

QECE IS ONE OF THE ZINE TOP TEN! — MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

QECE

question everything. challenge everything.

v5n2

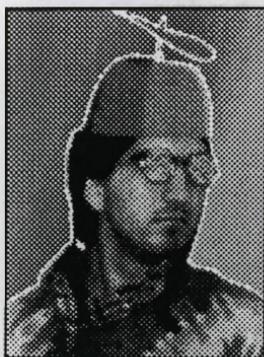
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in Philadelphia!



GREETINGS QUESTIONER! WELCOME TO THE REVOLUTION!



HOW DO I KNOW YOU ARE A REPUTABLE MEDIA OUTLET?

You don't know if I'm full of crap, you don't know if any of the other writers check the facts they cite. You don't know much about us at all.

But you don't know any of that of other so-called journalists, either. What defines reputation to most people is if they receive the government's news releases. What defines reputable for you? Are you being fair in your judgment?

ARE LARRY NOCELLA AND ANDY RANT THE SAME PERSON?

No. No. No. While I appreciate the compliment (since I am quite possibly Andy Rant's biggest fan) it is simply not true. Many people have made this suggestion (accusation?) but it is unfair to the individual who writes all those great articles.

I DISAGREE WITH ALMOST EVERYTHING IN HERE! ARE YOU IMPLYING I DON'T QUESTION AND CHALLENGE?

How and what one questions and challenges is a personal thing. I think if people really question and challenge they will meet at the same place, and they will see the logic of kindness. They may not agree, but hopefully they won't kill each other, either.

I WANT TO CHALLENGE QECE.

Excellent! If you care to share, write to:
QECE • 406 main st. #3c • collegeville, pa
19426 usa • qece@yahoo.com.



12 “ the revolution will be fun. ”

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larry nocella, editor & publisher

QECE
question everything. challenge everything.

MICRQ-QECE

COMPETITION OVERLOAD

"Every dollar a competitor takes is a dollar off my child's plate." Said the Extremely Important Executive at The Corporation. I thought to myself, that's the problem right there. You're obviously wealthy, how much does your child need? Are you defending what's yours, or are you taking far more than you could ever use? I think the most appalling thing in the world is someone who is blessed with abundance yet does not share.

EVEN MORONS ARE INDIVIDUALS

No matter how mad you get, no matter how much you rant against people who hold certain beliefs, the fact remains that they are unique individuals. If rebel-lit could get beyond the stereotyping of particular sets of people they disagree with, maybe rebel-lit would be that much more powerful and focused. This goes for **QECE**, too, of course.

LACK OF CREATIVITY

What's truly sad about the human animal, I think, is the appalling lack of creativity. So many people restrain themselves (or perhaps lack the facility) to devise unique solutions or methods.

Too many wait to be told what is appropriate action. Too many lack

the initiative. Or, perhaps more likely, they have been conditioned to avoid unusual activity. This is something the power-drones want.

Whatever the case, people need let their imaginations loose. They need to devise unique ways of getting things done.

People shouldn't wait to vote, people should "vote" every day in every way they can: by what they purchase, by what they boycott, by how they talk, etc. Every little action should somehow push their agenda forward.

Take it away Gandhi... "My life is my message. You should be the change you want to see in the world."

CENSORSHIP ISN'T SO BAD

Observe this phenomena: when you hear someone curse on television and it gets bleeped out, it makes you laugh. Tee-hee! It's a juvenile pleasure. But when someone just out-and-out curses, it's not nearly as funny. Strange that the "censorship" (the beep) is more funny than the curse itself.

ABBREVIATION FUN

FCC	Federation of Corporate Communicators
IMF	Intentional Monetary Fraud
IRS	It's Really Stealing
NRA	Not Responsible for Anything
WTO	Worldwide Totalitarian Oligarchy

MICRO-QECE

BUT ONE EXAMPLE OF THE NEWS GENERATING FEAR

Below are the opening paragraphs for the following story...

Tsunamis seen possible along U.S. East Coast May 2 2000 4:33PM ET - Reuters

NEW YORK (Reuters) - Tsunamis, the sometimes devastating tidal waves produced by undersea earthquakes, volcanoes and landslides, are not normally the kind of geologic activity people on the eastern seaboard worry about.

But newly-discovered cracks in the continental shelf off the Mid-Atlantic may change that. Researchers writing in the May issue of the journal *Geology* said that **cracks** in the continental shelf off Virginia and North Carolina, **if** geologically active, **could** produce landslides that **may** trigger a tsunami along the heavily populated coast in those states and the lower Chesapeake Bay.

A tsunami could generate two to 20 foot high waves, equivalent to the storm surge of category three to four, or extensive to extreme, hurricanes...

CRACKS...IF...COULD...MAY...

Sheesh! Is there any real possibility at all? Why generate this fear? Is someone trying to drive down property values?

SLICE OF LIFE: CHANGE AND FLOW

The horror and terror outlined by ads and made-up people whose faces turn on a dime, whose fake somber voices become cheerful as they talk of tomorrow's episode. Such intensity framed by such banality.

It's that sudden change that makes being subjected to the television medium so stressful, so dizzying. A man murders a nine year old boy drink this beer and women will love you a pier collapses and kills people at a party buy our potato chips. The television isn't anti-emotion, it's pure emotion. Over-done until you feel no more.

The lady whose son was murdered said, "Things will never be complete again. You just move on and endure." How true. Sometimes, there is only endurance.

TEST YOUR MEDIA INDOCTRINATION

Count the number of serial killers you know by name. Compare that to the number of their victims you know by name. Chances are, you know more killers than victims. I do. Think about this and what it means.

MEME PUSH

Meme Push?

by Larry Nocella

A meme (rhymes with dream) is a unit of culture: a thought, idea, cliché, memorable tune, whatever, that catches on and spreads. Just as genes and the traits they make up compete in the biological world, so do memes and the ideas they make up compete in the cultural world.

For example, sometimes you'll hear an idea that sounds good to you, and you'll pass it on (ex: "God created the world.") Other people may hear it and use it themselves. That's a meme propagating through the culture. Your idea doesn't have to be good or true to be based on a successful meme. All that defines a successful meme is one that reproduces and survives. Good and Evil don't exist until you define them.

Just like genes and the beings that carry them. Are humans a "good" result of successful genes or not? Most humans think so, but do other animals? Of course not. "God created the world" is the result of a successful meme, but is it good? True? That's up to you. Genes make up mammals and memes make up ideas. For further discussion of memes, read the book, *The Selfish Gene* by Richard Dawkins. It's way profound.

DIFFERENT NAME, SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT MEANING

Anyway, I've decided to replace the column, "Nuke the Cliché" with "Meme Push." I considered calling it "Meme Nuke And Launch," because I realized that almost every time I nuked a cliché (a meme) I was replacing it with another that I felt was more truthful, logical or compassionate.

Perhaps that's another parallel aspect of memes and genes: since there is finite space and resources, as new memes appear, old ones either find a niche environment or become extinct (i.e. people stop thinking it.) The point is, I felt that "Nuke the Cliché" was inaccurate, because after the nuking, another cliché replaced it. I pondered "Meme Evolution" as a title.

The good people at Adbusters (www.adbusters.org) call the process "Meme Warfare." That's an understandable description, but "war" is a meme I'd like to do without. There's more to it than wordplay. War doesn't determine whether your memes are better, just more effective. Evolution doesn't necessarily mean better either, just better at survival. So how about "Meme Push?" It hiply describes memes removed, replaced or begun with the hope of catching on and moving our culture in a positive direction. Maybe "Meme Agriculture?" Nah. Somewhat accurate, but stuffy. "Meme Push" it is for now, but I suppose it could change, if another meme pushes it aside.

no one "conquers" a mountain

Mankind allegedly does a lot of conquering. Whether it's conquering the moon, or threatening to conquer Mars, or a mountain... whatever. It seems nature continually falls back before mankind's onslaught of conquering. This is at best, lame. At worst, dangerous arrogance.

Let's think about what this conquering involves: a few seconds on a peak, a day or two on the moon, and that's it. You call that conquering?

So straining with every effort, taking a few steps, and then saying, "We conquered the moon!" is sufficient? Talk about easy to please!

It's the root of a lot of problems: to most people, nature is the enemy to be fought and conquered... but how much sorrow and destruction that leads to! Why not work *with* nature?

Instead of taking the aggressive spiritual path: man vs. the mountain, when I hike up a mountain, I like to thank it for lifting me to the sky, for not giving way under my feet, and for being there to provide me with views I could not see, were the mountain not there. Nature is more often your friend than foe; what kind of jerk wants to conquer a friend?! Remember, Hillary is dead, Everest still stands.

* * *

there is no such thing as nothing

There are a million reasons not to believe in God. I won't review them. Regardless, a common challenge to non-God thoughts is to say, "Okay, well then, where did the universe come from?"

It's a fair question, but I suspect asking it illustrates the edges of our puny human consciousness. Where did the universe come from? Is a question a mortal would ask.

I suspect the fact is that there never wasn't a universe. That is to say, that nothing, and therefore beginnings and endings, are man-made constructs; the concepts of a mortal animal, and not the ideas of an immortal being.

There is no such thing as nothing. There has been, and always will be the universe. There never was a creation, there will never be a destruction.

The matter we are changes into energy and back again and everything in between, and this goes on forever. That's another tough part of the whole idea: the universe never began, never ended, and the motion never stops. It all always was, always has been and always will be.

It's a hefty thing to fit into one's brain. Perhaps because one must admit one's own mortality and smallness and limitations. Of course, this idea (true or not) doesn't really affect our day-to-day lives. **Q**

LETTERS

ON MYTHS & MARRIAGE

Hey I just wanted to tell that I only read one article ["Myths & Marriage" in **QECE** #11, page 30] so far but I liked it so much I couldn't wait to tell you. I really admire you and Heather for explaining yourselves. I admire your relationship, and I think you handled the marriage thing better than anyone I know. Marriage is a constant subject in my life whether it's my boyfriend's parents, mine, or these thoughts that enter my head from deep inside the brainwashed part of my conscious. Thank you for being a true example of choice in life, and for making me see that my feelings are not insane, I think that this article will stay fresh in my mind as I approach this stage in my relationship. Long live freethinking!

Kristen Burns
Pottstown, PA

CONSCIENECTOMY STARTS EARLY

I've definitely enjoyed reading **QECE**. Very nice work! It's certainly one of the better zines I've had the pleasure of reading. I suppose if there was any major complaint I had, it would be wishing there was more to read!

All of Andy Rant's stuff is right up my alley. The Columbus article [**QECE** #10, page 38] especially was well done. Thank God some young people are willing to pause on their way to play football and consider something "educational."

I once participated in a week-long walk against nuclear weapons in Vermont, and passed by a house where a few little kids were playing in their yard. When they saw the long line of walkers, they asked us what we were doing, and we shouted back. They paused, then suddenly chanted in unison, "We NEED nuclear weapons!" over and over. There's an example of conscienectomy at an early age.

