

\$2



#16

MYLXINE

REUAGHO

"What seemed so damn small, now has become the biggest snowball." The Fleshies

I hate to start one of these things off with the "sorry this took so long," but this time I feel it's slightly justified. It's been over a year, and I know no one is circling the zine racks looking for this, but if you were, I promise to be more punctual next time. Maybe.

I actually had a big chunk of the zine completed over the summer and was about ready to put the finishing touches on it to mark the 7th anniversary of Mylxine. Then one morning while I was working on the zine, I got a phone call from Paula yelling at me to turn on the radio. *"Oh my god! Someone just blew up the Pentagon, the World Trade Center, the White House and the Capitol! Quick turn on the radio!"* Of course not all that happened, but my focus changed. I'm not someone to think that September 11th was the worse thing that ever happened in the history of the world, or even this country for that matter. But I know that I felt that other projects were probably more important for me to focus on, and Mylxine #16 fell to the way side. I think that we, and I mean "we" as in the local punk-activist community, went into a hyper-overdrive and started writing and printing anti-war pamphlets like crazy, giving speeches (not just on the soap box, but the day to day stuff), making posters, and generally helping to organize a resistance to the reactionary patriotic killing fervor that america is all too good at stirring up, that is now just starting to cool down. It seems that we went into our own war against all the lies that were being told about what happened, that still hasn't stopped to this day (our war or theirs). We're still printing pamphlets, we're still organizing forums, and we're still on the corner every Saturday with our "No War" signs (at least as of this printing).

And just because Afghanistan isn't in the news every day now, don't think for a second that world is any safer or more sane. In fact, it only seems to be getting more insane by the day. Bush is talking about nuking people now, the government is publicly and secretly overthrowing governments, the Palestinians and Israelis are still killing each other, the McCarthyists are getting louder, the environment is dying, the prison industry is growing even bigger, we're losing the few rights we still had, and I'm still arguing with my friends about the same stuff that we have been fighting about since day one.

But somehow, through all this craziness, I've been able to piece this zine together.

The whole war has made me slightly crazy (or crazier I should say), but I guess it's an american privilege to be able to shut off the TV and go back into our own dream world of sitcoms, meaningless news stories, books, and video rentals without really giving a shit about all the incredibly horrendous stuff that's being done in all of our names.

And while so many aspects of these times have frustrated me to no ends, I have also never been more pleased with so many of my friends. The ones who stand out are the ones that joined us at the protests whenever they could, went to the anti-war lectures, helped copy our propaganda, or at the very least, stayed well informed. It wasn't an easy thing to stand on a street corner in downtown Pensacola in October 2001 and face a lot of angry people and say that, while we recognize what happened in NY was a tragedy, we still cannot support more war being waged in our names. And if that makes us traitors, so be it. But that so many of my friends were standing on the line with us every week gave me this incredible sense of pride in our little community. That, when it came down to making a stand, it was mostly the Punks that stood up to George Bush and all the warmongers and said "Fuck You!" That stuff gives me hope and makes me feel good about the world again.

Then there is the day to day stuff, most recently all of the open racism that has been going on all around me that makes me feel not as good about the way things are going. I swear, sometimes it all seems so pointless because we (people in general) keep repeating all the same fucked up cycles. I don't know what's best, to keep at it like martyrs in an endless struggle, or just give up and buy a TV and join the rest of the drones.

In the end, I believe that once your eyes are open to how fucked up the world is, you have a duty to try and fix it. Even if it kills us all, which it certainly might do.

Back to the zine, this issue has grown exponentially since I was initially going to wrap it up over the summer. I'm not sure what happened to me, but it just never felt like it was complete. At times, it felt more like I was working on an encyclopedia than a zine. But after 18 months of on again/off again work, it's finally is going to print. Inside, there are a lot of articles concerning race and racism. Not all of them are pretty, most of them are personal, and written in an effort to help people open their eyes and to start discussion on every day racism. None of which is easy to do. I fail to live up to my own expectations all the time, and the expectations of others as well. Life for me has recently started to resemble more of an Alfred Hitchcock movie than the reality I felt like I knew when I was younger. Or,

like in James Ngugi's book *A Grain of Wheat*, where, under close inspection, no one is really innocent and even the people you look up to often let you down, just like everyone else does. I guess that's just part of being human, though. We all fuck up, we all make mistakes, and no one is perfect. Not to mention that we all live in a totally white supremacist culture right here in the good ol' USA. And when I say that, I don't mean that everyone is wearing white robes and hoods to work, but it's more insidious. More subliminal. Like if one wanted to feel superior to another person because of their race, sex, or whatever, that person would have a large part of the society backing them up. Everything from the media, to the police, judicial system, the schools, etc, all telling them that, even though everyone is equal, some people are more equal than others, to paraphrase George Orwell. I've written on these issues several times before, but they're not going away. And, like with everything else, we can decide that we are going to close our eyes to everything bad that goes on in front of us, or we can keep fighting the good fight. Even if it kills us. What everyone else does is of course their decision, but as for me, I'll be around. Still making mistakes, and still learning from them.

Over all, I'm really satisfied with the way this whole thing came out. With that said though, it's still hard not to think all of this is some crazy exercise in futility. Working for over a year, hours of reading and researching topics in the library, months and months of writing, all the sleepless nights. Blah blah blah. All to put out another obscure zine that most of my friends probably won't even read.

But what do you do?

Everything's futile and, as far as I know, we'll all be dead tomorrow. So fuck it. I used-to worry a lot about what to put in the zine and what not to, but in the end I'm just trying to put out something that I'm satisfied with and hopefully, others will like it too.

Thanks a lot for bearing with me and my stupid introduction. I always think these are the best parts of zines, but I always suck at saying what I'm trying to say. I guess after 18 months of writing, I'm tired and I just want to put this out.

So (whew!) it's done. Fuck yeah!

Sorry in advance for any typos that Paula didn't catch. Blame her. But love her too.

As always, I'm totally open to communication. So, now that I've done my part, your part comes next.

And even though we'll probably all be dead or in jail in the very near future, drop me a line anyway, ok.

Thanks to: To anyone who had the courage to come to at least one of the protests (my smelly ball cap's off to you), Adee, Ickabod, Paula, Cindy Doris, Connie, Sparky, Thurston Moore, Ali, Hannah, Jerod, XBXR, Rex Ray and 23skidoo, Paul and Sub Books, Sarah, Sam, Amanda, Mr. Sweets, Aaron, Jen, Rymodee, Terry, Ted, TDIE, all of 309 (past and present), Le Petit Maison, Michelle, Gloria, Josh, Chichae Chica, Todd X, Dave D, Chomsky (for keeping it real), Becky, #634764, the family members that I like, Jackie, Styles, Kent, Billie, BJ, Tu Do's, Shari, The Real Paper, Sluggo's, Those involved with CORE, H&H, Gary, The Braune's, Pensacola Slim, Roberto, Mister Jamey Jones, Mike R.x2, Jenna, and especially to Craig D for pushing me get it done before he left town. This is the first headline I've kept since this whole thing started. Also, thanks to anyone I neglected to mention here. I'm sure I'll be hearing about it soon. Fill your name in here _____

And a big **Fuck You** goes out to all the modern day McCarthyists, PPD, George Bush Junior and Senior, Joe Scarborough and Deb Dunlap for trying to ruin this town (but failing). To (mis)quote Axl Rose (and this will be the only time I will ever do that) 'Karma's gonna hit you like a motherfuckin' brick.' Maybe.

Soundtrack for this issue (if you care): Alive- Sarah Dougher, Engine Down, The Fleshies, Dave Dondero, This Bike is a Pipe Bomb, The Insurgent, Lee Hazelwood, TDIE, FBF, old Sleater-Kinney, Bikini Kill, and Blast Rocks. Dead-Paul Robeson, Miles Davis, Chet Baker, John Coltrane, Getz/Gilberto, Jackie Gleason (I swear it's good), and The Ramones

LIVE FAST

1. Anarchists and homeless rally at Bart station and burn U.S. flags before marching.
2. After crossing People's Park, the group heads toward the Berkeley Inn, but marches away after seeing riot police.
3. Marchers become violent; they start smashing windows and newspaper stands.
4. Two U.S. flags were burned. Skirmish between skinheads and anarchists breaks out. Wells Fargo ATM machines smashed.
5. Marchers attack UC police protecting ROTC building, then flee when four backup officers arrive.
6. Coca-Cola truck vandalized. Channel 7 camera crew attacked.
7. Marchers confront police, throw bottles and bricks. Police chase them through People's Park.
8. Rioters smash windows and loot stores. Police chase them away.
9. Group breaks up.
10. Anarchists hold vote on whether to loot Safeway, or to go home on BART.
11. Police chase rioters heading toward BART and arrest 30.

DIE OLD

WATTS

Augusta P. Watts, 124, of Pensacola died Monday, July 9, 2001. Visitation, noon to 3 p.m. today at Benboe Funeral Home. Graveside service, 10:30 a.m. Monday at Holy Cross Cemetery.

MYLXINE

309 N 6TH AVE
PENSACOLA, FL 32501

mylxine@hotmail.com

www.23skidoo.org

SUBTER RANEAD BOOKS

♥BUY★SELL★TRADE♥



9 EAST GREGORY ST.
PENSACOLA, FL 3250
(850) 434★3456!♥♥♥

"AWAY FROM THE
NUMBERS"

What's Your Name, Son?

This wasn't going to be a long bus ride. 14 hours tops and only one transfer in Houston. The whole time I was hoping to get a seat to myself, but that never happens when you want it to.

When I got on the bus, I sat down next to this petite white woman with blond hair who was huddled up in the back corner of the bus. The guy in front of us was a young black man. I only bring their races up because it plays in with the rest of story.

After we had been riding for about 5 hours, we pulled into Baton Rouge around 7 at night. I can never stand to stay on the bus when given a chance to leave, so I went inside the small station to fill up my water bottle and got back on the bus and had a seat. I had the aisle seat (the most uncomfortable seat for me), so I was struggling to find a comfortable position that would get me through the next 3 hours until we got to Houston. Well, right as we were taking off, the woman next just flipped out. She buried her head in her pillow and yelled really loud "*I AM SO UNCOMFORTABLE!*"

I was a little embarrassed. I figured that she could have at least said something to me instead of yelling about her discomfort to the rest of the bus. I tried to move over a little, but those seats are only so big.

After a minute I closed my eyes to try and get some sleep, but then she kicked the seat in front of her. "I am *SO* uncomfortable. Could you *PLEASE MOVE YOUR SEAT UP?!*" she said in a very irritated voice. I felt a little better because now I knew I wasn't the object of her derision.

Either way, she still kept it up. The guy in front of her seemed more irritated that she was yelling at him and causing a scene than that she was kicking his seat.

"*I AM SO UNCOMFORTABLE! COULD YOU PLEASE MOVE YOUR SEAT UP!!!*"

He finally looked back and told her that he was uncomfortable too. And that the entire bus was uncomfortable. And that if he moved his seat up, he would be even more uncomfortable than he already was and that she would just have to deal with it.

I felt he could have bent a little, but she just went nuts and started screaming into her pillow even louder and more fanatically. Now everyone was looking back at her, all the while I'm trying to move further over to the aisle to distance myself from her.

She shifted in her chair some, and then let out a growl, stood up in her seat and, to my amazement and disbelief, punched the guy in the back of the head.

I was in total shock. You can't just hit someone on the head because they won't move their seat up. On countless bus rides I have certainly wished death and horrible violence upon several people that sat in front of me on the Greyhound. But you don't ACT on it.



The guy looked back quick, got up and drew his fist back, and just swung in the air and threw himself down on his cushion, pushing his seat further back. She kicked back and this went on for a few minutes as she continued to scream into her pillow. Then she took the pillow away from her face to put her foot in her mouth.

"I'm going to say it! I'M GOING TO SAY IT!"

The bus was silent except for her.

"NIGGER!"

Once again, I was in total shock.

I jerked my head and gave her a stern, disapproving look, but said nothing. The guy in front did the same. I shook my head at her and the guy in front said, "That's cool. I'll just get your ass kicked off the bus at the next stop."

I wanted to say something, but couldn't think of what to say quick enough. It really caught me off guard that someone would be so bold and crass to say something so demeaning, especially on a Greyhound where minorities are often the majority.

Even more frustrated at her situation, she yelled it again.

"NIGGER! NIGGER! NIGGER!"

I couldn't believe this was happening in the seat next to me. I was just trying to go home to see my family for the holidays and a two-person race riot was about to break out. I finally said something. "You know you're not going to solve anything by saying things like that." It sounded dumb when I said it, but I couldn't think of anything else to say. She just looked at me and turned her head quick to the window and pouted.

"It's cool, man. She'll just walk to Texas now," the man in front of us said as he adjusted himself back into his seat. "Wait 'till we get to the next stop."

The woman next to me didn't say a thing after that. She knew she fucked up.

About five minutes later the bus pulled into a truck stop on the Texas border. The man in front got off the bus and told the bus driver, who was also Black, what had happened a few minutes before. When the break was over, the driver herded everyone back on the bus, closed the door, and started walking back to where we were all sitting.

"Excuse me, ma'am," the bus driver said. "But do you have a problem with Black people?"

"No, it's just that he..."

"You don't EVER call a Black person 'nigger!' Do you hear me?"

"Yeah, but he kept pushing his seat back and..."

"He has a name..." the bus driver said as he looked at the man in front. "What's your name, son?"

"Hakim," the man in front said.

"His name is Hakim. NOT nigger. You don't call *him* or *any* other Black person 'nigger' again. Do you hear me?"

The woman next to me became very teary eyed and just shook her head and said she was wrong to the bus driver, but not to Hakim. She wouldn't even look in his direction.

"If we have any more problems with you then I'll kick you off this bus no matter where we are. You don't *ever* call a black person 'nigger, again." Shaking his head, he walked back to the driver's seat and we left the truck stop.

The woman next to me didn't say a thing for the rest of the trip, although I could hear her slightly sobbing into her pillow. I remember having mixed feelings then. I wanted to be angry at her, but instead I only felt a strange pity. Like when you know someone fucked up and they're paying for it. I just thought the whole situation was sad.

But what made me feel worse, was when I thought I heard Hakim sniffing a bit, too. He might have just had a cold, so I may be assuming things, but I started thinking about just how bad he must have felt and how fucked up it was to have that whole incident even happen in the first place. Even in the year 2001, people still had to deal with that kind of bullshit. I know things don't change overnight, but I really thought we'd be further along than that by now.

As we were rode into Houston, I stared down the aisle at the front window and started thinking about everything that just happened and I began to feel guilt in myself. It was true that I did say something to her and I don't think that I gave here the impression that I approved of what she did, it still wasn't enough. It wasn't enough because at times like that, it's important for people to not only know that those kind of things won't be tolerated, but that if they do happen, to let the person that they happen to know that they are not alone.

As I sat there in my seat, I thought about all the times that I let things like that slide. I though about how I've made excuses for other people when they said or did racist things, or didn't say anything at all when I should have said something. In this particular instance, I felt like I could have done more.

When the bus pulled into the terminal, Hakim grabbed his bags and got off the bus. As he was walking inside I approached him.

"Excuse me...but I just wanted to say that I was sorry about what happened back there, and...I wanted to apologize to you for not saying more when it did happen. It was fucked up, and even though I did say something, I should have been louder and I should have spoken up more than I did back there. And, uh...I just wanted to apologize to you for that."

Hakim looked kind of surprised at what I said.

"It's cool, man. The bus driver said everything that needed to be said so it turned out alright."

Then he pat me on the back. "I appreciate you saying that to me, though. Thank you."

We shook hands and then left to find our respective buses.

When I was apologizing to him, I think what I was really saying was that I was sorry for every time that I had ever done that during my entire life. For every time I heard a racist joke and didn't say anything, or heard someone say something sexist, homophobic, or racist and kept my mouth shut when I should have screamed.

I felt really bad about what just happened on the bus. Not just for him or me, but for the whole lot of us. When I apologized to Hakim in the Greyhound Terminal, I was really apologizing to a lot of people all at once. He was just the one that heard me.

My Life in Color

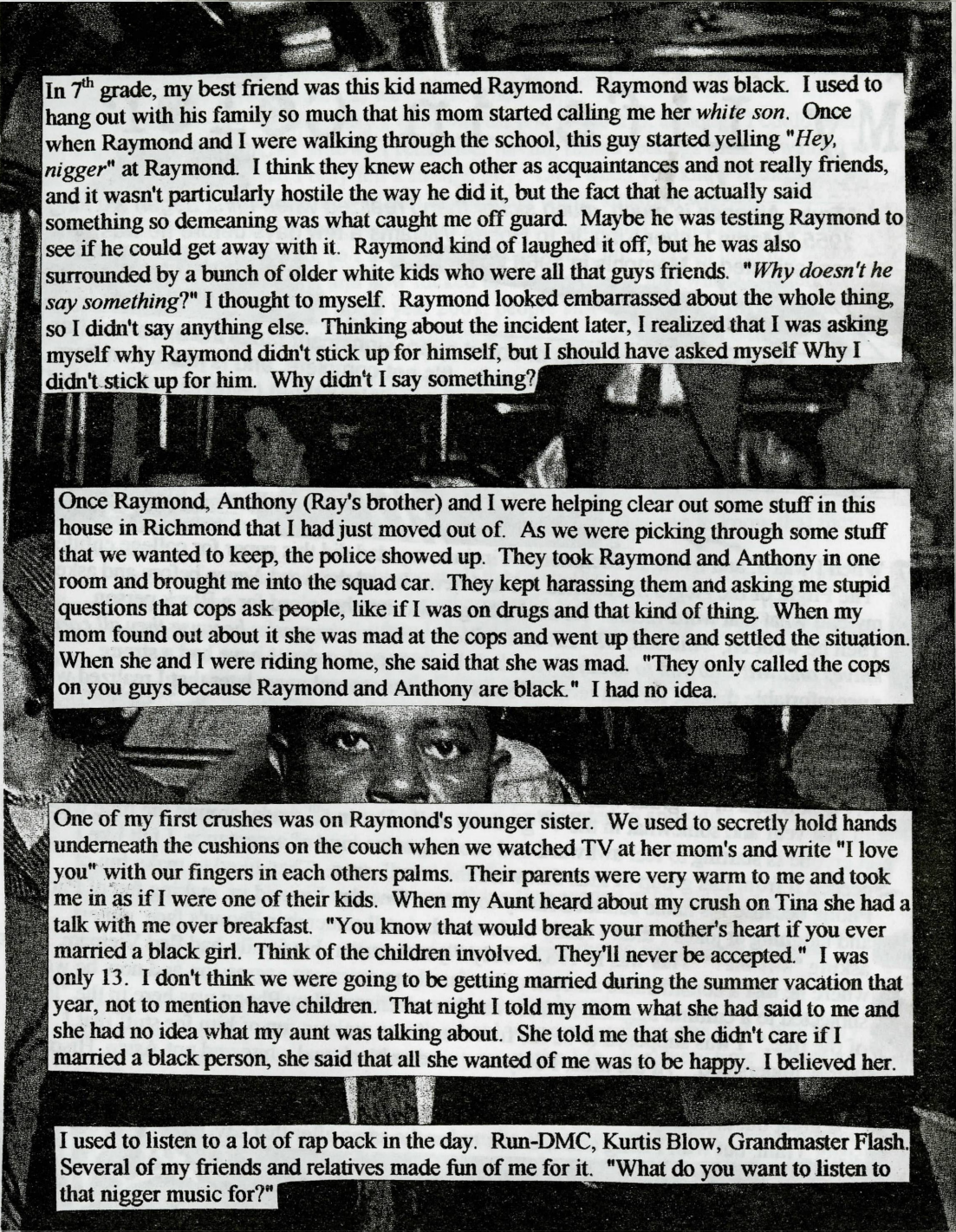
"Truly, America is much, much sicker than I realized when I first began working in 1955." Martin Luther King Jr. to Hosea Williams a few days before he was assassinated in Memphis in 1968.

This is a short biography of sorts of about every significant racial instance that has happened in my life up to when I wrote it. It's not complete, and is just taken from my experience. I tried to be as objective as possible without being too clinical, but objectivity is difficult when you write about anything you care about, and almost impossible when you're talking about your own life.

When I was 5, and living in Richmond, Virginia, my dad did this paper for college entitled "The Plight of the Negro in America." I had never heard the word *Negro* before and asked my dad what that word meant. He said a Negro was another word for a Black person. Then he went on, "And son, NEVER call a Black person a 'nigger'... because they all carry knives and will stab you to death if you do." Ever since that day, I have had a strong uncomfortable disgust for that term. However, it was several years later that I realized what my dad told me was very racist.

My best friend in 3rd grade was this Vietnamese kid named Phong Ha. We were very close all that year and somewhat in the 4th grade as well. But in 5th grade, around the time when everyone is starting to feel awkward and needing some kind of acceptance, I felt like I needed it from this group of kids that were the "cool" ones. They liked to make fun of Phong because his name sounded funny to them. One day I joined in, making fun of Phong and laughing at jokes I didn't really understand. I still remember Phong's face, almost asking "why me?" This was in 1982. Only 7 years earlier, his family had fled Vietnam, where he lost a considerable amount of his family to American aggression and now he was subjected to a cultural aggression from another American. Now Phong was here in the "land of the free." I was supposed to be his friend and was making fun of him for stuff that I hardly understood. At the time, I only saw race as black and white and not Asian, Hispanic or anything else. Just black and white.

I hung out at Phong's house a few times afterwards and was somewhat friends with his sister Tram, but with Phong and I, it was never the same after that day.



In 7th grade, my best friend was this kid named Raymond. Raymond was black. I used to hang out with his family so much that his mom started calling me her *white son*. Once when Raymond and I were walking through the school, this guy started yelling "*Hey, nigger*" at Raymond. I think they knew each other as acquaintances and not really friends, and it wasn't particularly hostile the way he did it, but the fact that he actually said something so demeaning was what caught me off guard. Maybe he was testing Raymond to see if he could get away with it. Raymond kind of laughed it off, but he was also surrounded by a bunch of older white kids who were all that guys friends. "*Why doesn't he say something?*" I thought to myself. Raymond looked embarrassed about the whole thing, so I didn't say anything else. Thinking about the incident later, I realized that I was asking myself why Raymond didn't stick up for himself, but I should have asked myself Why I didn't stick up for him. Why didn't I say something?

Once Raymond, Anthony (Ray's brother) and I were helping clear out some stuff in this house in Richmond that I had just moved out of. As we were picking through some stuff that we wanted to keep, the police showed up. They took Raymond and Anthony in one room and brought me into the squad car. They kept harassing them and asking me stupid questions that cops ask people, like if I was on drugs and that kind of thing. When my mom found out about it she was mad at the cops and went up there and settled the situation. When she and I were riding home, she said that she was mad. "They only called the cops on you guys because Raymond and Anthony are black." I had no idea.

One of my first crushes was on Raymond's younger sister. We used to secretly hold hands underneath the cushions on the couch when we watched TV at her mom's and write "I love you" with our fingers in each others palms. Their parents were very warm to me and took me in as if I were one of their kids. When my Aunt heard about my crush on Tina she had a talk with me over breakfast. "You know that would break your mother's heart if you ever married a black girl. Think of the children involved. They'll never be accepted." I was only 13. I don't think we were going to be getting married during the summer vacation that year, not to mention have children. That night I told my mom what she had said to me and she had no idea what my aunt was talking about. She told me that she didn't care if I married a black person, she said that all she wanted of me was to be happy. I believed her.

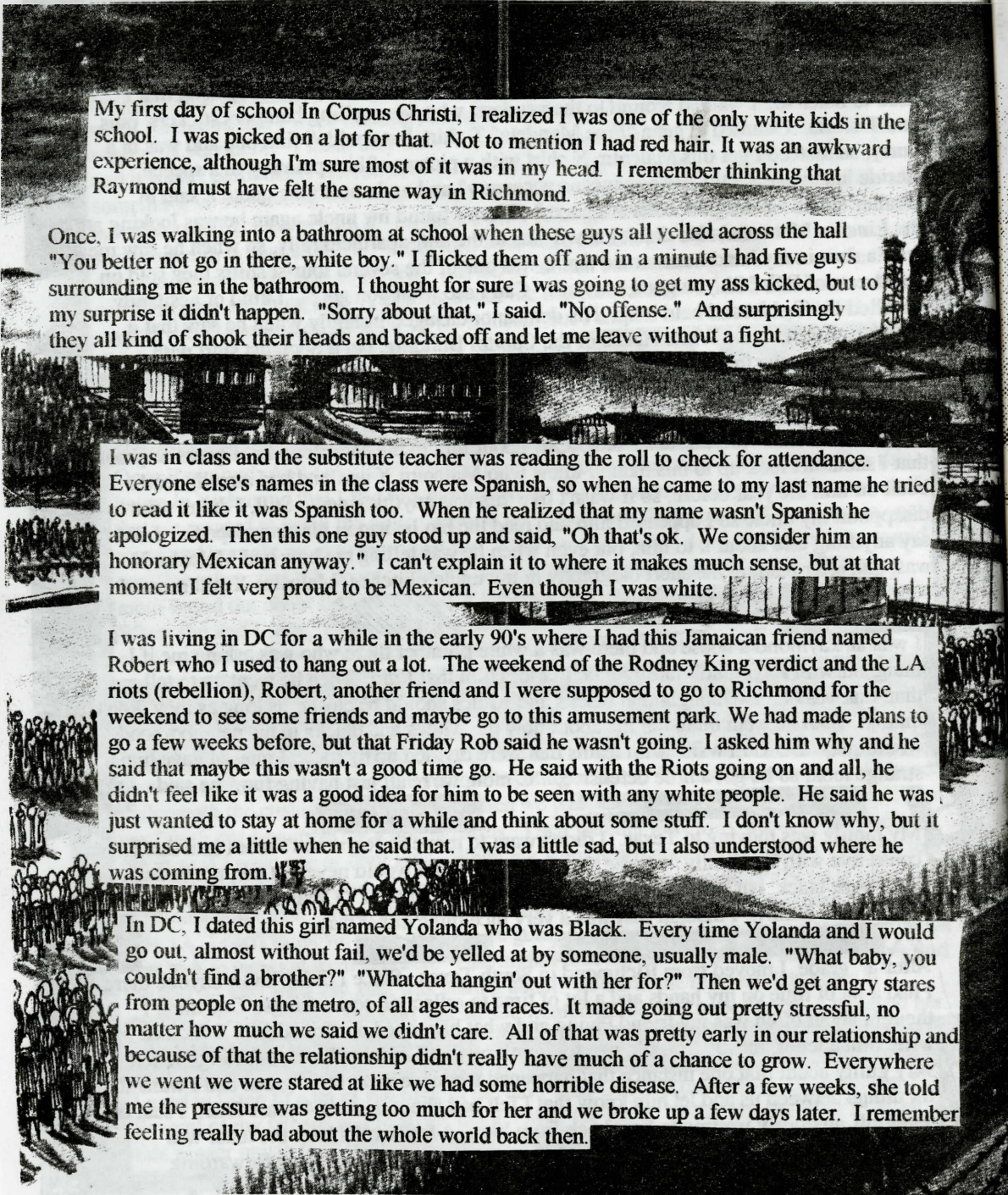
I used to listen to a lot of rap back in the day. Run-DMC, Kurtis Blow, Grandmaster Flash. Several of my friends and relatives made fun of me for it. "What do you want to listen to that nigger music for?"

In 1984, I went up to DC to visit some family who lived up there. While I was out sightseeing with my uncle I saw a protest going on and wandered over by myself to check it out. It was a Free South Africa rally and I was excited because I had been reading a bunch about apartheid and Nelson Mandela, who I first heard about from some rap song that I used to listen to. I walked around to the vendors, who were selling bumper stickers, pins, and T-shirts. I wanted to get a "Free Mandela" T-shirt, but couldn't find one and was in a hurry, so instead I got this Malcolm X shirt with a picture of him pointing in a speech. Beside his image it said "By any means necessary" and underneath the quote it said in smaller letters "Young Socialist Alliance." When I found my uncle again he was looking at the Lincoln Memorial. He didn't know I was at the anti-apartheid rally, so when he saw me with a shirt in my hand he assumed that it was one of the several tourist shirts they sold on the streets of DC. "Oh you got a souvenir. Can I see what you got?" I kind of hesitantly unrolled the T-shirt and held it up. His demeanor changed instantly when he saw that it wasn't a shirt with the White House or the Capitol Building, but a Socialist shirt with Malcolm X on the front. "When we get back to the apartment, we're going to have a long talk about this." He seemed very disappointed in me. When we did get back to the apartment, he had that long talk with me and told me how bad Malcolm X supposedly was. He even made me read this short biography about him in the encyclopedia, I guess as proof that I shouldn't look up to this man. I knew who Malcolm X was and had already read a book on him the year before, so it wasn't like this was anything new. Still, I didn't want to disappoint my uncle so I appeased him and read the bio he had in his encyclopedia. I didn't say anything else about it to him, but even when he was telling me how bad Malcolm X was, and after reading the short biography in my uncle's kitchen, Malcolm X still seemed cool to me.

I was at Raymond's house and there was a white plumber there who was asking me if I hung out with Raymond's family much. I told him that I did. Then he went on to tell me that that was ok. He thought that blacks and whites should be closer, as long as they didn't marry. Then he went on to tell me about how the whites and blacks in his neighborhood would play "BB Gun wars" with teams that were divided up by race. I guess I gave him a strange look, so he got a little defensive. "C'mon, we're all just having fun," he said.

My family was moving to Texas. I didn't want to move so Raymond's mom said that I could live with her family. Maybe they knew my mom would never let me, not because they were black, but because what mother would just let their 13 year old son just live with some other family. I thought that was a very nice thing either way.

After 8th grade, I moved from Richmond to South Texas. Since I didn't know anyone there, I had a lot of time on my hands and a lot of time to reflect on some things. One thing I thought about often was my friend Phong and what happened our friendship. I decided to write him a letter, mostly to apologize for anything that I did that hurt his feelings. I felt very guilty about that one instance that happened when we were in 5th grade and I wanted to fix things between us and let him know that I felt bad about it, even 4 years later. I sent the letter off, anxiously waiting to hear back from him. A few weeks later the letter was returned to me in the mail. Phong's family had moved without leaving a forwarding address.



My first day of school In Corpus Christi, I realized I was one of the only white kids in the school. I was picked on a lot for that. Not to mention I had red hair. It was an awkward experience, although I'm sure most of it was in my head. I remember thinking that Raymond must have felt the same way in Richmond.

Once, I was walking into a bathroom at school when these guys all yelled across the hall "You better not go in there, white boy." I flicked them off and in a minute I had five guys surrounding me in the bathroom. I thought for sure I was going to get my ass kicked, but to my surprise it didn't happen. "Sorry about that," I said. "No offense." And surprisingly they all kind of shook their heads and backed off and let me leave without a fight.

I was in class and the substitute teacher was reading the roll to check for attendance. Everyone else's names in the class were Spanish, so when he came to my last name he tried to read it like it was Spanish too. When he realized that my name wasn't Spanish he apologized. Then this one guy stood up and said, "Oh that's ok. We consider him an honorary Mexican anyway." I can't explain it to where it makes much sense, but at that moment I felt very proud to be Mexican. Even though I was white.

I was living in DC for a while in the early 90's where I had this Jamaican friend named Robert who I used to hang out a lot. The weekend of the Rodney King verdict and the LA riots (rebellion), Robert, another friend and I were supposed to go to Richmond for the weekend to see some friends and maybe go to this amusement park. We had made plans to go a few weeks before, but that Friday Rob said he wasn't going. I asked him why and he said that maybe this wasn't a good time go. He said with the Riots going on and all, he didn't feel like it was a good idea for him to be seen with any white people. He said he was just wanted to stay at home for a while and think about some stuff. I don't know why, but it surprised me a little when he said that. I was a little sad, but I also understood where he was coming from.

