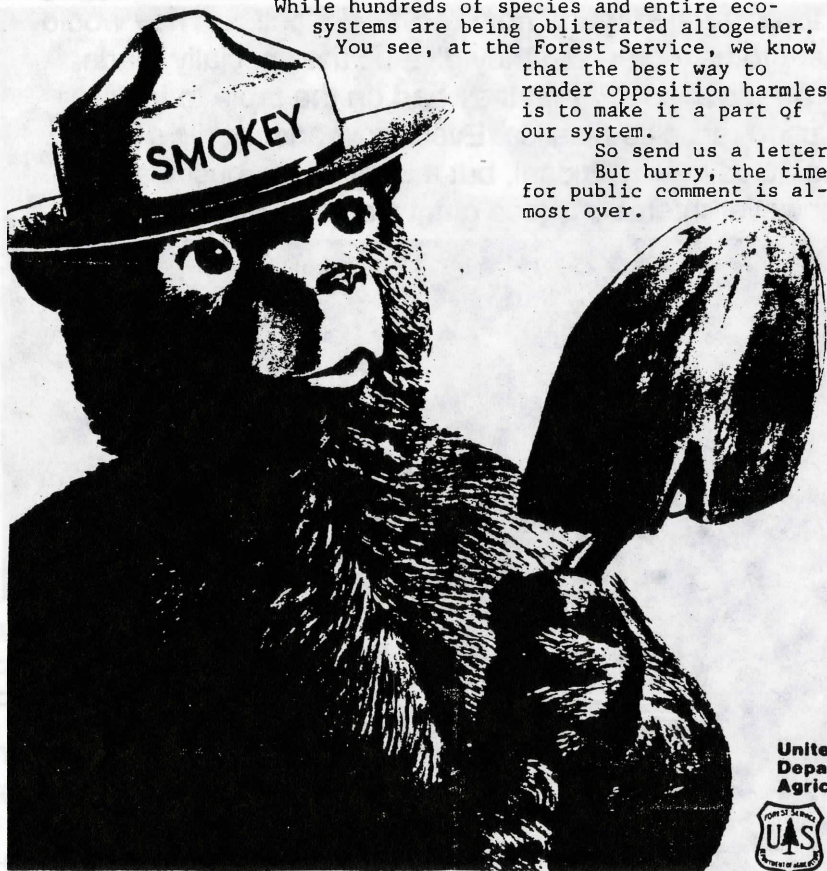
While hundreds of species and entire ecosystems are being obliterated altogether.

You see, at the Forest Service, we know

that the best way to render opposition harmless is to make it a part of our system.

So send us a letter.

But hurry, the time for public comment is almost over.



United States
Department of
Agriculture



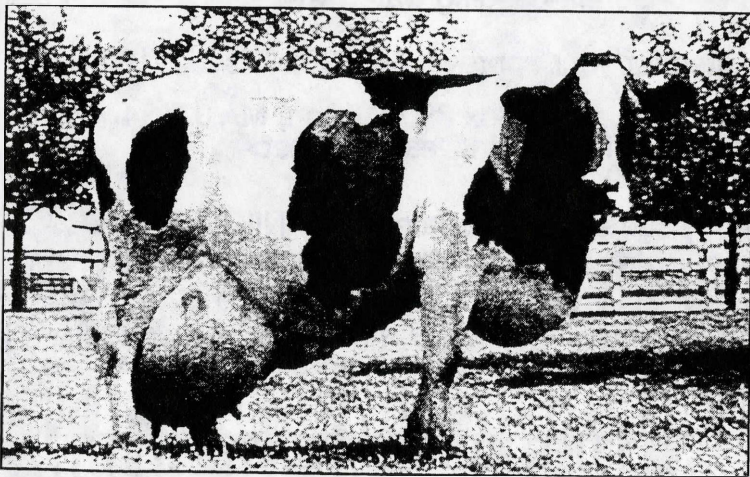
Forest
Service

An example of the sort of ground-breaking, envelope-pushing, informative (send us a letter, to where?) paraphernalia to be found at Earthfest.

There was also a table for HARDLINE, the militant vegan pro-life straight edge contingent of kids that basically seem to combine ultra right wing morality with ultra lefty dress(ie, they tell you what to do, but wear ripped patch-covered clothes) Not to rag on them too hard, but basically 17 year olds especially, and people as a whole should learn about what they are telling people is true before getting too militant over their ideals. Conviction is great, but when you try to convert people to think like you do, you need to tell them WHY they should.