Vincent Romano
Off-Line zine
35 Barker Ave. #4G • White Plains, NY • 10601

QECE REVIEW

ANDY RANT UPDATES

In **QECE** #10 (page 8, Consciencectomy) I suggested that Nelson Rockefeller clawed his way to financial success, assisted by his congenital aconsciencosity. I meant to say John D. Rockefeller. Nelson was born rich, thanks to the obsession of his conscienceless father to pursue absolutely nothing in life but to make as much money as possible no matter what. Nelson just had to poke his head through a birth canal.

Here's an update to my article in **QECE** #11 (page 37, The Water Fountains of My Youth.) The plot thickens in the connection between bottled water and US environmental protection agencies.

Once you catch the scent of the conspiracy, you can smell its pungent stench everywhere. While looking deeper into government inaction in the face of clear examples of citizens being poisoned, I found further convincing evidence that bottled water plays a key role in the overlords' clandestine dominion.

In September 1997, a woman in Whatcom County Washington discovered a link between increased cases of children's cancer and wells in the county which, it turned out, were contaminated with ethylene dibromide, a banned carcinogenic fungicide and 1,2 DCP – considered a probable human carcinogen. The Department of Ecology (DOE) and Washington State Department of Health (WSDH) were aware of the contamination. The DOE provided bottled water to approximately 20 residences for over a decade, but did not notify the public of the danger.

While I could continue to rant on this topic, I'll just make this a quick note and let readers draw their own conclusions, hopefully with a blood-colored crayon.

Andy Rant

SOURCES:

1. Civil Activate: <http://www.civilactive.com/docs/2.html>
2. "Tainted Land" by Heath Foster in Seattle Post-Intelligencer, March 22, 1999. <http://seattlep-i.nwsource.com/local/bery22.shtml>

ANDY RANTS



Above the Big Top

by Andy Rant

A special appeal to all you parents out there. First, please inform us immediately that we may quell alarming reports that reading **QECE** causes infertility. But more to the point, please don't take your children to the circus.

Imagine, if you will, being yanked out of your home and taken to a far away place where droves of tiny malicious creatures armed with pointy sticks force you to wear garish costumes and stand on gigantic rubber balls. You wouldn't enjoy it. And if you happened to weigh a few tons, and have a pair of built-in gigantic spears, might you not express your opinion in the best way you knew how, which is

to try to squash all those little bastards into a mangled puddle of goo? Of course you would.

This is the sort of thing elephants and other animals enslaved for human entertainment do every now and again. It's no wonder they occasionally go on rampages of mass justifiable homicide. If any are puzzled as to what drives them to these actions, they should immediately contact me for investment advice.

Circus animals are miserable, and anyone with even a minimal number of functioning neurons ought to be able to see that. Unfortunately, sometimes people have to be whacked over the head before they can appreciate the appallingly obvious, so this is an account of sorely needed head whacking.

Now I arrive at a small point of conflict, because **QECE** has always been very focussed on "true tales of **QECE**," personal accounts of standing up and questioning and challenging the status quo. This is with good reason, because people can identify with the individual relating genuine experiences more so than to, say, unfocused ranting. On the other hand, the group that organized the following action has an equally compelling principle that the actions should focus attention on the issue, and not the activists.

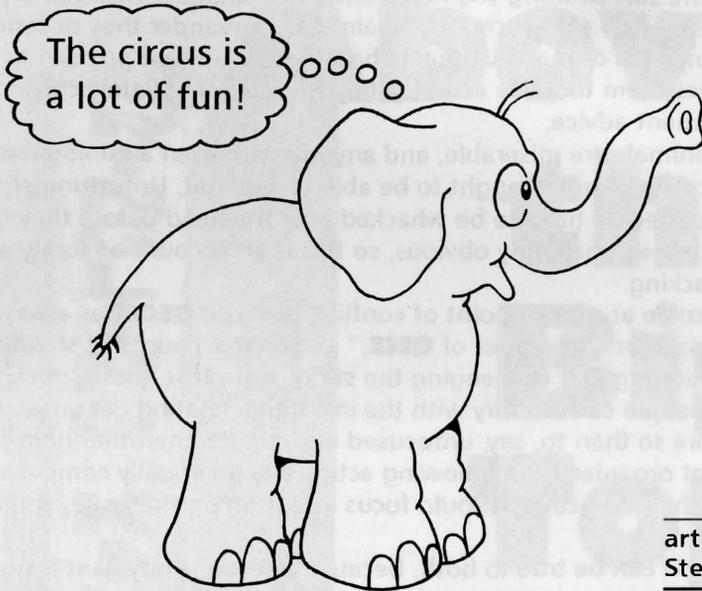
I decided I can be true to both, because after all, Andy Rant is not really my name anyway.

So we had this fifty-foot long sign that said, "Ringling Kills Animals" in very big letters, and naturally we needed to find a place to hang it. After all, when something is fifty feet long, it's pretty difficult to read it on the ground. By extremely fortunate coincidence, the MCI arena had this enormous metallic structure sticking out from the side of it and rising up to a hundred feet in the air. As an added incentive, it just happened to be opening night of the Ringling Brother's Circus in said arena, where thousands of mommies and daddies were taking kiddies to watch large animals perform unnatural acts they would never, ever perform but for negative reinforcement conditioning. That means getting whipped and beaten when the crowds aren't around. Lookie kiddies! See the elephant! Ooohhh!

Some nice people with a ladder leaned it up against the bottom of the aforementioned metal structure, about thirty or so feet off the ground, and up we went with our sign. When we were securely on the bottom of the piece of metal down came the ladder and on to a nice pickup truck it went. Bye bye, nice people.

So then we began to ascend the structure. My cohort climbed all the way to the very top, about a hundred feet up. I was about forty feet below him, with good reason for my athletic ability is comparable to that of an eggplant, one that doesn't get much exercise. Scaling up the tower, far

The circus according to the circus.



art by
Steve Barr

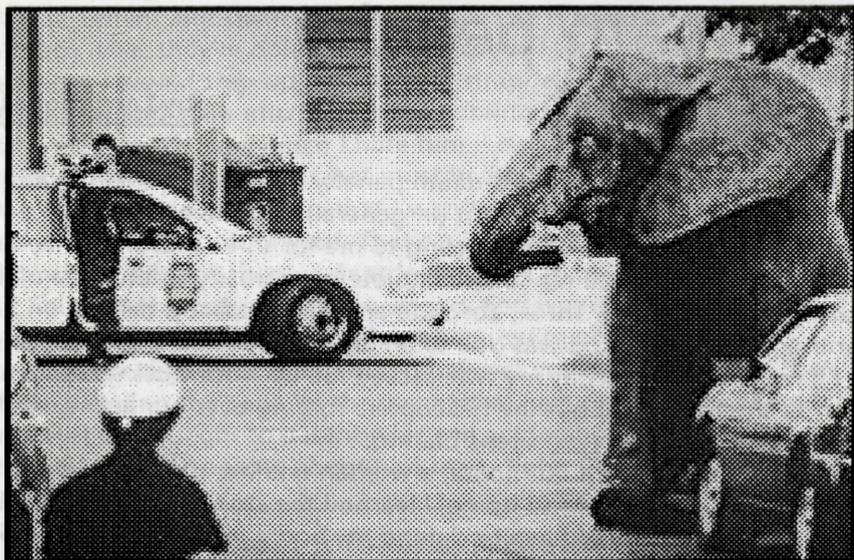
above concrete that was clearly not amused was, in a word, exhilarating. It was, in a more honest word, terrifying. I was glad to have heeded advice to evacuate my bowels well in advance of the action.

My cohort dropped a piece of twine to me and we unfurled the banner. I straightened it out and tied it down on my end, and we waited for enlightenment to settle over the masses as they prepared to go watch tormented animals. Epiphanies sometimes seem to be written in giant blazing letters across the sky. This was the best we could do.

It didn't take long for Ringling to dispatch semi-evolved goons to try to remove us from their property. They came out onto a roof adjacent to the metal structure. My colleague was dangling from a rope above me and one of these goons thought it would be appropriate to just grab a hold of this rope and start shaking it, all of this captured on the magic of video tape. I can only guess that when not enlisted to perform his thuggy duties, this fellow served in the circus sideshow, a bizarre quirk of nature operating with a lump of cottage cheese where one might normally find a brain.

Despite the enthusiastic efforts of the goons and gravity, neither of us made a rapid, premature descent and plunged to a messy martyr's death. This was a great relief both to us and to the guy who cleans the sidewalks.

The circus according to reality.



On August 20, 1994, Tyke the elephant went berserk while performing at the circus and trampled her "trainer" to death. She was shot and killed several blocks away.
(Source: <http://www.peta-online.org/kids/lota.html>)

Some people began to gather below. "What the hell is going on up there?" I could imagine them thinking. "Hmmm... Ringling kills animals... Gee, what do they mean by that? Hmmm, oh well, guess I'll go catch the circus now... Hey, wait a minute!"

Police soon arrived. Not just two or three, which would really have been all that were necessary to arrest us, which was our intention, after all, but dozens of them. Squad cars, a SWAT team, and two fire-trucks were on the scene. This for two terrified neophyte climbers who don't like the circus. The thugs eventually cut the sign with a big hook on a pole so I commenced screaming anti-circus slogans at the top of my lungs. There were hundreds of people watching this drama for about 3 hours, and I can safely say that it was the single greatest thrill of my life.

We eventually came down and were arrested. Spent a few hours in jail, but it was all worth it. As a ranter often accused of being all talk and no action, it was an indescribable thrill to finally put my money where my mouth was, and I highly recommend it to all activists. Just wear good shoes and don't look down.

And please don't take your kids to the circus. Teach them to respect animals, not to exploit them. As thrilling as it was, I really don't want to have to go up there again. **Q**

a reluctant surrender to the anti-death penalty movement

by Larry Nocella

For a long time I resisted the anti-death penalty movement. The majority of those against capital punishment (in general) and the pro-Mumia* crowd (in particular) were unconvincing to me for three reasons. One, hysteria. Two, (for the Mumia-folk) complete insensitivity to the wife of the deceased policeman. Three, absolute and uncritical cop-hatred.

Another reason I resisted was due to an experience I had a couple years ago. I'll never forget the day my wife picked me up from work looking shaken as she told me about the helicopters roaring over our home, the police cars filling the streets, sirens blaring.

Less than one mile from our home, a woman and her child had been murdered. As we got closer to home, I learned the story: the guy was still loose. I was afraid I would have to defend my home, and our lives. Check every closet, I thought, be ready around every corner... he'll be desperate and he's already killed... be ready!