In DC, I dated this girl named Yolanda who was Black. Every time Yolanda and I would go out, almost without fail, we'd be yelled at by someone, usually male. "What baby, you couldn't find a brother?" "Whatcha hangin' out with her for?" Then we'd get angry stares from people on the metro, of all ages and races. It made going out pretty stressful, no matter how much we said we didn't care. All of that was pretty early in our relationship and because of that the relationship didn't really have much of a chance to grow. Everywhere we went we were stared at like we had some horrible disease. After a few weeks, she told me the pressure was getting too much for her and we broke up a few days later. I remember feeling really bad about the whole world back then.

A former co-worker of mine named Lester told me once that he was once literally chased out of a nightclub for dancing with his wife. Both of them were black. They both listened to some country music and when they heard a song that they liked on the jukebox they got up to dance. When they were dancing, some guy kept bumping into them, which seemed like it was on purpose. They got into a brief argument about it. My friend offered to buy the guy a beer to mend the fence, but other guy wasn't having it. "I don't want a beer from you, nigger. I just want you to get out of here right now." A fight broke out and my friend and his wife were chased out of the bar back to their car. The people from the bar ran to Lester's car and started pounding on it with their fists and hitting it with pool sticks. They almost had to run over one of the angry white man who was pounding their car just to get away. That story didn't take place in 1962, but in 1994.

One time I took a look at my book collection and sadly realized that almost all of it was written by European white men.

My black friend came back from work one night and was incredibly pissed. He told me that the police had impounded his car. He was pulled over because one of his taillights was burned out. He started asking the cop why he was really being pulled over and another cop car came up and the cop called my friend a bunch of racial insults. My friend yelled back and the cops said he was being "unruly" and they arrested him and impounded his vehicle. He eventually got it back, but was very angry about the incident for a long time.

A white friend of mine was talking with me about how much she hated cops and then went on to talk about how she was recently pulled over for going a few miles over the speed limit. She kept talking about the instance, comparing her stop to Gestapo road tactics. Later I was talking with this black man at a bus stop and the conversation turned to the police and our mutual dislike for them. He started telling me about how one of his friends was shot by the police for running when they told him to stop. I don't know if he died or not, but one thing I thought of when he spoke of the police is that when whites complain about the cops it usually involves traffic stops where the police officer gave the person a ticket instead of letting them off with a warning. When blacks complain about the police they usually have been to jail, beaten, or have been shot, or at least know someone who has been to jail, been beaten by or shot at by the police.

Not all the times for either, but as a whole from my experience.

Some friends of mine were driving through the poor side of town when they saw lights in their rear view mirror. The cop asked them what they were doing in this neighborhood. "Going home." "Do you live here?" the cop said. "No, this is just a shortcut to our house." "Oh," the cop said. "I pulled you over because you usually don't see white people in this neighborhood. Y'all should probably avoid the black side of town. You might get shot."

Similarly, my friend Kent was walking home from work and passed through a poor, predominantly minority neighborhood a few blocks from our house when a police car pulled up next to him. The cops asked him if he was there buying drugs. "No officer, I'm just walking home." "You live here? Let me see an ID." He ran it, did a check, and told him that he shouldn't walk through this area because he was white and this was a black neighborhood. Of course, to the officer, a white person would never be seen with a black person unless they were buying drugs. And they certainly couldn't just be neighbors and live together, not unless they were involved in crime. That's why the police stopped Kent.

These hobos who used to come to Food Not Bombs for a while told me that during the daytime it was OK for the black hobos to hang out with white ones, but as soon as the sun fell, they had to go back with their own race. "The police will stop you quicker than anything if they see a black hobo walking with a white one. Maybe even make up some shit to take you jail for." When I hear things like that, I find it hard to believe that there isn't an actual plan to keep us all separated.



Philadelphia

I had been in Philadelphia a few days before the big protests against the Republican Convention was going to take place. The city had given all the protest organizers hell for wanting to rain on their Republican parade. At first they had planned to not give out any permits for demonstrators at all. They were afraid of another Seattle happening in Philadelphia, and I can't say that wasn't the goal of the protests either. I think for a lot of us, that was what we wanted. Seattle was a shining glimpse into the future for us of what could happen here in America if we really fought for it. Of course, the government wasn't as proud of our accomplishments as we were and the last thing they wanted to see happen was a repeat of November 30, 1999 in Philadelphia.

After the threat of a civil suit, the city government finally relented a bit and gave the organizers a permit for *one* march about 3 days before the convention would start. Anything else would be illegal.

The permitted march went without a hitch. I think it was called "Unity Day" and was supposed to be a solidarity gathering for reform, radicals, and anti-capitalist groups. It was kind of neat to see the Zapatistas, Revolutionary Communist Party, various Anarchist groups marching side by side with NOW and the Nader Campaign supporters, but it still felt a little too "allowed." It was still cool, though. I think there were even a few Gore 2000 people there, but they weren't welcomed as much as the others.

I was with the Industrial Workers of the World (Wobblies) and we took up the tail of the march and passed out a newspaper that we had printed up specifically for the Republican and Democratic conventions. The gathering was a huge event that took up several city blocks. At the rallies, there were a ton of groups there that I had wanted to see while I was in Philly, like the Friends and Family of Mumia Abu-Jamal and the survivors of the MOVE bombing of 1985. Ramona Africa, who lost her kids in the bombing and went to jail for 7 years simply for surviving, was manning a MOVE table selling T-shirts with the words "Welcome to Philadelphia" overtop of a picture of a helicopter dropping the bomb that killed her kids. She still had burn scars all over her arms to remind her of what had happened that day in the off chance she ever forgot.

After the rally, we went back to the IWW headquarters to rest for a bit and get something to eat. Once we got up there, the Socialist Party contingent from the march came up to the IWW office, including the Socialist Party's presidential candidate, and hung out with us for the night. It might not sound too interesting to many, but I have to admit that it was a really nice night. We all sat around and talked politics, revolution, sang old wobbly songs together, and got drunk as hell on cheap beer with the Socialist Candidate for President of the United States. It was almost like what I imagine Greenwich Village was like when Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman, and John Reed were living there. We stayed there for a few hours getting good and sauced, talking politics and history, while downing a lot of beer (my idea of what heaven would be like, if there was one). We said our farewells and went back to the A-Space to sleep on the floor with around 40 other protesters, most were with either the Independent Media Center, ACT-UP, IWW, or Black Bloc. All were very nice.

The next day was the Kensington Welfare Rights Union march. This was the first of the illegal demonstrations. The police first said that if the Welfare Rights group took to the streets then the city would have everyone arrested. Later on however, they figured out that if they arrested a couple hundred welfare mothers on TV the day before the Republican Convention they *might* lose a little support from the working class of Philly and doG forbid the Republicans were linked with putting the poor in jail. At least the day before the convention. There would be plenty of time for that once their asshole got the job. Until then, they relented and gave the KWRU a limited permit to march, but they put strict limitations on what they could do. So strict that they seemed insane. If you can imagine, they made us all, 3000 people, march in a single file line, through a gauntlet of cops and "suits" at the start of the march. It was crazy and very intimidating, which I'm sure was the purpose. And if that wasn't crazy enough, the organizers led us on a 5 mile death march in the blazing July sun to go to where the Republicans were meeting. But once we got there, the whole place was blocked off by a wall of cops who pushed us towards this nearby park. On the way, we passed a few street preachers who were yelling at us that all this insane stuff like we were all going to burn in a lake of fire with Tupac Shakur. I'm not sure what the Tupac reference was for, but it made us laugh. That aside, the whole situation was insane. Everyone was so tired by now, dehydrated, and feet hurting that when we finally got to the park, all we wanted to do was sit down and crash. And after all that walking, 5 miles of walking, all we did was listen to a few people give 5 minute speeches about how great the KWRU was and that was it. I think we were all in a state of shock. *That's it!*

The walk back was a death march, too. The only consolation was that we were taking the subway home instead of another 5 miler. Once we got to the Subway, there were a couple dozen cops floating around. I was expecting them to start the hassle, but instead they were passing out bottles of water. It was creepy.

The next day was going to be the test though. It was the first day of the convention and it was also supposed to be the Day of Direct Action. I don't remember hearing that anyone had any real hopes of stopping the convention from happening. Seattle was different because I don't think that the police seriously thought that a bunch of punk kids could stop the World Trade Organization from meeting, but we did. Now, no mayor wanted the distinction of their city being the next Seattle.

This is where the conflict begins.

The Day of Action

Sometime before the day of action, the police started doing some pre-emptive arrests. They raided a warehouse where everyone inside was making paper mache puppets. The police claimed that they were making bombs. They said that there were Molotov cocktails being manufactured, giant slingshots to propel fire bombs, and chicken wire to make barricades. That was complete bullshit, of course. What they seized was a bunch of art supplies, but the press didn't question anything that the police said and the damage was done. They not only stole almost all of the banners, picket signs, and giant puppets, thus making our message much less unclear, but they also arrested 72 people. Many of whom were organizers for the demonstrations.

A few months before the RNC, the Philly police had been in Washington to observe the way the DC cops handled the IMF Protests. In Washington, the police did a similar raid on another warehouse and made up a bunch of lies about the people they arrested to tell the press (like when they seized a big pot of soup and claimed that the protesters were manufacturing homemade pepper spray. A lie they never retracted, or if they did it wasn't news anymore). Either way, the goal of those kind of arrests isn't to stop crime, but to stop certain people from organizing and get them off the streets. It also helps demonize the protesters in the eyes of the public. Or at least make the public less sympathetic to their cause, if even for a short time because that's all they really need. If they were wrong, then they'll apologize if public opinion tells them to. Or not. That's what happened in Philadelphia.

Seattle was very organized. To the point that there were activists with walkie-talkies on the rooftops of downtown Seattle marking police movements to people on the ground. It was almost military in its precision and very impressive from the ground level at how effective the organizers were. Philly didn't seem as well organized, or if it was, the police were ready for the tactics that the demonstrators planned to use. Anyone with a cell phone was a target. Anyone with a sign was a target. Anyone wearing black was a target. Anyone looking punk was a target.

Around noon a bunch of the Wobblies I was working with headed over to one of the convergence centers downtown. Once we got there, we got something to eat at the Food Not Bombs that was set up outside, sat on the grass for a few minutes and had lunch. Once we ate, we decided we should go, but we weren't exactly sure where to go. After a while, we figured we'd follow some of the Black Bloc kids heading downtown, assuming that they'd know where to go. Once we saw a small contingent heading out, we decided to follow them. So they wouldn't get paranoid that we were cops or something, one of our guys ran up to them and told them that we were with the IWW. We didn't plan on doing any Black Bloc action, but thought we could still help them out and still stay in the background. We were mostly going to keep an eye on them incase anything happened to them with the cops and maybe try to "unarrest" them if it became necessary (or was possible). They were cool with that and we all headed to this Mumia rally next to the Quaker "Friends Center", where'd we lay low for an hour and then meet a few blocks away for the action.



When the hour was up, we headed over to the corner where we told the Black Blocers that we'd meet up with them. As we were walking up the street, a reporter from the Associated Press came up to us and started asking us questions about the Black Bloc people. "Are they Anarchists?" she asked us. "I think they're republicans" someone said jokingly. "We're Anarchists though. Do you want to talk to us?" "No thanks, I'm going to try and catch up with those people." She left us, only to get dissed by the "real" anarchists in uniform, who wouldn't talk to her at all.

As we met up with our people, we tried to stay on the sidelines, but it soon became evident to us that this was going to be impossible. So, not wanting to get left behind, we joined in the river of black clothes. I even saw a couple of people I knew in the crowd, some

were in the IWW and some were in bands that passed through Pensacola, maybe from New York. After some pleasantries, the events started to unfold quickly. Once the crowd started to grow, two of the people up front unfurled this huge black and red banner that read "ANTI-CAPITALIST BLOC." With that, all these people started pulling out these giant Anarchist flags, some black and red, some black and green, but most of them were large, solid black flags. One by one, Black Flags were being unrolled, pulled out of cargo pockets, and backpacks. It looked very much like the pictures I've seen of May Day parades in China, except that all the flags waving in the breeze were black instead of red. It was an amazing sight. And we kept gaining people. Every time we'd round a corner there would be 50 more people it seemed until our numbers were easily in the hundreds. It was an inspiring sight to go from a few scattered black clad anarchists to a sea of black masks, with flags and banners flying up front.

Unfortunately, the cops were taking up our rear.

What was amazing too was the number of bystanders on the sidewalks of the downtown streets, mostly Philly's working class and minorities, some clapping, some giving us the raised fist salute. It felt good to know that people understood, or at least were sympathetic and supportive of what we were there for. Later on the media would hark on how our message was garbled. On the streets that day, it didn't seem like we were being misconstrued.

The cops followed us kind of slowly on bikes, but as our numbers grew, the cops seemed to worry and tried to speed up to catch us. But as the cops sped up, so did we. Still, block by block our numbers were growing. As soon as we got to a point that we were large enough to take on the police, we started setting up barricades against the oncoming bike cops. It was kind of weird because we (Wobblies) all agreed that we weren't going to risk arrest at that time, but were just going to act as a support network for the "foot soldiers." It didn't take long, however, before the events kind of took a life of their own.

As we rounded the corner, I heard a whistle blow. The chase was on. And it really was a full on chase. Cops were running and we were running too. Sadly, the cops were faster because they were on bikes and our mass was slowly being dispersed by the cops who cut ahead of us and broke up our groups as we ran to get away from them.

But out of the corner of my eye I could see this one flash of blue jet by us as we were running on the sidewalk. The blue flash was this bike cop who had raced ahead of us to cut us off at the intersection. As soon as he got to the corner, he jumped off his bike and got in front of it to try and block us from passing. He put the kickstand down and got in front of his bike, opening his arms like he was going to tackle the first person who got close enough to him. There were about a dozen of us. As we tried to maneuver around the cop, he jumped from side to side trying to anticipate which way we were going. My heart was beating out of my chest and I thought for sure we were busted. Right then, the guy next to me, a kind of big guy in the black bloc, bent down like a linebacker and headed straight for the cop. I don't think the cop expected that and had this momentary look of dread on his face that was wiped off when the anarchist linebacker plowed into him. The cop went flying over his bike and was sprawled out on the concrete as we jumped over top of the cop and rounded the corner. I thought about looking back, but you can't slow down when you're being chased (which we were).

As we rounded the corner, a half dozen cops were close behind. I was lucky in one sense that I wasn't wearing all black since that's what they were really looking for. I think I had a gray Propagandhi shirt on and a baseball hat, with a black mask on, partly for secrecy, but mostly in case of tear gas.

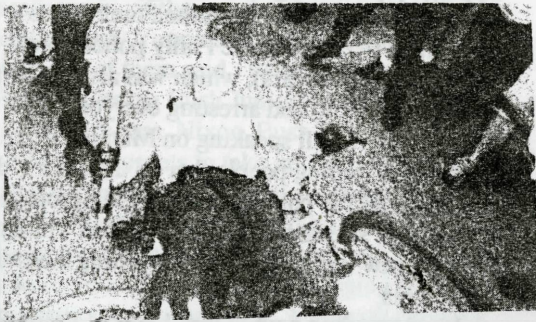
The cops were really close behind us and were running as fast as they could, but we still had the lead. As we headed around the corner, everyone started to disperse to make it impossible for the cops to catch all of us. And since we weren't really in any specific group, we didn't have a meeting spot and were somewhat on our own as soon as we started running. So, when we passed around the corner, I stopped to take off my mask and hat and started walking in the opposite direction I was just running from. That way, when the cops passed by they would be looking for people running away from them, not people walking by. I saw it in a movie once, and just like in that movie, the cops ran right by me without even looking. I looked at the camera and smiled.

Right then, I saw these two other punk kids run into this alleyway where a janitor was watching what was going on from a kitchen door. When he saw the anarchists run down the alley, he quickly and quietly signaled for them to go in the door so they could hide from the cops. As soon as they scurried into the doorway, the cops came around the corner with batons in one hand and guns in the other. Then they stopped and realized that the people they were chasing were gone and looked really surprised that they'd lost them in such a short time frame. As the cops were checking the trash can and looking underneath cars for the kids, the janitor was sweeping dirt up into a dustpan. The cops tapped him on the shoulder and asked where the boys in black went. I couldn't hear what he said, only saw him shrug his shoulders and the cops run off. As I left, I saw the Anarchists shaking hands with the janitor and then run off into the distance. The janitor watched them until they were gone, then looked over his shoulder and went back to work.

Now that the cops were off my back I could take a step back and see what was going on around me. I saw most of the other black bloc people run into a subway entrance and disappear into the congestion. I don't think they caught anyone because the next time I saw the cops, they came back looking pissed.

Then they were all gone. Cops and Anarchists, everyone. Just like that, it was over. Now it was only me and a street full of yuppies on their way back from work. It was very surreal. My heart was still pounding its way out of my chest. I listened for the sirens and followed their sounds to get back to the action.

Walking through the streets it felt strange thinking that only 10 minutes ago I was with a dozen of my friends, 2 minutes ago we'd all been separated and were running from the hogs. And now here I was in front of the Barnes and Nobles, looking at all the shoppers, passing people drinking espresso on the corner cafe. It was like I was part of a tornado that passed through and left me stuck in a tree.



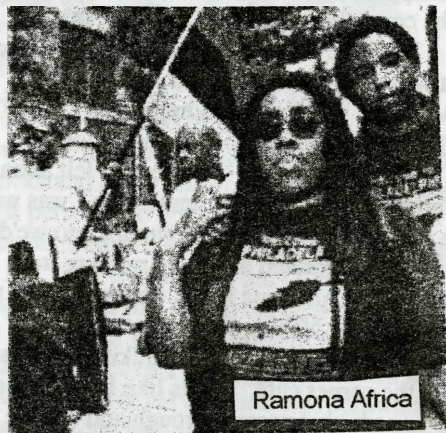
It didn't take me anytime to find where everyone went. I knew a Mumia rally was going on near this plaza downtown so I headed that way and got there just in time to see Ramona Africa speak for about a minute when the sounds of drum beats and people chanting slogans against Bush forced her to stop speaking for a minute. I ran down to join them and fell in with a few thousand protesters, all yelling at George Bush in one voice. Even though I was

energized by the Black Bloc, that was only a few hundred people. It was refreshing to see these kind of numbers again.

We worked to block off every intersection around the plaza, mostly by circling around the center and setting up barricades at every block. People were spray painting slogans to walls and slashing the tires on police cars. I saw a few people rip down red, white, and blue streamers and try to burn them, as a million news crews hurried around to get the inflammatory photo of some radicals trying to burn the flag, even though they weren't even really flags. Just some red, white, and blue cloth (like the flag, I guess). Someone even threw a red paint balloon to symbolize blood at Lynn Abrams office, the DA who is trying to kill Mumia.

Within these circles people debate whether it's right or wrong to vandalize the symbolic and if it's right, does it represent Anarchism as a whole. Personally I'd say that the argument isn't worth discussing. First, it wasn't only Anarchists who were in the Black Bloc or were slashing the cop's tires. Besides, I don't think that breaking McDonald's windows is very Anarchistic in the purest forms, but I still think it's effective if you are trying to get the media's attention. I don't specifically think that it was all together "good," whatever that means, but I think that it must be put into context of the situation. Good or bad, the WTO protests in Seattle wouldn't have gotten the attention that they did if it weren't for the window breakers. That's my opinion though. I personally didn't take place in any property destruction, but I'm not opposed to it either, depending on the circumstance. Violence isn't always a fist or a gun. It could be economic, environmental, or social. And sometimes you are pushed up against the wall and strike back the only way you can. I don't believe in universal truths or moral points because I don't think that one can write off life as something that's so black and white to say that "this" is always wrong or "that" is always right. Right and wrong depends on whose side of the baton you are on.

This time we were on the other side of the baton, and we learned that quickly when the police erupted. Angry cops ran up to protesters, ripping up protest signs, clearing people and anti-police signs away from the Frank Rizzo monument (Rizzo was the Philly police chief during it's worst years), which was also hit by a red paint balloon, and arresting everyone. Speakers were still speaking on Mumia's behalf in the plaza, telling people that on the other side of the square the police were dragging protesters through the streets into paddy wagons. The first person I saw was dragged away yelling a chant for Mumia.



I was standing next to the "bloody" Frank Rizzo statue with about 15 onlookers, when this group of off duty cops came up to us and started ripping up all the Mumia posters and pushing people away from the statue. All of them were wearing T-shirts that said "Mumia's Day Will Come" with a giant needle below it. As they were heading off this old man in the crowd yelled to the off duty police officers "You'll get yours one day!" A bunch of people cheered and the cops gave us smug looks and went back to point out different people to the cops in

uniform. The uniform police then started rounding those people up. Then they started targeting people with cell phones, thinking they were all giving tactical instructions (which wasn't totally untrue). A bunch of yuppies and bike messengers ended up getting thrown into the back of police cars because of the long arm of the cell phone sweeps.

The whole area had turned into a circus. Cameras everywhere, filming people being arrested one by one for blocking intersections or standing in front of the Republican delegate's buses. There wasn't anything else to do but get arrested. As I was limping away (I hurt my foot jumping over that cop), I decided to head over to the Friend's Center for some food. On the way, I ran into a few Wobblies. While everyone was telling about what happened to them after we were separated I learned that Billy, one of the guys in our IWW contingent, was picked up by the pigs during the big chase. It really sucked because he was HIV positive and wasn't carrying his medications with him since he had planned to go back that night. I guess he got swept up in everything and wasn't quick enough to get away. No one knew what he was arrested for though, just that he was arrested.

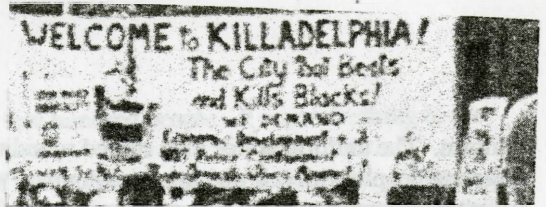
Over at the Friend's Center we laid low for a while, hung out, and made sandwiches and drank coffee until we were ready for the hike back to West Philly.

Once we got back to the A-Space, Eric handed me a cold Schlitz and told me that Billy had been arrested for felony assault on a police officer and was being held on \$50,000 bail. \$50,000! After hearing that, the gravity of what was going on around us started to sink in. We both ended up getting drunk on cheap beer and watching the highlights of the day's events on the evening news.

Watching the local media's spin on everything was disgusting. They kept saying that we had no clear message. I couldn't believe it. No clear message? If we didn't have a clear message for TV3, it was because the police confiscated all of our "clear messages" in the raid on the puppet space. No critical mention of the raid on a "puppet factory" was in the evening news however, just the insane question "Why are they even protesting?" To answer their question, they must have interviewed every idiot in a suit to find out the dirt on what a bunch of "kids" would come all the way to Philadelphia to protest the Republican Party. I couldn't believe this was even a question. They didn't talk to any of the people who rose their fists as we passed by, any of the organizers, any minorities, only Yuppies held up in traffic. "I support free speech, but I don't understand this?" one of them said. What's there not to understand about protesting the Republican Party or George Bush Junior? Abortion Rights, the war on the poor, military police state, lack of health care, Nixon, Bush I, Reagan, war, etc, etc. It always amazed me how the Fascists could get peasants to take up the cause of the rich and fight for them, but they do. And America has no shortage of Fascist wannabes.

It was frustrating watching how the days events were being portrayed on the nightly news, but at least we weren't in jail like Billy and almost everyone else who I was staying with. The night before the floor had been crowded with no room to walk for all the sleeping bodies everywhere. Tonight, Eric and I practically had the place to ourselves. I stepped out for a little walk and got some food to cook up from the Asian market around the corner. Right before I went back into the A-Space, I took a deep breath and thought about everything that happened during the day. I was really glad I wasn't in jail.

Eric gave me another beer when I got upstairs. I fell asleep drinking it, listening to the sounds of people downstairs on the street talking, cars driving by and police sirens outside the window.



The Paranoia Begins

When we woke up the next morning, Pete from Albany had a copy of the local paper. It was just as bad as the Evening News was the night before. Distractionary stories on how commuters were disrupted, how so and so couldn't get to Starbucks and the like. Anything written about the protesters read like it was written by the police themselves, followed by page after page of red, white, and blue crap.

Pete and I planned to lay low that day, sucking up the AC at the Shadow Convention and listening to some speakers. The Shadow Convention was pretty typical liberal reformist stuff. Nothing too exciting except for this one African woman who was part of 50 Years is Not Enough, an African debt relief group. "Our power," she said, "is in the streets." Very refreshing to hear after hour after hour of "Vote Gore" "Go Vote." "We hate republicans, so remember to vote for the other guy." Boring, but air-conditioned. And it really was a good place to lay low and get off my feet, which were still hurting from the day before.

After a few speeches, I went home for a bit and heated up some of the day before's food and then walked back to the Shadow Convention to see Jello Biafra speak, but somehow missed it. Instead I saw Chuck D and this guy from The Simpsons do a Mystery Science Theatre thing with Dick Cheney's acceptance speech. I thought it would be funny, and I guess it was supposed to be, but it's like making jokes about atomic bombs while they're dropping on you. More uneasy than anything.

Right before it started, Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream truck drove up and started giving away tons of free ice cream. The head of Ben and Jerry gave a speech on responsible military spending, which was weird. Leon kept yelling "Abolish the Military" whenever he had the chance, ice cream stick in hand. I don't know if he heard him or not.

Once I got back to the space, Eric and Alexis were there. They told me that there still was no word on the Wobs in jail. Eric thought that everything was tapped and that we were being watched. He seemed a little paranoid, but not without reason though. He said that people were taking photos of the space earlier and that the cops had dropped off this kid in front of our door. When he knocked on the door, Eric asked who he was, especially since he was just dropped off by the cops. He said that he asked the cops where the Anarchists were staying and they gave him a lift to our place. Eric thought that sounded crazy, but then some people at the space vouched him, promising that he wasn't an undercover cop. He reluctantly let him in, but still remained pretty guarded around him. Who would ask a cop where the Anarchists were staying? And who would get into a police car after asking that question? Weird.

As we were telling Alexis about what had happened downstairs, she told us that the police were now arresting anyone that even looked like what an Anarchist or punk should look like. I couldn't believe this was happening, that they were picking people off of the street and arresting them simply for looking punk.

Besides all of us, they picked up the head of Ruckus Society, a group that helped organize these demonstrations and the WTO in Seattle. He was being held on misdemeanor charges, but the bail was set, first at half a million dollars, then they rose it again to a full million dollars the next day. Attorneys on the news said that that was unheard of. Most murderers don't even have that high bail. The whole time, Philly's Police chief, this guy named Timony, kept saying that the high bails weren't specifically politically motivated. Amazing. Not to

mention that the Philadelphia Police Department was just in the news a few days before for shooting an unarmed black man several times, almost killing him. Plus of course the MOVE bombing several years before, and Mumia to name a few other police discretions. Even the guy who normally lived in the space that I was staying at, his brother was shot and killed by these cops only a year before.

After all of that, I had to admit that I was getting pretty paranoid, too.

Crazy Christians and the Prison Protest

Eric told me that there were protests in front of the jail where most of the 400 people arrested were being held. He said it was a good number of people protesting, but there were a lot of cops there too. Also some counter-protests being held by some really wacky christian groups, including one that was called "Men Against Breast Feeding" (no joke). They told Eric that they were against breast-feeding because it promoted oral fixations, a loosening of people's morals on oral sex and caused women to have pleasure while feeding their children. Oh yeah, and caused smoking too. I recently read Bertrand Russell's *Why I Am Not A Christian*. I don't think he listed crazy groups like this in his rationale, but I'd recommend a new section to that essay.

Before going to the jail protest I wanted to go to the Shadow Convention first. Right as I was leaving the A-Space, there was a Channel 10 camera crew filming the front entrance to the Space. I opened the door, saw the camera, then slammed it shut and looked out the peephole until they shut the cameras off. As soon as the cameras were off I ran out to see what they were doing. They said that they were filming a few shots for the weekly round up, but that seemed too strange to me. It's not normal to have your front door being filmed for the nightly news. I was feeling really paranoid now and thought that they might know something that we didn't know, like if the house was about to be raided. I went back upstairs and told everyone there what had happened and they were just as freaked out by the whole thing as I was. We were kind of expecting a swarm of cops to come busting through the door at anytime, which made my itch to leave Philly that much stronger. But I was stuck until Saturday morning and this was only Thursday.

After that whole ordeal, I went to the Shadow Convention again and saw this presentation on the media and the corporate stranglehold on public information. After that I walked down to the jail protest to join in the vigil.

Like everything that was going on there, I wasn't sure where to go for most of it. But I figured that if I followed the punks that they would take me where I need to be. That advice still holds true, not only for mass demonstrations, but also for everyday life. This time the punks led me to jail (as, unfortunately, also happens from time to time). On the way to the protest I passed about 200 cops, which is a pretty intimidating sight when you're only walking about 15 blocks. Every time I'd pass a gaggle of them, I'd turn my head hoping, not to be recognized.

Once I got to the park I met up with Leon, who told me that he almost got busted for smoking pot. Turns out he lit up a joint right in front of the jail. Almost immediately, a cop came up to him and asked him what he thought he was doing. He told the cop that he was from Canada and he didn't know what the US laws were on marijuana. The cops told him to put out the joint and throw it away. I couldn't believe he wasn't in jail, too.

As we were standing there eating a sandwich from FNB, this crazy christian guy came up to everyone and started preaching the most insane religious shit I'd ever heard. One of the religious nuts had a sign that said "Warning to all Abortionists, adulterers, drunkards, evolutionists, fornicators, idolaters, lesbians, liars, pornofreaks, potheads, racists, sodomites, thieves, whoremongors, witches, and all religious hypocrites- YOU SHALL BURN IN A LAKE OF FIRE WITH TUPAC SHAKUR." I never could figure out what all the Tupac references were about. However in Seattle, this guy standing next to me when a row of cops were about to start shooting rubber bullets and tear gas at us, ran into a dumpster and picked out a bottle from the trash. Right before he threw the bottle, he looked at me and shouted, "This one's for Tupac Shakur!" and threw the bottle at the oncoming wall of police. Honest. So maybe there is a connection.

The preacher went on to condemn all lesbians, sodomites, people who don't get married, rebels, Mumia, and fans of Ozzy Osborne and Black Sabbath to a lake of fire. "Alright all you rebels here in 'Rebel Park.' You should go back to *San Fran-SIN-sco* with your *wicked, wicked ways!*" The whole place was a circus.

As I wandered around the freak show in the park, I saw a few more people that I knew in front of the jail. Unfortunately, for every person I saw in the park that afternoon, I saw at least one cop just in case anything got out of hand. One to one isn't a good ratio when you're talking about people with nightsticks and guns. Not to mention that so many people were still locked up. This demonstration was more unorganized than the others and maybe was gathered more to show a presence and support to those who were rotting away behind bars than to actually put pressure on the city to free the prisoners. That stuff is important, but maybe not very effective at actually getting anyone released. In Seattle, there were thousands of people who encircled the jail and demanded that the prisoners be set free. Here they demanded it, but it wasn't as forceful. No one had to listen to a bunch of punks in the park like they had to listen to thousands of people locked arm in arm around the prison saying that no one could leave until the prisoners were set free. Maybe it's not fair to compare, though.