If we believe absurdities, we shall commit atrocities.

– Voltaire



Cow treated with BGH/BST to produce more milk.

From "WHY VEGAN" a pamphlet I accumulated along the way(Vegan Outreach, 211 Indian Dr, Pittsburgh, PA 15238 <veganoutreach@poboxes.com>

We had settled into a picnic blanket setting and Vermin was rolling a Drum cigarette when a five year old girl stomped up and announced "YUCK! I think smoking cigarettes is GROSS!" which delighted Becky to no end. The irony of the protesters being protested was enjoyed, and the annoying little girl was commended by all for her conviction, even by vermin and his friend who was hiding his own smoke, less he too be scolded.

Just then , local Political type, Ian MacKinnon came up, and without much action, but the whole event into perspective,

"Look at that sign" He said, indicating the banner over the stage area, "WBOS presents Earthfest. Where's the priority there?" Indeed, the lite music station's call letters were well over 4 times the size of the word "Earthfest." of course, that didn't stop me from getting info on how to get a table for Earthfest '99.

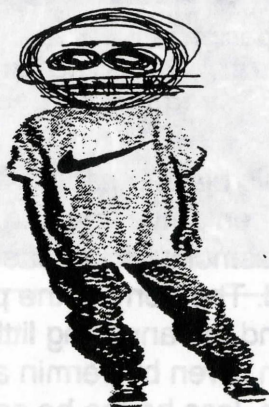
As of this writing, I have had a version of this piece printed in Flipside magazine, and have yet to get my Earthfest '99 table confirmed, Vermin and Becky are travelling Europe, and the COE faced no legal repercussions and may or may not attack Earthfest 99 by unpermit-needing waterway...

Submitted for your approval 4/27/98; revised 3/10/99

Rich Mackin-P.O.Box 890, Allston, MA 02134
<richmackin@earthlink.net>

In the next few pages are an update on my NIKETOWN work. I still have many copies of PAYBEV 1 that I am trying to get rid of as well as many stickers of the following designs. Send me a buck or some postage and mention that you you read this and I will send you stuff.

NIKE RUNS SWEAT SHOPS WORLDWIDE



**AND ALL I GOT WAS
THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT!**



**IF YOU'RE NOT RECYCLING
YOU'RE THROWING IT ALL AWAY.SM**



Who's getting clowned at Nike town

**STOP NIKE
ABUSE
IN ASIA**



As a consumer, you can change
Nike's unfair labor practices.

Write: **NIKE Inc.**
One Bowerman Drive
Beaverton, OR 97005

Call NIKE at: **1-800-344-6453** (press 3 for comments)

WORKERS

Indonesian workers make \$2.46 a day

10,000 Indonesians went on strike to protest wages that are below subsistence level. "If I don't work overtime, I can't survive," says Baltazar at PT Hasi Nike factory in Jakarta. He works an average of 40 overtime hours a week.

Vietnamese workers make \$1.60 a day

1,300 workers at the Sam Yang factory went on strike to demand a one cent per hour raise in wages. Other issues include excessive and illegal overtime and compensation for working with hazardous material.

Chinese workers make \$1.75 a day

There is no minimum wage in China and when abuses are discovered, the whole factory disappears. "The supervisors will get nervous and move the work to another province. It's impossible to monitor factory conditions," says Asia Monitor Resource Center in Hong Kong.

and YOU

**paid over \$100 for shoes that
cost less than five dollars to make**

• **PHILIP KNIGHT**, CEO of Nike is the sixth richest man in America. He is worth 5 billion dollars and profits off the backs of sweatshop laborers.

• **NIKE** is the biggest shoe company in the world because it operates in countries where it is illegal to organize and collectively bargain for better wages and working conditions.

• **NIKE** can afford to pay endorsers like Michael Jordan, Tiger Woods and Monica Seles a combined total of over 60 million dollars to brand themselves with the swoosh.

demand

NIKE must pay overseas factory workers a living wage for an eight hour work day. Vietnam and China should get \$3.00 a day and Indonesia should get \$4.00 a day.

MORE FUN AT NIKETOWN...