The murders happened in a children's clothing store, during the day. The killer locked the door behind them. It chills me to this day to think that people were walking into the nearby supermarket to buy soda, while this woman was fighting for her life and the life of her child, and losing. Had I not been at work, one of those shoppers could have been me.

Sometimes in my dreams, it is me, and I hear a muffled scream behind the closed up store and I smash through and she runs to safety.

Anyway, the police eventually caught the asshole who did it (I'll call him John Doe) he admitted it, he had scratches on his face (the woman's struggling) and he bargained himself out of the death penalty in exchange for leading the police to where he had hidden one of the bodies. (He's white, by the way, for those who care.)

Is there any reason at all that this piece of shit shouldn't die horribly? I can't think of any.

My warrior heart cries for vengeance.

To me, there's a sort of dignity in killing him. To me, it's simply a neces-

* Mumia Abu-Jamal is an African-American journalist on death row in Pennsylvania. He was convicted and sentenced to death in 1982 for the murder of Philadelphia Police Officer Daniel Faulkner. The case is extremely controversial; some say he was framed, some say he did it and is skillfully posturing as a martyr to protest the death penalty. I'm not taking a stance here on his guilt or innocence, just the death penalty in general. For info on the Mumia debate, visit these websites: <http://www.danielfaulkner.com/> and <http://www.mumia.org/> for both perspectives.

ing systems? They even set up B.S. hackers to pose as virus authors? Ask a computer geek if he's

sity, a grim task that must be carried out to close the circle, complete the karmic loop. It just makes sense.

One argument anti-death penalty people use is that people in favor of it can't face what they're doing. That one doesn't work on me. If they took volunteers, I would step up, and as they strapped him to a chair, I would strangle him and stare into his eyes as I drained his life with my bare hands. Yeah, that's how much I hate him. I don't mean to sound callous, but I don't back down from what must be done.

One of my core principles is that I won't ask anyone to do anything I couldn't or wouldn't do myself. That's a key reason I don't eat meat.

I know the damage these violent feelings do to my inner peace, but I can't help it. My emotions are too strong. Forgiveness is largely bullshit in my burning eyes. It's easy to forgive when you're not the victim.

Anyway, the dignity in killing him (I believe) comes from ending the suffering, ending the saga. In the meantime, I am reduced to calling him words that can't begin to describe his evil act (asshole, piece of shit, etc.)

The latest headline I saw about him read, "John Doe Raped In Prison."

Since The System is fallible, it should not be final.

As if it was cause to celebrate. When John Doe was arrested, I remember many people I spoke to about it said, "He'll get his in prison. They don't take kindly to guys that murder women or children." This is not a position I want my society in: where we HOPE that the people they put in prison, the alleged criminals, will take care of the dirty work that society should have done. Not exactly — how do you say? — pro-active, is it?

So, the anti-death penalty people really annoyed me for a long time. But I kept listening to their arguments and you know... question everything, challenge everything. The police, the government, the law are all fallible, subject to bias, as well as honest mistakes. No question. We all are. And being fallible, we cannot be trusted to wield that kind of power.

So, reluctantly, fury still destroying my insides, I restrain my rage. I concede: the death penalty is a bad idea. It simply cannot be executed in a manner free of abuse or bias versus the poor. I surrender.

I can see the solution for society, but I can't see the solution for me. How can I accept this?

I have no answers. I wait desperately for a faith in karma. I have few ideas on how to strike the balance between a fair system, and a system that delivers appropriate punishment. For now, the only thing I'm certain of is that since The System is fallible, it should not be final. To me that conclusion is inevitable. My mind has spoken.

But my warrior heart cries on. **Q**

ANDY RANTS

A Concise History of Milk

art and words by Andy Rant

225,000,000 YEARS AGO

Got Milk? Not yet! We're back here at the beginning of the Mesozoic Era, in the early Triassic period before the first mammals. No mammals, no milk. No mustaches for that matter, which won't make an appearance for eons. Other than "Mesozoic," there are few words that begin with the letter "M" that are of any significance to this era. Go figure.

200,000,000 YEARS AGO

Roughly. First milk on planet Earth is drunk! Maybe. Nobody can say for sure, but this is where the first mammals make their appearance. They are diminutive creatures who look a lot like mice or shrews. To the best of our scientific knowledge, this is the first point in Earth's history that mothers give milk to their babies. Everybody say "awww..."

Since not much else is happening, milk history-wise, we thought we'd throw in some...

FUN MAMMAL FACTS!!!

There are now 4,629 different identified mammal species. Thus far, only one of them has gone out of its way to drink the milk from another species.

But that's just the mammal species around today. In the 200 million year history of milk, out of tens of thousands of mammals that have come and gone, to the best of our knowledge, just this one has ever done this. Pretty neat, huh?

This is also the only known mammal to develop pet rocks, the macarena, or Regis Philbin. This mammal does a lot of silly things.

150,000,000 YEARS AGO

Bored yet? Not much happens in the first 100 million years of the history of milk. The mammals are there, but what with these gigantic monsters with claws the size of an NBA center forward, nobody is really going to pay much attention to the small shrew-like creatures. Still not much happening, milk history-wise, so now it is time for some...

FUN CALCIUM FACTS!

Calcium is an element, #20 on our familiar periodic table of elements. Contrary to popular misconception, the insides of cows do not contain miniaturized calcium manufacturing facilities. Calcium is made nowhere in the universe but in the blazing infernos that are the hearts of stars. Outside nuclear fission, fusion, and radioactive decay, elements don't get manufactured here on Earth, they just get moved around. Cow scientists are no further along than we are at the development of controlled cold fusion, so like us they must make due with calcium that is already present.

This is something that people who sell cow-milk really don't want you to think about much: If there is so much calcium in cow-milk, where do the cows get it? Surprise! They get it—virtually every last atom—from plants they eat. This is where all animals get calcium ultimately, either directly from plants, or from other animals that ate these plants.

In fact, the plants that cows eat are not especially high in calcium, so you needn't feel that you must chew on grass. Unless you really want to. I won't stop you.

Incidentally, the cow milk industry repeatedly touts the fact their product has a lot of calcium, which it does, but it does not immediately follow that this therefore is a good thing to ingest. If that were the case, people would be well advised to eat marble statues, which are loaded with calcium.

continued...



100,000,000 YEARS AGO

Boy! Not much has happened. Mammals have been around for tens of millions of years. Meanwhile, the Earth has shuddered in the wake of exceedingly ugly 50 ton reptiles with brains the approximate size of soybeans. But the mammals are there. Biding their time. Smugly appreciating the homeostasis mechanisms their warm-blooded nature provides them. "Wait until that big meteor comes," the mammals think, "then we'll show you. . ."

65,000,000 YEARS AGO – BEGINNING OF THE "AGE OF MAMMALS"

Thanks to the unexpected arrival of a large rock, dramatic climate changes cause the sudden demise of dinosaurs. Mammals thrive. The small shrew-like creatures could not be reached for comment on the large rock and the case remains suspicious.

There are mammals all over the place, procreating feverishly, following selection pressures, filling up vacated ecological niches. All giving milk to their young, while laughing mockingly at climactic changes and saying "nyeah nyeah nyeah" to dying dinosaurs. "This is the Age of Mammals, Baby!," they boast. Thus far none of them has decided to do anything wacky, like drink milk from another species, for example.

60,000,000 YEARS AGO

Around this time, primates make their first appearance. Like all primates today, including chimpanzees, macaques, and your mom, they give milk to their young. None of these primates even associates with cows, who at this point are waiting patiently to evolve.

Unknown to the newly arrived primates, who are too busy settling in, unpacking, etc, to notice – the ungulates, i.e. hoofed mammals, diverged from a common ancestor into Perissodactyla (odd-toed ungulates), and Artiodactyla (even-toed ungulates). It is likely that some family squabble precipitated the great ungulate schism, but the ungulates guard their secret closely. Cows will eventually arise from this latter group, but at this point the great ungulate ancestor looks something like a cross between a cow, a horse, a pig, a goat, a hippo, and a rhino, much like my uncle Ed.

30,000,000 YEARS AGO

Monkeys and apes show up. They take a look around and decide to stay. Baby mammals are enthusiastically guzzling mother's milk. It has become the second most popular beverage in the history of life on earth. In well over 100 million years, it hasn't lost its appeal, but nobody has yet thought to drink milk from anyone other than mom.

equate them with ideas, but that's as incorrect as equating genes with the traits they make, isn't

20,000,000 YEARS AGO

The Miocene epoch begins, characterized by the sudden proliferation of monocotyledonous grasses, a notable development in both plant evolution and difficult-to-pronounce words. As a result of the widespread growth of these grasses, ungulates thrive and proliferate as well. The Miocene might be called "The Age of the Ungulates" if the ungulates had better PR. The monocotyledonous grasses have even worse P.R., of course, so neither of them really gets to claim the Miocene and many people today think that it is a kind of headache.

10,000,000 YEARS AGO

"Man-like" apes walk the earth, though their posture is still terrible.

4,000,000 YEARS AGO

The first true cow, the aurochs (species *primigenius*, genus *Bos*, family Bovidae, order Artiodactyla), ancestor to the modern cow, begins roaming the steppes of Asia. Note that these cows did not spend the next 3.99 million years with painfully swollen udders, thinking, "Oh if only someone would milk me. Someday, someday my descendents will live in a magical place far from these unfriendly Asian steppes, a fabled land they call... Wisconsin."

3,000,000 YEARS AGO

Primitive proto-humans encounter a mysterious black obelisk and are given the brilliant insight, "I can achieve what I wish through violence," upon hearing Richard Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra." Despite the torrent of epiphanies the obelisk provokes, none of the proto-humans decides that it would be a neat idea to suck milk from a cow.

800,000 YEARS AGO

Our Homo-erectus forebears finally learn to control and use fire. A titan is chained to a rock while a giant bird chews his liver out, but does Homo-erectus say thank you? Noooo... Admittedly, his language hasn't evolved to convey courtesies and is limited to expressing concepts such as "Big cat behind you, Og."

Hominids have had a lot of fun playing with fire ever since then, and managed not to burn down London for another 799,666 years. Nobody but baby cows are drinking cow milk at this point.

350,000 YEARS AGO

Homo-erectus finally becomes homo-sapiens ("wise man"). But let's face it, at this point, he really isn't very wise. I mean, if you could go back in

it? So what is the essential meme behind the idea? Genes are abbreviated as four different letters,

time and seek counsel and ask questions on the ultimate nature of the universe, he'd be unlikely to offer any sort of Confucian sagacity, and would probably just pick bugs out of your hair and eat them. And his posture is still terrible. It will take much longer for the evolution of homo mafioso ("wise guy").

25,000 YEARS AGO

The art of painting is born! Cro-Magnon artists in caves in France draw pictures of hunting Bison. Pictures of anyone drinking milk from a Bison are conspicuously absent. The Cro-Magnon French artists must wait a long time for the invention of the beret.