After a few hours there, I went back to the house where this kid from Dallas was waiting for us. He was in the house the first day of the protests, but was arrested by the cops almost right away. He was pretty freaked out by the whole experience. He said he saw people dragged naked through broken glass by their hair across the jail, people get their necks stomped on for not talking, and more. Condition wise, he said it was dark, dank, and more like a dungeon than a prison. In fact, that particular prison had been closed for years and was only opened so they could film movies with dungeon scenes. He said they were hardly fed, until they decided they would go on a hunger strike, then food was forced down their throats. He was understandably disturbed and never really calmed down for the rest of the time I was in Philly. A lot of it was tinged with guilt, he said, because he was "free" while his friends were still locked up.

Later on that night, we all settled down, those who weren't in jail at least, and watched the last speeches of the convention. The final one was George Bush Junior giving his acceptance speech for the republican nomination for the president of the United States. I felt sick watching him.

The last days

I spent my last full day there trying to sort my personal stuff out before I left the next morning. I was broke and was heading towards Texas after I left Philadelphia, so I had scrape up a few dollars so I could eat on the bus ride down south. I walked to the West Philly library, checked my email and headed back to the A-Space.

Everyone I was staying with was pretty busy running around trying to get people out of jail. The IWW had used up a big chunk of its Class War Prisoner Fund trying to bail Billy out of jail so they could get him to his doctor. The pigs kept fucking with him though and changing the circumstances of his release and wouldn't give him his medication, even when they knew he was HIV positive.

More horror stories came out about the treatment of the prisoners, causing the Chief Timony to hold a press conference with the Mayor. The conference was rough to watch, though. It seemed that they spent half their breath kissing each others asses and talking about what a success the whole convention was. The other half of the speech was spent condemning the protesters. Timony even went so far as to say that any of the protesters that traveled from other states to take part in the demonstrations should be investigated by the Justice Department for interstate racketeering charges and conspiracy. Smelt like 1968. A few people, some relatives of those imprisoned, disrupted the police conference loud enough to get in the paper. "Those dangerous people you arrested were making puppets!" The police hauled them away and put them in jail, too. Then the chief even went so far as to say that the people they had arrested were making Molotov cocktails to throw at the crowd. What idiot would make a fire bomb to throw at the people they were trying to reach? It didn't matter though. They know that the press will take their word over ours, and people will be afraid of the next group of protesters they see on TV and will have no sympathy for the ones in jail if they think they are dangerous to the public.

The mood in Philly was still very frightened when I was leaving. Alexis and Eric sounded like they truly expected this place to get raided at any minute. The sweeps were still continuing throughout the city. I saw on the news that the head of the Philadelphia chapter of ACT-UP, the radical AIDS activist group, had been arrested and was also being held on \$1,000,000 bail. It was interesting because she was local, and the police were trying to make it all seem the city was calm before these outside agitators started stirring up trouble. Forgetting that most of the organizers were local and most of the participants (for example, the KWRU) were local, too. It was getting dangerous there. Alexis was very worried about a crackdown on radicals after the national media left Philadelphia, like after the MOVE bombing in '85. As I was leaving the space to get something to eat, she warned me about not wear any black if I were walking the streets or the cops could pick me up.

In Seattle, we caught them off guard and it seemed like a total victory. In Philadelphia I didn't get that feeling. There it was felt more like they caught all the rebels and had started the public executions.

Someone told us that Billy was transferred to Holmesburg Prison, the dungeon, right as he was about to be bailed out. Supposedly for no other reason than to fuck with him. To his benefit though, we found out that he was arrested with a reporter from the US News and World Report, who said he would back up Billy in court to say that he was innocent on the felony assault charges. That was good news, but Billy was still in jail and no one knew when

he would be released. Same with the majority of the prisoners. And more people were still being rounded up everyday.

The next morning, I woke up before everyone else, wrote a note to everyone still at the A-Space who weren't in jail, and caught the trolley into town from the corner of 47th and Baltimore. The sun was starting to come up and people were slowly moving around. I've always liked that time of day. I was feeling good, enjoying a nice morning, until I saw the headlines of the paper "Protesters Plan To Cripple City." I bought a copy, wishing I could have found a copy in the trash so I wouldn't have had to pay for the propaganda. The article was stupid and didn't say anything I didn't know already. Just repeated exactly what the police said the day before about weapons of mass destruction, something about stopping a bus full of pets for a pet store that they claimed were to be used as biological weapons by the protesters (later retracted in fine print). I sat down in the station and scribbled a note to the Philadelphia Inquirer congratulating them for having the "guts" to print whatever the police told them too and thanked them for being such good stooges for the man (I was being sarcastic of course).

My bus was late and this guy with a short haircut kept asking me questions about what I had been doing in Philly. I assumed he was a cop, but I was also extra paranoid so he might have just been some nosey guy. Philly's got me creeped out and I didn't think I'd feel any relief until I was on the bus and out of the city of brotherly police attacks.

As anxious as I was to leave, I still felt really guilty about it. I met some great people in Philadelphia, but half of them were waking up in prison that morning on trumped up "conspiracy" or "criminal misconduct" charges. There was still a lot of work to be done and the people I was leaving behind in Philly didn't feel at ease.

My bus finally arrived and I found a seat by the window and settled down to read the paper. The letters to the editor seemed in our favor, so maybe some of our message did get across to the public after all.

It's hard to say, back then, or even in retrospect if Philadelphia was a defeat. In some ways it's always a victory when people speak up. But I don't think that too many people felt victorious leaving that city. However, with any struggle, there comes the occasional set back. Maybe Philly was that. I guess only time will tell.

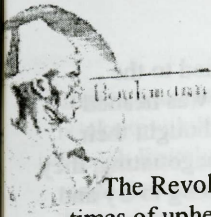
As the bus was leaving the city, I felt an enormous weight lifted off my chest and was looking forward to getting home.

As our bus was riding out of town, we crossed over this bridge where I noticed that someone had wheat pasted this 6 foot tall sign to the railing.

All it said was "RESIST."

I let out a big breath of air as the bus passed over that bridge, relieved I was finally leaving the police state of Philadelphia.





The Haitian Revolution

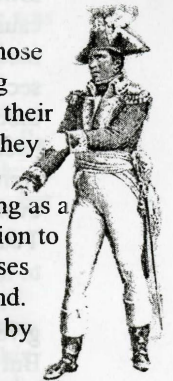
The Revolution in Haiti had its origins in the French Revolution of 1789. During those times of upheaval, the people of Haiti embraced the revolutionary fervor that was going around the country at the time. But with that, each group interpreted the Revolution in their own way. In large part, the rich whites of Haiti wanted independence mostly because they felt it would relieve them of monetary debts that they owed to the French. The mulatto population wanted the revolution because they felt it would increase their social standing as a whole. The slaves, who at the time were the lowest on the social scale, wanted revolution to free themselves of their own bondage. For all of their own separate reasons, these classes fought fiercely to bring about the social change that would eventually overrun the island. They all heard the slogans of liberty, equality, and fraternity and took them to heart and by July 1791, they were to take the slogans to arms.

Most of the slaves lived and worked on the sugar plantations. This was obviously a rough life full of personal hardships. Of all the different classes, the slaves had it the worst and like many oppressed poor people, they wanted to kill their oppressors. But unlike most oppressed poor people, they actually did it.

On a stormy night in August, the leaders of the revolt met in an open space in the forests of Morne Rouge. Once there, the leader of the revolt, a man named Boukman performed a Voodoo ceremony and gave the final instructions for the insurrection. Within a few hours their instructions were carried out. That night, each slave gang killed their master and burned their plantations to the ground. They correctly believed that as long as the plantations were there, then the means of oppression would remain.

At first they were very vengeful towards their oppressors and the families of those that enslaved them, but as the revolution gained territory on the island, they began to show a more mercy towards the families of the oppressors that they surprised. However, to the prisoners of war they were merciless. They sometimes would tear out the flesh of their former owners with red-hot pincers, some were roasted on slow fires, and once even a carpenter was sawed in half between his own boards. Still, however gruesome the acts were, they pale in comparison to the violence that had been thrust upon them when they were slaves.

As the revolt grew, the rich whites, who had before not really taken the slave revolt seriously, now were beginning to shake. They soon began to forget some of their racial prejudices and make alliances with the mulattos, who they had previously looked down upon (and may have still looked down upon) but felt it necessary to let bygones be bygones to save their own skin (literally). Within weeks, the revolting slaves numbered around 100,000 and were led by Toussaint L'Ouverture, a slightly educated former slave and slaveholder as well.



In an attempt to deceive the rebelling slave army, the French government lied to the Haitian leaders and warned them of a large contingent of French military that was headed towards the island. Toussaint and the other slave leaders believed the lie and thought their cause was doomed. Since they lacked experience in both leading armies and negotiating, they made a move to save themselves and a few of their men. At first they were going to try and secure the freedom of at least 400 of their men and, in return they would lead the other thousands of men in their army back into slavery. The French at first agreed, then they started back peddling and reduced the number from 400 to only 60. But the French planters, who were still furious about the insurrection, refused even that pitiful offer and wanted to make everyone who took place in the revolt pay for it. Because of their unwillingness to bend, Toussaint and the others gave up the idea of even a treacherous surrender and took to the hills to train a guerilla army.

Shortly after, the French legislature decided that it was in the colonial interest of France to give full rights to mulattos in an attempt to win their allegiance to help crush the slave revolt. But before that could even happen, revolutionary Paris was again swept by the increasing radicalness of its own revolution. The people of Paris became increasingly frustrated with the slowness of change and the King and Queen of France, with their "let them eat cake" attitude, were swept off the throne and beheaded. And with this wave of enthusiasm for liberty came a change of heart for many French people concerning the now despised white French colonialists, or "aristocrats of the skin" as they were called. In San Domingo, news of the troubles back home turned to civil war between the different factions of slave-owners, which in turn gave added strength to the slave revolt by increasing tensions among their "masters."

In February 1793, the Spanish and English had declared war on revolutionary France (much in response to the execution of the monarchs). The Spanish had already been aiding the slaves in their revolt against the French, but now they stepped up their aid. Toussaint secretly told the French that his army would help the French defeat the Spanish on San Domingo if they promised to abolish slavery. They refused. He then made the same offer to the Spanish, who also refused. Toussaint decided to wait it out. Then the French commissioner, increasingly frustrated with way the war was going and the heavy desertion of French Blacks, abolished slavery as a last ditch effort to gain support. This failed and the Spanish won control of most of the northern region. Abolition of slavery was the last straw for the French planters and they handed over the colony to the British, who now occupied most of the important French colonies.

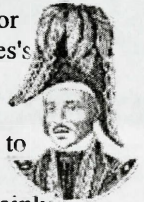
By this time, the revolution in France grew even more radical. The former government had been swept out and the new one, led by Robespierre, began to attack their enemies both inside and outside of the country. Where at the beginning of the revolution the French were impassive to slavery, now it had become so despised that many of the French people even refused to drink coffee as it was tainted with the blood of oppression. On February 4, 1794, Slavery was abolished without even a debate. This threw the slaves wholeheartedly behind the French now. Toussaint began to slaughter his former Spanish allies, black and white. Black rebels began to wear the colors of the new French republic and could be heard singing *Ca Ira* and *La Marseillaise* and began kicking the Brits out of the colony.

The Spanish surrendered in 1795, but the British fought for a few more years at a very heavy loss of life. Within the 6 years of conflict, over 100,000 British soldiers were killed, either to war or disease, almost wiping their entire army. The fighting of the rebellious slave

armies was maybe one of the most significant reasons why the British were not able to help retake revolutionary France in their war to reinstate the monarchy, thus in part making the French Revolution ultimately successful. For this, the former slave Toussaint L'Overture was made the commander in chief of San Domingo and the island was given dominion status. Toussaint ruled the island in many ways like a despot, but was also very benevolent. He ensured that the laborers on the island were well treated by their former masters, and were paid a fair wage. He also abolished racial discrimination on the island and was very friendly to the whites who remained on the island. So much so that it ended up losing him confidence among the islands blacks. The island had not been granted independence, but was somewhat a free colony of France. However, being a colony of France, they were still subject to the political goings on in the "mother country." The revolution had turned into a blood bath where thousands of people who helped overthrow the King and Queen, now would find themselves under the guillotine as well. This reign of terror wouldn't end until the former revolutionary leader, Robespierre, lost his own head to the revolution he helped start. This left a power vacuum that was filled ultimately by Napoleon Bonapart. This wasn't a good sign for the Black colony. While Napoleon had stabilized the revolution in France, he also wanted to restore France's colonial power. With that, he sought to restore slavery.

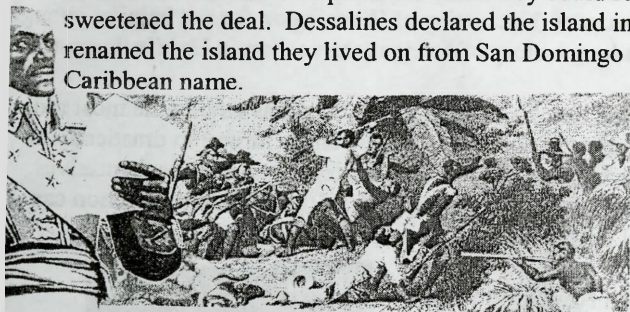
Napoleon sent his brother-in-law to San Domingo to somehow lure the people back into France's imperial grip. At first Toussaint capitulated, but soon began to resist the French. Napoleon tricked Toussaint into returning to France for negotiations and then had him imprisoned, where he soon died. The islanders didn't immediately find out Toussaint's fate and fell for some of Napoleon's brother's rhetoric, but when it became clear what the aim was, there was a popular uprising. Toussaint's lieutenant, Dessalines, took charge of the revolt and saw what Toussaint didn't see, that an independent nation would be the only way the people of San Domingo would be free.

The final battles of the struggle for independence were vicious. The French troops showed a ruthlessness that was worse than the slavery days, even going so far as to have gladiator shows where rabid dogs would tear apart captured blacks. With this however, Dessalines's men met his terror with more terror. France alone lost 50,000 men to war and disease. Napoleon's brother was eventually murdered and soon after, the French were defeated. Before the French evacuated the island, they offered the white colonists a free ride back to France, but they refused and chose to live under black rule rather than go back with the French. Dessalines also promised them they could retain much of their land, which certainly sweetened the deal. Dessalines declared the island independent and the former slaves renamed the island they lived on from San Domingo to Haiti, it's former indigenous Caribbean name.



The war against the revolutionary slaves was so costly to the French government that it forced Napoleon to abandon almost all of France's land in the western hemisphere, including the American part that would be covered in the Louisiana Purchase.

The British and the American press had nothing but praise for the revolution after it happened, mostly because they wanted the French out of the Caribbean. The British were



especially anxious to have the French out of the region, to the point that they even used old racial tensions, like Dessalines hatred of whites for past treacheries as an excuse to have the Haitians spill more French blood. Going so far as to have one of their agents tell Dessalines that the British would neither trade with the island or afford them any protection as a free nation unless every Frenchman were killed. Believing their word was true, which it wasn't, a massacre ensued, to which most history books lay the blame solely on Dessalines shoulders.

However, the success of the Haitian Revolution finally killed the West Indian slave trade for good. It became too costly for the foreign powers to try and conquer the former colony and the Haitians let it be known that any attempt to retake it would be met by the fiercest resistance. The Haitian people would fight to the last person and would turn the island to ash before submitting to slavery again.

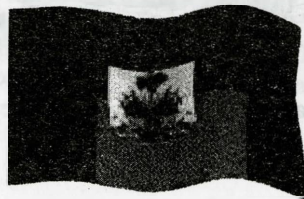
By 1807, the colonial powers now feared that the blacks that were being brought into the "New World" had become too rebellious in nature. Slave revolts, mostly inspired by the Haitian success, were occurring everywhere there were slaves, especially in the United States. The make up of the revolts too shows the spirit of the times, often having several whites among their ranks of rebel slaves, and sometimes even going so far as to spare Frenchmen, because of their supposed association with the qualities of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Many of the rebel leaders spoke of the Haitian success as their inspiration, even as late as 1822.

Since the revolution, however, Haiti has had it rough to say the least. As a nation, most of the white imperialist world, including the United States, refused to recognize the newly created black government, claiming that it had unfairly nationalized foreign property. Neglecting the fact that these foreigners were their former slave masters and that the resource they were exploiting were the people of Haiti's and not the French, the English, the Spanish, or the American's property. The only reason the United States ever recognized Haiti was because Abraham Lincoln wanted to send all the Blacks in America out of the country after the Civil War, and besides Africa, Haiti was one of the few options open. And, of course, they couldn't start negotiations with the Haitians unless they recognized their existence.

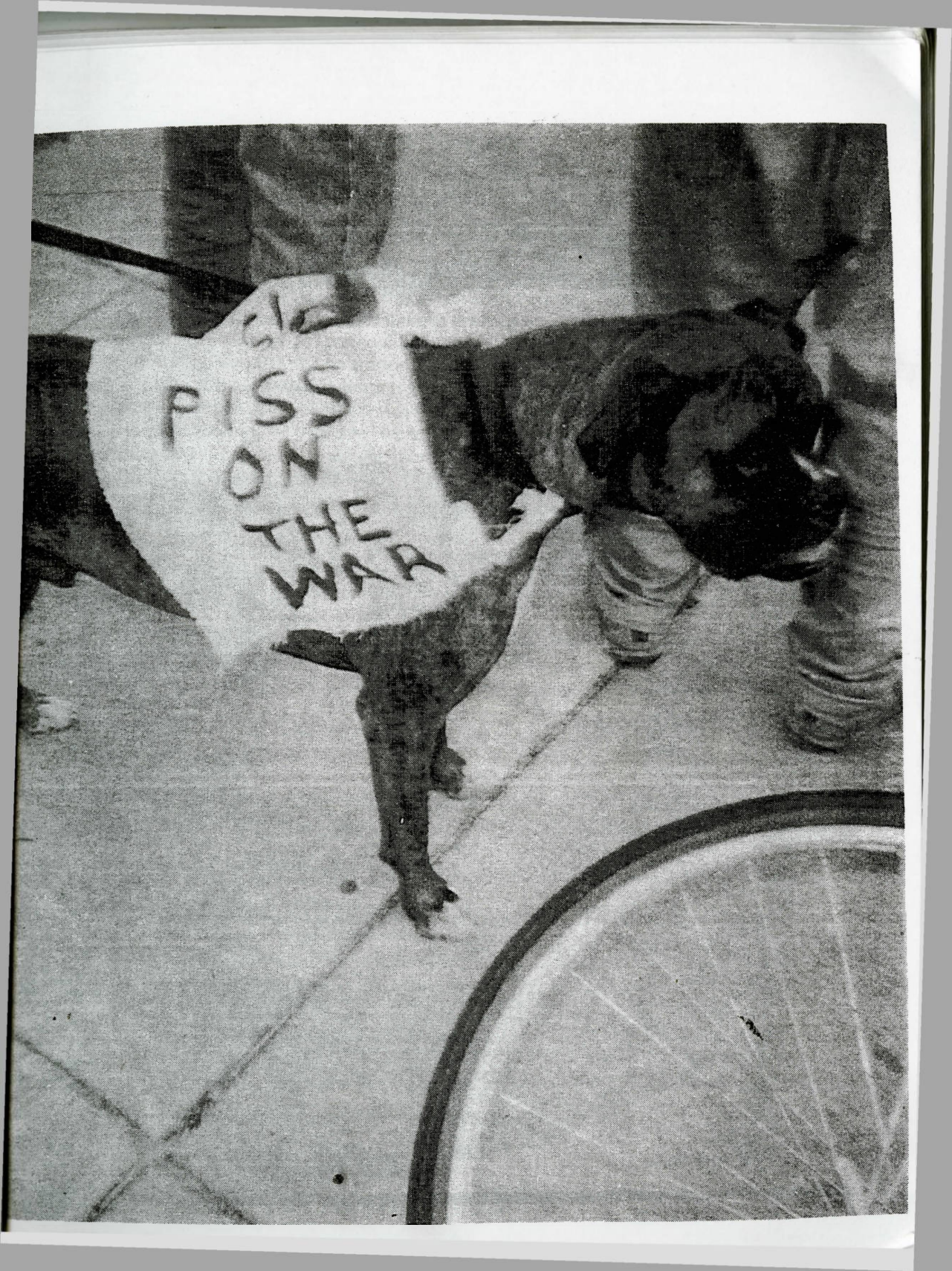
In the Early 1900's the US military led a bloody invasion of Haiti to suppress it's tendencies toward nationalizing foreign industry. Ever since, the US has played an awful role in the suppression of Haiti's right to self-determination, often supporting ruthless dictators that in turn supported higher American corporate profit margins, no matter how many Haitians were murdered or imprisoned. The latest invasion was during the Clinton Presidency. As I write this, Haiti is under the scrutiny of Washington for not helping enough in the "war on drugs," continuing a long history of foreign intervention in Haiti's domestic issues.

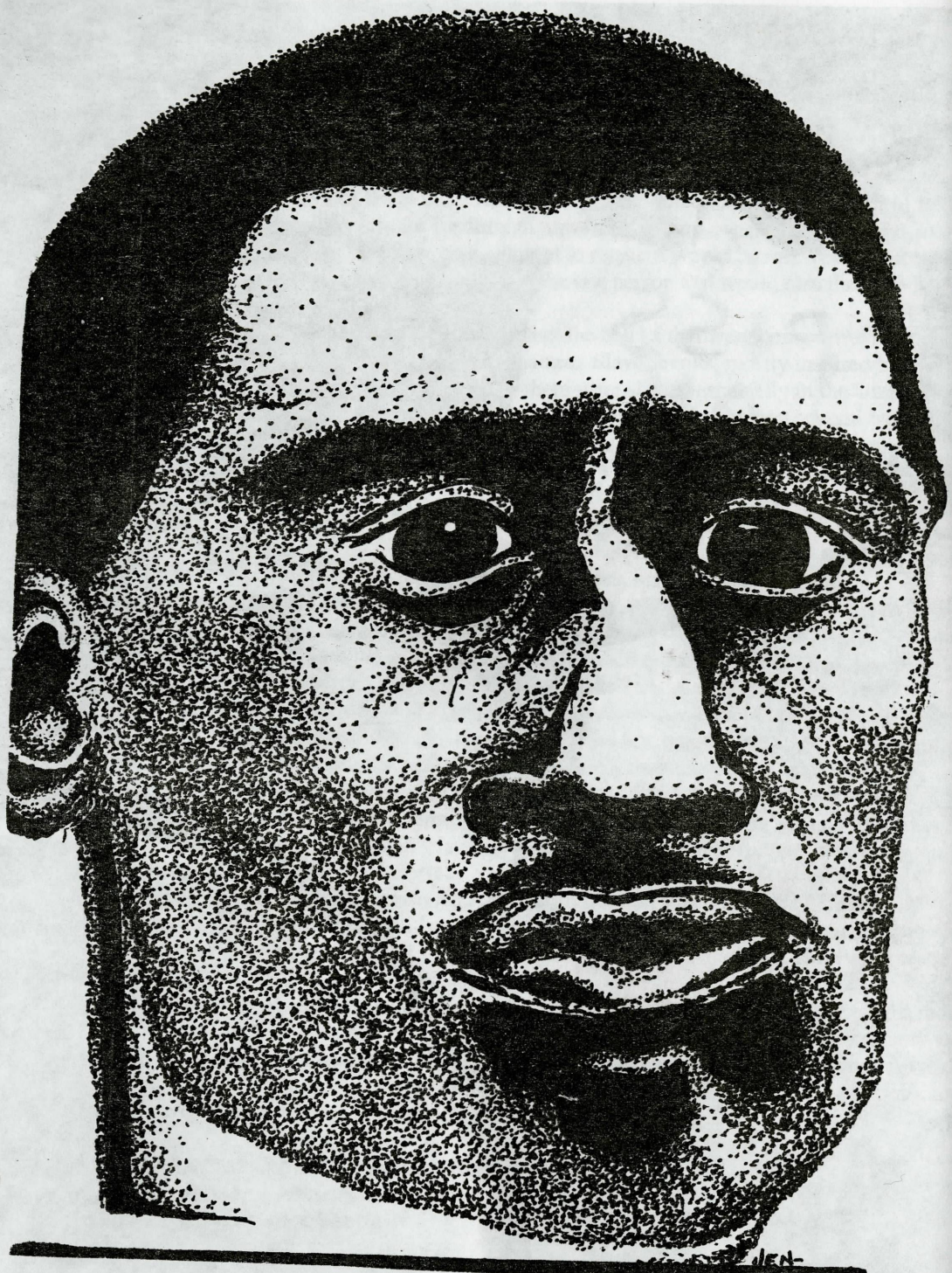
But this aside, it cannot be ignored that the Haitian Revolution was among the most radical to take place in world history. Not even in America were the tables turned so drastically as when the slaves of Haiti toppled their former masters and started a new life for themselves. Though the years following have not been easy, the example of the Haitian Revolution can still serve to inspire those that feel the bitter taste of oppression in their own lives.

For further reading on the Haitian Revolution, read C.L.R. James, *A History of Pan-African Revolt* and *The Black Jacobins*



OLD
PISS
ON
THE
WAR





A Short Biography of Paul Robeson

Paul Robeson was born the youngest of 5 children in Princeton New Jersey on April 9, 1898. His mother, who came from an abolitionist Quaker family, died early in his life from a stove fire accident leaving his father to raise the family. His father, who was a runaway slave that would later graduate from Lincoln University, maintained a strong presence in his life as they dealt with hard times. But through the hardships of his youth, the young Robeson would learn determination and personal strength.

In 1915, Paul Robeson won an academic scholarship to Rutgers University. There, despite racism and occasional violence from his teammates, he played football and was named All-American and became the valedictorian for his class. His classmates even went so far as to prophesize that he would be "the leader of the colored race in America." Even with the recognition of his class and in light of his future achievements, he would still not be recognized by the school's Hall of Fame until 1995, almost 20 years after his death.

After Rutgers, he was accepted to Columbia Law School where he met his wife, Eslanda (who would later become the first Black woman in this country to head a pathology department). After graduation, he went to work for a New York law firm. He was only working there a short time when a stenographer refused to take down a memo, saying "I never take dictation from a nigger." Sensing that this remark was indicative of the climate he would face practicing law in America, Robeson left the bar.

After his short legal career ended, his wife encouraged him to act in amateur theatre. He soon joined a group called the Provincetown Players, which was associated with the radical playwright Eugene O'Neill. He acted in 2 major plays that brought him national recognition, *The Emperor Jones* and *All God's Chillun Got Wings*. Before long he was playing in theatres in Europe, which increased his popularity around the world. In the coming years he would perform his most well known roles in Shakespeare's *Othello* and *Show Boat* (where he sang his classic version of *Old Man River*). He also acted in several films but came to the conclusion that his career as an actor was limited as a Black man in America to small, often demeaning roles. With this realization, Paul Robeson started to focus much more of his social convictions and artistic energy on singing full time.

Robeson had been singing most of his life, but it wasn't until he went to Great Britain that his singing career became a moral cause. He said that in England he saw that the character of a nation was determined by the common people and not the upper classes. He learned 20 languages in an attempt to help break down ethnic barriers and sing traditional folk songs in their native tongue. He traveled around the world and became friends with Emma Goldman, Jomo Kenyatta, Nehru of India, Ernest Hemingway, James Joyce, and the NAACP founder W.E.B. Du Bois. In 1933, Robeson donated the entire proceeds of *All God's Chillun* to Jewish children who were fleeing Hitler's Germany. During the Spanish Civil War, Robeson was a staunch supporter of the anti-fascist cause, even going so far as to travel there to perform for the international troops (including the Abraham Lincoln Brigade which was made up for American anarchists, communists, and union men) fighting for a free Spain. In 1939, he was awarded the Badge of Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade for his service.

It was also around the same time that Robeson traveled to the Soviet Union for the first time and became a very vocal supporter of the Russian people and their government. His time in Russia was spent going to the theatre, taking long walks with the Soviet director Sergei Eisenstein, eating at large banquets, etc. The Russian people loved Paul Robeson and he loved them back. He was particularly excited that he had discovered a country that was "entirely free of racial prejudice," as he later wrote. "Here, for the first time in my life, I walk in full human dignity." Of course, this was also the time of Joseph Stalin's greatest purges. But few people (including many Russians) knew exactly what Stalin was doing to the people and the revolution. The USSR was far from a utopia in the late 1930's, but dignitaries seldom got to see the gulags or the other seedy side of a government on an official visit. As a result, his pro-soviet sentiments were shared by many prominent Blacks of the time including W.E.B. Du Bois and Langston Hughes.

During the war years, Robeson continued to perform and speak out against racism and in support of labor and for peace. He refused to sing in front of segregated audiences and would not hesitate to pick up a picket sign and march for labor or civil rights when the time arose. After the war, he tirelessly worked for social justice. He picketed the White House on several occasions and headed an organization that challenged Harry Truman to support an anti-lynching law. In the late 1940's, at a time when dissent was scarcely tolerated in the US (like right now), Robeson openly questioned why Blacks should fight in the army of a government that tolerated racism.

As "punishment" for making these statements, he was forced to appear in front of the House Un-American Activities Commission. He saw this as an attack on the democratic rights of all people, which it was. He was not an official member of the Communist Party, but he certainly was a vocal supporter. This should also be examined with the times in that the Communist Party in America were one of the few groups in the country that supported equality amongst the races, fought for labor tirelessly, fought in Spain, and took up many unpopular causes, like the trial of the Scottsboro Boys. They were also perceived by many blacks and whites as the best hope for the revolution in America. They were not the Stalins and Maos that Communists are portrayed as today, but were the rank and file, the dock workers, the truck drivers, the miners, the writers, the professional intellectuals and the union men and women, and, of course, the entertainers.

Then at an international peace conference in Paris in 1949, Paul Robeson made a statement that was misquoted in the American press as saying that no Black would ever take up arms against Russia. This caused an uproar across the nation which culminated in a terrible riot in Peekskill, New York where Paul Robeson was performing 2 interracial outdoor which were attacked by white mobs as the NY state police stood by (of course). Robeson decided to still play the concerts, even with threats of violence by members of Ku Klux Klan



and the American Legion and was protected from the angry racists by rows of union men acting as body guards. He responded to the angry taunts by saying, "I'm going to sing wherever the people want me to sing and I won't be frightened by crosses burning in Peekskill or anywhere."

Paul Robeson telling the McCarthyists off



Soon after, he was called again to testify in front of McCarthy's lackeys in HUAC. Robeson never had a desire to leave the US, only make it stronger and help change the racist attitudes of its people. He testified to this during the hearings when he was asked by the congressional committee about his past statements, and especially his friendly attitude towards the Soviet Union. One senator asked Robeson that if he liked the USSR so much, why didn't he stay there? Robeson replied "Because my father was a slave, and my people died to build this country, and I am going to stay *right here* and have a part of it just like you. *And no fascist-minded people will drive me from it.* Is that clear?"

For daring to stand up to these fascists on Capitol Hill, Robeson paid dearly. His stand only brought the wrath of the US government down on Robeson. In 1950, the State Department revoked his passport, thus ensuring that he would not be able to travel abroad and speak or sing to international audiences. Although Paul Robeson broke no laws and was not charged with any crime, he was now officially blacklisted as a Communist and could no longer find work here in the United States (not to mention that after the Peekskill riots, most venues wouldn't dream of hosting him with the exception of several Black churches, who certainly understood his persecution well). Worse however, he could not leave the country for any reason even though he was an international celebrity and earned much of his income by performing abroad. His travel restrictions included places that it was not necessary to have a passport to travel to, like Canada or Mexico. For speaking out against the growing wave of American fascism, he became a prisoner in a hostile nation- his own.