So, PAYBEV 1 was about the Anti-Nike protest at the NIKETOWN opening on Newbury St, Boston. Follow up protests have occurred on Oct 18, 1997, as Oct 18 is international anti-Nike day. Really, ask Garry Trudeau of Doonesbury fame. We also had a 1 year anniversary protest on July 19, 1998. The last one was very successful as an educational protest, and many people seemed eager to hear about sweatshops and why they are bad. But the Oct 18 was certainly the most entertaining. Rather than merely show up with signs and flyers, we had Ben Jones dress up like NIKE ceo Phillip Knight, complete with oversized head, bulging eyes, hip outfit and scraggly beard. He handed out Phil Knight trading cards that bore a striking resemblance to the "corporate crook trading cards from the Michael Moore book "DOWNSIZE THIS!(Random Thoughts From an Unarmed American)"

Corporate Crooks Trading Cards

NIKE, INC.

Philip H. Knight, Founder, Owner, Chairman, and CEO



One redeeming quality: contributed \$25,000 to Tonya Harding's legal fund

Quote: "We can't take our eye off the ball, because if we lose it, we'll have a bitch of a time getting it back."

Proud accomplishment: more than 90 speeding tickets

Headquarters: Beaverton, Oregon

Nickname: Phil

Age: 58

Annual compensation: \$1,678,000

Born: Portland, Oregon

Education: B.B.A., University of Oregon, 1959; M.B.A., Stanford, 1962; C.P.A., Oregon

Years with company: 28

Workers fired in U.S.: closed manufacturing plants in U.S. in the mid-1980s, firing over 2,000 workers

Affiliations: a couple of local golf clubs he doesn't have time to play at very often; Episcopal Church; Republican Party; American International CPAs