10,000 YEARS AGO

Hey folks! Here it is! For the first time ever, one mammal decides to drink the milk of another species of mammal. The drinker is homo sapiens. The drinkee is not a cow at all, but a goat, probably *Capra aegagrus*. Within another 1,000 years or so, someone tries the same thing with a cow, and the rest is history.

So, if we consider the history of mammals, 200 million years, 10,000 years represents 1/200 of 1%, or .00005 of the history of mammals. It is about 1/4 of 1% of the time that human beings have been around. For the other 99.75% of human existence nobody ever thought to drink cow milk.

If the history of milk were represented by a football field, the time that any animal was drinking the milk of another species would be less than 1 millimeter. (Note to the metrically challenged: millimeters are very small units of measurement. They are not related to insects with lots of legs.)

Editorial aside before we close up here: In all the time that milk has been around, up until what represents the blink of an eye in evolutionary terms, no mammal ever drank the milk of another species. Debates over alleged health benefit or harm from humans drinking cow's milk are another topic completely, but let's keep a sense of perspective. The idea that human's drinking cow milk is natural or necessary is utterly ridiculous. Bovines and hominids were each giving milk to their respective young for millions of years before the two ever met one another.

JUST A FEW YEARS AGO

Celebrities wearing "milk mustaches" (*Homo Lactiwhoris*) begin telling people they absolutely must drink cow-milk. While the absurdity of this should be apparent to any possessing the common sense typical of a mollusk, most of the American public are confident that sloppy actors and athletes are more trustworthy than roughly 200,000,000 years of evolution. WHERE'S YOUR MUSTACHE? **Q**

disturb-o-mat

colin develin

mark swanholm

gregg xenakes

• A DUSTBIN FULL OF FLOWERS SINCE 1999 •

TODAY'S SELECTION

DID YOU KNOW?

- Hitler's other testicle was once used as a gag martini olive, slipped into Mussolini's drink at an Axis cocktail party.
- The average American male spends over half his waking hours inhaling. The other half is spent banging drawers shut.
- The average eight-year-old has over eleven pounds of undigested plastic in his descending colon.
- The average eight-year-old is about eight years old.
- A donut without a hole is a danish.
- Really bad morning breath has been proven in clinical studies to help fight certain types of cancer; unfortunately, when you have really bad breath, you have a really hard time getting chicks.
- Noted person of wealth Bill Gates was once brought up on charges as a juvenile for stealing a handful of bus tokens out of a dead man's pocket. At the trial, he claimed that this was impossible because he only rode the subway.
- There has never been anyone in any branch of the armed forces named "General Electric".
- Sunglasses became a popular item in the 18th century. They were used to prevent blood from spattering in a person's eye while watching their own arms being cut off for stealing loaves of rye bread from the local merchants. Stealing loaves of wheat bread went without punishment because, frankly, it sucked.

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POETRY

Bitter

Ruins of a war damaged castle
holding fort on her throne,
megaphone mornings
circulate the room moving the
croon of a tune.

Rippling through his ears
he is all too familiar with this cheer
his focus peers to another place
her voice resounding the neighborhood
into an earthquake.

His body shifts to resist
His body twists to dismiss
Arms swing to flee
Lunged up
Jacked up and backed up
He declines to look up.

She can not relate,
his manhood
is being raped

Demetrius Ford

Militant Man Speak

Hard tone, megaphone
marble and concrete bouncing off the sound
sky scraper buildings compliment the projection
of the testosterone bass voice that cripples your nerves
with words you may have heard again and again and again
words you no longer depend on to build your inner strength
words you no longer depend on to know
the length your forefathers went to
have their future generation stand tall and not let the color barrier
retract, fall back into the lap of those that want segregation back
and you be treated less the morale freedom of a stray dog
words you no longer depend on to know when/where/why and
how the human chain came about
an invention of bondage transformed
into the strategic focal point of the freedom fight
at a time when lynching was on the rise black boys beat until their
facial features were obliterated and
mothers couldn't recognize the body that lies...

Militant man speak
speak about the black man lying under the sheet at a time when
this was and still is the white man's revolting retreat.

Militant man speak
speak about the difference between now and then

Militant man speak
speak about the future and how this past is just around
is just around it is just around the corner on any day in any town

Militant man speak
speak about the degradation of this entire rising generation is a
foretold revelation part of the equation of life.

Militant Man Speak
speak to the young.

Demetrius Ford

Unity 2000

photos and words
by Larry Nocella

intro

MAKING HISTORY

I recall getting ready in the bathroom early early early in the morning, almost hoping someone would say, "Let's not go..." and then maybe they could sell me on the idea. It was so early, I just wanted to go back to bed. My eyes wouldn't open, my muscles wouldn't activate and my brain could do nothing but whine.

"Make history in Philadelphia on July 30, 2000!" The promo materials for the Unity 2000 March read. It was to be the demonstration to end all demonstrations: the day before the Republican Party began its convention in the City of Brotherly Love, when everyone could say what they wanted to a large portion of political power in the most powerful nation on Earth.

The morning of, however, the promo materials were a little less exciting. As I stumbled around, film in my eyes, trying to get ready, I thought, "Is this how you make history? Do you really have to get up this early?" Making history, it seemed to me, should be a little more glamorous.

Regardless, four of us (myself, Heather, Lisa and Mike) departed from our home and met Gerry in the city for the Unity 2000 March. E.M.R. joined us in spirit, and a seventh person got off at the wrong train stop and attended a different rally! Some of our perspectives follow, as well as miscellaneous anecdotes, thoughts and pictures from the day.

continued page 26...

Projecting intent onto other people's actions is a big mistake, isn't it? How about before assessing



The crowd eagerly awaits the start of the march.



A ceremony remembering those murdered by "graduates" of the School of the Americas (SOA.) The SOA is a military training school based in the USA, that has trained military leaders from Central and South America who have become some of the worst human rights offenders.

For more information, visit <http://www.soaw.org/> on the internet.

a person, one should consider all the possible reasons why a person may be acting that way? A

COVERING THE MEGA-PROTEST RIGHT

As a sponsoring (financially, spiritually and physically) organization, **QECE** was permitted to submit a statement to the Unity 2000 media kit (see facing page.) Hopefully the message was read by some in the mainstream press and hopefully they questioned and challenged it.

In the statement, I mentioned my skepticism that the mainstream media would get the story "right" because, primarily, they would refuse to let the protestors speak for themselves. This march (and perhaps most events) was too big to be handled by the out-dated media coverage of picking and choosing a few people among thousands to speak for seconds on an event with so many angles.

In my attempt to have **QECE** cover this story right, my approach was to let each person speak for themselves; either by writing their own article, or by me simply transcribing what they say into my tape recorder. I asked them to express their answer to the question: "Why did you join in the Unity 2000 March?" If they say the same things as someone else or contradict each other, then that, I believe, captures the spirit of the *Mega-Protest*.

Maybe I should call it a Multi-Protest. Mega sounds just so much more studly, though. Anyway, Mega-Protest is a term I use for the latest wave of protests (starting with the WTO in Seattle) that involve many diverse issues demonstrating at a gathering of "power." These protests make plain a conflict that never seems to have been so overtly stated: a struggle between those in power, and the rest of us – the vast majority of people whose concerns, whatever they might be, are ignored in favor of money and business. Some criticize the lack of focus in the Mega-Protests, but I think there is room for protests that deal with one issue, and protests that deal with a rainbow of issues. (Besides, who says you can only protest once? Get out on more than one day and do both!)

WHAT DEMOCRACY LOOKS LIKE

A week or two after the march, I read about a chant that was going on there that for some reason, I hadn't heard: "This is what democracy looks like!" It rang so true.

Democracy is not a bunch of clones in a corporate-owned stadium all chanting the same thing, using the same phrases, wearing the same stupid styrofoam hats and reliving their high-school pep-rally days. Democracy looks like what the Unity 2000 march was: a Mega-Protest, a diverse, semi-organized mess. That's the issue here. Do you want a "democracy" where you can choose Clone A or Clone B? Or do you want a democracy where you can choose whatever the hell you want, or make your own options, if none of the pre-set ones satisfy you?

Unity 2000 perspectives continue on page 30...

reason isn't always sufficient, though, is it? If someone's acting like a jerk, do you really care if they

QECE Unity 2000 Media Kit Statement

QECE exists to encourage people to question what they are told, and to value their own perspective over the ones they are fed via mainstream media. **QECE** offers often humorous advice on how to take control of one's own political, economic, and creative destiny. **QECE** fully supports the Unity 2000 march for two reasons. First, because it is non-violent. Second, because of the diversity of issues being raised.

QECE intends to be present and report on the march, because chances are, the cheerleading Philadelphia media will get it wrong. Offended by the pep-rally spoilers, unable to squash the diverse issues into a simple label, a primary-color graphic, or a headline under seven words, they will probably get it wrong.

Here's how to get it right: Let the individual speak for himself or herself: There is no need to frame a person's comments with your contempt. Let the reader or viewer decide. Save your comments for the editorial.

To any mainstream reporters reading this media kit, here's your homework: contrast the number of organizations in this march versus the number of times your media outlet has covered these groups' activities. The disparity should tell you everything. Please do what you can to change this. Thanks.

The fact that the Unity 2000 march proposal, which from has pledged non-violence from the very beginning, encountered the resistance it did, illustrates clearly the fact that democracy differs greatly in theory and practice.