This still didn't deter Robeson from getting his message, and his plight, heard. In London, people filled an auditorium to hear Robeson sing over the telephone from the United States. In Canada, a labor union organized a concert in the hopes that Robeson would be allowed to cross the border. After he was turned away by border guards, the concert was moved to the Canadian border and he sang from across the border, again by telephone.

Then in 1958, Paul Robeson wrote his autobiography *Here I Stand*. In the book, Robeson talks of his life, racism, his country, and his belief in a better world. He also answers his critics. After 8 years, he would not yield one bit to the "fascist-minded people" that took away his livelihood and freedom. When talking about his strong belief in equality for everyone he said that the people cannot wait any longer. "The Time is Now," said Robeson.

Though his book was almost completely ignored by the mainstream white press, the black press almost unanimously came to Robeson's side. Within 4 months after the publication of

Here I Stand, Paul Robeson was given his passport back, which he used almost immediately to travel to leave the US and go the Soviet Union and other countries in the Eastern Bloc. He was greeted as a hero and spent the next several years traveling in the Soviet satellite countries and much of Africa. To this day there are streets and buildings named after him. Even a stamp in East Germany was made in his honor.

In the mid sixties, after 7 years abroad, he returned home to the United States in ill health. For much of the late sixties and early seventies his health deteriorated and he became very depressed over his current situation and the lingering feeling of betrayal by his government. Still, during this time he continued to receive awards and honorary degrees from all over the world until his final days.

Paul Robeson died on January 23, 1976 at the age of 77 in Philadelphia, where his home is now a museum dedicated to his life.

Robeson ends his book *Here I Stand* with the closing lines of a poem by Pablo Neruda called *Let the Rail-Splitter Awake* which go as follows:

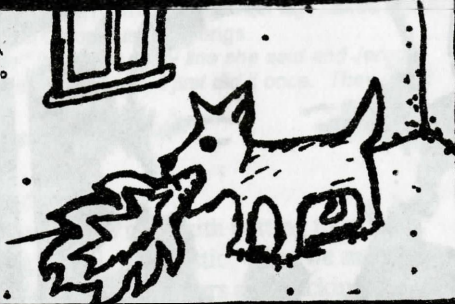
Let us think of the entire earth
and pound the table with love.
I don't want blood again
to saturate bread, beans, music:
I wish they would come with me:
the miner, the little girl,
the lawyer, the seaman,
the doll-maker,
to go to a movie and come out
to drink the reddest wine...
I came here to sing
and for you to sing with me.



PLAN-IT-X RECORDS



★ this bike is a pipe-bomb.
"front seat solidarity" LP.
this is their 2nd full-length record and many say their best. 14 folk punk songs that you'll be singing along to in no time. it cost 7.00 \$ ppd.



★ the devil is electric.
"i've never trusted a revolutionary that was afraid to dance." CD.
political pop punk w/ girl/boy vocals. 5.00 \$.



★ against me.
"crime as forgiven by.." cd-ep. 6 songs played acoustically and with home-made drums. very powerful and heart felt strong and angry. 5\$ ppd.



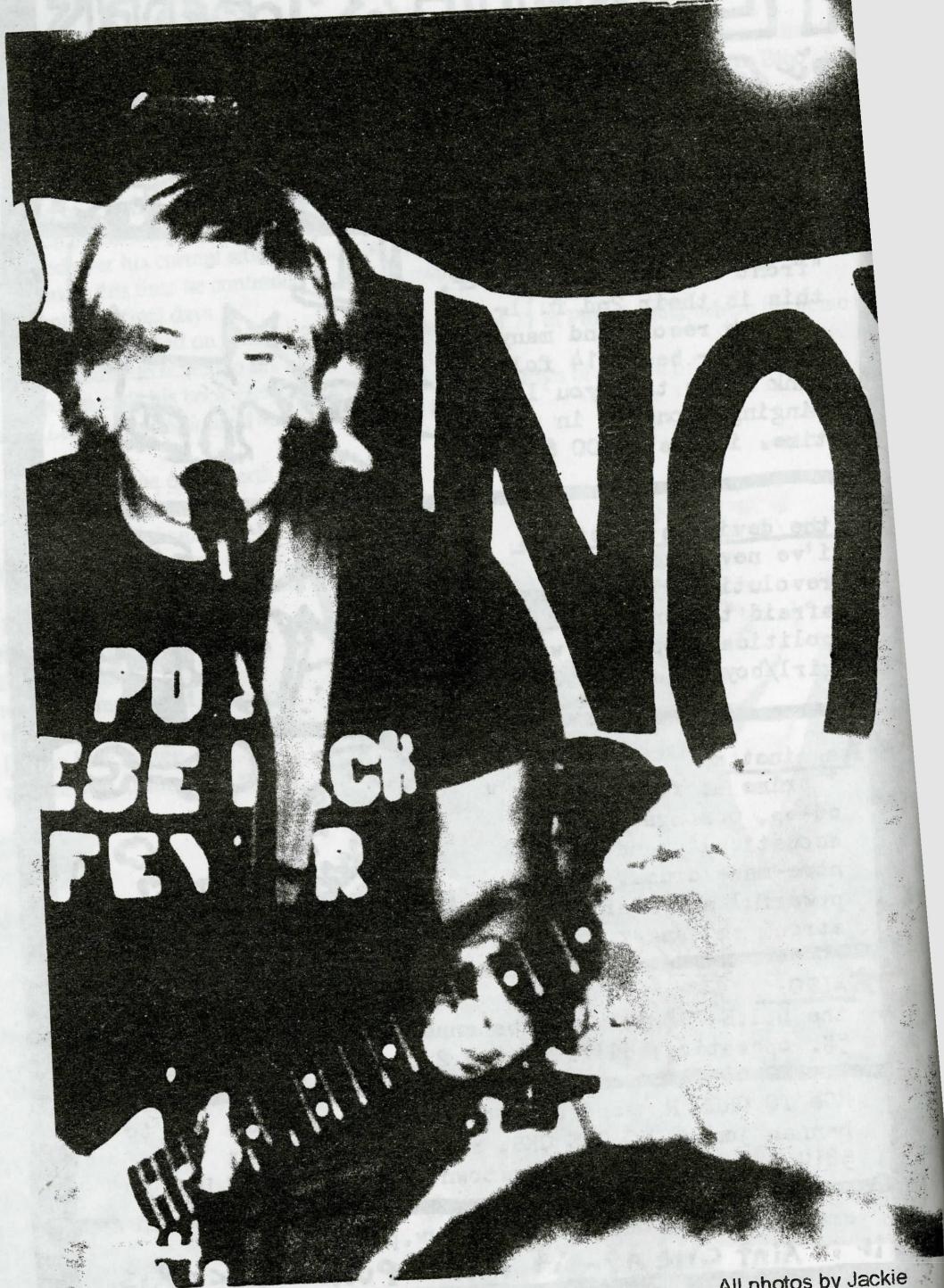
★ALSO:

the D.I.E. 7" 3\$ / the bananas "slippery subject" CD 5\$. operation: cliff clavin 2xcd and zine: 8\$.

HOW TO ORDER. send cash or money order made out to hannah jones, NQ CHE CKS. mail to: plan-it-x
5810 W. Willis rd. georgetown IN. 47122-9117 USA..

email: chris@plan-it-x.com www.plan-it-x.com

if it Aint CHEAP- it Aint PUNK- ♡-CHRIS.



All photos by Jackie

THE SISSIES

The Sissies played an awesome show at the CORE Collective here in Pensacola and afterwards came back to the house for some food and to sleep on our floor. I had an interview with them that I did about a year ago, but I lost the tape in a move (along with about 3 other interviews I did). Thankfully, they didn't mind doing another interview with me for this issue. We sat on my kitchen floor at 2 in the morning in October and talked about food, their label Planit X, politics, the feds, and Columbus Day songs.

*(*editors note- Ali wanted me to write "Kickin'" in almost every line she said and Jerod wanted me to write "Hornblow Cockspur" in all of his lines. I just did it once. They didn't actually say this in the interview.)*

(Legend: A- Ali J- Jerod H- Hannah)

What's your role in Planit-X Records?

H-I don't do tons of work for it right now. I just help with putting together CD's. Cuz we make our own packaging. Well, not plastic. Like we make out own plastic. No, with the cardstock, folding up the covers and packing the CD's.

A- I've done that before.

J- I did that for like 99% of the Banana's CD.

A- You did that for 1000 *Kickin' CD's?

H- He did a lot.

How do you pick the bands for the label? Are they your friends usually or something?

A-Usually they're people we like a lot and that are real good. And Sweet. Like This Bike is a Pipe Bomb.

Bloomington is like the alter-ego of Pensacola in a way. You always here people here saying "This place sucks. I'm moving to Bloomington." But I hear the same thing from Bloomingtonians...

J-Maybe all the people from *hornsbloow cockspur Bloomington will move to Pensacola and all the Pensacola people will move to Bloomington...

...and it'll be the same.

J-Yeah (laughter).

What do you think of Bloomington?

J- I think it's swell for a town where you can be pretty laid back...

A- It's great to do what you want to do. It's perfect.

H- I think Bloomington is awesome because I'm based around food and there is lots of free food in Bloomington. (laughter). And the people.

A- That's why Hannah likes Rymodee so much. (ed- Ryan cooks very nice)

Food first, then people?

H- No, it's the people. There's a lot of good things happening there.

Like what?

H- There's a lot of political activism.

A- Critical Mass, Secret Sailor Books, Live It Up at the Union (Indiana University Student Union). There's free stuff...

J- Free soda. I like anywhere where there is free soda.

A- Free soda, Kareoke, free hypnotists...I think.

I think Sam told me once that the Feds were all over the place up there since those ELF attacks?

H- Yeah, supposedly. Like I don't see them, but everyone's paranoid. They all think the bookstore is bugged. I think my phone is tapped.

A- Yeah, one person I know was investigated by the FBI and had his home raided.

H- The FBI's there because the ELF and all the tree spiking and the ELF blew up the Republican Headquarters.

I heard about that. What happened?

A- Well, we didn't even know about it for like 10 days. They kept it out of the press in case someone made a confession.

I guess that's when I heard about that. When was that?

A- A couple of weeks ago.

J- It was September 9th. But yeah, they kept it out of the papers for a while before they told anyone that the Republican Headquarters was bombed.

Is Secret Sailors Books a center of a lot of that?

H- Well, it is a center of activism in Bloomington. I don't think anyone knows anything about the bombing though.

Oh yeah, I wasn't...

J- Maybe he's in the FBI (laughter)

Busted!

H- No, it's a center of activism there and a lot of people meet there.

How's the store doing?

H- Oh it's doing good.

Oh good. What do you think of Pensacola?

A- I love it. I think it's awesome.

I love everything about it.

J- (talking like a robot) I love it.

I think it is awesome. I love everything about it. (laughter)

H- Really awesome. Really nice.

How long have you been on tour?

H- About 6 days.

Do you go thrifting while you're on tour?

H- We don't hunt them down.

A- Yeah, usually the best stuff is outside of them in the dumpster. Like at the Salvation Army, we always find tons of stuff. You can find tons of stuff. Toys, furniture, clothes. We got all the material for our patches from the dumpster.

Have you found anything cool yet?

A- No, not yet. We haven't found any dumpsters that look that interesting so far.

What do you think of the elections this year?

H- I sort of wish I was more informed. I mean, I'm not registered to vote, and I think it's too late, but I'd probably vote for Nader.



A-I think I'll vote for Nader, but I don't know if I'm still registered.

H- Yeah, I don't know enough about Nader though. I have a feeling that... I just get real discouraged. Like I hope that you can make a difference, but I don't know.

J- Yeah, I have a hard time with voting. The one time I did vote, I went to the place, voted, drove home and turned on the TV and the news said "Illinois votes for Clinton." And I just got back from the polls. Like they knew already.

Yeah, it's really discouraging. Like all the arguments for and against voting I think are just as valid.

H- Yeah, I just wish I was more informed.

Do you think the outcome of the elections will affect the Sissies, especially on this tour?

A- (laughter) I doubt it.

J- Not unless I win (laughter).

H- Yeah, that might affect the band if Jerod wins.

A- I think we still have to play. That guy Bush was supposed to be our roadie. But then he called in sick.

Yeah, that sucks. Then you look on the TV and are like "Hey, that's our roadie!"

A- I know.

Are you still doing your zine, Ali? (Flying Lessons)

A- I guess sometimes. I did one in May, I'm just not that focused on it. I don't try hard to get it distributed. A lot of people focus on that, but not me. So, sometimes.

What do you do for a living?

H- I work in a pizza place. It's independent, small. But I still feel bad about it.

All jobs suck.

H- Yeah, but I have to handle meat and I don't like that. Like I don't have health insurance, or good pay, but...

Yeah, I think people have the misconception that ALL small business is good just because it's small and I don't believe that.

A- Yeah, they're just small versions, but they want to be the big guys.

H- I really like Rockets. I think it's nice. The people I work for are really cool people. I like them.

You do medical experiments, too, right?

H- Yeah, so does Jerod.

What kind?

J- Took pills. I stayed in bed for 10 days. No exaggeration. I might have gotten out of bed for 45 minutes a day. Maybe. I got a fatal rash, too. The pills had a side effect that was a fatal rash. They knocked me up on pain killers, but my rash proved not to be fatal. Then I just blew

all the money I made on it on stupid stuff. Nothing good, just dumb things.
H- My hope is to make a living off of the music. I was for a while and I think I took it for granted. We get a lot of mail order from the label, but I took it for granted. But that is my hope.

What did you do for Columbus Day?

A- We did a show in Mobile, Alabama. We wanted to do something.

J- We did a song called Fuck Columbus Day. Ali wrote it.

H- I wanted to say more, but I'm afraid to talk in front of people.

J- We played Columbus Day in Mobile last year too. I think that works out with bands a lot, playing in the same city on the same day.

I heard the Columbus song was short. Do you remember the lyrics?

A- "Fuck Columbus Day. He killed a bunch of Native Americans so we could be Americans. Fuck Columbus day. It's repeated a lot.

J- It's our seven minute epic.

A- We do this interpretive thing of how we feel the Native Americans would feel, with this part in the middle where we fight it out with Columbus. (laughter) It's great. But no one can hear us so...

I always want to do something for Columbus day, but I forget until it's the day of Columbus Day, then I feel like it's too late.

H- Yeah, it's not a holiday that you just remember.

So, do you have any upcoming releases.

A- No, not really (laughter). Yeah we do. We have a CD coming out in a couple of months called "Look Back and Laugh." We have an Ace of Base cover and a Dave Dondero cover, too.

Oh really, which song? (ed.-Dave, not Ace)

A- Gentrification.

He has a CD coming out soon with Planit- X too, huh?

H- Yeah.

Is that song on it?

H- I don't know.

That'll be funny, You have a cover of his song before it's even released.

J- Yeah, he sings all the "La La Las" and the ladies sing the background vocals.

H- The Ladies? (laughter)

J- Yeah, like all the ladies.

If you want to contact a Sissie, their address is:

The Sissies

POB 954

Bloomington, Indiana 47402 or the modern route is

alisissy@hotmail.com



to dust

The winter I lived in a garage above a creek and I spent half days chopping wood, nights building fires. I would wake up when the bands started practicing, make coffee, put on gloves, bring the lamp outside, and in the half darkness I'd place logs, lift the maul, and put as much of my body into the thing as possible. It was green wood, and green wood sticks to self, holds on dear.

On the nights there would be shows, or may be one of the shackos would have to go to court in the morning and so they'd all be at our house instead of the mini village they built on highway artmant land. On those nights the backyard would fill with people around the burn barrel, drinking, and I would start chopping, and eventually, drunk, stupidly, I would show off my saw skills. I would start it up in an attempt to scare people off, impress people, drown out the dumb talking, or just because the fire was going out and the only wood left in the barrel burning was the braces of pallet wood, too thick to chop.

This winter Caty has the same problem I had. "What do you do with the ashes" she asks, "throw them in the garbage can?" and I say "I don't know. I put mine in the part of the yard that nothing grew in, or I'd dump them in the creek". It is bad, you know it is bad when even someone like me dumps things in the creek and thinks it's probably ok. wash it away.

I saw my sisters old boyfriend when my mom died. I hadn't seen him in years, but he was right there, right present, he held me close, let me cry, he cried himself even. And he said "if you ever need anything, I am here, I am here" but days later I see him again and he shows no memory, doesn't ask after, not even in his eyes. He is talking about problems, various things, and I can not help thinking 'so this is it. this is it'.

Why am I always surprised? There was one night, in the back at the burn barrel, when people s long lost friends kept stumbling into town. A puppeteer, a fire breather, the usual long lost bike riding friends. And then there was Jason,

Jason who I never wanted to see again. And my heart opened to him and I took his face in my hands, because no matter what I say and feel, I do not actually let go easy.

Jason seems to deal best in crisis, and after four years, he knows just how to make me cry. He takes me down to the moon bridge, and in the parkinglot of the grocery store he tells

me he will always be there. He is pulling strings, making me cry. He says I can always talk to him, unlike other people who are burdened by sadness, who have forgotten already that my mom died, that I am still fucked, he knows, he sees, and always can talk to him. I am crying because he really does mean that

with his heart, even though it is so ridiculous. This was the only time I'd tried talking and he cut me off with some weird question that was question and answer all in one. I was talking about my stepdad, who it seems I've also lost.

on said "Well, do you really need him?" and I didn't say anything in that half second in between, and then he said something very smart sounding in the code words I used to believe in but now think are 96% bullshit. Something about don't need the unactualized desire for... well, I don't know what he said because I wasn't listening, he had that tone of voice and it was not really his own thought, or it was but not properly thought through, some theory that could never apply across the board, and if he had looked, he would have seen that. There was a silence and then I said "no". Probably I said "No, that's not really what it is, I don't think so." but maybe I was mad enough that I just said "no". I never did get to answer the question about my stepdad. Do I need him? The answer would have been Yes.

was scared at the funeral. I held the baby bottle and the scrap of paper with the dust to dust prayer I was supposed to read. I held Johnny's hand. There were nine of us on the rocks at Lake Superior and I was scared - what would we do with the ashes? Johnny said, at the end of it, he said "She was my best friend, the very best friend I ever had". Matt took the paper off the small cardboard box he was holding, and I was scared. Would we all wade out into the cold water, and how to keep the ashes from just washing around us, washing right up to shore?

Cindy

Finding Pensacola's Underground Press

A few years ago, I was doing some reading about the underground press in America. One of the books I was reading was put out by Dennis Formento and about the *NOLA Express*, a regional underground paper based out of New Orleans that had become the center of a big obscenity trial during the Vietnam War. This sparked my curiosity about what this area was like during the war years. New Orleans culture historically has had an affect on Pensacola, being that it's only a few hours away. It only seemed to me that it should be probable that Pensacola would have had its own underground movement, and thus would have its own underground press.

As I asked around about this possibility, I was told by a friend that there was this pretty comprehensive microfilm collection that a guy from High Times had helped start in the mid 70's. In a very smart move to help preserve the radical press, he made a big call for anyone who did an underground paper during the Viet Nam War years to send them to this guy who would put them all on film and preserve the collection for future researchers. The collection is called the Underground Press Collection.

Once I heard about the UPC, I checked on the computer to see if there was an internet version of the collection. Turns out that there wasn't, but a few universities had listings of the publications on the UPC on their web sites and, most importantly, what city they came from. That's when I found about The Gulf Coast Fish Cheer from Pensacola, Florida. I was very excited to learn that people from this city had produced an underground paper, but outside of the knowledge of its existence, I couldn't find anyone who knew anything about it or had even seen or heard of it before. To find out more, I'd have to get my hands on a copy and read it myself.

I asked the local library if they had the UPC in their microfilm files, or possibly copies of the Fish Cheer itself buried in some archives. Of course, the answer was "No." I went to the junior college and to the university to try my luck and was given the same disappointing answer.

During the next year I would occasionally check the internet to see if anyone had written anything at all about the paper or Pensacola during the 60's. Then, after several searches, I found one mention of the Fish Cheer in an article about a local record store owner downtown. In the article, it said that, back in the early 70's, this guy used to write for a long defunct underground paper called the Gulf Coast Fish Cheer. This was my first real connection so I immediately called the store up to speak with the guy. Turns out that he only wrote music reviews for them in their last days, but he was able to tell me that he knew one of the editors had recently moved back to Pensacola and gave me her phone number. However, even though I had her number, reaching her was next to impossible. I called her house several times, but was unsuccessful in actually reaching her. Every time I called, she wasn't home. After a month or so of leaving messages with her mother, I decided to put my search on the back burner.

A few months has passed and my roommate Crystal and I were working on a split zine that we'd been talking about doing since time immemorial. In our planning stage meeting (we were very official), we were telling each other what we had planned to put in the zine when Crystal mentioned that she had a wanted poster for Richard Nixon that she thought was funny and was going to put in her half. I asked her where she got the poster from. "Oh, these underground newspapers that my mom gave me." My head shot up. "What's the name of the paper?" I asked her. "I don't know. They're just some papers that my mom gave me when I was younger." "Are they local?"

"Yeah."

"If I told you the name, would you know it?"

"Yeah."

"Is it *The Fish Cheer*?"

"Yeah! How did you know? Have you heard of it before?"

I couldn't believe it. What a coincidence that this paper that I'd been looking unsuccessfully for over a year in several libraries, on line, and from the writers themselves would have been in my own house the whole time.

Although I knew that the paper existed, I had no idea what they were about, what political slants they took, or even if they were radical at all. Any question I had concerning if they were radical or not was answered when I opened the first issue and saw a picture of these Vietnamese women running through the jungle with AK-47's in hand and a caption above their heads that read "Viet Cong Women Carry Guns."

Oh yeah.

Finding these old issues made me become persistent about tracking down Connie, the Fish Cheer editor, for an interview. My persistence paid off this autumn when I finally got to meet her and had a very pleasant conversation with her about the paper, Pensacola during the war years, radicals-then and now, and her life in general.

Pensacola during the (anti) War Years

An Interview with Connie, editor of the Gulf Coast Fish Cheer

Why did you start the Gulf Coast Fish Cheer?

Well, a number of people just kept thinking that there needed to be some sort of alternative media. There needed to be something that represented the voice of what was going on then, because we were in the middle of the Vietnam War, involved with civil rights

The events of 1968 really galvanized a bunch of people, I know it did me. I had always stayed interested in politics, because I grew up with a political father, but he was going to die think that Richard Nixon was the greatest president ever, so we were different. But '68 made me start looking at things different, especially with Keft State. That our government had stooped so low as to shooting it's own people...I thought that was probably the worst thing that could have occurred. To think that we were no better than any Communist countries we were supposed to be against.

Then it was somebody, I'm pretty sure it was Lee Stamp, who called a meeting and the word just kind of went out and the alternative community talked about what we wanted to do. I know we talked for quite a while for several months in determining what we wanted to do. We had input from people who wanted to do the politics, and we had input from the people that wanted just an artistic freedom. All we had going for us mediawise was Channel 3 on the TV and the Pensacola News Journal, which at that time had a morning and evening edition, and they were both pretty straight laced.

We were close enough for many of us to go to Atlanta or New Orleans and see alternative media presented there and say why can't we do this here, even though we were a little late. But it was good because papers like the *Great Speckled Bird* in Atlanta were willing to work with us. Some of us went up there and spent some time learning the ropes. It all kind of fell together like it was something that was meant to be.



Did you do it as an expression of what was going on in Pensacola at the time, or did you think it could be a vehicle for change?

I think we looked at it more as a way to get information out about things that were going on that you couldn't find out about in Pensacola, if you were just living here in Pensacola. The paper put us in touch with a lot of people then. We were on everyone's god almighty mailing list and it took forever to get off them. I even got mail from Kim Il-Sung of North Korea for, I think, three years. I wish I hadn't had to throw it out. He sent me all his little green books. All kinds of stuff that's really weird. I wasn't into those kind of politics. And of course everything was free back then. If the Bird ran an article or the Oracle on the West Coast then you had rights to reprint it, and it made it easy until we got

more into finding writers. And of course many people think they can write, but they can't. And I even look back on the some things that I wrote and go "oh my god". It was really a training ground. And then we had just wonderful artists.

I know there were other underground newspapers around that time that received an extraordinary amount of harassment from authorities and such. Regionally, papers like the *NOLA Express* in New Orleans and another in Oxford, Mississippi were monitored heavily by the police and FBI, even taken to court for various civil liberties charges. Did anything similar happen with the Fish Cheer?

Cops didn't bother us as much, but there were a few individuals who seemed to want to harass us, and most of them were from cop families. Let's see...we got shot upon one night while we were working in the house. Some people shot through the windows, and that was exciting.

(Mac interjects in the background) **"Were the windows open?"**

Yes

"Then it didn't break the glass"

It only put a hole in the screen. Thank you. Actually I don't think they were shooting to hurt us, just...and somebody set Wes's van on fire one time outside the house, that was also exciting.

"It's always hard to fire a VW van up"

Alright, keep it down back there. Anyway...

I know that when we would go to Mobile and we'd be selling the newspaper at the concerts and sometimes people would harass you a little bit, but generally everyone was pretty mellow, except those few individuals...

How was the paper distributed?

By hand. John was big on that. He would load up his car of the moment. And we had I don't know how many spots. Head shops, leather shops, and of course over to the porn theatre (in Navy Point) and some places like that. A lot of our sales were just going to the concerts and hocking it there. And we had a subscription list.

Were there any people standing on the corners yelling "Fish Cheers for sale"?

Probably in front of that dang building that everyone was living at on Cervantes. Yeah, you just took the opportunity. It was actually a lot of give away, just to get it out there and in everybody's hands. But we did do some subscriptions.

What was Pensacola like during the war years?

Well, Pensacola is a military town and you can imagine what that was like. And it was cranked up during those years. There was a lot going on. Now, I always felt kind of "caught in between" because I was raised in a military family. And the whole time that I was being against the war, I was also involved in doing things on the base. I never had any disrespect towards anyone who went to Vietnam, and especially those who came back wounded. To that we needed to get some attention to. But I just wanted the whole war machine to stop and for Washington to realize it was the wrong thing to be doing to people. I lost a number of people to Vietnam, one a classmate and a number of young men that I dated. And because it was (during) Vietnam, in Pensacola there were men everywhere. If you went to the clubs dancing, even if you went with the band, you still

ended up dancing with the military men and getting to know them. It was a sad time. This was definitely a Democratic area back then too. Not Republican like it is now. It was very much good ol' boy, redneck politics, which it still is in a lot of ways. But back then it was really hard core. So a lot of what we were doing wasn't very well tolerated with certain people.

Now you mentioned the vets, and I was reading ads for groups like the Concerned Officers Movement running out of the base, and other anti-draft groups. I even saw one or two articles written by sailors. What were your interactions with the soldiers and sailors here?

We just tried to be an open forum for everybody. So many of the military guys, they looked different from us because back then the military said you look a certain way. But the ones that came around were not gung-ho war machines. Like some people were, and always will be. It's just something that the military creates sometimes. But they were quite acceptable and they themselves were looking for a place where they could be accepted and they could talk in a way that they couldn't do on a navy base as much, because you don't want to pick a fight with your commander.

I was really impressed and somewhat surprised with the heavy feminist slant. Especially coming out of Pensacola. Was that a response to the Women's Liberation movement nationally, or a reaction to living in a small town?

Well, actually I think that without the women, we might not have organized into anything else. The women had the skills they had learned from the Women's Movement and then brought that to a new category. Because we had some *very strong women*. One of the professors at the University, who ended up getting fired from UWF for something * his wife, she was a strong woman. Almost over the top. I mean some of it got to be somewhat of a stretch, but to each their own. Anyway, we're all in different spots. We had her and she had been organizing different women's things. And I had been involved because I had the luxury of being raised by a woman who doesn't understand that she's a feminist. I was not raised as the typical 50's southern girl, of course because I was raised by a mother who had been reared in the west.

Did you grow up here in Pensacola?

I was born here in Pensacola and daddy was active military until I was 10 so we ended up most of our time back then was in California, where my mother was from. And I feel that is what has shaped me more than anything else. Then, when daddy retired when I was 10 we came to Pensacola, because this is where his parents and brothers and sister had

Women Power

VIET CONG
WOMEN
CARRY GUNS



settled so this is where he wanted to live. But I think I got my first touch of freedom and a much better education from primary school than I would have gotten here. Then being reared by a mother who was quite liberal.

Actually my father, even though he was a through and through Southerner...he had a hard time finding a decent paying job when he we came back so he was home a lot. My brother and sister were like 10 and 12 years younger, so they were babies. So he washed clothes, cleaned house, cooked dinner, changed diapers and did all the things men are patting themselves on the back for doing now. He told us that he could do it better than we could do it anyhow, so what the hell. So I got raised by odd parents. They're not the typical Southern parents, although I am very proud of my Southern heritage. I'll still stand up for the playing of Dixie, but that's ok because I took my knocks in the civil rights movement, too. So I don't have a problem with that. I'm sorry if other people do. There's a difference between slavery, "Dixie", and what your background is. On top of that, all of my family, my daddy's side were just as poor as the blacks. They were all white trash tenant farmers. My daddy was the first one to get away from that by joining the Navy, and they thought he was rich because he had a regular paycheck.

But then you come back to a place where in the 70's you still have places that say "colored entrance."

Back to the Women's movement, (Pensacola) was no different from any other town in America, I don't think. Now you hear so much about what was going on in the big cities, but I think across the country...that this was happening in all towns. You still had people who wanted to live with a certain mindset, but you've got the women whose parents came out of World War II, like me, who were being sent to college and were being educated. And were not being sent to college to find a husband, which is what would have happened in my mother's generation. My mother always told me that you could do anything that you wanted to do, and I'm sure I wasn't the only girl hearing that. It was going on all across the country. And our parents wanted things to be better for us than it had been for them, especially since so many of them had come through World War II and the depression. It was a very difficult time. But there was resistance, as there is still resistance today to women doing certain things. But everything was open to us. Yes, there were battles to be fought and still are. Women certainly don't get really get into the top as often and in the numbers they should, but it's just slow to change things. But I just think that this was happening all over the world. Otherwise I don't think it would have gelled into legislation as quickly as it did if it were really such a scattered thing. **Now I know that a lot of movements that were going on at the time, like with women's lib, gay rights, civil rights were certainly overshadowed by the anti-war movement. The Fish Cheer has a pretty broad focus, not just anti-war, but...Was the war the primary focus, or were there other equal focuses, like racism, women's rights, etc.?**

I would have to say that the war was the focus because the when the war was over, the newspaper was over. Then we'd all use the paper as a way to talk about those things, but also to bring up other subjects like the women's movement, sexual orientation, and so many different things. But by the time the war ended I think a lot of people were ready to make the next step towards a career move. So they wanted to distance themselves, unless

they, for say as an artists, could use some of that. Or as a writer, you could use some of that. But otherwise they were kind of starting to get into much more of a flow of things like their parents. They were starting to get married. Starting to have children, buy houses...so you lose people because of that. But then some people took their energy and put it into nothing but, let's say the women's movement or wherever. And a lot of people were finishing college. So this is a great thing to do when you're in college, *but once you get into the "real world"*...but then some people continued on. It always amazed me the people that continued on.

What about with activism and demonstrations within the town? Like, I'm sure that if you were writing about a lot of this, then chances are you'd occasionally take it to the streets, too. Right?