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 170 pounds

Eyes: blue

Hair: lots of curly blond/gray

Combs hair: doesn't

Bats: right

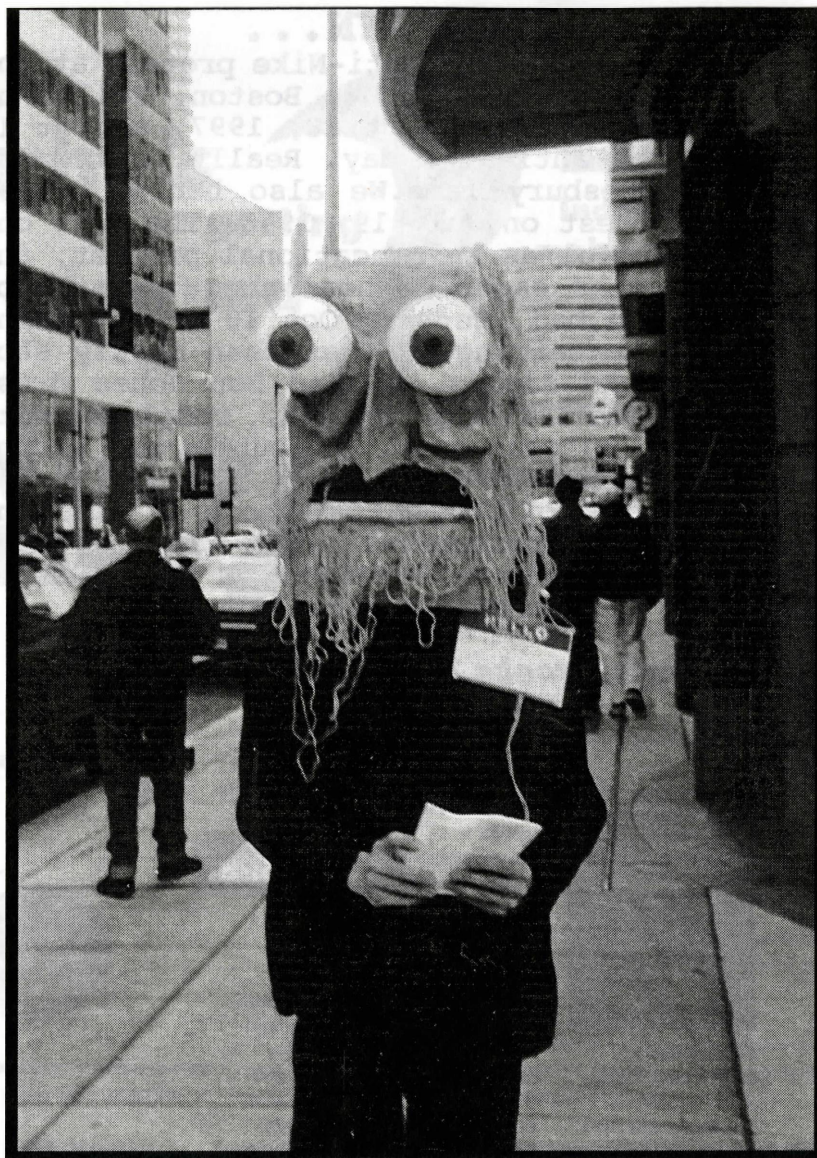
Throws: right

Car: Acura NSX

Golf handicap: 8

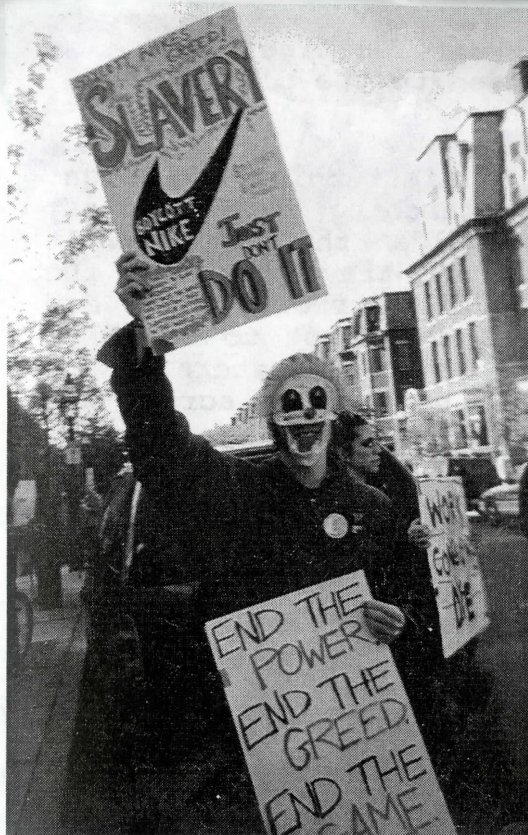
Leisure-time activities: avid runner, tennis player, reader, bookstore browser

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DOWNSIZE THIS! by MICHAEL MOORE



Ben Jones as NIKE boss Phil Knight

We started out at the corner of Newbury St, and walked towards the NIKETOWN store as I shouted about how Phil Knight was here in person. Ben/Phil had a whip and threatened passerby while others handed out anti-NIKE flyers and made a big scene. We discussed how NIKE wanted people to have shoes so badly that we/they would exploit people for you. This seemed to get more of a response than straight protest



We had our fair share of faux-crackpots that day, various groups were represented by people wearing clown suits and/or skulls. A lot more serious protesters showed up as a result of my announcing the event at the "THE BIG ONE" movie premiere with Michael Moore. (Upon hearing me, he asked who was putting it on, and I said "just a bunch of us" and he said "GOOD! Stop forming groups and having meetings! Get out of the Unitarian church basement and

do something!)

One thing that made the action a lot more fun and full of surprise is that the nearby Ben and Jerry's ice cream store was doing a free cookie promotion, and a guy in a silly outfit based on a Wavy Gravy ice cream container was giving out free chocolate chip cookies. He pretty much stayed with us for the day, as we were the most interesting people





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A division of "1-900-EAT-a REDBACKPACK"

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"Consistanly funny and thought out"-Flipside "Big fun"-Popsmeat
"Had me laughing out loud. Big Fun"-MRR "Endlessly entertaining"-Ian MacKaye "Richard Mackin...all around funny guy"-Adbusters



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OTHER STUFF \$2.

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comics from Rich

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Punk Rock, Wisdom Teeth, Green Day, more
ISSUE 2-Abortion protests, Hemp, Crazy
Insane Lady; Little Bunny FooFoo, more

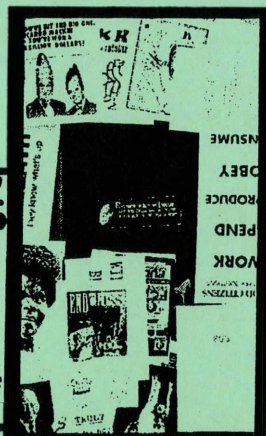


P.A.Y.B.E.V.

Protests Are Your Best
Entertainment Value!

Issue 1-Protesting NIKETOWN opening-
Street theatre against sweatshop labor
lots of silly picture.

Issue 2-Stumbling upon an anti-meat
rally-Violent cops-Fun with red tape



E.A.T.TOO GROSS Limited edition of 288
belt attachable camera bags filled with
art, stickers, toys and stuff \$3.00

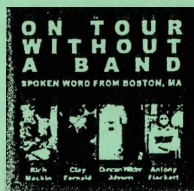
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