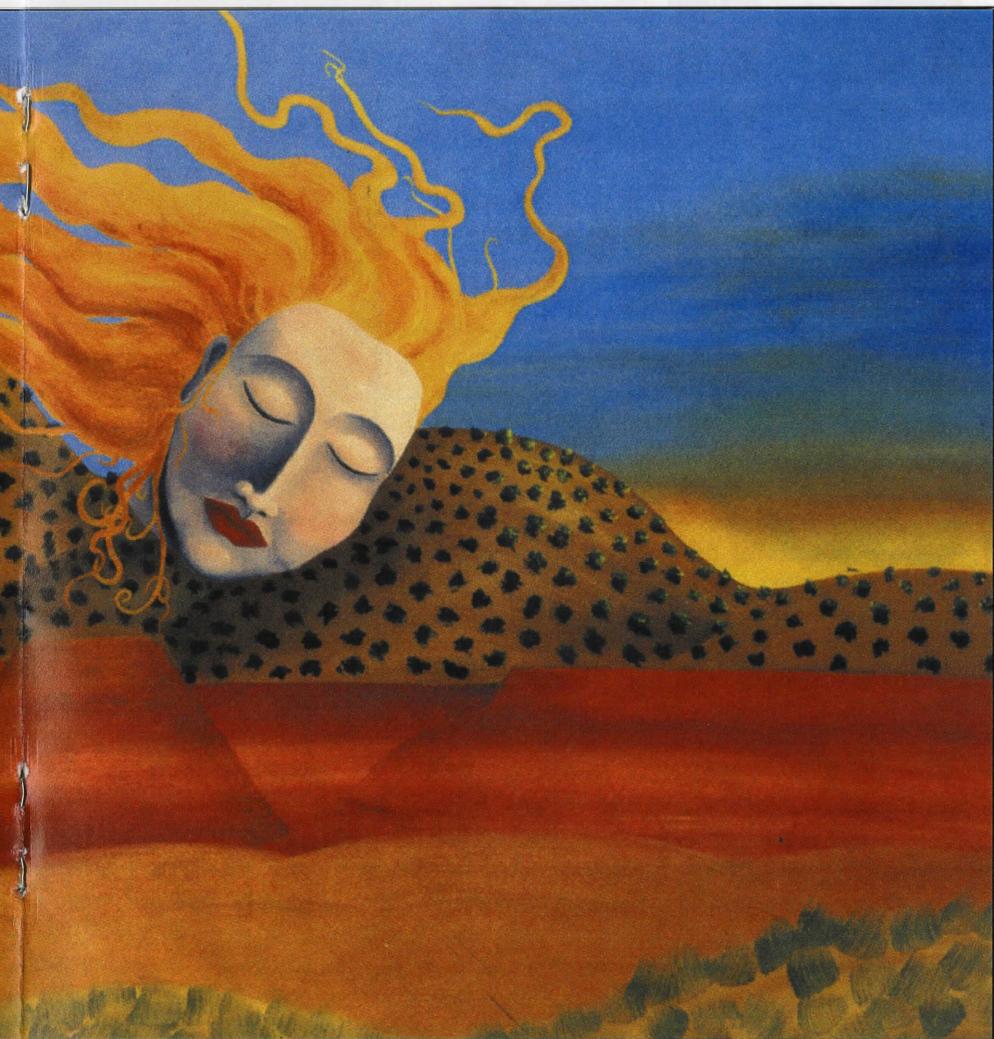
QECE will be proud to sponsor and take part in the march, to help make this point: there are a lot of people concerned with much more than the latest twitch from the Dow Jones. You wouldn't know it from consuming most major media, but the Unity 2000 march will make this fact obvious.

Question Everything. Challenge Everything.

L i n d a  C h i d o



Sleeping Goddess
Oil on Canvas
36" x 66"



Sleeping Goddess ©1999 by Linda Chido

UNITY 2000 PERSPECTIVE

God, I Hate Rallies

There's something about every political rally I've attended that annoys me as much as a bald-faced lie.

Maybe it's the fact that, back in the day, people didn't organize their anger -- they just stormed the Bastille. Maybe it's that rallies in America often mean nothing but extra money for the food vendors, and supremely stupid soundbites on the evening news.

Who knows? But I've never liked them. Never was fond of covering them as a journalist. Hated reading about them in the paper. Didn't plan on attending one in Philly on just about the hottest day of the year.

Yet there I was, among friends walking in the Unity March this past August.

To help you differentiate it from all the other rallies going on nationwide this summer, this one took place during the Republican junket masked as their national 'convention.' You know ' the major political event which was completely unnecessary because only the stoned or thoroughly stupid could have believed anyone but Li'l Georgie Bush of Texas had a snowball's chance in hell of winning the party's nomination.

Essentially, the Unity March was an opportunity for thousands of anti-Republicans to show that flabby-assed elephant who was boss. (Hint: It's not the politicians.)

There were groups against nuclear arms, puppets for peace, groups shouting out seriously deranged song lyrics about why both Bush and Al Gore were the worst possible candidates. There were unions, and socialists, and quite a few people who would have beat the crap out of anyone suggesting that police brutality in our city is not a problem.

I feel no shame admitting I had no reason for going, other than that my friends were going. I knew the Republicans weren't going to give a damn



by Lisa A. Cellini

what we did. (When have they ever?) I knew the media would botch the story, and after all, what was the story? "Earlier today, thousands of people pissed off by too many problems and causes to count walked a couple of miles to force city police to divert traffic for a few hours."

Okay, okay. That's not the story. People had real issues for which they were trying to gain attention. People felt compelled by their beliefs to demonstrate their dissatisfaction with our country. (What a thoroughly American idea.) Except me, the former journalist who, for years, hasn't permitted herself to take more than a professional interest in the world around her.

Armed with no cause and a desire to see what would happen, I joined my socially conscientious friends and decided, with a detached sort of air, that there could be worse ways to spend a Sunday.

That is, until a cause found me.

WALKING BLIND

Here's how it happened: I am walking with aforementioned friends in the most un-unified Unity March you can imagine. The organizers section off groups like they are string bands in the Mummers Day parade. Hey ' how else will the media be able to tell where the unions end and the socialists begin?

Essentially, such 'planning' meant anyone who was not a part of a specific group had no place to march.

Anyway, protestors who realize this take advantage of the chaos by handing out signs and armbands for everything. A woman hands me a pro-choice armband, and since I am pro-choice, and I know George Bush's son has made it clear he wants to roll us back to the dark ages and ban abortions, I wear it, not even thinking.

We are trying to keep up with the unions, because, at least, we are members of the Communications Workers of America. It's logically the only place we could walk, and not feel like bystanders simply walking alongside the marchers. Well, like bystanders or socialists.

Just about the time the Art Museum should come into view, exactly when I think it couldn't get hotter and I want this grand walk to end, I spy something evil. To wit, a bunch of righteous, Bible spouting, pro-life Neanderthals, standing together like a fortified wall and hurling hate in damn near every direction.

They are cursing the gays and lesbians, battering the beliefs of women who support pro-choice, using the name of God to deride a multitude of beliefs and threaten every intelligent, free-willed person in the march. In America, even.

What a way to spice up my day. And to think, I probably marched right alongside these jokers in Washington, D.C., almost 15 years ago.

SCARED STRAIGHT

When I as a young pup, and a believer in all things good, I was convinced to attend the nation's largest pro-life rally in our nation's capital. I guess they have one every year. And that year, maybe 1985, I was there with my high school's Awareness to Life club, which helped elderly people, did good deeds, etc.

Perhaps, at the time, I considered myself pro-life ' which I defined as someone who valued life and wanted to protect it. I don't think I ever considered myself anti-abortion, but if I did, naivete was to blame.

Truth is, I myself don't know if I could have an abortion, and I am fortunate to never have faced that dilemma. But many of my friends have. And now, as back then, I cannot judge another woman's decision about whether to have a baby based on what I think I might do. If she can think for herself, she can make choices about her body and how her life is to be lived – a life which is no more, no less important than any other, including an unborn baby. I have no say. End of discussion. You can disagree with the decision. But it's not your decision to make.

Can I adequately express how horrifying that pro-life rally was? Dead baby dolls dangling from sticks, drooling blood from unnatural orifices. Coffins manned by masked people who really seemed to get off on the gore of the whole show. And believe me, it was a show. Wes Craven could not have produced better.

These people were largely close-minded goons. Thousands and thousands of them. A sea of Nazi-like do-gooders, who didn't realize they were frighteningly, implacably single-minded in their efforts to damn women for using their free will and exercising their rights as humans – as Americans – to live as they chose. I was, in a word, mortified.

Scared straight in my thinking, I have been firmly pro-choice ever since.

BAITING THE BOOBS

Back to the future. When I saw that bank of proselytizing bastards at the Unity March, I just snapped. No longer a reporter, I didn't have to act like their pompous, self-serving, sickening diatribe didn't piss me off.

There are always two sides to every story. But you know what? Sometimes, one side is wrong, if only by virtue of the way they play the game.

Tremendously. As it always has. I've just behaved. I had to. Like Joe Friday in the old "Dragnet" TV series, I had no real emotions while on the job. There are always two sides to every story, and I always reported both.

But you know what? Sometimes, one side is wrong, if only by virtue of the way they play the game.

I sauntered by those hard-headed, hard-hearted preachers of hate and very loudly, very slowly, began preaching a New Word:

"You, with the sign over there. Who are you to tell me I'm going to hell? Who are you to say God damns us, can't forgive us? Well, sweetheart, here's a thought. You can't forgive us? We forgive you!"

"You, with all that righteousness to spare. You mean to tell me you've got the answers? That you have a direct line to God? Despite your arrogance, despite your stupidity, at least we can find the strength inside us to say we forgive you!"

And on and on this went, this taunting. I wish I could tell you all I said. But like a pilgrim speaking in tongues when so moved, I only know that I ended each retort with the line, 'We forgive you.' With each word, I pointed my finger, like a judgment. And it all stopped when a photojournalist got in my face and starting snapping pictures. Of me. The former journalist. Causing a raucous ruckus.

I awoke as from a dream, gaining composure, hearing my friends admire my verbal handiwork, which palpably streamed behind us like a ribbon of anti-righteousness.

I wish I could say it mattered. I'd love to say it changed someone's life, or the way they considered the issue. Neither thing is true. In fact, I know that, because later, as we were heading back to the trains that would take us home, there on the street, standing like silent and scary sentinels, were hundreds of pro-life people with signs. Just standing in lines on both sides of the avenue. It was so eerie. Where did they come from? Before, we'd only seen – at most – 12 people. It was as if they came at someone's call. As if they intended to clear the streets, or the air of our beliefs – channeling their energies to delegates who don't give any more of a damn about them than they do about anyone else.

They outnumbered us by something like 200 to 5.

I took out my pro-choice armband, the one given to me earlier in the day, and I walked right by them. In full view, inviting confrontation. None came.

Courageous? No. Kindergarten on a global scale is more like it.

God, I hate rallies.

But hey... you know something? Now and forever, I love knowing that, for a moment, just one moment, I stood up for something I believed in. It doesn't have to matter, or make a difference.

The fact that I rallied my spirit was enough. **Q**

UNITY 2000 SCRAPBOOK

WORK IT, BABY! WORK THAT BODY!

A modern-day Jezebel tempts one of The Righteous with sins of the flesh. This unidentified woman performs an erotic dance (complete with unabashed booty-shaking) in front of a bible-thumper. (You can barely make him and his megaphone out behind her.) The most amazing thing about her dance was that her pro-Mumia sign ("Not one more lynching!") stayed vertical the entire time... probably just like a certain part of the bible thumper's anatomy. Better do some serious praying when you get home!



UNITY 2000 SCRAPBOOK



GOD DAMN YOU, YOU MISC. HEATHEN!