Well, we tried to do some of that. I showed you some of the pictures of the End the War (rallies), then a couple of things at the University of West Florida, and a number of things at Pensacola Junior College. There was quite an active group at PJC...they had a number of things going on. I don't remember them as well because I was at the University. But I know that they kept doing little things. And whatever chance we had to make our point. I don't remember if this made it into the paper, I mean it wasn't a paper sponsored event, but we also chained ourselves to the trees at University Mall because it was a pecan grove and we didn't want to see it all cut down. So we chained ourselves to trees for a day or two. Oh it was beautiful up there where that parking lot is now...So we were always involved in little things like that. We marched any number of times with the Black community for different things, too. Jesse Jackson was in and out of town a good bit back then, and Martin Luther King before that was in town at least one time. Most of that was involved with education issues, and we were all interested in that, too.

You said you occupied the roof of the UWF Library once.

Oh yeah, the roof of the University library. God knows why. We were probably pissed off about something. It was easy to get pissed off about things back then. (laughter). And you didn't care who else you pissed off while you were doing it. As you get older you learn to compromise.

PENSACOLA AND THE FORM OF MASS ACTION

At the National Peace Action Coalition Conference early in December the decision was made to build a national demonstration of protest against the war in Southeast Asia this spring. On April 24 mass actions will take place all over the country with major emphasis on Washington D.C. and San Francisco. Despite the pessimisms of some, mass action remains the most important and effective way to mobilize all who support the central demand for immediate withdrawal from Southeast Asia.

In solidarity with the NPAC proposals, the Student Mobilization Committee has called a national conference in Washington D.C. for February 19-21 at Catholic University. SMC has been one of the primary organizers of anti-war activity since 1966. In building for April 24 SMC has redoubled its efforts to establish SMCs in as many cities as possible. Pensacola should be no exception.

The basic principles of SMC are the demand for total immediate withdrawal, democracy within the movement and non-exclusion. Anyone demanding immediate withdrawals regardless of their other political views can join SMC. To insure democracy in internal decision making any member has voice and vote at national conferences which are normally held twice a year. SMC supports mass actions independent of all parties and institutions of the government and continues to view such actions as the most effective weapon of the anti-war movement. SMC does not, however, endorse confrontational tactics because this serves only to alienate many sympathetic people and to hurt the movement. Instead every effort is made to unite each section of this society - students, labor, women, Third World and GIs in the struggle against the war.

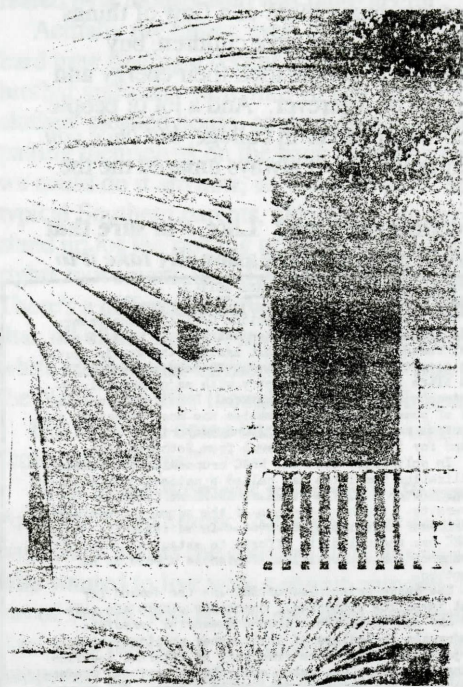
Complimentary to building mass action as April 24, SMC supports abolition of the draft, the struggle against campus complicity with the war, self determination for Viet Nam and Third World Americans, and constitutional rights for GIs and high school students. The necessity of these demands is clearly demonstrated in the repressive, military atmosphere of Pensacola. One simply has to take a look at any issue of the University of West Florida's *Novator* to see the blatant complicity with the military machine, or to talk with sympathetic military men and women to see the growing rage of anti-war GIs and officers. There is fact-growing support among high school students of such demands as those listed in the SMC's High School Bill of Rights.

Pensacola has already seen the successful mass action of October and November 15, 1969, April 15, 1970, Earth Day, April 22, the Kent-Cathodia rally of May 7, and the Jackson-Augusta Requiem. Our struggle is far from over.

Bring the troops home now! Build for April 24.

What was the Fish Cheer house like, or the "Fish Market" as I saw it called in the paper, what was it like? The group of people who put the paper together?

"The Fish Market"



I could get into trouble for this (laughter). We'll we weren't all living together and we were quite the assortment of people who, like Lee who worked as a DJ and was a student. Pat, who was an artist, she was very talented. She was usually working and was sort of involved with Wes when he was going through his metamorphosis, and that was kind of strange with her and him and everything he was going through. *(she had told me earlier that Wes, one of the founders of the Fish Cheer, was opening up and coming out of the closet when the paper was going on. She believes he died of AIDS in the mid 80's, but wasn't for sure. -ed)* We had several people involved with us who were involved with illegal activities, so that always made things pretty interesting. But they were also pretty loose with their extra cash. So. (laughter)...you couldn't turn down anything. As for me, I was working in the school system as a teachers aide. So you know many of us had regular kind of jobs.

Is that where a lot of the paper's funding came from?

Yes, if we ran short we'd all chip in. It wasn't expensive to do things back then. It seems that now everything is outrageously expensive. It just seemed cheaper then. And we took our paper and drove it to Havana, which we loved. We loved while we were having it printed in Havana, we'd always put in this little square that said the newspaper was printed in Havana. But we wouldn't say Havana, Florida. (laughter). Oh yeah, and I forgot about Ed. Ed must have been out at the University. He ended up going to Cuba one summer and working in the cane fields.

What do you think is the function of the underground press?

Then or now?

Both.

Well, then there was nothing but an establishment press, whether we talk about newspapers or magazines. Now I know that there had always been like the union paper or Communist line books, magazines, and things like that. But in Pensacola, there wasn't even that. Nowadays there seems like there is a lot more. Look at what you've got *(she points to all the zines and underground papers in the bookstore-ed)*. All the different kinds of alternative media that's available. There just wasn't that much of it. And in the Southeast, certainly not. Like I said, you had to go to Atlanta, New Orleans, or Jacksonville to get anything different around here. There was just nothing. Tallahassee

was dead. I guess if you went to Gainesville, because of the student population you'd find some alternative media there, needless to say. But you had to drive for a while to find something. So it just really served a big need for the community.

Now, I know a lot of this is being overshadowed by the growing war, but what do you think of the anti-globalization movement. Like with the WTO protests in Seattle and so on. Do you think that that is a continuation of everything from the 60's and 70's (and 80's)?

I think it is. I mean, I was plum fascinated because I was just out of the loop. And then that whole thing came up in Seattle about the WTO and I thought *Far Out!* I really did. And I thought that this is something that people need to be made aware of. Here's a group of young people, basically who I felt were putting their lives on the line, and getting treated so poorly for it. I mean, and that was what amazed me too. I was like, *Wait a minute, what's been going on for the last 30 years. I thought we could march and protest and not have this response from the government.* I was really flipped out. So it made me start paying a little more attention to what the WTO was and what's going on with that. So that was a good eye opener for me.

You know, too. If we hadn't had the war, I'm not sure if anything would have come of that. You got to have some kind of galvanizing event happen. Like with Seattle it was with the WTO meeting. And they made headlines, so they made progress. *If you can make the headlines. If you can get on the media.* Everything has to be planned around when that last shot can be shot and put in the studio. Even though it's a bigger time frame now than it was in my day. But we knew that if you didn't have something done by 4 o'clock it wasn't going to make the evening news. Maybe initially we weren't as savvy with the media as we soon became, but you learned. But now the media is so used to being used that they're on top of you before you're ready to even use them. I'm sadly disappointed in the media, in where it has gone. I used to be proud to say that I was a member of the media. I am not any longer. I just don't like the direction that it has gone.

With Seattle, it made me think that there is hope. That there is a generation out there that can find a cause to rally to. Now this whole thing with September 11th though, I don't know. I'm suspicious. I think we need to be very careful. I'm not happy with the bill that congress signed giving the president the powers that they did to take individuals rights away because you think that *they might* be terrorists. I just think that's scary. I'm

ENOUGH!

U.S. Out of SouthEast Asia
NOW!

No one opposed to the war
Can afford to be silent
Help Build the Pensacola
Student Mobilization Committee!

Write:

Jana Potter
P. O. Box 1583
Pensacola 32502

Watch the Fishcheer for
more information.

Pig Justice is a Ripoff -
Money is needed for the de-
fense of our brothers and
sisters held captive in
Babylon. Send donations to:
Angela Davis and/or her
Brothers Defense Fund, Care
of Fishcheer-P.O. Box 1583



not saying that something shouldn't be done or some legislation shouldn't be passed, but it's just too broad a power, but congress is very good at that.

It seems like it's just a lot of opportunists that are really jumping at it.

Yes!

Like they feel that this is their chance to get through everything they wanted, like drilling for oil in Alaska (and here in Florida), Star Wars programs, what have you. And they know they can do it because if you even question George Bush's logic, then you're a traitor.

That's right. This is something that my dad and I...we didn't speak to each other for years. He got to the point that he thought I was a Communist. As I tried to explain to him, he raised me to be a very patriotic person, and I believe I am and was back then. I felt my country was moving in the wrong direction and it was my right as a citizen to say "I don't think this is right. Let's stop and rethink it." I consider that just as patriotic, but he didn't because I was questioning his government.

(We go on to talk about the war in Afghanistan)

Were there many radicals around back then?

Maybe a dozen (laughter)

Where did everybody hang out?

At my house. My house.

What about at the Krispy Kreme across the street from the Fish Market?

Krispy Kreme was just convenient because it was 24 hours, but really it was just where you went when you were wacked out of your mind and you wanted a cup of coffee and maybe a donut at 2 in the morning. Nowadays in Pensacola there ain't anything open at 2 in the morning and 30 years ago there certainly wasn't anything going on at that time.

I remember a coke dealer who I used to love to hang with over there, we'd drink coffee and eat crackers for hours and hours until they ran us out. But this was not a place for politics. Truthfully however, we usually hung out at my house. If it wasn't the Commons at UWF or PJC, it was at my house.



Fish cheer history



Connie and Wes back in the day

Why did the Fish Cheer stop publication?

Like I said earlier, the focus of why we were doing it really came to an end and everyone headed off in their own direction. People got jobs, got married. It was natural. I don't think it was any one event that did anything. I don't think it was money. It was just suddenly everyone started going in different directions and one or two people wanted to continue with this. I was still hanging around town, then.



What did you do after the Fish Cheer?

When the Fish Cheer ended, I did just what I did for a long time-worked and went to school. In '72 I started back in college. In the summer of '72, I went to California. I hitchhiked out. That was fun. That was the year the Rolling Stones said they were doing one of their last concert tours. It seemed like everywhere I went, they had just been there. Like I was following the Stones. That was an interesting trip hitchhiking. A good way to see the country.

I was always doing something workwise or just taking off. I helped start the Vietnam Veterans Against the War here in Pensacola and (helped with) the Gainesville 8** trial, and I worked with the American Indian Movement, but that was in '74.

Are you optimistic about the future?

I have to be. I have two children. So I have to be. Otherwise they might turn into dark brooding creatures.

You've got to keep your head up.

You really do. You have to.

(Right about then, the mail man came into the store wearing latex gloves and as soon as he left, a cabbie with a huge rat tail and camouflaged bullet proof jacket comes in and we decide to end the interview on a positive note before the place gets creepy with paranoiacs)

* *New York Times* "Intolerance in America" by Stephen Milligan. 1/23/71

** The Gainesville 8 were members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War who were arrested at the 1972 Republican Presidential Convention for trying to disrupt it. They were tried in Gainesville, but had legal proceedings here in Pensacola as well.

I Love Cyber Punks

by Adee

Right now I'm working on a zine about women of color in punk rock. I went to a couple of punk message boards on the Internet posting an ad type thing hoping that I could get people to contribute. Instead I got a lot of mean and disappointing reply's back.

hey my name is adee and im working on zine now ^{about} of women of color in punk rock. im interviewing band members, and zine kids. and i want some contributions from other punk girls of color too!!!! im doing this because it would make me and a lot of other punks of color feel so invisible anymore in this white dominated subculture, bring up discussion on how even though the scene says its "anti- racist" it's really so please write back. thanks adee -ADEE

how is it not non-rascist? just becuae less blacks listen to punk doesn't mean we're rascist...

know alot of black punks

- Internet Punk 1

here's the story and from my experiences and many others (people of color, not just black people that includes asian, native american, hispanic) ive been going to shows and hanging around punk kids for like five years not that long, but through that time ive see tons of anti-swastika tattoo's pins, and hoodies and patches. and ive seen most of the same people who do that shit call people niggers, spics and fags and just be generally fuck up when punk rock is not supposed to be about that. it's supposed to be about good music and saying fuck you to stuff like that. anyway im doing this zine because of my experiences and for the people that i know who have had same experiences if you don't agree there is racism in the scene fine. everyone has there own opinion. but i think otherwise. also. im glad you have A LOT OF BLACK PUNK FRIENDS..... -adee

Your zine is the dumbest thing I ever heard about. I mean, wtf, we're all

punks, it's not supposed to matter whether we are "of color." Stop being fucking divisive. Punk is not "dominated" by whites. There are just more whites than minorities in punk rock. That's all. So what's next, the USA dominated by whites just cause they're the majority??? Those people you talking about, they're not just assholes to people "of color," they're also assholes to whites.

hmmm.... those people are assholes to whites too. but it is easier to get by with them if you are white. you may have green hair or tattoos or look different then them, but those things are not as permanent as the color of your skin.. you can dye your hair brown, or wear long sleeves. but you can't change your the color of your skin. im not trying to invalidate other peoples fucked up experiences with those kinds of people. in all im just saying it sucks. you may think that that shit sucks too. but you are not dealing with it first hand.

like a lot of people like to bring up the fact to me that. "in school i got made fun of by other black kids they called me a cracker, thats the same things, it's racism."

i agree it is fuck up! but at the same time that happens to people of color too. in school, in the neighborhood, at work, at home, for years and years.... it horrible and it hurts. and it hurts to know that 3 people already on this message board have been complete assholes and not at least trying to understand where others are coming from. - ADEE

i dont see why anyone, white or not, would want to "get along with" those racist dumbshits. just label your zine as "anti-racists" instead of "pro-people of color" and you're all set as far as public support goes. Because then you're appealing to EVERYONE who hates those bastards, me included, btw, and not just "people of color." Get it? - Internet Punk 2

Internet Punk 1
i'm interested to see how you assumed that i was a rascist becuase i have black friends and that i don't think that you are "repressed" or some shit becuase less black people listen to punk. what am i going to do? go and recruit black people to listen to punk? no. if they want to great, if not, great. you just want a reason to bitch. i could say that not alot of fat people listen to punk and write a zine called "fat people unite" and write articles about how fat people are repressed by the skinny punks with anti-anti-fat people patches and tattoos. you do realize that the people who put you down becuase you are black are not the same people as us. we do not like them, we want them out of our scene. the people like who go around and blame every white person for your problems are no better. i'm glad you feel that there is only one type of racism and thats towards black people. i'm glad that you think every white person is rascist and is out to get you. i'm glad that you live in your own little world.

notice my extreme sarcasm.

p.s. you have a very seperatist viewpoint on our subculture, you do realize that by doing this you won't be uniting it but instead you will be widening the rift. whatever, even if you do make this black girls of color cut white mans

balls off zine, please dont' be spreading anti-white propaganda, becuase that'll just be like a white person spreading anti-black propaganda. thank you.

i think its really interesting that whenever a smaller group (in punk even) feels alienated and wants to do something positive, a bunch of white kids have to put them down for it. (for the record i'm completely white middleclass etc)... there is a lot of racist shit in punk, sorry but thats just true, the majority of people involved are middle-class kids who dont know/care about race issues...if you read the first post on this thread youll see there is no part that says "all white punks are racist".

also, about the seperatist thing: you know, i see a lot of people get angry about seperatist spaces because they have to make everything about them. everything isnt about you! sometimes queers, or people of color, or women need a space to talk to each other and share their experiences without someone who is male/straight/white interrupting them or yelling at them when they dont know what its like to be in their position. if i want to talk to other girls about experiences with being a girl, i wouldnt want a male in the group because they do not share that experience. they just dont. it doesnt matter how anti-sexist/anti-racist/ whatever they think they are. they will never know what its like to be me. whether you like it or not there would be men trying to take over the space, i mean look at how hostile you guys are being towards adee.

i mean, you cant honestly think these groups exist to spread anti-white propaganda. yeah, because those 5 or 6 black kids are going to totally oppress the poor oppressed middle-class white kids!! boo-hoo. THEY DONT HAVE THE POWER TO DO SO. GET OVER YOURSELVES.

it makes me so crazy. i hear white punks say racist shit all the time and noone calls them on it, however if a person of color says the same thing THEY are the ones getting called racist/reverse racist even though theyre the fucking minority.

i just dont get why everyone here got so fucking defensive and took it as an attack on them.

Quote:

im glad you have A LOT OF BLACK PUNK FRIENDS.....

i took that as an attack on me.

Interest Link 2

- "also. im glad you have A LOT OF BLACK PUNK FRIENDS....."

What's the dif between white punks and black punks? Hint, hint, it's NONE. why dont you just say "I'm glad you have a lot of punk friends?" Or are you assuming white people dont have friends "of color"?

KATIE

Let's look at it this way. zines for men/women only are ok with me. But the zine in question explicitly excludes an entire group of people just because of their skin color. What would you say if someone started a zine titled "White people fuck shit up?" -I.P.O.I

that question is dumb and irrelevant, because thats not what theyre doing. whats the difference between a girl-only zine and a zine compiled of articles by people of color? its the same idea. do you understand power structures at all? as a white girl i am not offended by say, black people telling me im not allowed to write for their zine which is about being black, because i am white.

KATIE

So there is the sad truth of Internet Punk...

This may not seem like such a surprise to many. I forgot that people are so dumb sometime though, because I'm always surrounded by awesome friends who would never think to say any of these things. I'm really baffled by it.

I could have pick everything apart in the comment that Internet Punk 1 and 2 made. The misuse of the words and a lot of other things I won't even get into. I'll just shake my head "What the hell."

It was exciting though towards the end when that woman Katie was responding to their comments. It was like a little ray of sunlight shining through the clouds on a gloomy day. It doesn't warm you up, but it makes you smile.

This whole "Punk Message Board" thing taught me a lesson though. I should just put ads in fanzines. The Internet is evil.

The Day the Handlebar Burned Down

The night before the Handlebar burned down, I was at this environmental group's meeting where they were talking about the increase of smog in downtown Pensacola. "I used to think it was just morning haze, being from the South and all," said the speaker. "But that smell you smell in the morning, that's not natural." The next morning I was riding my bike from an appointment with some work program thing when I smelled what I thought was smog. "Fuck they're right!" I was surprised to actually smell smog so strong the next day.

As I rode through some of the neighborhoods, I could feel it was stronger in one area and the neighborhoods downhill were all very foggy. I got a little pissed, but kept on my ride until I got to the bookstore. I was a little early because of the appointment, so I was just going to sit around and read until the store usually opened. I sat down and started reading the paper when a few minutes later the power went out. I thought it was an electric breaker so I flipped the switch and the power went on for a minute and then cut off again. I sat in the dark for a few minutes wondering if we paid the bill, then decided to call the electric company. A recording answered "Power in the downtown area has been temporarily shut off due to a major fire."

I looked out the window at the hardware store across the street and saw what was causing that smell. Flames higher than anything I'd ever seen before were coming from behind the building, with a huge plume of thick grayish white and black smoke. It looked like the whole block was on fire. There was a church there and I assumed that was where the fire came from. I locked the store up and walked through the alley and saw the church intact and the fire was coming from someplace else. As I walked further down the street, I saw the direction that it was coming from and I again assumed that it was another one of the thousands of churches that populate that area. But all the churches seemed to be doing fine. Then it hit me that the only thing left was the Handlebar. Ugh!

I was there the other night. The owner's son was tending bar, some British guy came and sat with a friend of mine and I and told us about how he was seriously injured about ten years prior in an IRA attack. He even showed us the shrapnel scars. Another friend was in town for a few days and Jimmie gave us a free beer (and some bottled water later to work off all the drinking from earlier in the night). The next time I saw Jimmie was from across the train tracks in the parking lot of the Handlebar, as firemen were shooting hundreds of gallons of water into his parents bar and our last punk club.

When Sluggo's closed there was never the sense of urgency because we all thought that it would reopen in a few weeks. It kind of disappeared slowly instead of closing, which is sad but it wasn't immediate. This one was tough, though. Like a death in the family.

There was a sense of mourning that was palpable throughout the whole town it seemed. Maybe not everyone was sad that it burned, but everyone I knew at least was very depressed. People came into the shop all day just to talk about it. It was more than a bar, but a place where we all saw each other. Our last place that felt like it was ours. It had been there forever and it was very sad to think that it was gone. Everyone all day coming in and talking about shows that they saw, the things that it used to be. There was talk about what it would take to rebuild it, but I saw the fire. Like I said, it was like nothing I had ever seen before.

My roommate Kent just got a pretty steady job working sound there during the shows. A lot of my friends did shows there, all the bands played there, all the people went there. Even

the straight edgers went. Didn't drink of course, but they were there too.

I went to the coffee shop and told Mike who was working behind the counter that day and we had a beer in the middle of the street, while watching firemen down the street put the fire out of one of the last cool things in town. The whole day was kind of gloomy.

I went to work at the bookstore a little late. During the day I hosted half the regulars, everyone asking if anyone knew anything. But there wasn't really anything that could be said that we didn't already know. I don't think anyone really thought they had insurance, or at least enough to cover the bar reopening anytime soon.

Everywhere I went, it seemed like everyone was talking about it.

"The first show I ever saw was in that building."

"I remember seeing Black Flag there."

"You know the Replacements played there once."

"I was just there the other day...drunk of course."

It was like a wake was in progress. Even at the Plasma Center I heard people talking about it. Looking at it after the firemen had left was crushing too. The building was about 150 years old and used to be owned by free blacks before the Civil War. I think it might have even been a brothel once too (that also might be true about half the places in this city though, so that in itself is not that a significant fact).

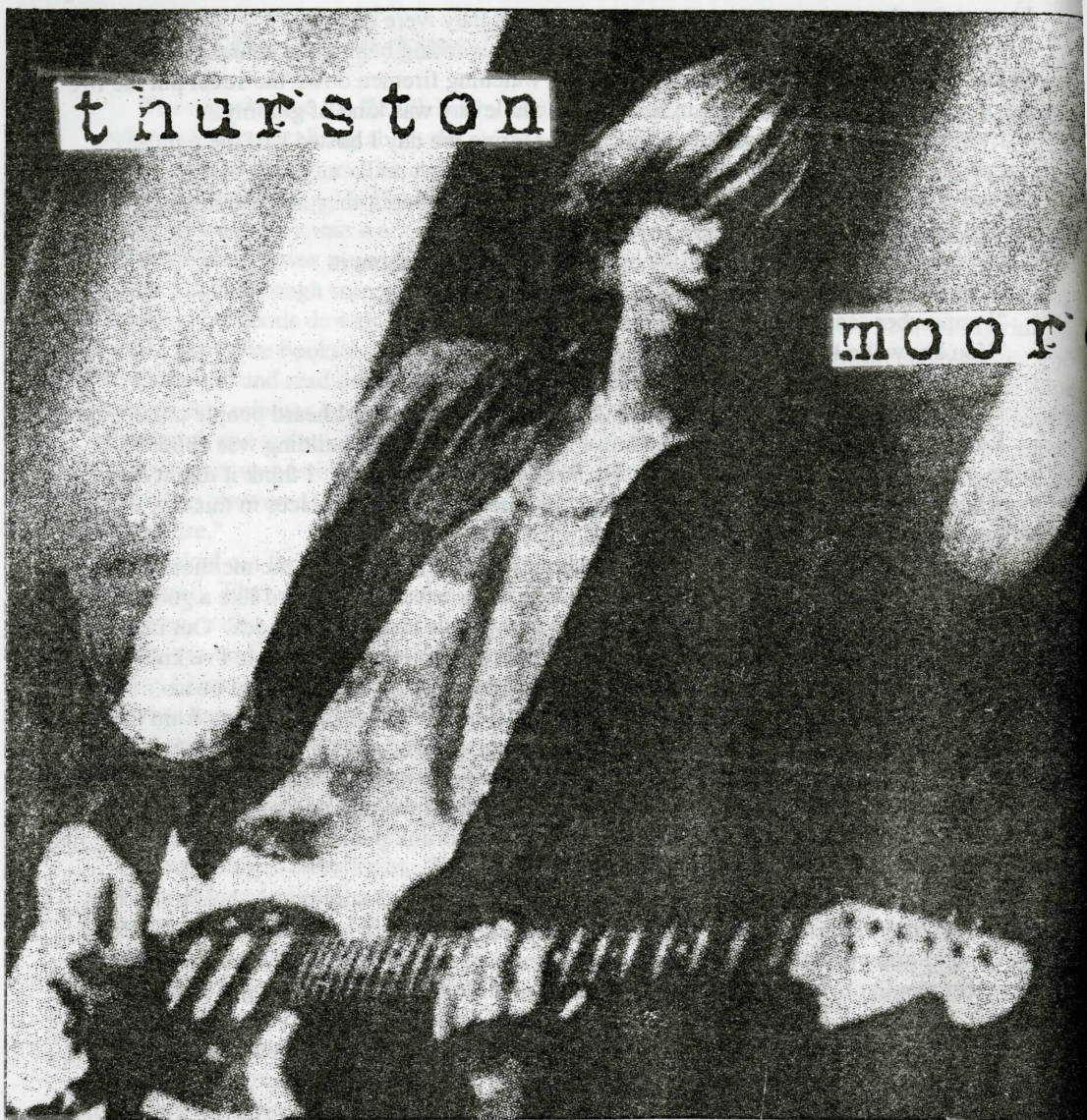
Later that night, I was bummed, talking about it with a friend when she mentioned that we should go have a few beers in the parking lot across the street. It sounded like a good idea. When we got there, we found out that several other people had the same idea. Out in the parking lot, I saw most of the people I saw the other night in the bar. People I've known for years, people I see around, friends, acquaintances-all drinking. Including the owner's son, Jimmie. Earlier he had went inside and saved a few cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon from the burnt refrigerator and was passing them out to the mourners. It was around midnight. A few cops pulled up, and we thought that we were busted, but they just joked a little with us. They were there to set up a barricade for a train that was coming from the port and would pass us by. The cops just went about their business, ignored all the drunk punks with open containers, just told us to watch out for the train and rode off.

Seeing a train ride down that road is a rare sight. They're usually pretty short trains that ride down to the ships and pick up cargo and go back to the train yard. They mostly ride at the dead of night because Tarragona is a pretty busy street and having a train ride straight up the street would obviously cause some chaos during the daytime. But at night, it's almost surreal.

So as we sat there drinking, talking about the fleetingness of life and things, a bright light shone down at the bottom of the street and everyone just sat there in silence, listening to the oncoming train that was riding up the street. I live next to a train line so you get used to the sound of a locomotive only a few feet away. Still, it's a sound that commands respect. No matter how much of a hurry you are in, no matter how important what you have to do is, no matter who you are with or what you are doing, you have to stop when the train comes by. This was no exception.

The ground shook for a few minutes as we watched the train pass us by on its way to the yard. We just sat there in silence drinking the smoky, slightly warm cheap beer in the parking lot of the charred remains of the last punk club in town. When the train passed by, I got up to leave and said my goodbyes.

There really was nothing left to say.



Thurston Moore happened to walk in the bookstore I worked at on the one day I was carrying a tape recorder. I don't believe in fate, but sometimes luck is on my side. He had come in to the store once before on a trip visiting relatives in a nearby Alabama town about two years ago. This time he was in town celebrating his grandma's 99th birthday and went to Pensacola for a diversion. Even though he was with a few relatives, he was nice enough to talk with me for about a half hour. In this part of the interview we talk about his Florida roots, family, New York in the seventies, and the state of punk today. (The second part of this interview will be in an upcoming issue of Mundane Egg, a poetry journal also out of Pensacola). This interview was recorded in July 2001.

Thurston Moore

What brings you to Pensacola?

Visiting grandmother who is 99 years old.

Really?

Yeah

Wow.

And she spends her Julys in Gulf Shores at this condo she owns and the whole family gathers around her. She's the matriarch.

Yeah, at 99, I'll bet.

Yeah, she'll be 100 next year so we'll be here next year. She originally came out of Pineapple, Alabama.

Where is that?

It's in Wilcox County. Sort of near Greenville (AL)...Life Magazine called it the black belt of the South in the 60's because it was the poorest county in the South, but had the richest soil.

Is that where you're from?

No, I was born in Florida, and there's a connection there. You see my father was brought up on a plantation in Pineapple, Al and he moved to Miami and he was the dean of student affairs at University of Miami. So we had this connection to Miami, the university there.

You were born in South Florida?

I was born in Corral Gables Hospital in Miami...Then in the 60's when my Grandfather took over the plantation land that was left to him by his father and built a little lodge house on it. So, throughout the late 60's early 70's, I'd spend my summers pretty much here, bumming around. And really identified with it, especially at that age. So we come down here every year or so now. My grandfather passed way, but my grandmother still lives, so we all come down here. But next year we'll probably go back to Pineapple as opposed to Gulf Shores (AL), which is fine with me. I'm not a beach person so there's nothing for me to do here today.

The beach, is that her thing?

I don't know. Someone else in the family organized it. It's just what's happening right now. But we all did make a T-shirt there that was an edition of one of, but it was the Sonic Youth/Nirvana tour T-shirt. When we first went out with those guys. And Kim and I sort of had it done here, it was one of those paint spray T-shirts...

Airbrush?

Yeah, airbrush T-shirts. We were gonna make multiples of these shirts. We brought it to Europe in 1990 and when we went to Europe to show it to those guys, they looked at it. The only response we got was this...question mark (laughter). It had dolphins on it, and surf boards and it said "Sonic Youth/Nirvana European Tour" in Air Brush. We were

like, "This will be so hot to make copies of," but it went completely over their heads. Guys from the Pacific Northwest just couldn't connect with it. So that never happened, but Kim and I still own that T-shirt. And we're pretty proud of it.

Did you do that over here?

Yeah, in Gulf Shores.

Have you had the chance to check out Pensacola much?

Well, we always land in Pensacola, although I don't know if we're gonna do that anymore because someone told us it's cheaper to land in Mobile (laughter) but I looked into Pensacola and we discovered your store last time (Subterranean Books) and that was really exciting for us. We're really into the literary world and to find out that that exists here. Like, my only impression of Pensacola is landing here and driving through it and seeing antique stores and thrift stores, and that was great. So, we'd hit that sometimes. I guess it was the last time we were here that we came in and started poking around and we saw your store my accident.

Yeah, a lot of our underground here is a lot more underground.

Oh yeah sure.

Which is cool cuz it doesn't get exploited as easy, but sometimes is harder to keep going.

Then that whole Mobile thing going to this little record store over there. I mean I wasn't too surprised. I know there is activity going on everywhere, like people interested in things outside of the mainstream, but I was surprised to see it in Pensacola. I didn't really expect to see it here. Especially after seeing your store and finding that record store that sold a lot of Independent music.

Yeah, the first time I came here I was surprised too. I guess you just check out a flier and go to the 5 or 6 other places people are connected to.

Yeah, it's great.

This is kind of going back, but how did you first get into punk?