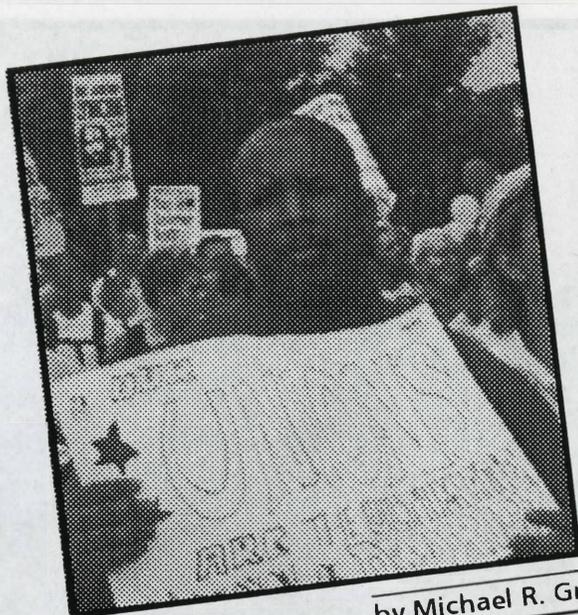
Another righteous bible-thumper sign alerts protesters: "Warning to all... Religious Phonies, Sex Perverts, Adulterers, Child Killers, Cheats & Liars, Atheists & Drunks, Fornicators, Dope Fiends, Garbage Mouths & Misc. Heathens! Judgment is coming by God!" Fuck! There goes the whole **QECE** readership! I'll see you in Hell!

TAPE RECORDER TERROR (PART ONE)

One of The Righteous was screaming about Jesus, damning all us protestors to hell. I went up to him and held my tape recorder out visibly, putting on my fake-official-reporter emotionless face.

He screamed louder and louder, his face turning red. When he finally paused, I stared at my recorder, tapped it, put on a surprised face, and told him disappointedly, "Oh man, I'm sorry! My batteries died." His dejected expression damned me once more. And why not? I am evil and I love it and so do you. — *Larry Nocella*

UNITY 2000 PERSPECTIVE



by Michael R. Green

**Our
Unions
are the
Ultimate
Expression
of
Democracy**

This is why I attended the Unity 2000 March...

The bottom line is that Republicans, whether well meaning or otherwise, owe whatever their gains are to big business. If they get in office, they owe their position to the support from big business. Well, the downside for the common man (a.k.a. the masses) is that big business is about making "big" profit. Not just *money*, but *profit!* Capitalism, or a free market system, is without a doubt necessary to maximize individual potential within a Democracy. However, when pure Capitalism turns to pure greed, very few maximize while the other people (and society in general) suffer. Corporations, in their never-ending quest to maximize profit, promote this kind of suffering.

One of the most major effects this could have on Americans is simple: Republicans, backed by big business, eagerly promote education (in the form of vouchers) as well as self-accountability and self-improvement. This in itself is not bad, however, what is the first thing someone who has improved their education and training does with that newfound knowledge? Why, they seek higher wages and better employment of course!

But, as much as Republicans claim they approve of this relationship between education and self-improvement, they still have to give in to the will of corporate America (who put them in office), and the reality with corporate America is this — "higher wages reduce maximum profit." Just like Unionized corporations. The bottom line is, contract regulations and fair market value systems cost money and limit power. What is the best way out of such predicaments?

Globalization! It sounds good on the surface, but without the rest of the world being Unionized or as educated as workers in America, it leaves all our gains, whether through education, self-improvement, or unionization... vulnerable. The bottom line is, with Globalization, it will become a lot easier (and more importantly, cheaper) to stimulate and broaden another

Globalization threatens whatever hold on the democratic process that the working class might have.

country's economy by exploiting their labor and peoples than it would be to keep catering to our own by giving in to "fair market value" demands. Also, without the rest of the world being Unionized, this leaves a bunch of unprotected potential workers out there, who have no rights when it comes to demanding wages or employee rights. Let's face it, contracts are enforced by law, and the easiest way to go outside a law is by going outside a contract. How do you go outside so many contracts? By going outside the country!

That's why I protested! I believe in Democracy to it's fullest, and even though we are currently more of a Republic than a Democracy, Globalization threatens whatever hold on the democratic process that the working class might have. Even if a company is not Unionized in our country, they have the imposing threat of a Union to keep them in check. They have the fear of being under some sort of regulation, some sort of system. They also have to remain competitive with unionized companies. Outside of America, they go back to ground zero, which not only gives them far more power over exploiting a new breed of workers, but it undermines and destroys everything we have fought over now for decades and even centuries.

Globalization, under regulation and with the consent of the people, can be a powerful force for change and economical growth as well as fully beneficial for our country as well as others. But unregulated, unchecked Globalization, which is what corporations (and therefore Republicans) seek, is a tool for the few and the wealthy whom seek money and power under the guise of a new "free market system" with no "Democratic" governmental interference. That's why huge corporations desperately need their "bought" government in office so badly ... they need to move full steam ahead! What this eventually leads to, is the ultimate betrayal of a our true democratic freedom. **Q**

Even if a company is not unionized in our country, they have the threat of a Union to keep them in check.

UNITY 2000 SCRAPBOOK

UNWATCHED PROTESTORS = DANGER!

Unfortunately, I hit the pause button on my tape recorder by accident, and I lost some of the good points Mike made during the day. One of the best he made was about how the police would get credit for the lack of violence, when really it's just the protestors being non-violent. The police were there to fight us, not protect us from anyone. We, the protestors, were considered the threat. The spin (the meme that Authority is attempting to push) is this: un-watched protestors will become violent.

The major media kept repeating that the police kept control. Is it really so hard to control non-violent protestors? Why are police getting praise simply for being present at a non-violent protest? It seems almost as if people expect the police to attack protestors, and by not doing so, the police are earning praise as "disciplined." You've got one group with nothing but signs, you've got another group with billy clubs, mace, guns, etc. And the media is afraid the protestors are going to get violent?

CARJACKING AND KENT STATE

A while before the Unity March, about two weeks before it, every major media outlet in Philadelphia was alive with pictures and video of several police officers beating, punching and kicking the crap out of a man they had been chasing, allegedly for carjacking.

A lot of people began to speculate that this man was "sacrificed" by the police to scare people away from the protest. It's an interesting theory. I don't know if it's true or not, but it wouldn't surprise me if it was. I have always suspected that the four students murdered at Kent State were an equivalent "sacrifice" to stop the protests of the late 1960's. I wonder if the vicious beating of the carjacker was a similar form of terrorism.

So each day prior to Unity 2000 became like a chess match. People were bailing out because of the threat of violence. I can't blame them. I was afraid, too. I was doubly afraid of taking friends into hostile territory. If something happened, I would feel partly responsible.

But I knew I couldn't back down. I was a free man with peaceful intentions and it was my right to march – so march I would. And march I did.

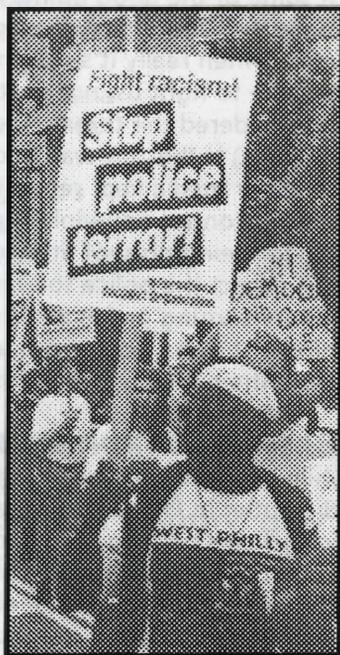
TAPE RECORDER TERROR (PART TWO)

As a TV crew was interviewing Gerry about his views on the death penalty, I held my tape recorder out visibly in front of the reporter, the message being this: don't you dare distort his words, because now I have YOU on tape, too. Anyone can be a journalist. There's no reason why a small, elite group of people should be everyone's source of information.

– Larry Nocella

the story of
Gerry Purnell

Every Time I See a Bunch of Them...



QECE: Gerry, tell me what your sign says.

GERRY: It says "Stop police terror."

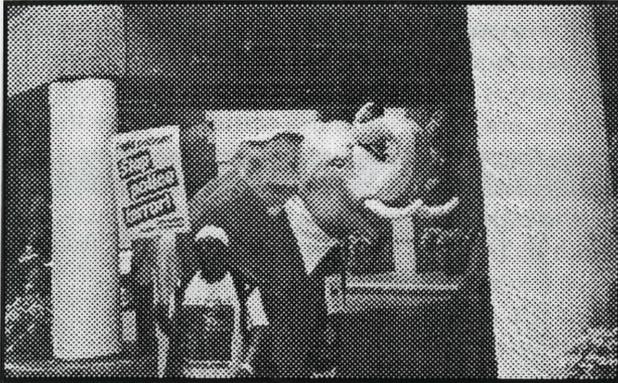
QECE: And what were you just saying about you can't cower down?

GERRY: It's like, half the time, they depend on the police just by their presence to keep everybody in order. Like because there's so many of them out here you're just going to fold up and be quiet and walk along and not disturb them at all. I want them to know that we're out here, know why that we're out here, know what we're upset about. So I wave my [sign] in their face every time I see a bunch of them.



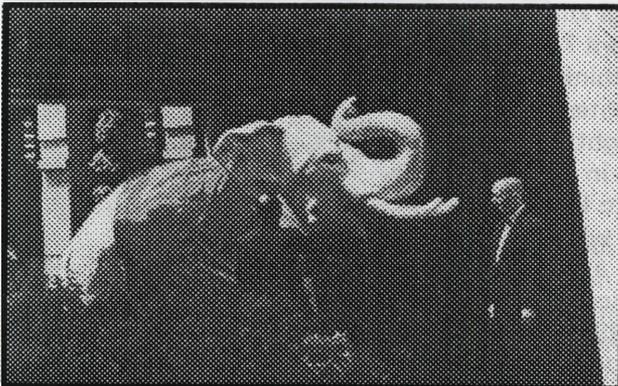
(1.)

Outside the ritzy Four Seasons hotel, an unidentified man approaches the symbol of the Republican party: an elephant statue.



(2.)

As the unidentified man walked away from the elephant, a sticker could be found on its pachyderm cheek. The sticker read, "Robin Hood was right."



(3.)

Surely this can't be Philadelphia! The blemish is promptly attended to by twin tuxedos! What strange transformation has come over the city of Slovenly Love?

Why the Death Penalty?

by E.M.R.

When talking to those who support the death penalty, most people give the same argument, so let's first explore the issue of cost. Many believe it is far less expensive to put someone to death, than to keep them in prison for life, when in fact the opposite is true. A defendant's right to due process is very important when the possible penalty is death, therefore the length of the trial and the cost are much greater. In a capital punishment case, there is a two-part trial, one to determine guilt or innocence and another to decide if the defendant is eligible for death penalty.

Since the presidential elections are just around the corner let's use the state of Texas as an example: *In Texas, a death penalty case costs an average of \$2.3 million, about three times the cost of imprisoning someone in a single cell at the highest security level for 40 years. (Dallas Morning News, March 8, 1992).* If that isn't enough to convince you there's more...*In a report from the Judicial Conference of the United States on the costs of the federal death penalty, it was reported that the defense costs were about 4 times higher in cases where death was sought than in comparable cases where death was not sought. Moreover, the prosecution costs in death cases were 67% higher than the defense costs, without even including the investigative costs provided by law enforcement agencies.* These figures do not calculate the human cost of killing someone who is innocent.

Another popular argument for the death penalty is one of deterrence. For some reason America thinks that the possibility of the death penalty matters to someone who intentionally commits murder. Give me a break! How many of us run red lights, knowing that if we are caught we could possibly get a ticket, or be in a major accident, but that doesn't stop us. Well, if someone decides to take another life, obviously they have no respect for life anyway, so what is there to fear? If the death penalty is a deterrent, there should be a low murder rate in the 38 states that do use capital punishment, but there isn't. *The average murder rate per 100,000 population in 1997 among death penalty states was 6.6, the average murder rate among non-death penalty states was only 3.5.*

isn't it? But if the peace-meme is already present in our culture, and it hasn't completely taken

For those who believe in "An Eye for An Eye", well I do also but I am not perfect and I cannot decide who deserves to live or die. I also cannot ignore the fact that race can often determine whether or not you receive the death penalty. For example, if a minority defendant is convicted of killing a non-minority, chances are greater that the defendant will receive the death penalty because the value of life is dependent upon the color of your skin. Just being a minority defendant greatly increases your chance of being executed. I cannot ignore all of the inconsistencies in our judicial system.

I'm sure by now you can determine how I feel about capital punishment. I feel that it is cruel punishment and until we can fairly and justly impose the penalty, the United States should impose a moratorium. I'd rather keep 50 guilty people in jail for life than to mistakenly send 1 innocent person to the electric chair. **Q**

For some reason America thinks that the possibility of the death penalty matters to someone who intentionally commits murder. Give me a break!

UNITY 2000 SCRAPBOOK



An unidentified man takes on the death penalty single-handed, portraying George W. Bush as a blockhead.

The Grass is Always Greener When the Republicans Come to Town

by Heather Tuck



"Why are you going to protest the Republican convention?"

This was a question that I got asked way too many times prior to the Unity 2000 March in Philly this past summer. It was so obvious to me why the GOP needed to be protested that I was almost rendered speechless by this question that was asked of me over and over again.

Anyway, here are some of the reasons that I personally felt that I had to be there: George W. is pro-life and pro-death penalty. (Keep 'em alive when they are fetuses so that you can kill them later in the electric chair!)

There are also labor issues, healthcare issues, corporate welfare issues, racial issues, environmental issues, etc. (I could go on and on.) So, that was why I needed to attend the rally. Then, as I watched the city of Brotherly Love prepare for the arrival of the Republicans, I became enraged.

PAINT AND PRETTY LIGHTS

The city spent so much money to ensure that these rich white jerks would be happy, it was embarrassing. Children in Philly schools don't have text books, people are living on the streets, houses are sinking into the ground, children are hungry and the city can't raise the funds to take care of it's own people's basic needs!

They can however, fork out some serious ass cash to paint, to put up pretty lights, to clean to the point of obsessive compulsion, to actually cover up a low income neighborhood to maintain the illusion that everyone is just fine and to actually paint the grass green! I don't know why but the grass painting really got to me. I actually considered going out and painting the dead grass back in, but I probably would have been arrested by one of the jillion police officers that were on every street.

WHERE WERE THE HOMELESS?

While the cops were all hanging out making sure that nobody defaced the special elephant statue outside of the Four Seasons hotel (see page 36) there

The city spent so much money to ensure that these rich white jerks would be happy, it was embarrassing.

might have actually been people elsewhere in the city that needed help, but no, let's make sure that bandana wearing terrorist-looking chick doesn't paint the grass brown. (Yes, I'm bitter.) Another interesting thing was that there was not a homeless person to be found!

We figured that the city either dressed them up as extra police or that they were all being held at some weird underground keg party. Free Food! Free Beer! Nothing would surprise me.

IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD

People also pointed out to me that attending the protest was pointless because it wouldn't do any good, the Republicans don't care about me, blah, blah, blah. Well, to that I say, the fact that they don't care about me is why I'm going in the first place. (Not to mention that they probably don't care about you either.) And as far as it not doing any good, I think that's crap. Anyone ever hear of the Civil Rights Movement?

If nothing else, my being there made it a bit more difficult for the elite to get around the city that day and I know that we made them uncomfortable. Hell, maybe we even scared them a little. Who knows?

The bottom line is that there is room for improvement in how this country is being run and it was my right to stand out there in the heat on the freshly painted grass with a couple thousand like-minded people, so I did.

P.S.

When you go to the polls this November, think of this quote from Hannah Arendt: "One must remember that in choosing the lesser of two evils, one still chooses evil." ...I'm not too crazy about the Democrats either. Nader for President! **Q**

If nothing else, my being there made it a bit more difficult for the elite to get around the city that day.

UNITY 2000 SCRAPBOOK



Our local representative of Billionaires for Bush or Gore explains that a corporation is NOT a person and therefore should not have the same rights as a person. For more info: www.billionairesforbushorgore.com.



An unidentified man shows off his tattoo.

MIKE AND HEATHER'S CHANT

MIKE: [I don't understand] how a group of people are going to protect the life of a baby in one year and then eighteen to twenty years plus years later decide that they want to execute that same person.

HEATHER: What's the chant?

HEATHER &

MIKE: Save a baby, kill a man, pro-life, pro-death go hand in hand.

UNITY 2000 PERSPECTIVE

Masked!

by Larry
Nocella



My civil disobedience on television! Sunday, July 30, 2000
From the Noon to 1 pm broadcast on Philly's ABC affiliate (Ch.6, WPVI)

MASK LAW HISTORY & THE PHILLY COUNTERPART

Barely a month before the Unity 2000 march, Philadelphia City Council passed a law making it illegal to wear a mask if you intended to break the law. The anti-mask law was based on similar laws in NYC to fight the Klan, as well as inspired by ski-masked vandals in Seattle who couldn't be identified by video cameras.

It really got my hairy ass in an uproar. The law was clearly put in place so that people could be removed from the march if The Authorities decided they were losing Control. The dissenting city council folk shared my disgust: "We ought to go home today in shame," said one.(1) The author of an editorial on the Philadelphia Inquirer also was disturbed by the law expressing only those who INTEND to break the law would be arrested: "Who decides who has such intent? The police of course."(2)

MY PROTEST PLAN

I was looking for some sort of non-violent civil disobedience I could take part in, and this law was ripe for a challenge. So I made the most ridiculous mask I could. Out of cardstock and some free chopsticks, I built

myself all you need to get arrested in Philly: a bright-yellow, hand-held old-school opera-type mask. (See nearby photo.)

I made about eight of them, hoping others would wear them and we would be a massive force of civil disobedience against this stupid law. Unfort, my mosquito-style protest also seemed to annoy the others in our five person group, and only my wife provided token support (see back cover or page 44 — she's sporting the more feminine model.)

Still, I must confess, annoying people spurs me onward and to me, is often an indicator I'm on to something good.

THE DAY OF PROTEST

Anyway, the day of, I strolled about, proclaiming to all who would hear, "I am wearing a mask!" Sometimes I would add ominously, "Who knows what I intend?" I made a point of walking past the cops with my mask on. They eyed me suspiciously. It was funny as hell, but actually a little scary. I didn't want to be arrested and pulled away from the fun, but the sad thing is, I could have been. Legally. Perhaps I even should have been according to the law. I had obvious intent to break the law (by wearing a mask) and I was wearing a mask. Does that make sense?

One cop I passed tracked me with his eyes. (Maybe he thought I was hot?) He really seemed perturbed at my irreverence. Oh, well. He gave me that look of Authority trapped: he wanted desperately to punish me, but knew he really would have looked the arse if he had. Delicious!

A great part of the mask protest was that a lot of people got it without me saying a word. "Hey! You're breaking the law!" They would say, laughing. Or, "You look pretty threatening, pal!" etc. It was good to see that some people got the joke.

I AM A MEDIA WHORE

I pursued any and all TV crews. It was a blast. Twice, the camera-operators saw me coming and up went the camera. Good taste, those fellows! After I performed for CBS, the reporter-lady said, "That was so great. So spontaneous!" I couldn't tell if she was sarcastic or not, but she's always welcome to lick my balls — because as far as I know, CBS didn't air my routine.

I saw one newspaper reporter taking pix of me... but never saw myself in the papers. The big climax came the day after the march, when a fellow worker at The Corporation came up to me and said, "Hey, were you on TV on Sunday?"

MY TV APPEARANCE

I checked the local ABC affiliate website at the time my colleague told me to, and there I was! One of the TV crews actually broadcast my speech! It went as follows:

IMAGE: banner for some unknown cause

VOICE-OVER: Some let their banners do their talking for them...

IMAGE: black-clad youths with bandanas covering their lower faces

VOICE-OVER: ...and would not reveal why they sought to cover their face.

Others mocked the city council ordinance that banned the use of masks...

IMAGE: me with mask talking to microphone (see nearby picture)

ME TALKING: I am wearing a mask. Who knows what I intend? Better arrest me to be sure. Thank you.

CRITICISM

There were some criticisms about the fact that my crusade for mask-wearers was a bit irrelevant when compared with the important issues of US Government-sponsored terror, etc. and the fact that my protest got more air-time than these life or death issues was a sad state of TV news. This is a good point, to which I respond, "Does that surprise you one bit?"

TV news is hopelessly dull and pointless. In fact, I declare the TV networks of ABC, NBC, CBS, Fox, The WB and all their local affiliates the Official Graffiti Medium of the Revolution. Tag 'em how you like, kids! Since these outlets don't provide much relevant information, I think they should be used as opportunities to mock and/or to provoke thought humorously. I guess the hidden message behind my protest being broadcast is, "See how the news goes right for a simple image and soundbite?"

Someone who didn't attend the march also critiqued my mask protest, claiming, "There's more important things to protest." To which I responded, "You know what? You're right. Next time I'll protest what you protested." Score one for me because I said so.

CLOSING

I hope people are inspired by my mask protest to realize that politics doesn't have to be a stiff-ass thing. It can be fun, you can express yourself any way you like... and still make your point. Don't let politics be dominated by boring people! That's just one way the bad guys keep control.

I agree the mask thing isn't nearly as crucial as other issues, but what makes Mega-Protests so powerful is that they question things large and small. The bad guys are peppered from all sides with challenges of all styles on all issues. If we all only complained about the big things, our "little" rights would be taken away before our mask-covered eyes. **Q**

SOURCES:

1. Republican Convention Host City Adopts Anti-Mask Law, by David Morgan for Reuters on Thursday June 22, 2000 @ 6:07 PM.
2. Editorial from Philadelphia Inquirer, May 13, 2000.

UNITY 2000 SCRAPBOOK

WHO CAN CAUSE GRIDLOCK

Other protests followed the Unity march. The TV news kept saying, "The protest is causing gridlock." The major roads that had been closed off for almost a week to make room for Republicans? The gridlock that caused goes unmentioned. You can only cause gridlock if you're a protestor.