Well it happened...I was sort of that transitional period of the early 70's. Picking up on images of the Stooges, New York Dolls, Patti Smith. And Patti Smith used to write for Cream Magazine. I remember there was an author's photo. But some of her poetry in Cream magazine was just great. She was in Black and White and not the color glam shot. As a young teenager I was really into Bowie and the Glitter Rock scene but that was all part of the transition with Punk Rock with the Dolls. And I was into Alice Cooper. I was into that sort of aesthetic of music. It was kind of like challenging and fun and sort of dealing with issues that were a bit more like what it was to be an American teenage alien (laughter). At the time, the early 70's, it really went against the Allman Brothers Band and Yes and the Emerson, Lake, and Palmer Appreciation Society that was what high school society was like at that time. I listened to that as well, but I was more into heavy metal still like Deep Purple, Black Sabbath, and Alice Cooper. That was even more interesting. And Bowie was more interesting and Todd Rundgren was interesting and The Stooges were *VERY* interesting and the Dolls were just like all of a sudden really, very interesting. Just the fact that they were into dealing with cross gender issues and that was really super dangerous at that time because it was like high school society didn't accept that type of stuff. I just thought it was fantastic and the irony in it was really

intelligent and there's a certain intellectual excitement that didn't exist in Rock and roll culture at the time and I really gravitated towards it. Luckily I was living only an hour and a half from New York City.

Did you move up there because of any of that?

My father was school teacher, a university teacher and he taught at the University of Miami at the time and in the middle of '69 or '70 we moved to Connecticut because he got a job up there and it was an hour and a half from NYC

What did he teach?

Philosophy and Music. So my household sort of had that little vibe to it. But I remember really responding to those sorts of images. And there were magazines like Cream Magazine and Roxy Magazine that sort of talked about the stuff. Even Rolling Stone would sort of have a picture of the MC5 and that always sort of interested me more. As soon as I started hearing about The Ramones I got really interested. Before then they called it "Street Rock" or "Raunchy Rock." But The Ramones first album was really it. I remember when that came out, my father had just passed away. He had a brain tumor in '76 or '77 and we were going back and forth to the Hospital in New Haven, Connecticut and I remember stopping in the record store in New Haven when The Ramones album first came out and I bought it and brought it home. And I remember putting it on and that was completely a maker for me. I was 17 years old and that was perfect timing. And I knew right away what I wanted to do. I wanted to do that. They were just so shocking to me cuz it completely wiped out everything before it. It just decimated the guitars solo (laughter). Because I was listening to this CD the other day of Ten Years After which I really liked, and I remember as a young kid my brother always had Ten Years After records and we were listening to "Live at the Filmore." Like, every track had a 20 minute guitar solo or drum solo...I just remember that kind of thing, well you can never really be in a band unless you play as well as that or extend yourself like that. And I remember seeing The Ramones in '76/'77. It just completely obliterated that. And it was time. This is a whole new other generation. And I really immersed myself into that. There was really no one really else like that in my high school. There were one or two people who were sort of interested. But basically I was the only one. And then when I started going to New York and I got out of high school and I sort of found a job there. I got a little apartment there. Everybody I met sort of has the same story. Like "I was the only one." But anybody who was the only one in whatever town they were in, whether if it was in Connecticut, Kansas, or even Australia. Some one like Jim Thirlwell, you know from Feotus. He was my age and I met him early on and he was like living in Australia or some little town outside of Melbourne, and he said he know NOBODY. But he heard that stuff early on, looked at the magazines and thought that was completely what he identified with. And anybody who did that at that time either moved to New York or London...urban centers. It was great.

What was it like living in New York at that time?

It was different than it is now because New York was kind of like this trash heap of a town (laughter). But the fact was that you

SONIC

YOUTH

could live really cheaply and get away with it. You could work part time.

Yeah, like right now, most of the people I know who are living up there are squatting or have 20 people living in one room.

Well, that's pretty much the only way to exist working as an artist there. But it's in its final days of catering to that lifestyle. And it's a shame because New York has such an interesting history of cultivating that lifestyle. It was pretty much an island for immigrants. So, you could live cheaply and on top of each other. You didn't have to work too hard. You just had to find little jobs to pay your cheap little rent. The real estate has really changed.

That's what's good about a place like this cuz a lot of us don't work and can spend all day playing music, writing, or just nothing.

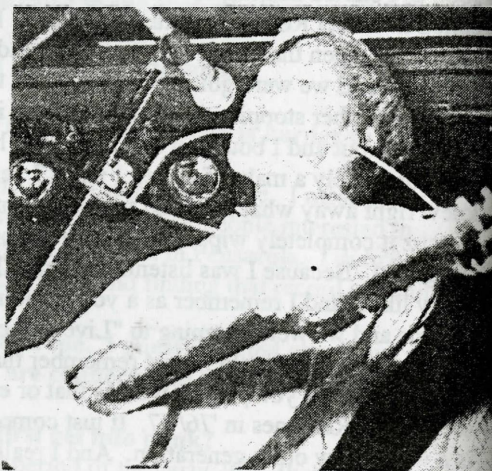
Well, I think it's a different culture now. I don't think the profile of New York City or any urban metropolis has the importance that it had throughout the 20th Century. I think it's really changed. Which is fine. I think more people are connected with information. At one point, New York was the media information capitol. But it doesn't have that cache anymore because information is so shared right now that it is not necessary to have such a capitol geographically. So in a way, let it become this real estate kind of Wall Street driven metropolis. I think people know that there is no artistic center in America now. It can exist anywhere and everywhere.

Do you think that's good or bad?

I think it's great. To me it's like... That's the thing I really liked in the early 80's when Hardcore first started because it started establishing this fact that the most interesting activity is happening outside of the urban area. It was coming out of the suburbs. It was coming out of the rural areas. It was about creating its own network of communication, of clubs and distribution, labels and stuff like that.

Nothing really existed early on. Punk Rock was like New York, (and that was) harder for a lot of those first bands. They didn't have any ambitions to exist as an alternative to the mainstream, anyway. They were all on Sire Records. You know, Patti Smith did her first single independently but that was...they weren't trying to make any gesture towards independence. It was just because they thought that was something to do (laughter), which is pure of heart but at the same time they were immediately signed to Arista and they never turned back. To me it was much more interesting later on when Rough Trade kind of established the idea that we could work independently.

How responsible do you think Punk is for moving the artists out of the cities?



I think it's pretty responsible. I think it's responsible for changing the mindset of youth culture. Giving it a whole new set of ideas, ambitions. In a way it was this really rebellious attack culture. It was anti-disco, anti-hippie. I mean, people don't really remember that when punk rock first started a lot of it was "we hate disco." (laughter) It was all about that. Disco was so prevalent and that was sort of lame culture as far as we were concerned. It would terrorize you. Especially in high school. If you were hip, you'd be a disco king. And it was really bad. And nobody understood punk rock as an alternative at that time. It was either Disco or you were a technical Allman Brothers genius. Or a leftover hippie and it was a bad scene. Punk Rock was really amazing in that offered something that had a lot to do with interdisciplinary art culture, like literature and painting. That's what was so great about it.

What do you think of Punk now?

Punk now? I think it's on one hand a very established culture and on the other hand it's like a culture influx always, which I kind of like. You can really sit back and be critical of people who are so pro-punk to the point that they sort of dictate what punk is. It's like "That's wrong." Punk is not about dictating about that it is. It's about being completely open to your own liberation and being in your own awareness and such.

Like authorities in Anarchism?

Yeah, and it's funny because you hear a lot of people say "this is punk" and "This is not punk." And it's like "who cares." It's really about a person who gets involved in punk culture. It's something you either deal with positively or deal with negatively. It doesn't matter as long as you...as long as it sort of makes sense and it's truthful to the person. And it's like "Well, fine." That was the whole thing with DC Hardcore when it first started. It had a very identifiable sound and vibe to it. But at the same time you'd have these young kids that would dress up like London 77 punks and then you'd have sort of the new breed, Ian Mackaye (from Minor Threat, Fugazi, and Discord Records), like shaved head, cotton pants and sneakers. Then you'd have Iron Cross who was really into leather jackets and studs and that and at the same time they were both kind of on the same page. I kind of like that existing in a way instead of someone dictating a fashion sense of punk. But in the same way, I like the idea that punk has a sort of fashion sense in a way, even though it sort of wants to erase it. It's not about that, but it *is* about that in a way. It's about...it's important for punk culture to draw attention to itself. And that's what really sets it apart from 60's counter culture models. Especially with the Diggers who were all about anonymity. That's what they wanted to be about was anonymity. If the media doesn't know who we are they won't be able to distract from what we do. Which I always thought was this fantastic thing but of course it was never successful because



"Hippie" was this thing that was "media-ized." In a way I think that punk is this great culture that could learn from this whole history of counter culture. Right now the way I think it exists as an amalgamation of radical counter culture. And I don't really see anything replacing it because it exists really successfully as an amalgamation. Where as "Hippie" was "Hippie" and initially "Punk" was "Punk" but now you can have somebody expressing classical 60's hippie ideals, but they're still part of punk culture. And who would have thought that, but it exists.

What bands are you excited about now?



You know I'm really into all kinds of...I'm really into what the Boredoms do, a band like XBRRX, things like that are fantastic. There are young bands like that around the country. There's this band up near us in New England called Lightning Bolt that people talk about and it's sort of in the same way. The people who live in an enclave and they just sort of...have these amps that are all spray painted and they go out in their car when they get a gig and they play in places...they won't play anywhere...they won't play on the stage. They'll play anywhere but the stage. Their whole thing is "We don't play on stages." So they just set up next to the bar and they just pummel. But there's a lot of grass roots bands like that. Those bands are great. I like friendlier sorts of music like Stereolab and Catpower, that kind of Genre. But basically the music that I'll go to see is improvisational music. There are so many young people making improvisational music, more than there ever was. It's a really interesting situation right now.

Any last words?

Nah, we're just gonna hit that local record store, what is it?

East Hill CD

Yeah, and hit that guitar store, too. We gotta head back.

Well, thank you very much.

Yeah, sure.

"Anthrax Street" in N.C. gets new name

Officials in Cumberland County, N.C., are changing the name of Anthrax Street because it embarrassed some residents after the anthrax attacks last fall. The dead-end street with seven homes was named in 1995 after a heavy-metal band popular in the 1980s. Its new name: Allegiance Avenue. Officials said it cost about \$15 to change the street sign.

The Burning Dollar Cafe

A while back, some friends of mine got mad, half-jokingly, at this local coffee shop because of their high prices. But instead of just getting mad and not drinking coffee, they decided to protest it and they started their own coffee shop.

Well, at least they called it a coffee shop.

Actually it was a rained on backseat from a car, a rusted out grill, and a coffee can that sat on the grill that they made cowboy coffee out of in the empty lot next to the dumpster of the other coffee shop. Pretty nasty, but still better than Starbucks.

And as you can probably guess, this was a coffee shop like no other. They called it the Burning Dollar Café. It was usually Sam, Mary, and Gills just hanging out next to the dumpster of the other coffee shop in this empty lot next to the shop. The first time I saw it, Sam and Gills were sitting around the grill making a fresh pot of the crappiest coffee I've ever seen when they asked me to join them. I sat around, drank a cup, and we had a poetry reading I think. That's what you do in cafes.

"What's this jar for?" I asked pointing to the bowl of money next to the grill. "It's the money bowl," Gills said. "Unlike their shop where you have to pay high prices to drink their coffee, here at the Burning Dollar, we pay you. If you need some money, just go ahead and take some." I took a quarter and had another cup of their shitty "house blend," which was just all the left over coffee from the punk house across the street and maybe some extra grounds from the real café next door.

The Burning Dollar lasted about a week. I think even a few of the barristas at the "coffee shop in protest" came to it, but the shop wasn't long for this world. As soon as the garbage men came to get the weekly trash pick up, they assumed the cafe was part of the trash and hauled away the whole "shop." Money bowl and all.

After the city threw away the Burning Dollar, I had thought about briefly squatting the lot and making into a "people's park" kind of thing. Then someone pointed it that it kind of was already. So why bother squatting it. Sooner or later, you'd just get bored and leave. And the trash men would take all your furniture anyway when they came for the twice a week pick-up. That dream also died quickly and I found something else to occupy my mind for a while.

Now the area is the (unpaved) parking lot for a soul food restaurant, which is probably for the best. It still looks the same and I don't think anyone really liked the cowboy coffee they made anyway. Not to mention that a lot of our friends go to the soul food place anyway, which really is better for the neighborhood (and the neighbors) in the long run. So who's to say what's better. Times change and we change with them. Besides, most of us get hook ups at the other café now anyway.

There isn't really a moral to this story except that Direct Action gets the goods. Which I guess is the moral of the story. Maybe. Or maybe there really isn't a moral. Just a story.

Dorothy Parker Was Cool

Two Things:

First: The first time I had heard of Dorothy Parker was in a Prince song called the "Ballad of Dorothy Parker." To my knowledge, the song has little to do with Dorothy Parker, but I might be wrong. I didn't even know she was a real person until I saw her on a commemorative stamp a year or so later.

Second: Once I lightly referred to someone I saw on the news as a "commie" in front of my Grandma and she told me to never call someone "a commie." "A lot of people couldn't work, lost their livelihoods, and went to jail because other people called them 'commies.'"

During one of my research binges on radical history, I was slightly surprised to see that Dorothy Parker had been to Spain during the Spanish Civil War. A little more digging found out that she had an entire history that I, and as I later found out many of my friends, had very little knowledge of. The mainstream (meaning corporate) culture has a very good track record of ignoring the past that they disagree with or that they find contrary to what they believe is the way that people should be remembered. People like Langston Hughes, Martin Luther King, Helen Keller and WEB Dubois to name a few. By doing this, it makes them more digestible for their purposes. You can talk about Helen Keller's struggle against her personal disabilities, but it can't be mentioned that she was in the Industrial Workers of the World. You can read Langston Hughes' poems about Harlem in the 20's, but you will never hear "Good Morning, Revolution," "Ballad of the Landlord," or "Goodbye Christ" in an after school special during Black History Month. Dorothy Parker is another example of this white washing of radical history. She will be remembered as witty, troubled woman who wrote short stories for the New Yorker and was a member of the Algonquin Roundtable during the roaring twenties. But rarely will it be mentioned that she helped start the Anti-Nazi League at a time when the US government wasn't exactly anti-Nazi themselves. She also marched in picket lines with strikers, was arrested protesting the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, and was blacklisted as a "subversive" writer who narrowly missed jail several times for her beliefs. She also never ratted anyone out, never renounced her friends or her past to suit the political flavor of the day, and remained true to her principals until the day she died. That's why I wanted to write about her.

Dorothy Rothchild was born on August 22, 1893 in West End, New Jersey. Her mother died when she was young and she went to school until the age of fourteen. Her father, a well-off owner of a textile factory, died a few years later in 1913. The following year she had her first poem published (that she was paid for) in Vanity Fair. In 1915 she started working for Vogue, publishing poetry and later became a staff writer for Vanity Fair, replacing W.D. Wodehouse as their drama reviewer. It was around this time that she married her first husband Eddie Parker, and took on his last name. I was also about this time that the Algonquin Roundtable, which was made up of various writers of the

day who met at the Algonquin Hotel in New York, first started to meet. For this timeframe in her life she is most well known as she gained prominence as a humorist, poet, and short story writer. Also, because of her light, witty writing, and also because she was a young, Jewish woman writing for *Vanity Fair*, this would be used to discount her radical beliefs by saying that she was only taking on these causes because it was "fanciful."

*If I had a shiny gun,
I could have a world of fun
Speeding bullets through the brains
Of the folks who give me pains;*

*Or had I some poison gas,
I could make the moments pass
Bumping off a number of
People whom I do not love.*

*But I have not lethal weapon-
Thus does Fate our pleasure step on!
So they still are quick and well
Who should be, by rights, in hell.*



Before 1927, politics and politicians mostly bored her and thus she showed little interest. It was the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, two Italian born Anarchists who were wrongly convicted and scheduled to be executed, that thoroughly politicized her. Before this, she had felt the inequality between her family's lives and of the people that her father had employed. As Marion Meade said in her biography of Dorothy Parker, "Her first memories were of a family whose very comfort depended upon a system that was merciless about squeezing the lifeblood out of a helpless people. Whether or not she ever saw the inside of a sweatshop is immaterial, because she surely absorbed the essence of the conflict between bosses like (her father) and the cloak makers he employed. In 1927, she began to recover the pieces of her past and apply them to the present."

In 1927, she picketed and was arrested in Boston for protesting the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, who were murdered by the state on her 34th birthday. This was a turning point in her life. She was sickened by the whole experience. Not only at the injustice that had occurred, but also at the way that her arrest gained almost as much attention as the case itself did. She was also very critical of her fellow writers from the Algonquin Roundtable who thought she was foolish to demonstrate for Sacco and Vanzetti. She felt they were ignorant because they knew little of the case and thought of nothing but the theatre. She found this intolerable. From then on, she became a proponent of radical causes and was almost always on the side of the underdog.

Later the following year, she divorced her husband Eddie Parker (but still retained her pen name Parker) and released a very popular collection of poetry called *Sunset Gun*. In the early 1930's, Dorothy Parker remarried and would release several more collections of

poetry and fiction. During this time, she had left the New York scene she had helped make famous for the growing Hollywood movie industry and started work writing screenplays. It was through the people that she met there and the radical circles that they were around that her politics took direction. This was the height of the depression when millions of people all over the country were out of work. Roosevelt's New Deal was making some headway into stemming the discontent felt across the country, but not quickly enough. Because of this, membership in the Communist Party in the United States grew rapidly. People were looking for a radical change and the Communists offered a somewhat realistic opportunity for true and meaningful social change. The Communists were very active in almost every social justice issue in America at the time. They were for equal rights for every race, which in 1930's America was much more progressive than the Democrats or Republicans ever were (or are realistically speaking). The Communists defended Sacco and Vanzetti in Boston. They defended the Scottsboro Boys in Alabama. And they were one of the strongest guiding forces in the labor movement.

One of the main reasons Dorothy was attracted to the Communist Party was that they were vehemently Anti-Fascist, at least at the time. Dorothy was Jewish and what was happening to the Jews in Germany with the rise of Hitler and the Nazi's was fairly common knowledge, and not as secret as many people have re-written about this time. Many icons of capitalism, like the DuPont family and the Henry Ford (who is actually mentioned by name in *Mein Kampf* as someone Americans should look up to) were certainly pro-fascist as they had much to gain from a less democratic government that was run with big business in mind. Patriotic groups, such as the American Legion, were so open about their love of the fascists that a national leader for the group publicly said that the American Legion was to America what the Fascists were to Italy (and that was meant in a positive light). A bad economy leads to dissent on both sides of the spectrum. With the Nazis and Fascist gaining ground in Europe's Right Wing, and there being no shortage of high placed, influential fascist sympathizers in this country, the Leftist opposition to Fascism needed as much help as they could get. It was in response to this that Dorothy helped form and became passionately involved in the Anti-Nazi League in Hollywood. This was in 1934, the same year she supposedly joined the Communist Party (I say supposedly because the Communists had a secret membership for high profile people that wanted their membership to stay out of the public eye and it was rumored that Dorothy Parker was in the secret club.)

In radical politics, Dorothy found a purpose that she felt was missing in her life. The issues were important, and the causes were just. The politics and her friends and comrades involved giving purpose to the "random cause of existence." This served a secondary purpose with her as well in that it made the flippant nature Hollywood that much easier for her to endure.

When the Spanish Civil War broke out, the Left in America was galvanized. A leftist government had been elected and implemented radical reforms, of which the upper class, the catholic church, and the military were opposed to. A few generals revolted against the new government and launched a civil war that would leave 1,000,000 people dead. Many believed, correctly, that Spain would be the first battle in a new World War.

People went from around the world to fight against the fascists in Spain, including many American anarchists, communists, and trade unionists fought in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Writers by the drove also went to report on what was happening and to help drum up support for the Republican (the leftist Spanish government, also called the Loyalist) cause. Among those were Ernest Hemingway, Langston Hughes, Lillian Hellman, and Dorothy Parker.

Dorothy wrote a few articles for the Left-wing newspaper *New Masses*, where she wrote about the devastation of an air raid that she was witness to. Out of her stay in Spain, she also wrote one of her best short stories called *Soldiers of the Republic*. She felt the urgency of this cause and was in it for the duration.

When she returned to the United States, she was widely misunderstood by the press. *Newsweek* wrote of her "startling conversion" and *Time* painted her as "nervously" swearing off humor." None of this takes into account that she had been arrested once before for protesting the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti and had always written about the struggle of living. The Hollywood radicals taking up these causes, which history has proven were the right causes, were looked upon as naïve. The attitude of mainstream media has changed little since those times.

For the rest of the war, Dorothy gave speeches to garner support for the loyalist cause and raised money to help with the victims of war. When Ernest Hemingway came to Hollywood in 1938 to show the film *The Spanish Earth* to help fund the purchase of ambulances for the Loyalists, she not only made the arrangements, but also purchased an entire ambulance herself for the cause.

Unfortunately, for all of us, the cause in Spain was a lost one. Dorothy sought for two years to arouse Americans to the Fascist threat. She took up public speaking, wrote articles, held fundraisers, and derided the fence-sitters. All of this was starting to take a toll on her and finally at a fundraiser for relief for the refugee children of Spain, she broke down and wept to the surprise of partygoers. "I don't see how you can help being unhappy now," she said in the middle of crowded room, while sitting on a piano. "The humorist had never been happy, anyhow. Today he is whistling past worse graveyards to worse tunes. If you had seen what I saw in Spain, you'd be serious, too. And you'd be up on this piano, trying to help those people."

She returned to Hollywood in a bitter mood, only to hear that the war in Spain had been lost. To make matters worse was the speed at which the US government recognized



Dorothy Parker protesting the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti

Franco's Fascist government. Before even the last Loyalist bodies had been cleared from the ruins of Madrid, her own government had recognized the new dictator as the legitimate government of Spain on April Fool's Day, 1939.

In the days after the loyalist defeat, she continued to do what she could. She helped raise funds for the Spanish refugees and spoke often on the rise of the Nazi's in Europe. Among the people in her audiences were people taking notes on attendance and writing names in notebooks, names that would soon compile the blacklists for the film industry, the FBI, and the House Committee on Un-American Activities. In a few years it would be alright to be anti-Nazi and anti-fascist, but if one were a "Premature Anti-fascist", as the McCarthyist called them, it only meant trouble on the horizon.



Dorothy soon became disillusioned with the Communist Party, not the ideals, but with the Party itself. She was attracted to the CP initially because of their strong anti-fascist stance. But after Stalin signed the Non-Aggression Pact with Hitler and invaded Poland, she could no longer stand by the party line. One day the Party was anti-Nazi and the next day they weren't. Many felt betrayed by the Party, which had by this time become more of an arm for Soviet Foreign Policy around the world than a vehicle for world revolution, and left in protest.

In the years up to the US entrance into WWII, Dorothy found it more difficult to find work. Her short stories were becoming more and more incredible as she honed her skill, but she was finding a limited number of her former publishers willing to purchase them from her. Dorothy was typecast as a humorist and the last thing they wanted was a writer with a social conscious. She also was beginning to find it harder and harder to find work writing for the movies. The film industry was becoming leery of "reds" writing screen plays, thinking they might be secretly placing propaganda in the films. This was a strange assertion to make because it also assumes that the producers, directors, and actors would be so dumb as they wouldn't be able to recognize propaganda they were opposed to, or that they wouldn't be able to change it if they did notice. This was the official reason, but in reality they were only sensitive to box office sales and were afraid of the bad publicity that radicals might bring with them and felt the less government scrutiny the better. However, after the US entered the war, the situation changed. Hollywood was willing to look past clashes in ideology mostly because a number of their regular screenwriters were now in the Army. It was during this time that Dorothy Parker helped write the screenplay for Alfred Hitchcock's *Saboteur*. *Saboteur*, which tells the story of a man accused of sabotage in a defense plant, is a very interesting movie showing the fascist sympathies of the rich in America, the anti-fascist sympathies of the common person, and her own weariness of authority. Still, work like this was rare.

As the war went on, she unsuccessfully tried to join the Army but was refused entry because of her age, they told her. Then she tried to become a war correspondent, but was turned down for a passport to cover the conflict. Every attempt to help in the war effort was met with a brick wall. Then things started to piece together and she soon realized

that she was being denied these things, not because she was a woman and not because she was 50, but because she was a communist. And not just a communist, but one with an FBI file.

In the years following the war, Dorothy went on to write a few screenplays, including one that was nominated for an Academy Award. But her career in Hollywood was quickly coming to an end. Joseph McCarthy was beginning to make his wild accusations about the communist threat to America from the motion picture industry. Mind you, there were a lot of Communists in Hollywood, but so what. They certainly were no threat to national security, even during the cold war, Korea, Stalin, etc. The chances were slim that you would see a popular uprising led by the writer of "*Philadelphia Story*." Most likely McCarthy didn't believe that either, but it helped to publicly try very public people to help set a national mindset against anyone with a different opinion than the official policy of the U.S. government. This mindset, which they were very successful at instilling in America, still lasts to this day. McCarthy himself was eventually censured when he went too far and attacked the government itself by saying that the State Department and Army were riddled with communists. But as long as he attacked ordinary people, then he was free to ruin as many lives as he wanted. And no one would speak up against it for fear that they would be the next one called in front of his commission. They only ones publicly speaking out against him were the accused; Paul Robeson, Dalton Trumbo, Langston Hughes, Lillian Hellman, and Dorothy Parker.

Although the FBI had been keeping tabs on Dorothy since her days with the Anti-Nazi League, it wasn't until 1951 that her livelihood came into jeopardy. Martin Berkeley, in an effort to save his own hide, became a "friendly" witness to the McCarthy commission and turned over the names of 151 Hollywood radicals, including Dorothy Parker. It was ironic that many people didn't take her seriously as a radical because of her writing as humorist, but when it came time to drop dimes, her name came to the top of the list as the "Queen of the Hollywood Communists" (as one person called her). Her name was entered in the magazine *Red Channels* as a Communist and, with that dubious distinction, she was unemployable for almost the entire decade.

Her name kept coming up during the hearings as she publicly spoke out against what was happening. Many of her friends, like Ring Lardner and Dashiell Hammett, were cited for contempt of congress for not naming names, and sent to prison. Several of her friends who served on the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee fund with her, of which she was the national chairperson, also went to jail for refusing to turn over records to HUAC. As her friends and associates were being put in prison or going into exile, she continued to speak out against McCarthy, as well as the FBI, an agency she held in "monumental scorn." She was branded a traitor in FBI documents that were read aloud during the new witch trials. Because of this she was certain that she would soon be called to stand in front of McCarthy himself where she would have three choices: 1) Invoke her First Amendment right of Freedom of Speech and be sent to prison 2) Plead the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination and be blacklisted and possibly sent to prison or 3) Cooperate with the commission and become an informant. She agreed with what E.M. Forester had written where if he were forced to betray either his friends or his country, he hoped that

he would have the courage to betray his country. She had decided that when she was called to testify, she would plead the 5th and risk prison. But that day never came.

Whenever she would make a speech against McCarthy or the FBI, it would be mentioned in the newspapers that she going to be served with a subpoena to stand in front of the commission within the next few days, but she never was. There were several false alarms that she would read about in the New York Times, but the closest she came was being called to testify to a New York state legislative version of the HUAC in 1955, where she took the 5th. By this time though, she had already been out of work and blacklisted for 5 years.



In 1958, *Esquire* magazine defied the blacklist and hired her to do book reviews for the magazine. She worked for them for the next few years and rarely spoke of the blacklisting, McCarthy, or those years. Even while she was on the blacklist, she never called attention to herself or singled herself out for sympathy. She only spoke for her friends and against the new fascists who had taken over the government.

Dorothy Parker died a few years later in 1967. At her funeral, her friends and fellow veterans of the blacklisting, Zero Mostel and Lillian Hellman, read eulogies to her. In her will, she left her entire estate and future royalties from book sales to Dr. Martin Luther King jr., a man whom she admired but had never met. And in the event of Dr. King's death, her estate was to go to the NAACP, which they received the following year after King was assassinated.

An interviewer once wrote of Dorothy Parker:

"She is vivid, witty, elusive, but now and then she suddenly seems so shy and helpless, and you would not be astonished if tears slipped out of her big brown eyes. Not by sentimentality, but by utter, trembling sensitiveness."

Reprinted from
"THE MATCH"



Copstopper's Notebook

WHAT IF they show up at your house? First: Don't let them in. You don't have to give your consent to any search of your house, car, or person, unless they have a warrant. Politely refuse and tell them to contact your lawyer. If you do consent to a search it can affect your rights later on in court.

Needless to say, in our modern times of no-knock raids, you don't have a chance to ask to see any warrant, as the gestapo will burst in screaming and shouting orders, firing chemicals at your face, and discharging "flash-bang" disorientation grenades. But in case there is a possibility that anyone can hear you over the din, at least SAY the words "I do not consent to this search," on the off-chance that you may be recorded and they forget to erase the tape, so that this will subsequently put their raid in the light of a disallowed "illegal" search.

Secondly: If they do have a search warrant, ask to see it. Make sure everything is correct (assuming that they give you time to examine it). If they conduct a search, watch them closely, unless, of course, you are lying on the floor hogtied and unable to breathe, or have a SWAT member's boot on your neck. Try to make sure they do not exceed the boundaries set by the warrant, although with fifty masked officers ransacking your tiny apartment in a frenzied uproar, that will obviously be impossible—particularly when none of the mask-wearing cops has a name-tag so you can't tell who is doing what, even if you're allowed to look. Do not interfere with or obstruct the search; you can be arrested for doing so; but know that you will in reality be arrested for obstructing, or for "resisting arrest" or "aggravated assault" no matter what you do. Basically, once it comes to this pass, you are a dead man and you may as well realize it.

Thirdly, however, **SAY NOTHING**. You do not have to answer questions. It is not a crime to refuse to answer questions, even if they have a warrant, although it may make you appear suspicious. What you say to the police is always important, and it will be used against you and others, even if it is something that you think could not possibly be used against you because it is your denial of any crime. They are not interested in hearing your denials and will not believe them in any case, so remain silent unless the torture they inflict on you (known as "pain compliance holds" on your nose, or jabbing into your eyes) is more than you can withstand. There is no shamefulness in breaking down under torture.

Fourthly: Try not to be intimidated. Be polite but firm. **DO NOT THREATEN** them. Consider that if there is anything you desire to do in retaliation some time in the future, warning them about it is a service to them and a liability to you. Do not try to outwit or question them; they have the upper hand and are not going to give you one bit of useful information or, indeed, any statement whatsoever that is not a lie. Meanwhile, they will be extracting information from YOU, and even a bit of something seemingly harmless can help them to hurt you or others.

Fifth: Keep a record, if possible, of everything they say or do. Write it down as soon as possible afterwards. If you are a political activist and believe that there is some chance you will be raided, have a microcassette tape recorder handy that you can activate and shove into a hiding place. Carry such a recorder in your car and place it—activated—under the dashboard or in some other hiding place as soon as it looks as if you're going to be confronted by police.

"I'd rather be a farmer than to be a police."
-Rick James in *Hey Mr. Policeman*

In my zine, I have written a lot over the years about my step-father, who is serving a pretty lengthy prison sentence in the Texas State Pen in Huntsville, Texas. For most of that time I was not in contact with him. But, since my last issue of Mylxine, I have started writing him again. He also sent me a few stories for consideration in my zine. I liked this story and thought that by printing it, it would give a clearer picture of him, as a person and a prisoner and not just a victim of the system.