CRITIQUE: IT WAS TOO DISORGANIZED

I think what's overlooked when people complain that protests are disorganized or their message is unclear, is that there are so few guides. We may be living in some approximation of democracy, but it certainly isn't encouraged. Where's the public school courses explaining how to protest?

HOW IT WENT

So that's how the Unity 2000 March went. There are many other stories, but the event cannot be replayed totally in any medium. That's difference between **QECE** and the Corporate Media. The Corporate Media wants you to think you can understand fully by consuming it. **QECE** admits the picture is incomplete. Change the first sentence of this paragraph to: "So that's an *approximation* of how the Unity 2000 March went."

YOU WILL BE CHALLENGED

Everyone has their criticisms of the March, and I have mine. But I forgive. When you look at what those who care are up against – the corporate media, police, money, power, apathy, politicians, tradition – the fact the Unity 2000 March happened at all is an accomplishment. With these Mega-Protests, the message must continue to get out – to those who would prey off fellow humans and destroy the earth that gives us all life: Wherever you go, expect resistance. **YOU WILL BE CHALLENGED.**

THIS IS WHAT DEMOCRACY LOOKS LIKE

Democracy is not a clone-horde in a corporate-owned stadium chanting the same thing, wearing the same stupid styrofoam hats and re-living their high-school pep-rally days. Democracy looks like what the Unity 2000 March was: a Mega-Protest, a diverse, semi-organized mess. That's the issue here. Do you want a "democracy" where you can choose Clone A or Clone B? Or do you want a democracy where you can choose whatever you want, or make your own options, if no pre-set ones satisfy you?

Are there enough caring people to make a difference? Or are there too many apathetic dopes? I don't know; I can't say I'm optimistic, but I can't say I've given up. That's my definition of hope: the tiny voice among the endless clamor of "No!" that whispers, "Well... Maybe." – *Larry Nocella* **Q**

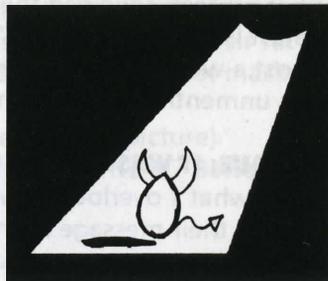
THE DEVIL'S AVOCADO

Want to know my Unity 2000 perspective?
FUCK THE WHOLE THING!

by anonymous

What the world could *really* use right now, what would be *really* original, is another article talking about how **EVERYTHING SUCKS!** That would be just great for bringing about change! So let's do it, over and over again, because *no one else is!*

Give me a break and two-thirds, bar-keep! Jesus H. P. Christ on a shish-kabob, this 'zine just keeps it coming.... *out my ass.*



Anyway, let's start with the death penalty thoughts. What is with this "my warrior heart" crap? Does this guy think talking like some kind of Indian is going to increase his already **PATHETIC** chances of getting laid? And *what about this junk*, "Completing the karmic loop?" If he had any understanding of karma at all, he would realize the karmic loop never closes. *Karma doesn't end, pal.*

Then there's yet another story about animal crap, who cares? Okay, you stood up for something you believed in. I'm **sure** the animals were really glad that you hung up a sign. I can see hear now: Oh look, a banner! Being chained to the parking lot of a stadium feels so much better now! **HANG ANOTHER!**

I've got a question for ya: why does this zine trash the "mainstream press?" Where are the **QEC** reporters collecting data, doing studies, doing all the hard work? This is just one big opinion page and you **KNOW WHAT THEY SAY** about opinions. That's right, they're *like assholes* and everyone has one, except in the case of this alleged publication, the writers are peppered with them like *zits on the readership's asses*. And why are all the "sources" for each article from the "mainstream?"

All right, let's talk about "there's no such thing as nothing" — what about what's *between your fuckin' ears*, huh? Looks like I nuked that meme! What a revolution! Start off with a totally academic lecture! That will get people's blood boiling!

Are we talking about the circus, or are we talking about activism? Who knows? Not me, the reader, and for sure, **NOT THE AUTHOR!** Then he follows it up with a long-winded history of milk. Hey buddy, **CONCISE means SHORT!** Not endless rows of text. Oooh! Those big words! Trying to cover your inadequacies?

Now let's start with the Unity 2000 blather. Yes, that part of this magazine was the first section to make *contact with my shredder*. Why? If you really don't know, you're next. This collection starts with an over-blown

tible to good ideas? After all, I notice what seems to be (or maybe I'm just wishing) a rise in the use

media statement. Then we'll follow it up with some *unabashed apathy*. Now that's something to be proud of! Something anyone would proudly add to their article! Aww, you were uncomfortable walking in the heat for **ONE FUCKIN' DAY!** Wow, The System should fear you!

You wouldn't know the next article is under 1,000 words... it's so dull, I never even finished it. Gee, I never heard of that before: global markets are a threat to unions. How innovative! **BEEN THERE, SLEPT THROUGH IT!**

Then we'll have a *SECOND* death penalty article! This one offers so much more than the first. Not only are this one's opinions trite, but they are also *obvious and boring*. Thanks for the bonus!

Of course there **HAS TO BE** a weak attempt to guilt people who didn't partake in this politically-correct 1960's revival. You want to know why I didn't march? Just look at the collection of losers who wrote those articles, that's why! Besides, I *probably* would have gotten stepped on! I didn't see anyone out there with signs reading, "Guacamole Equals Cruelty!" So there! Was this march supposed to represent everyone? I

**I didn't see anyone out there with signs reading,
"Guacamole Equals Cruelty!" So there! Was this march
supposed to represent everyone? Guess again!**

think not! Guess again! Is your righteousness accepting of my argument, or are you ignoring me, like you claim Republicans do (using the *same generalizing bigotry* you claim they use!)

There's also someone who **OBVIOUSLY** can't stop shouting, "I was on TV! I was on TV!" talking about his mask "protest." Hey, that's something to line up next to the civil rights movement; the *rights of mask-wearing loonies!* Yeah, I know the oppressed and tortured people of the world are really glad you stood up for your right to wear a mask. **AWESOME!**

Oh, and looks like I missed one: the placing of a sticker upon an elephant's cheek. Now *that's* making a statement! **PETTY VANDALISM!** That's a great way to represent yourself and earn respect. Nice job.

And of course, there's the requisite *pretentious poetry*, the ads that surely aren't some method of selling out, and other crap I won't bother with, especially those *annoying questions* at the top of this page.

About the only good thing in this issue is that I've got **TWO PAGES**, as opposed to *one* from last issue. At the lazy snail's pace this rag gets published, you'll have to wait about *fourteen more years* until I've totally taken over and then this thing will be tolerable. Until then, I don't blame you if you puke. **LOOK OUT!** For those of you not smart enough to understand when an article is *over*, here comes the cute little Q! **Q**

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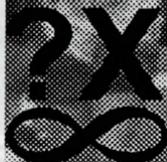
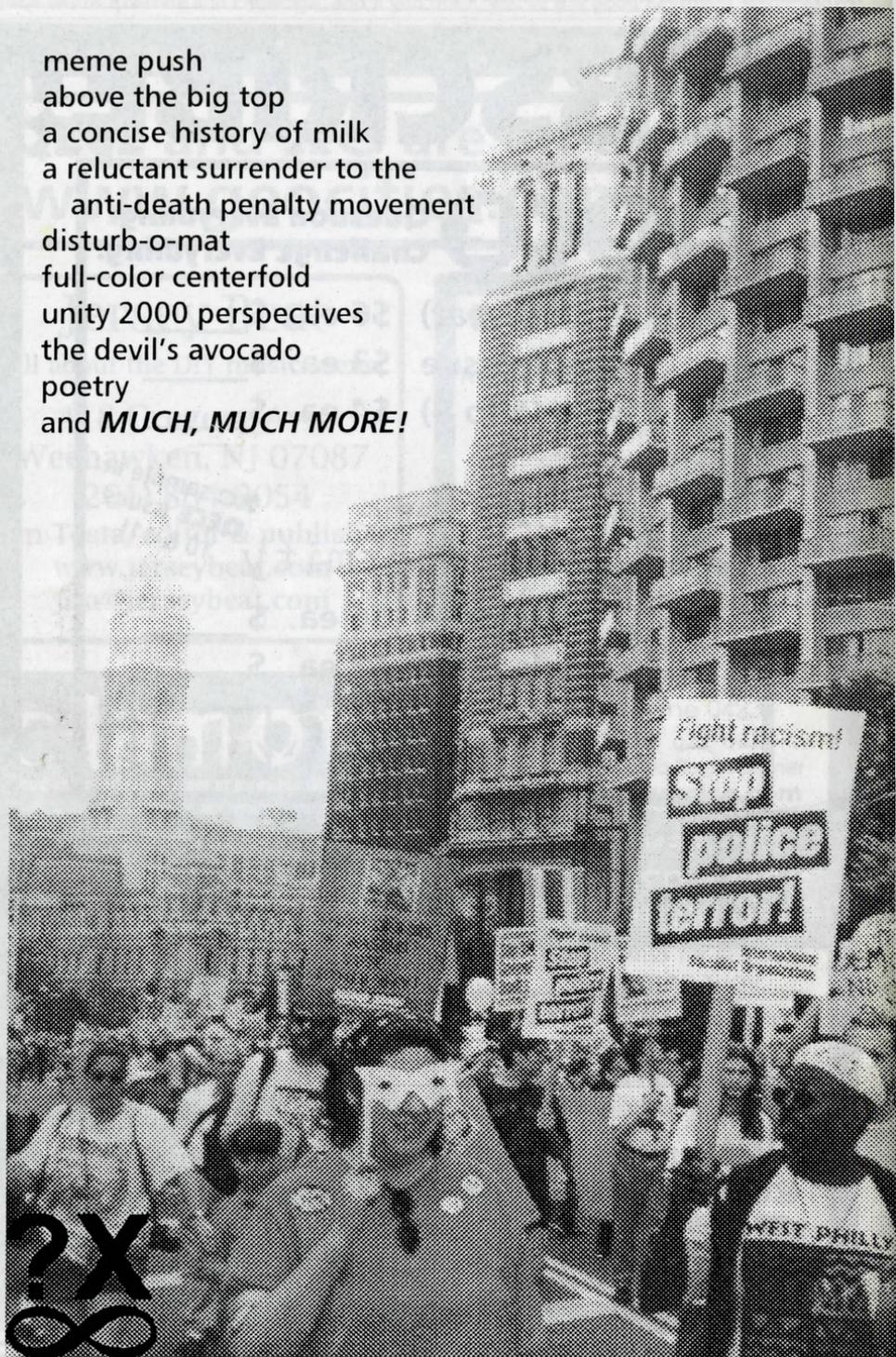
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