Finding the Calm in the Storm

by Charles Ramsey

To find the calm in a storm, all that we have to do is to look inside of a hurricane, or a tornado. Both are a very violent part of Mother Natures storms on our planet, and in the middle of each is a calmness, a stillness, that is not found, or equaled in, any other place of Earth.

I believe that it's the same in people with stormy, violent lives. The big difference in human beings is that we put emotions and feelings into all of our aspects of life. But even in our stormy lives, there is a calm even in the most violent of us, although, sometimes we have to look really deep to find the peace in a person. In our society, which is supposed to be the greatest in the world, we only see the violence, thanks to the papers and TV. News shows, movies, etc. We seem to forget that there is good in everyone, and nobody lives in a glass house, except the pure and innocent, such as our children. Our country is a civilized nation that believes that there is good violence and bad violence, as in war, fighting for our freedoms that we all have become accustomed to, this would be a form of good violence, as our society sees it. In this "good violence" we get peace of mind. A feeling of safety that we live in a free land, not having to worry about others invading our country and jeopardizing our freedoms. This leads us to believe that we are in charge of our own destiny and that it's okay to commit violent acts against others if it's going to insure our freedoms. Our society seems to forget that there are other ways to achieve the same results, such as education etc.

We are the only country that picks up our guns at the slightest hint, that someone might be threatening our freedoms. We have taught our children to shoot first and ask questions later, so we must ask ourselves, what kind of messages are we sending our young people. We always seem to have some excuse to justify our actions. I have yet to see, or hear one of our so-called great leaders take responsibility for their or our actions. The blame is always put off on another country, or it's people. And lord help us if we, as a people, should ever do anything wrong. If we refuse to change the messages that we are sending our young people, then we will pass on our shortcomings, and arrogance, on to the next generation, etc. So how will our children ever find the calm in any storm? We have to be the teachers. Take a responsible step for our future, and our children's.

We now have to look at TV. Movies, videos, and even the news shows and papers to see the messages that our children are receiving, from what we call responsible people. All I see is what sells and makes these big companies their money, and that's violence, sex, and more violence. Then we wonder what is happening to our younger populations, why are they committing all of these violent acts? This doesn't take a brain surgeon to figure out, just look at the way our society has evolved in the past 40 years. When I was growing up the most violent show on TV was Popeye.

We as responsible people (adults) need to start looking for the calm in our society, our children, and our fellow man.

I'm a person that knows first hand what I am talking about. I have, and am experiencing the results of my past violent actions. I started smoking pot with my peers when I was 10, then went on to harder drugs. This led to little acts of crime, then bigger and bigger acts of crime, until I was dealing drugs and robbing banks. As of today I have spent 18 years of my life in prison, because of drugs and violent acts, and I have at least 17 more to do before I have a chance to gain my freedom.

I for one am sick and tired of seeing all of these young people coming through these gates to hell.

Prison is not answer for our young, the only thing that prison teaches is how to be better criminals, and how to keep coming back.

Please! Someone out there see what's really happening to our young, and our society in general. We are fast becoming a violent, drug induced society, which thinks prisons are the answer to our problems. Something needs to be done now, so that we, as intelligent people can find, the calm in the storm.

Thanks for listening,

Charles Ramsey #634764, The Ellis Unit, Huntsville, TX 77343

g r o w i n g p a i n s

One day, I got this zine in the mail that changed the way I looked at everything.

I read everything she wrote as gospel. The entire zine was like a letter directed at me, even though I know I wasn't the target. Like a manifesto. Like a time bomb in my head.

I was amazed that someone would put everything in their lives on the line like she did. Questioned every part of her life. From the way she grew up, to her parents privilege, to what it meant to be middle class, queer, female, and white in amerikkka

This wasn't the first time that I had questioned racial issues or sexual politics, but I had never seen them written this way before. White privilege was something I never thought about in detail. Queer politics were never presented in this way to me before. Political issues never seemed as personal to me as they did right then.

Her zine was like a benchmark in my life. I had felt a lot of the same feelings before, but they were muddled in my head and weren't as clear. This was a specific point in my growth where I can honestly say that I changed, or at least felt direction. I remember thinking to myself that I could never write anything as incredible and felt embarrassed for writing about things that didn't matter.

I remember feeling the power of the written word to change lives. I remember feeling that all of our shared experiences were so important that we HAD to write about them. Almost like a sacred duty to help each other sort through the mess of life.

I realized that

That we are important, and our lives are important, no matter how many times we are written off or what society tells us.

That everything we do matters.

And that

nothing

is

irrelevant

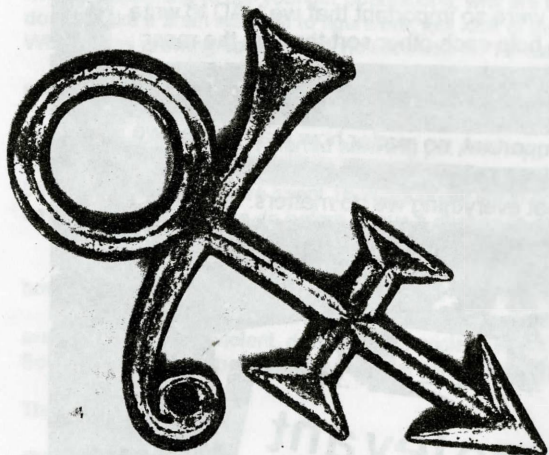
This is what it sounds like when doves cry

When I was 12 I was really into Prince. I mean REALLY into Prince. I had all the records, my room was covered with posters, and that was literally the only thing I listened to. 1999 was the second tape I ever bought with my own money and I wore it out at least 3 times. When Purple Rain came out, I listened to that record non-stop for months and I thought it was the greatest thing I had ever heard. I bought all the singles even though I didn't have a record player, 12"s too. Punk would come much later. At that time in my life, it was Prince or nothing.

And when the movie came out a month or so later I just went nuts. My friend, Dino, and I went to see it opening night at this theatre in Richmond and then saw it 3 more times at the regular theatre and 6 more times at the dollar theatre. I had seen it so many times I had the entire movie memorized to the point when Dino and I would see it, he'd play Prince and I would be Morris Day. We were fucking nuts.

The culmination of the "Prince Days", as history has recorded them, was when the Purple Rain tour was coming to Richmond and I would finally get to see that little purple bastard.

The radio had been announcing it for weeks that they would be selling tickets at the Album Den, this little record store I used to go to, on a Wednesday at 10 in the morning. I told my mom and she said I could skip school to get tickets and that she'd take us there and wait with Dino and I. But when I told her that people were camping out for tickets she thought that was insane. I didn't plan to camp out for the tickets, but I did want to get there early to make sure we got descent tickets. This was going to be my first concert, and I asked all my friends who had been to them (I'm in 6th grade so I didn't know many people who were into anything so it was kind of tough) what I should do about the tickets. They were all unanimous about getting there really early, so I told my mom what my friends had said.



"Scotty," she said in a way to let you know that she's been around, "No one is going to want to go see that 'Prince' guy. You and Dino are going to be the only people in line and I'm not waking up early to take you to an empty line."

"MOM!" I said, pleading.

"I'll go a half hour early, but no earlier than 9:30. And that's that. Believe me, you two will be the only people there."

"What about the guys camping out there now?!"

"Ok, you two and those guys with sleeping bags and that will be it."

"Mom, please!"

"No. Now go to sleep."

The next morning, my mom woke up and Dino met us at the house and we headed over to get the tickets. I think my mom got us some fast food on the way and we ate quickly, talked about Prince (Actually, Dino and I talked, my mom just tried to wake up), and then drove to the Album Den's parking lot. The first thing I noticed was all the cars.

The next thing I noticed was the line that wrapped all the way around the building.

As soon as I saw it I freaked out. Dino and I jumped out of the car before we had even stopped and ran to make sure we got a spot in line. My mom came walking up a minute later and didn't look at us.

We waited anxiously for 30 minutes until someone from the record store came out and said the Purple Rain tickets would go on sale in a few minutes. Then the doors opened and the line started to move. I was surprised how fast the line was moving, but the closer we got the more anxious I became. We had waited for about a half hour when this guy with a moustache came out and said that there were no more tickets with seats together and anyone who wanted tickets would have to get the seats in separate sections.

By this time, my stomach was in knots from waiting so long, there were only 15 people in front us now and we were so close. We made plans to get the separate tickets and just try and swap seats when the show started. Even my mom was nervous now.

The line got shorter and shorter and then that same guy stepped out of the store again.

"I'm sorry everyone, but we just sold out." There were only 5 people in front of us now. Ugh!

I know my mom felt like shit. If we had just left 5 minutes earlier we would have gotten the tickets. I was so bummed.

As it turns out, a couple of weeks before the show was supposed to get to Richmond, Prince decided to cancel the tour. I forgot the reason he said that he was canceling the tour. I do remember him explaining it though. "Sometimes it snows in April," he said to the local newspaper, whatever that means. Pretty shitty I thought, but oh well. I didn't have tickets anyway.

When my mom heard the news that Prince had cancelled the show, I think she felt that she was officially off the shit list. And I guess she was, but even to this day, every time I go back home and a Prince song comes on the radio when she's around, I can still make her feel guilty as hell about missing a Prince concert that never happened.

And in the end, that's all that really matters.



The Shortest Distance

by Paula Mayberry

Fiction

Jacob calls me from a pay phone. I can tell from the shaky first word that something is wrong. I look at the clock. How does it get so late?

"Hey," he says too loudly into the phone. I shut my eyes. I picture him nervously playing with the segmented cord. Public phones have those awful cords that look like robotic rattails. His brown eyes cloudy, blinking over his surroundings. He never looks at you when he talks. His eyes wander with his thoughts, maybe the way a sleeper's eyes move under their lids, following the bouncing ball of their dreams. A thoughtful talker.

He takes a deep breath, it crackles in my ear. "Could you come pick me up? I'm in trouble."

"What kind?" My mind flips through the ugly possibilities. He's hurt himself, someone else, drunk, in jail, stranded out of state. Trouble is such an unspecific word.

He hums tunelessly, "Could you come get me?"

"Yeah." I sigh, agreeing before I can really think about it. He slowly and carefully gives me directions. Luckily it's not that far away. As I drive there, I wonder why he called me. We aren't very close friends. He's really more the friend of my friend Emily. But he's been in my house before, and we've met up with various other people at various other places. He's part of my life I suppose.

As I pull up, there he is, leaning back into the phone cubicle (never booths anymore, only in the movies). One hand shoved into his coat pocket, the other arm hugging himself, his head hanging. He has that off kilter drunk look. I honk the horn and it startles him. He limply waves and his knees sag. He can barely stand. Under my breath I swear as I get out of the car. It's cold outside and the car is nice and warm. I barely have the door open when he collapses. My eyes sting in the chilly air. He leans crookedly on his knees.

"Jacob?" I grab him under the armpits and try to hoist him up, but his head tilts back, face pale, eyes unfocused. "Sorry," his voice slurs. With great effort he pours himself into the car. As I close his door and walk to the driver's side, I wipe my hand on my jacket. One whole side of his coat is damp like he fell in a puddle. I climb in, my teeth chattering. It's really dark in the parking lot. His head lolls against the headrest, turned towards me, his eyes large and dark. I snap my fingers in front of him.

"Jacob." I say sharply. "Where do you live?"

He coughs. "I can't go home, my roommates." Another coughing fit, wet and infected sounding. I rest my palms against the curve of the steering wheel, wishing I hadn't answered the phone. "Well, where then?" I don't hide how annoyed I am. What am I, a taxi?

"I need somewhere to clean up." Another racking cough. More like sober up. I rub my eyes. I'm too nice. This is how I get stuck in these situations. Too fucking nice even at 4 a.m. "Okay, you can clean up at my house. But you can't stay there. Got it?" I say it the way you'd reprimand a child. He nods weakly and

closes his eyes. Quiet until we get to my place, and I turn off the car. I get out, then impatiently open his door for him. He turns his head towards me with difficulty. His eyes roll back in their sockets, then blinking rapidly he focuses on me. "I'm really sorry," He says again.

"Jacob," I prompt. He nods again and pulls himself out of the car. He sways a little but follows behind me onto the porch. I hold up my door key, and my left hand is bloody. I look at both hands. Did I cut myself? Jacob bumps into me and falls forward against the door, the porch light revealing his expression. He doesn't look drunk now. His face is drawn, waxy, his lips white, teeth clenched. His coat is darker around his waist. He bangs one fist on the door, and fumbling, I open it. We stumble through into the dim hallway. He drops to the floor, and his coat falls open. His white t-shirt stained red like a splash of paint across his torso.

He grimaces and tugs at his shirt. "I'm really hoping this isn't as bad as it feels." The shirt reluctantly peels away from his skin. I throw my keys down and run down the hall to the bathroom my heartbeat crowding my ears.

"Abby," he calls after me.

"I'm getting a towel," I yell, pulling a white one off the stack. It's so quiet I can hear his slight chuckle.

"I should have warned you."

I hold the towel out in front of me like a shield. He has his shirt halfway up his stomach. His hands move, covering his side as I hurry back. Blood seeps around his fingers. My stomach lurches. "You have to go to the hospital."

He shakes his head violently, "I can't." He leans against the wall. "I think it looks worse than it is." His hands are twitching. I'm breathing hard. I look down at him, frightened out of my wits. "Can we just deal with this?" He looks up at me, eyes wide, beseeching. He's just as scared. All the questions I want to ask die in my dry mouth.

Everything slows down, and I kneel in front of him. "Let's get a look at it," I say, inwardly awed by how calm I sound. He painfully shifts his shoulders as I pull off his coat sleeves and ease his arms free. His eyes are squeezed shut. I grip the soaked edge of his shirt. "Ready?" He nods then bites his bottom lip as he raises his arms. I lift the shirt slowly, and carefully pull it away when it clings to his face.

His body is so pale. My face burns, the intimacy of undressing him, and I push the coat away. The cuts start at his hip and rise along his ribcage to his breastbone. The longer one, angry looking, the edges pulling away and filling with fresh blood, rivulets bleeding into where it has caked and dried like a thin layer of mud past his waistline. The top of his pants is soaked down his right thigh. He drops his arms, breathless. I press the towel against him. He gasps and grips my shoulders painfully.

"You have to go to a hospital." I repeat.

"I have to stop bleeding before I go anywhere." His arms stop trembling. He leans forward. I can feel his skin on my neck, cold and damp.

"Who did this?"

He digs his nails in. "I don't know. Some guys." He sighs and leans back, his pupils huge and glittery against the bloodshot white of his eyes. "They robbed me," he actually smiles as he says it. "I can't go to the hospital. If I go they'll"... He pauses, eyes closing, his breath in little pants like a dog... "make me fill out a police report." Talking is an effort. He winces. "Then they'll arrest me." He grits his teeth, beads of sweat breaking all over his face and body.

"For what?"

He opens his eyes, our faces almost touching. "Violation of parole. I'll go back to jail." His gaze doesn't waver.

I try to keep my expression blank. Involuntarily, I remember the last time I saw him. Running into each other at a friend's house. Jacob laughing at some joke, his mouth wide. I can't remember how old he is. Younger than me, maybe. I don't know. How long have I known him? All I can think of is his face laughing, sunlit, everything normal, everything safe and okay.

"Why did you call me?" He doesn't answer, his eyelids drift closed. He's passing out. "Jacob." His lids convulse. "Sorry", he mumbles. "Jacob!" He slowly opens both eyes, "Still here." He tries to look down at the towel without moving his head. I peek under my hands, no blood yet but I can feel it seeping. "Stay with me," I tell him.

"I robbed my grandmother." He licks his lips. "I broke in late one night, only got a couple of hundred dollars." His voice rises and falls in volume, fades in and out like bad radio reception. I lift one hand and brush his hair off his forehead. He's cold. He smiles grimly, "I was just a kid, seventeen." Blood blooms on the towel like a flower, small at first then spreading.

"That was a long time I go." I say lamely. I can't stop the bleeding. Trickle of fear creep across my back. He's going to bleed to death right here in front of me. He's dying. I have to get help. He shakes his head and covers my hands with his. "I never got to tell her I was sorry. She died while I was inside." He looks at me lucidly for just a second before his eyes stutter away, climbing over my shoulders up the wall behind me. "She had a heart attack," he murmurs. "My mom never talked to me again. When I got out, I just took off." He grips my wrist.

"Jacob," I say, tears well up in my eyes. He doesn't respond. "I need to get help."

"Do you know what the shortest distance between life and death is?" he asks, eyes closing again. "Everyone you love hating you."

I slide my hands out from under his, press his fingers into the towel and pull away. He clutches insubstantially at me. I step back. 'I'm sorry', I mouth at him not trusting to say it aloud.

"Abby." He slumps further down the wall, a pool of blood starting to collect around his hip. "Don't leave me."

I don't know what to do. "I forgive you." I say gently. I hesitate for just a moment then kneel in front of him, and he falls onto my lap, his arms wrapping around my waist, pulling me off balance. He buries his face in my hip, his shoulders shaking. He is crying, choking with sobs.

I push my hands into his hair. I can feel his mouth moving through the thin fabric of my shirt, saying something I can't translate. His arms tighten then relax and drop to the floor. He is out. I push him off, he sprawls unnaturally still. I bolt down the hallway to the phone.

My fingers slide over the buttons as I dial 911.

I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL.

I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL WHO REFUSES TO BE A VICTIM.
I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL WHO'S TIRED OF BEING
IGNORED + HUMOURED + BEATEN + RAPED.
I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL WHO'S SICK OF NOT BEING TAKEN SERIOUSLY.
I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL WHO'S BEEN PUSHED TOO FAR.
I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL WHO OFFERS + DEMANDS RESPECT.
I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL WHO HAS A LIFETIME OF
ANGER + STRENGTH + PRIDE PENT UP IN HER GIRLY BODY.
I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE IN FEAR + SUBMISSION.
I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL WHO KNOWS THAT
THIS BODY + THIS MIND ARE MINE.
I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL WHO KNOWS THAT
YOU HAVE ONLY AS MUCH POWER AS I GRANT YOU.
I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL WHO WILL NEVER
ALLOW YOU TO TAKE MORE THAN I OFFER.
I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL WHO FIGHTS BACK.

SO, NEXT TIME YOU THINK YOU CAN DISTRACT YOURSELF
FROM YOUR INSECURITIES BY VICTIMIZING A GIRL
THINK AGAIN. SHE MAY BE ME, AND

I FIGHT LIKE A GIRL

What Some Would Call a Mistake

A truck stop is an odd, somewhat inviting place at three in the morning. No one knows you at all and you are so far away from home that you almost disappear among the small crowd drinking coffee at the counter.

Our ride pulled in for a couple of hours sleep and said if we wanted to we could sleep in the truck, but I think Walter was feeling stir crazy from riding in the back of a rig all night and I was a little creeped out about going to sleep without knowing our driver all that well. So while the driver slept, we decided to go inside for a cup of coffee.

We sat ourselves in a booth by the window so we could keep an eye on our truck. Sometimes they trick you and leave while you're in the bathroom, so it pays to be observant.

I was staring out the window, deep in thought.

"What's wrong?" Walter said to me. "You seem kind of quiet tonight."

"Nothing... I'm just tired I guess."

Our waitress came up to us and took our order. We both just wanted coffee. She scribbled something down on her receipt book, took our menus without looking at us and walked to the back of the diner.

I was looking out the window and he was staring at the door.

"I thought you said you were hungry?" he said to me without looking away from the door.

"I thought I was, but I guess I'm not in the mood to eat."

"You? Mister 'I can eat anytime, day or night'. *You're* not hungry?" He was looking at me now.

"I really just wanted something to pick me up I guess. Coffee will do."

"You sure? I got money if you don't."

"Yeah, I'm sure."

"I wonder how much longer we've got to go. I'm really anxious to see Alicia. You think she'll be really happy we came up for her birthday?"

"Yeah, of course. Why wouldn't she be happy to see you?" I turned my head away from the window.

Our waitress brought out a pot of coffee, flipped our cups over and poured us both a cup. She dug around in her apron for a moment and pulled out some creamer packets and put them on the table and left. We both emptied the packets into our coffee and put some sugar in and stirred. There was something about the sound the spoon makes as hits the inside of a cup that sounded very comforting to me at that moment.

"I feel like something's wrong," he said. "I can tell when something's bothering you."

"Well, if you have to know... I kind of wish I hadn't come."

"What? How come? She's your friend, too."

"It's not her. It's you and me. I knew this would be a problem, but..."

"What are you talking about," he said kind of annoyed.

"Just forget it. Nothing's wrong. Everything's perfect."

"I hate it when you do this. If something's wrong, why the fuck don't you just say it?" he said. "I thought we were friends."

I hesitated for a few, minutes looking for the perfect way to say everything I had been thinking for the past three hundred miles.

"If you've got to know," I said, staring at the truck still parked outside. "I'm feeling kind of down right now."

The sky outside the window was starting to turn pink on the horizon. A few more trucks pulled into the parking lot.

"About what? What have you got to feel bad about."

"I think I'm starting to fall for you and I'm really confused about it."

"Oh God," he said and started to play with the bridge of his nose. "I thought we already had this settled. I don't like you that way. I wish I did...or that I could make up some feelings so you could hear what you want to hear or something, but it's just not there with me. I don't really..." he hesitated, looking at his coffee. "I like you too much as a friend to risk losing that over you and me becoming a... thing. I just don't want to deal with that right now. I've got too much going on in my life and I can't handle a relationship. Especially like this. I wish I could make you understand."

"I know. I know. Do you think I like feeling this way? I wish I could just shut off everything I feel right now. I wish I could run off and join a monastery...or a convent, or whatever." I cracked half a smile and looked at him. "And I don't even believe in God."

"I'm feel so bad that you feel this way, especially right now."

"About God?"

"Stop joking! You know what I mean."

I stopped smiling.

"This is the last thing I want to come between us," Walter said. "But this just isn't going to happen. I'm not going to let it. I wish I could make you understand. I really do. Or at least make you feel better. Maybe I could pull some strings with Sister Theresa and help get you in the convent." He was smiling.

"She's dead."

"Now there's no hope, is there?" I guess I was smiling a little, too. "I'm sorry I do this to you. I really am."

"It's OK," he said. I think you're really a great guy and all, but I think it would...No, I know it would fuck up what we have right now. You're my best friend. You know that. And I don't want some stupid little crush to ruin that for us. Do you understand where I'm coming from?" He was almost pleading. He really looked exhausted. Either from the trip or from me. "It's happened too many times in my life for me to do that again. Not to mention that I'm not...you know. I care too much for you. I don't want to hurt you. God, I really hope you can understand."

"I do." I gave half a frown and just stared down at the greasy film that was swirling in my coffee. He looked out the window. You could barely see where the sun was breaking out of the trees on the horizon.

"Are you alright?" He asked very sincerely.

"Yeah, I'll be OK. I guess I'm just in a weird state of mind. I'm sorry to bring you down."

"That's OK. If we can't talk about anything, then what do we really have anyway?" He asked.

"I guess you're right. Are you ready to go?"

"Yeah."

We both grabbed our backpacks. Before I could reach for my wallet, he left the tip and paid for both of us. I guess my broken heart earned me a free cup of coffee in his eyes.

As we were walking back to the truck to wake our ride up, I looked at him and asked "Do you ever think about? You know, you and me?"

"Yeah, sure." He said without looking at me, maybe hoping I'd change the subject.

"Don't worry, I won't bring it up again." I said as I hopped in the shotgun seat and he crawled in the back of the cab and went to sleep.

We rode for five more hours and got to Alicia's house before noon.

She was happy to see both of us and kept asking me if anything was wrong.

Santa in the Mental Ward

Several years ago, after I had graduated from Medical Technician school, my friend Chris and I got jobs at this VA hospital in North Chicago. Since this was going to be our first job as technicians, we wanted to work up in the wards to get some well needed experience.

When we first checked-in to the administration office, the head nurse asked us if we were looking for a challenge. What do you say when your boss says that to you? "Fuck that. Give me something easy where I can get a lot of sleep!" Of course we didn't say that and Chris and I just nodded our heads and said "Sure. We'd love a challenge."

"OK then. Go up to the 7th floor and see Nurse Soandso. I'll call her up so she can let you in." The Seventh floor was the locked-in psychiatric nursing home care unit.

As you can probably imagine, a geriatric psych ward is a pretty disturbing place for an eighteen year old kid, or anyone for that matter. Still, every time I went to work, I couldn't help but think that however bad off these people were, that one day that was going to be us.

"Not me," Chris would say whenever I would bring it up.

"How are you going to avoid getting old? Do you think any of these people ever thought they'd turn out like this?"

"I guess it's just the hand life deals you."

"I guess, but it still sucks."

We had that conversation all the time. Some people grew callous towards the patients, but as far as I was concerned, it only made me have even more compassion towards the ones up on the seventh floor that we would take care of the most. Most of the patients were quiet and no problem at all. Most were very old, some in their 90's. Some were young or middle aged, but had a lot of problems. Some even had had labotomies during their stays. Not all of them, but a few. I did have a few patients that would certainly try me at times. Like the old man that kept trying to talk me into jacking him off, or the other guy who would laugh whenever he shit his pants, knowing that we were the one who had to clean it up. No big deal, though. That's just part of the job when you work in one of those places. VA hospitals are fucked up, but there were still a few people with a little life in them.

One patient in particular stands out.

There was this guy who was in the lockdown ward named Tom who worshiped Santa Claus. Not in a figurative way either, but he *really* worshiped Santa. Tom also had to wear a helmet to protect his head from when he would start banging his head against the wall and hitting himself. It was wintertime when I worked there, so the whole hospital was decorated for the holidays. Whenever Tom would walk down the hallway he would start yelling "SANTA! SANTA!" and start pointing at the Dollar Store Xmas decorations the nurses had put up around the ward. Well, one time Chris had to take down a few of the decorations because the tape they had used wasn't holding. When Tom saw him bringing his hero down off the wall he freaked out and started chasing Chris down the hall. Seeing Tom mad really scared the shit out of him at first, but then Chris stopped,

turned around, looked into his eyes and simply asked him to calm down. And to everyone's surprise, he did. Some people have a nack for that kind of stuff and I guess no one had tried being civil with him before. The nurses were impressed, and because of that he became Tom's personal care taker.

To give the patients a little taste of home, every year before Xmas one of the local high schools would come to the hospital and put on its annual holiday pageant. Logistically for us orderlies, it was a lot of trouble because at least half of the audience was in gurneys, mobile beds, wheel chairs, etc. But a few could walk to the auditorium, like Tom. That made our job a bit easier, but we still had to keep an eye on things.

The pageant went ok and was somewhat entertaining. Not great theatre or anything, but it was like walking into 5th period and seeing a movie projector set up. It didn't matter what you were going to watch, it was better than work. Definately broke up the routine of being up on the ward, for us and for the patients.

The pageant went on for about an hour. After endless groups of carolers and little skits that no one really got, the cheerleading team from the high school got up on stage and did a few cheers to warm up the partially comatosed audience. Once they were finished with their really long set, they had planned to end the night with a rousing rendition of "Jingle Bells." By this time, the crowd was bored and tired and even we were looking forward to going back up to the ward.

As the cheerleaders sang the song and were getting to the last verses, Santa came out waving to the whole crowd. When Chris and I saw that red suit up on stage, we didn't think anything of it. But Tom sure did and as soon as he saw the high school Santa up on stage his eyes almost popped out of his head.

"SANTA!"

Chris shot this look of fright across the room and saw Tom on the other side of the auditorium do a mad dash for the stage. Tom ran, fists banging on his red helmet, yelling "SANTA! SANTA!" as he got up to see his hero. This obviously caught the high school Santa, who I think was really the school principal, totally off guard. Everyone one of the cheerleaders screamed in unison at the top of their lungs and started running for the edge of the stage. Tom's yelling woke up the part of the crowd that was asleep. The cheerleaders screaming put the rest of the crowd at near riot. It seemed like there wasn't one person in the room that wasn't yelling, even us. Patients everywhere were banging their medical gauges against their bed rails. Some were yelling "SANTA!", but most of them were just screaming, maybe not knowing what was going on. We didn't have time to think about it, though. We were just running to get Tom before he caught the high school Santa Claus.

After a quick chase back and forth across the stage, Chris finally tackled Tom as Santa disappeared out of sight. Tom was still yelling for Santa as loud as he could, when Chris turned him around and just asked him to calm down. After a few deep breaths, he let out a big sigh and just stared at Chris. He really was the only one who could calm him down.

Once the nurses had regained control of the auditorium, the pageant ended and everyone had to go back to their wards. But even as we were wheeling our patients back to the seventh floor locked-in psych ward after the Xmas riots downstairs, there was a noticeable difference in the patients. They all seemed a bit calmer. Not comatosed, but content. And best of all, some of them were even smiling. Especially Tom.

He finally got to meet Santa.

Five Finger Discounts, the Splendor of Victory, and the Agony of Defeat.

by Christie Road

I'm a self proclaimed kleptomaniac and if I step out of a store with my arms filled to the brim with large items that are over fifty dollars in value, I still don't feel satisfied. I only find myself obliged when overcoming the triumph of a good old-fashioned theft. The smell of civil disobedience and the blood filled heart that flourishes in my system after passing the automatic doorways of a discount store is as refreshing as a spring morning in a mid-west wheat field. Whether it's the Pensacola tourist shirt I almost got caught for but got away with due to a girlish grin, or the car battery that conveniently resembled a small child as I tip toed out of Sears.

This begun at an early age as a way of taking a stand against large corporations marketing items produced by foreign migrant workers who are paid less than ten percent of the price the item is on sale for. As well as the idea that craftsmen and artists mass produce items with cheap abundant material, then once it's sold to a large retailer, its value rises out of the roof because of its fashionable brand name. As my oppositions may remain, theft became a crafty addiction and a frustrating defeat. If I spend an outing without practicing my craft wisely, or foolishly, I find myself yelling violently, tearing out strands of hair from my scalp, and carrying around petty regrets because I cant believe I left the videotape for Dolly Dearest in its case, alarm strip removed, & on the shelf because of an overcrowded aisle.

As gratifying as it is to take something for free with foolish pride on my shoulder, I hold back at inopportune situations such as independent retailers and friends' houses. As fulfilling it is to dodge getting caught by slick moves and smooth, non-chalant curves; I play a discerning game. Vic had his copy of Skipped Parts by Tim Sandlin perched on the lower end of his book shelf, and he had the indecency of leaving me alone in his room an entire night. But Vic doesn't forfeit a three cent an hour salary to adolescent laborers in cities off the coast of Central America. Vic didn't sell his copy of Skipped Parts for 16.99 because his facilities name was advertised in such a diverse group of publications including the New Yorker and Spin magazine. Vic had oppositions like me. Vic was a mere cheese granule in the rat race, like me. Vic's copy of skipped parts was a product of his toil, as my stolen light up elf figurines were a product of mine. This is the part I was reassured, that my discrimination in whom I steal from showed I still practiced what I preached.

"Vic, you sat me beside your earthly goods a whole night and I didn't feel the need to steal a single thing from you. Not even your copy of Skipped Parts."

"Sandlin? Oh you can have that thing. I stole that from Ted's closet before he moved to West Virginia."

the shoplifters promise ring

i had it all figured out. i wanted him to have my promise ring. it wasn't at all sincere like in the movies, just an old dirty ring i found one day while cleaning. i discovered it lodged between the cushions of our couch. with all the dirt & dust. when i picked it up & held it between my two fingers i knew it was meant to be.

i did the only thing i knew was right. i gave him the shoplifters promise ring. the ring was vital because i felt in my heart that we were going to go down soon; i mean we had scamed at least \$100 of free money in a matter of days. i lost count of our stolen book collection

after 80. we only ate when we had a bag to shove food in. i knew something was fishy when i realized that everything on my body, including my bra, was stolen.

so i had this feeling we were going to get busted SOON. we were doing to damn well. the ring symbolized the kind of promise rooted deeply in ~~XXXX~~ dedication. if he went down i went down also. i wouldn't run if he was trapped & had to surrender. i was committed.

he was studying anarchism. he read ~~xxx~~ his stolen (thanks to the local corporate) berkmen reader like a bible. hed read for awhile & then wed go stealing. he understood the principles of anarchism & realized that it did not include shoplifting, but when handcuffs were strangling his wrists he looked at me & said "that food should of been free anyway".

our promise ring was on his keyring when i drove away in his car. he drove away in the back seat of a cop car.



From "Ghetto Youth" by Sarah Dervick

GREEN DAY PARKING LOT.

Dude Party played an all ages show at the collective on the night before the big Green Day show. Of course Green day wasn't going to play at the collective, but Dude Party said that they were going to do a free show in the parking lot of the Bayfront Auditorium to protest the \$28 Green Day show.

I had asked a few months before if Aaron could get us into the Green Day show. I was never a huge fan, but I liked them all right. Not enough to pay the hefty \$28 ticket price to see them, but enough to accept a free ticket. Besides, the Get Up Kids were opening for them. Again, not the biggest fan in the world, but they're pretty good. I knew a few people that wouldn't admit to wanting to see Green Day and said they were there to see the Get Up Kids and that they *might* stick around for Green Day. Whatever. No one pays \$28 to see *just* the Get Up Kids. But either way the show was free. I don't care about the whole sell out thing. It sucks, but there are bigger things to worry about.

Todd X and I rode bikes down there to get the tickets that Aaron was supposed to get for us, but when we got to the ticket counter there was only tickets for me and not Todd. Todd didn't care though and hopped on his bike and went back to the house to make dinner.

There was no rush to get inside so we all hung around on the side of the Auditorium. *In front of the concert hall, there was a huge lines of straights. Moustaches, mullets, and all the stereotypes of "rockers." Some young punkers, but mostly guys that work at the bank, parents, and that crowd. Not your normal crowd for a punk show. The price of fame, I guess means you get a lame crowd. Luckily there were a bunch of punks. Most of the people were from my house or the collective. There were others too. Some travelers, some people I knew from Sluggo's, and others. It was a nice crowd and good to see that the punks will always find each other, even on such foreign soil.

Among the "fellow travelers" was the singer for Dude Party. We were all standing by the side of the Auditorium and we saw the Green Day tour van being waxed. The singer freaked out.

"Oh my god! They're waxing their bus! What kind of punk band is that!" He kept on yelling for a few minutes. Everyone else just stood there in an awkward silence and eventually went back to talking about whatever they were talking about.

After a while, I decided to walk around to the parking lot next to the docks. Billie Joe (dude party, not green day) came up to me in the parking lot and asked if I was gonna see the concert. I told him that it's not normally my cup of tea, but I got the tickets for free so was gonna check it out.

"Man, I wouldn't go even if I *did* get in for free."

"Yeah, but I've never been in the Bayfront Auditorium and I've wanted to see it for a while, so I'll probably just stay a few minutes and check it out and leave."

I felt stupid then. I've been in the Bayfront a bunch of times and felt dumb for feeling like I had to make an excuse to see the band play. Peer pressure.

Once we got let in the show, it was ok. The Get Up Kids were alright. I'd seen them a few years before at Sluggo's and liked them enough then. But once again, nothing I'd pay 28 dollars for.

Then Green Day went on. It was good. I'd never seen them before and I guess at those big shows they have to put on long shows to justify paying an exorbitant ticket price, but it was ok. A good show for free. We had backstage passes but the security guy wouldn't let anyone pass so we left and went to see if the Dude Party was still going to play the protest show in the parking lot.

As we were walking out, we could hear the Dude Party just starting up. We walked over to see a small crowd of 15 people, all standing around the back of the Dude Party's mini-van. They had set it up to where the drummer was behind the drivers seat, then the amps, and they'd just pop open the back door, plug in and play. It was pretty neat set up.

They started off their set with a short speech by their singer, "This song goes out to all those people who paid \$28 to see a *supposed* punk rock show, when they could just as easy have paid \$3 to see a *real* punk show and have a good time...if not better, than at some big corporate rock show. This song's called..."

Then they played a song.

As they played a few more people, wearing new Green Day shirts came up to the band and started reaching for their wallets. A few people even pulled out money and tried to hand it to the singer. "You guys already paid \$28 dollars!" he said. "You shouldn't have to pay for music and what makes you happy. Keep your money. This show is free...This next song is about SUV's and it's called..." and they played another song. As they played, this girl who wanted to give money for the band, just decided to throw dollar bills at their feet. The band stopped playing.

"No, No, No! You just don't get it! You've already paid way too much for a supposed punk show. We don't want your money."

"But you could use money to keep playing and doing what you're doing, right?" She asked, totally shocked that he would scold her for giving them money.

"We don't care about money!" The singer said. Looking very frustrated at the lack of appreciation of what they were doing. He wiped the sweat from his brow and just started with another song. When they finished the song, the girl who tried to give them money said "Look, Green Day is getting into their tour van right now and I'll bet..."

"It's not a 'van' it a BUS."

"OK, they're getting into their tour *bus*... and when they pass by they'll see you guys playing and will probably stop and maybe sign you or something."

"Fuck that, man. We don't care if they *do* see us. Fuck them!" Then the singer stopped for a minute and thought about it. "No wait, I hope they *DO* see us. Then maybe they'll see how fucked they are and see a real punk band." I don't remember exactly what he said after that, but I didn't feel like sticking around to see what happened. My friends, Amanda and Shari, who came to see the parking lot show, looked at me with raised eyebrows and we decided to leave and walk back the house.

Once we got back, Greg, the Dude Party drummer, was cooking something in the kitchen.

"So did Green Day ever drive by?" I asked.

"Yeah, they drove by."

"What happened?"

"They all got on top of the van and mooned the Green Day's tour bus as they passed by."

"What did Green Day do?"

"Nothing really. It looked like they were watching a video on the bus's TV screens. I think they were watching a video of themselves playing a show."

"Ha, that's kind of funny."

"Yeah, I don't even think anyone even noticed them."

Billie Joe in the Can

Billie Joe was in town for a few weeks and was living upstairs in 309.

We'd all become pretty close to him. We had become drinking buddies and he was the only one at the time who would go up to the beer dumpster with me and drink the score.

We got fucked up a lot, but he had a reputation for "living the chaos" and said that one of his goals while he was here was to play in a band in Pensacola and to get arrested. We started a band called the Insane Liberation Front that had two practices and a show booked for 2 weeks away. Pretty shitty stuff, but whatever. It was just for fun. About getting arrested though, I was pretty sure he was just joking when we were drunk one night. Then one day after this Asheville band, Dead Things, played at the bookstore we woke up and Billie Joe was gone. We thought maybe he had left with the band, but thought it was weird that he'd just leave without saying anything. Especially leaving all of his stuff here. We're all pretty paranoid here, or maybe just I am, which makes for interesting incidents almost all of the time. So of course, if you haven't seen someone in a day or two, the logical guess is that they were arrested and in prison.

"Well, if he was arrested, I'm sure he'd have called us."

"He only gets one phone call, maybe he called his Mom?"

"You get more than one phone call in the city jail. You guys have been watching too many movies."

"Do you think he knows our phone number?"

"Oh, I'm sure of it... I hope so... well, I don't know."

"Maybe we should call the jail. You know, just to check."

Sparky called the jail and found out what we had all dreaded. Billie Joe was in jail. The cops at the Pensacola City Jail said that he was arrested for possession of crack cocaine and marijuana.

"No way. Aw, that sucks really bad. Poor kid."

"That's not the worst of it," Sparky said. "They also got him on violation of probation."

"Billie? Are you sure it was the same Billie Joe?"

"I asked if I should give them a description of Billie Joe to make sure it was the right one and then the lady there said 'How many Billie Joe Johnsons do you think we have here?' and said that they were gonna extradite him as soon as he had his court date in a few weeks."

"Fuck. Well, do you think we can bail him out?"

"They said he's being held without bail since he's already violated probation once."

"Fuck."

Once word had gotten around that Billie Joe was locked up, everyone was pretty bummed. We called back to his hometown and told the kids there that he was in jail for crack, marijuana and probation violation. Everyone was pretty worried and asked questions we didn't know the answers to. The jail house said that he could have visitors

on Thursday so we planned on going up to see him and bringing him some money for his canteen account.

There was an air of sadness over the whole scene. Billie Joe had lived among us and become an honorary Pensacolian. He had even talked about staying, but then jail got in the way. We had a show booked for a week from then and thought maybe we could do a Bad Brains style live from the jail via speaker phone show. Maybe, as a gesture to show that just because he was in jail, that we hadn't forgotten him. Plans were being made to bake cakes, cookies, care packages (which I'm sure would have all been rejected by the guards or eaten by the guards if we brought them, but it's the thought that counts).

Then the night before we were going to visit him in the can, I was at the coffee shop across the street using the internet when I remembered that a friend had told me that criminal records were on-line. I did a search and found the Pensacola Criminal records page. I thought that if we could see exactly what he was being held for then maybe they would have a little information that we could pass on to his friends back home. I typed in "Billie Joe Johnson" in the search block and he pulled up. Sure enough, he was in jail for crack, marijuana, and violation of probation. But then I looked at the date and it was off by 2 weeks. Then I looked a little closer and found that they had him listed as the wrong race and age, too. Then someone said, "Isn't his real name William Joseph Johnson?" With about 5 people crowding around me on the computer, I typed in William Joseph Johnson and nothing came up. I yelled to Paula behind the counter that Billie Joe wasn't in jail after all and that it was just a big mix up. She yelled and ran up and hugged me.



We still weren't positive that Billie Joe wasn't in jail, but then when we found a note tacked to the telephone message wall that said "BILLIE JOE IS WITH DEAD THINGS," we knew for sure he was ok. Or at least not in jail.

Billie Joe came back a week later like a POW from Vietnam. Word got around pretty quick that Billie Joe wasn't in jail. We called his friends and told them about the mix-up and all was peaceful again in our little scene. Turns out that there *was* another Billie Joe Johnson after all.

Too bad for the other Billie Joe that we found out the truth. He sure would have gotten a hook-up. And a surprise.

All our Billie Joe did was get drunk.

Two Conversations

While Waiting to Post bail

"You got to tell them your rights. Either they don't know or don't care, but you've got to stand up to them." He said.

"Like once, the cops pulled me over. Said I had a busted taillight. Then he told me to get out of the car cuz he was going to search the car for drugs. I said 'No you're not. If you're pulling me over for a busted taillight, then give me a ticket for a busted taillight and let me go, but you're not searching this car. You have no right!' Then he told me to get out now or he'd get a warrant to search the car. I told him to get a warrant then cuz I'm not getting out of this car and I'm not letting you rummage through my shit. Not without a warrant. I didn't do nothing wrong. You have no right. Just give me a ticket and let me go. He was pissed off. He went back to his car and radioed for more cops to come, and they did and before you know it there were 4 cars and a K-9 officer. Then the same cop came up and said 'You need to get out of the car so we can let this k-9 search your vehicle.' I told him *again* he'd have to get a warrant cuz I wasn't getting out and no dog was going to search my car. Now he got even more pissed off and ran back to his car, supposedly to call for a warrant. Instead, he just stood beside his car and talked to those other cops for about 20 minutes or so, blue lights still flashing everywhere. I was sure they were going to haul my ass away right then and there. But then, to my surprise, they all left. One by one, *they all left*. Last one to go was that first stupid ass cop who pulled me over for a busted taillight. I guess he got so pissed that he even forgot what he pulled me over for in the first place. After all the cops left, I sat there for a minute and then I went home.

"You see what I mean though? You gotta *know* your rights cuz they think they can do whatever they want to do...and they can't. You gotta stand up to them. You gotta stay strong."

Talking to a Waitress in a Local Diner

"How's it going, "I said.

"Oh, honestly? Terrible. I can't believe I'm telling you this, but I feel like shit. You see, I went over to Connie's, you know Connie over there? The owner's daughter." She pointed to an older waitress that was walking out of eyesight into the kitchen.

"I went to Connie's house last night to talk to her about my schedule. When I went there, she wasn't home but her husband was. He answered the door and I asked if Connie was there and he said no, but I could come in and wait for her if I wanted. I told him I didn't want to because I had to do some other errands and pick up my kids from the sitter. Then he came over to me and stood in the door so I couldn't get by and he locked the door. Then he...started to...kiss me...hard.

"I tried to fight him off, I mean his wife and I are best friends, but he wouldn't stop. He started feeling me up...and..." Right then she started crying. There was no one else in the diner. Just her and I.

"I don't know what to do. I can't call the cops because it's my friend's husband. She don't even know. Not to mention that he's the son-in-law of my employers. If I tell anyone here I'll lose my job. I can't work anywhere else with my schedule, what with my kids and all. I can't start over with another job. Not now. Not to mention that if I tell Connie, it would kill her. That her husband did that...that he touched me. But I have to tell someone because it's killing me and I don't know what to do.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to open up like that, but I had to tell someone. I just don't know what to do. I'm sorry I told all this to you. I don't want to bog you down in my problems. I don't really even know you all that well and..."

Right then the owner came walking by and she tried to change demeanors. She wiped her eyes and let out a fake laugh like I just told her the funniest thing. But I wasn't laughing. The owner gave us a strange look from behind the grill. I didn't know what to do.

"Oh that's a good one. You're too much." she said, commenting on the joke that never happened. I made a half smile and started an equally phony laugh.

"Well, are you ready to order?" She said, as if nothing had happened.

The owner was looking at us.

"Just some hash browns and cup of water."

"Alright sweetie, they'll be up in a few minutes. Thanks a lot for listening."

Zine Reviews

I decided to only review Pensacola zines or P'cola affiliated zines in this issue. I wasn't trying to be xenophobic (or Zine-a-phobic, ha ha), but we really have a talented lot here. MRR even called us the "Zine churning city by the sea" or something like that. We also had a few poetry zines come out as well that I didn't mention. Not to dis on the poets, but poetry is way too subjective to even attempt a fair review. What's great to some is a bunch of arty crap that no one understands to another. As for me, I say, whatever moves you. If you like it then it's good. But that's another topic. This is just an explanation to those locals who may feel slighted.

Doris #19 This issue is so good. In this, the ABC issue, Cindy takes on the exemplary task of writing about Anarchism, among other topics. I remember talking with her about tackling that subject and was wondering how she would pull it off. Exemplified all my feelings on the philosophy of Anarchism and how it is put into action. I'm sure a few people will look at this and not have realized they were Anarchists, too. Also, a great history of Abortion in the 1800's and how we have gotten where we are at now with the close mindedness of people on the issue. Closes with a really good interview with her sister about her Farm and why she started it and the politics of being an organic farmer. A really uplifting read that might change lives.

\$1.50 Doris POB 1734 Asheville, NC 28802

Cometbus #48 This is the "Back to the Land" issue. This issue was birthed out of conversations with friends about the constant topic of how society sucks and we should all drop out and live on a commune. It comes up all the time, especially in Anarcho-Communist circles, I feel because to have these sentiments one has to be far reaching and, while knowing that eventually it will happen, you may not see it in your lifetime, and communal living is a way to see how a small an ideal society can work. Aaron interviews several friends about their own experiences, either as kids or adults. There certainly is an axe to grind, kind of, but Aaron's pretty up front about it so it's all fair. What I enjoyed the most was how that even though at times he was trying to guide the interview in a certain direction, the interviewee often pushed him into different directions than he had planned, which makes them unpredictable and funny. The highlights were the stories from the people that actively participated in the movement, but I also enjoyed reading all the stories of the kids who had to deal with drugged out hippies running through the mountains with guns. This will probably push a few buttons, but I found it very valid, heartwarming, and humorous. I love the new format, too.

\$2.50 BBT, PO Box 4279, Berkeley, CA 94704

Just Call Me Wo #4 This was a very emotional issue for Jenna, in that it was mainly dealing with a friend's suicide and her relationship to the friend. Just Call Me Wo is a good example of writing as therapy. Life is hard and it's important to feel that you are not alone in the struggle of living. Well written and painfully honest. This issue will pull at your heart.

justcallmewo@hotmail.com

Negrifta #1 This is a new local zine that covers a number of topics, such as the privilege that it takes the white activist community to be able to ignore race, and the impossibility of her being Puerto Rican and accomplishing this. Race is something that is usually dealt with in a dismissive way within these circles, usually out of ignorance and here Gloria gives her perspective, as a Puerto Rican, a woman, and a Punk. There's also stories on getting busted stealing (which there should be more of, not as a preventive measure, but to counter the irresponsibility of coaxing people into theft as an alternative without mentioning the risk involved. People in California and Texas are serving life sentences for shoplifting. REMEMBER THAT KIDS!!!) There's also stuff on sex and vomit. It's refreshing to see a zine that deals with race and sex with such candor. Looking fwd to the next issue.

\$1 Overground Distribution, PO Box 1661, Pensacola, FL 32597-1661

3 Drinx Man, I smiled ear to ear when I read this. Drinking with ideology. Life sucks. We all work our asses off for nickels and dimes. Whatever you do to make the endless struggle easier, then as long as it doesn't hurt anyone, then drink up if you want! Just be careful. Also, rants on christian punks "Defend your scene and don't let these fuckers invade it." I just wish it was bigger, but I guess with all that drinking, who finds time to write. That's why my zine took so long to come out. Maybe the key is in moderation. Oh well, what do you do. Cheers.

You'll just have to find these kids. They have lots of spikes, patches, beer, and are very nice.

Abandon Ship #2 I really loved this issue. I find Phil's writing very endearing with a universal quality of shared experience. Writings on feeling cheated by life, ridiculous people he works with in a sushi shop downtown, countering ignorance in a small town. Also, reminisces about friends who influenced him and brought him into punk, individuality, and more. Good issue.

abandonship@hotmail.com

Mundane Existence #2 Another fave of the new wave of locals. Kami occasionally reads at local poetry events, usually short stories of which I was always impressed with the power and tenderness she writes with. This issue is no exception. Writings about growing up, the paradoxes of being punk and being aware of how fucked up the world is, and still managing to live in it with out giving up. Also, stories on a funny incident at the Anti-War protest, preachers, and dealing with society as an individual who just doesn't fit in. Lastly, there is this incredibly heart warming story about something a friend of ours had written about how "we" (the punks) are the glue that holds society together. When I finished it, I felt so proud to be a punk that I almost burned a bank down. Instead I wrote this review.

mundane_existence@hotmail.com

The Cause #4 This is a monthly Socialist "teen zine" done by this really nice girl named Joan. I'm not a socialist but I find her zine refreshing because it is socialist. I feel that there is too much homogenization within these circles, mostly being Anarchist if they are political at all. Which is not bad, but it's good to see ideological diversity. But that said, the stuff she puts in is mostly straight forward reporting, not all done by socialists, but reflecting a standpoint she agrees with, socialist or not, which I respect. This issue has a great story on "The American Taliban" John Walker and his troubles, the uprising in Argentina, and local news. I look forward to each issue.

Jbraune_2000@yahoo.com

Kill Jimmie Carter A good, and very long awaited sequel to a local done back in the day (as you can tell by the pre-anti-Reagan title). The author is considered a savior of the scene to many, and the man who booked the famous GBH show back in 86 and was rumored to have killed a man in 89 with a skateboard (which didn't really happen). This one will put a smile on your face. It's all about dumpstering, feeding your friends, buying them beer, reading all the time, running into walls, kids, the Zapatistas and the Sandinistas. His daughters also do a zine called "Lovely Girl Lovely Girl" that I will review in the next issue for certain. What more can I say?

This zine is written on the smiling faces of punks all over Pensacola. You'll just have to look for it.

Spare Change #13 Man, this shit made my day. The whole issue is on that bullshit war going on right now. Reading it made me feel really good, really sad, and really inspired. Excellent and very insightful stories on how 9/11 changed and didn't change everything around us, dreaming of the days before the reactionary, flag wavers took over the whole country, and a really, really good story by Iggy Scam called "War Again, All the Time." Plus some really wacky shit that Ted Nugent wrote about how proud he was to be a "bad american" (in the eyes of liberals) and a disturbing one about Tom's dog and "The Nuge." After reading this zine, I felt all the rage, frustration, and sadness that is conveyed here, but also the hope that hides between the lines.

Spare Change, PO Box 6023, Chatanooga, TN 37401

Trailer Trash #15 Currently, the oldest living zine in Pensacola. It's been a while since I've seen a new one (same could be said with me, so I better shut my pie hole). Michelle's stories are filled with enough sincerity and humor to get you through a dry spell in the zine world. In this issue, hate mail from this old (1998) Pensacola punk band (Milton, really, but if you're not from here it might as well be local) that caused a lot of shit here a few years ago. Funny, even if you don't know them.) Also, an interview with a former professional escort (prostitute) that will give you an interesting look at the shit that people have to do to get by. Plus work stories, dealing with mental illness at home and abroad, and a brief bio of Nawal El Saadawi, a female Egyptian author. A lot of stuff jam packed in these pages. I can't say enough about this one. Well written, funny, and thought provoking. AND VERY PUNCTUAL!

\$2 PO Box 15674, Pensacola, FL 32514

Heart and Feet #1 This is another pretty candid look at sex. In this issue, the author talks about her first attempts to learn something about sex. I remember all the same stuff, looking at anatomy books for a clue because of sheltering family members. Plus there are stories on how pornography is viewed in this society, which is interesting hearing about it from a pro-porn feminist stance. There's also stories on her Grandma (not a sex related story) and a recipe for a cake (also not sex related).

\$1 Annie O, PO Box 1667, Pensacola, FL 32597-1661

Spitshine The Eye #1 This is totally one of the best zines to come out of here in a while. Most of the zine is about sewing, but there's so much more to it. Almost like a philosophy of why we should all know how to take care of ourselves. History of the safety pin (riveting), recipes for vegan tofu lasagna (which I tried out successfully while Jen was out of town), and so many DIY sewing tips that it's hard to mention all of them. Jen's also an incredible artist, which makes the zine that much more enjoyable (she did the Paul Robeson picture in this zine that you were awing earlier). I can't say enough good things about this zine. A best seller.

\$1 Jen, 918 Gonzalez St, Pensacola, FL 32501

Nashville Bites #2 This one is done by the spiky haired loveable bouncer who lives in our house. Mostly a personal zine talking about a road trip she took across the country with some funny stories about hauntings, a shitty trip to New Orleans (are there ever any other trips to N.O.), working and moving into a new house and finding a family. Emo as fuck! And very endearing.

2 Stamps Nashville Bites, 309 N 6th Ave, Pensacola, FL 32501

Flat Tire #2 Jobs, relationships, love, hate, parents, friends, and life. Light and humorous stories about life and how our relationships rarely meet up to our expectations, whether they are between boss and employee, boy/girl friend and girl/boy friend, or father and daughter. My favorite stuff in here was when she was talking about her father. I think the moral of this issue is that it is silly for us to expect anything from people and that all you can really do is ride the wave of life and use your experiences to make all the same mistakes again.

\$1 610 East Wright St, Pensacola, FL 32501

Judas Goat Quarterly #12 I really like this zine. Political, but not in a dry boring manner (which isn't bad to me, but not really great for a zine) and not in a punk manner either. In the vein of 60's radical papers, the JG puts out the facts, is very irreverent to *the man*, cynical, but still hopeful and with a sense of humor. Which is almost absent from political zines. I understand why, but you have to be able to step back and laugh at the morons who are certainly going to kill us all one day. It's also very intelligently written, which is also something lacking in political zines. I know the WTO, Bush and his Gestapo sucks, but I want to know why and what the sources are so I don't look stupid when I spout off at some right winger on the bus. I really appreciate what Grant does here.

\$2 Grant Schreiber, 1223 W Granville #2N, Chicago, IL 60660

Finger on the Trigger #1 It's rare to see race tackled so well and in such an up front manner in a zine. Race has probably been one of the biggest conflicts within american society and punk is not immune to these issues. Maybe we feel that because we are more liberated than the mainstream that we have already dealt with these problems. Many have, but for the most part, as with typical american society, this is a non-issue except for those who have to deal with it on a daily basis. It's easy for whites to ignore racism because we live in a white supremacist society. But for a black woman within the punk scene, it's not as easy as placing an ARA patch on your pants. That's why this zine is so important and shouldn't be ignored by anyone within the punk scene. All the stories are personal and very well written journalistic encounters with people, thoughts and reflections, with a few contributors. Adee is an amazing woman and her zine is an excellent reflection on herself and her thoughts. She has a newer issue out as well that is just as good and another one in the works, so keep an eye out. Impressive.

\$1 O.D., PO Box 1661, Pensacola, FL 32597-1661

Make Me Numb #11 Andee Grrr gave away all her earthly possession and left NY to hit the road. This is the diary of traveling down south to eventually get back to Pensacola. Stories about shitty hitchhiking experience, dealing with body images, drunken promiscuous truckers, getting stranded in 'Bama and getting home. A good read that was typed in John Reed fashion.

2 Stamps Andee POB 1184, Edgewater, FL 32132

Me & Pedro #1 This is one of the better zines I've seen in a while. Very well written with a lot of reflections of childhood, a great and sad story about finding her dad's wallet and looking at the pictures, and copies of her written when she was 5 (with teacher's notes). Michelle's an awesome person with a big heart. She has a new issue out as well that, from what I've read so far is just as good.

\$1 Me & Pedro, 6828 lake Joanne Dr, Pensacola, FL 32506

Singing Garbage and Hardware (Sub City 6) Rymodee sums up this zine with "Sounds is music. Everything makes sounds." This is a DIY guide to making yr own musical instruments. Has everything from an upright bass, trumpet, banjo, and a lot more. Rymo even tried out all the instruments himself and they all sound good. I keep threatening to do a jug band jazz band with this stuff. I can't tell you how cool this is. And to come out of our lil' ol' town just makes me proud as punch of Rymodee and that zine churning house on Gonzales. Seldom has a house rocked as much as this one does.

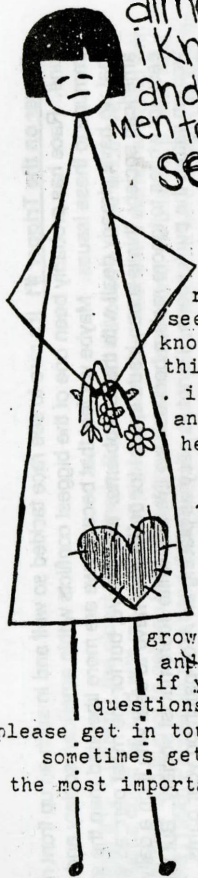
\$2 918 Gonzalez St, Pensacola, FL 32501

Listen to This #1 LTT is a collection of 4 short stories, all fiction, done by Paula Mayberry. I really like Paula's writing and her ability to pack a punch with every story. Most of the stories are somewhat dark, but very real to life and at times humorous. Life isn't all happy endings, and fiction shouldn't be either. Don't get me wrong though, these aren't sad stories at all. They are what life is. I also really like to see short fiction in the zine world. Short stories are becoming more and more obscure, with the media mergers. Less magazines print them, less newspapers feature them, and not too many publishers will put out collections of them (there are a few exceptions, but not a lot). This is exactly what makes zines so important. It's not just the last bastion of free press, but it's also the only really free press. And we own it, too. Because of that, it's only limited to the means we distribute them. All zines are somewhat obscure, but that's what creates the possibilities for diamonds in the rough, which is what we have here. A diamond.

\$2 PO Box 1661, Pensacola, FL 32597-1661

Beef #1 I can't accurately review this one because I lost my copy before I took notes on what I liked and whatnot. I went to the bookstore to see if we still had a copy and, of course, it was sold out. (Sorry, Sheila). BUT Sheila is doing this great project called the 2002 Womyn's Collective "When I Waz..." which is need of writing, art, poetry, and thoughts from Women. Write to her for more info. **Sheilla Cheyenne, 3033 Barlow Rd, Navarre, FL 32566 (also use this to get a copy of 'Beef')**

Last year i realized that almost EVERY woman i know (including myself), and a surprising amount of men too, have been sexually abused in some way.



it was something that affected us all deeply, but it was rarely talked about, and seemingly even avoided at all cost knowing these people and hearing thier stories really touched me.. it made me realize that i'm okay and it wasnt my fault, and we helped each other grow and heal.

so i was thinking... i'd like to compile a zine of people's experiences with sexual abuse (on all levels).

maybe we can help each other grow and heal and feel understood and accepted.

if you have any ideas for this, or questions, or if you'd like to contribute please get in touch. its okay to be "anonymous" sometimes getting it all down on paper is the most important part.

andee.
po box 1184
edgewater, fl
32132
xcrushslutx@hotmail.com

please copy & distribute this flier



P.O. BOX 97,
ASHEVILLE, NC 28802

Sub City Series

Obscure-Out of Print-Radical-Relevant-Bootleg-Literature-Our Friends

- Sub City 1 The Radical Poetry of Langston Hughes \$2
- Sub City 2 A (Sub-Saharan) African Anthology \$2
- Sub City 3 Loading Mercury with a Pitchfork- Richard Brautigan \$2
- Sub City 4 Fear- Edna St Vincent Millay \$1
- Sub City 5 An Italian Anti-Fascist Anthology \$1
- Sub City 6 Singing Garbage and Hardware- Rymodee \$1
- Sub City 7 Sound Out the Day in Monkey Wails- Shari Rother \$1
- Sub City 8 A Middle Eastern Anthology \$2
- Sub City 9 New War on Terror- Noam Chomsky \$1
- Sub City 10 Ceremony in Latin- Bernadette Meyer \$2



Distributed by

Overground Distribution, PO Box 1661, Pensacola, FL 32597-1661

OVERGROUND DISTRIBUTION

Information about: Culture Jamming, Anarchism, Bicycles, Youth Liberation, Anti-War, How to Guides, Globalization, Anti-Racism/White Privilege, Ecology, Direct action, Feminism, Womyn's Health, Prison Issues, Repressed History, Genetic Engineering, Health, Sexuality, and we have Personal Zines.

These Ideas Aren't Secrets.

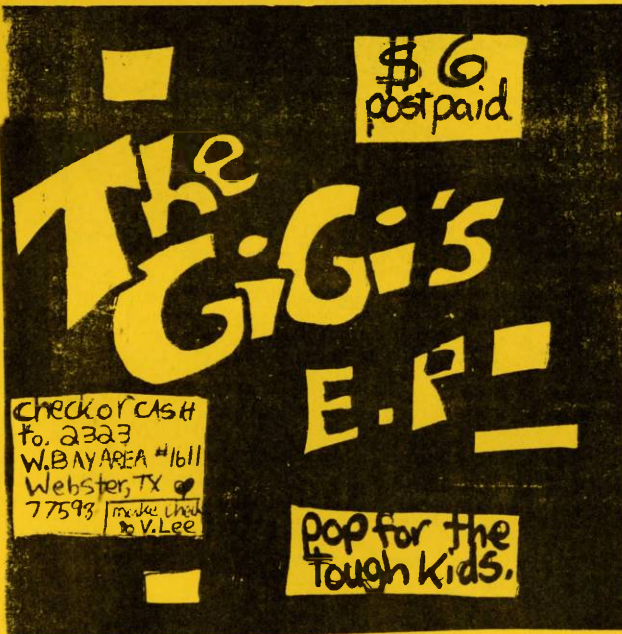
We Will Change The World In Our Lifetime.

Send stamps for a catalogue:

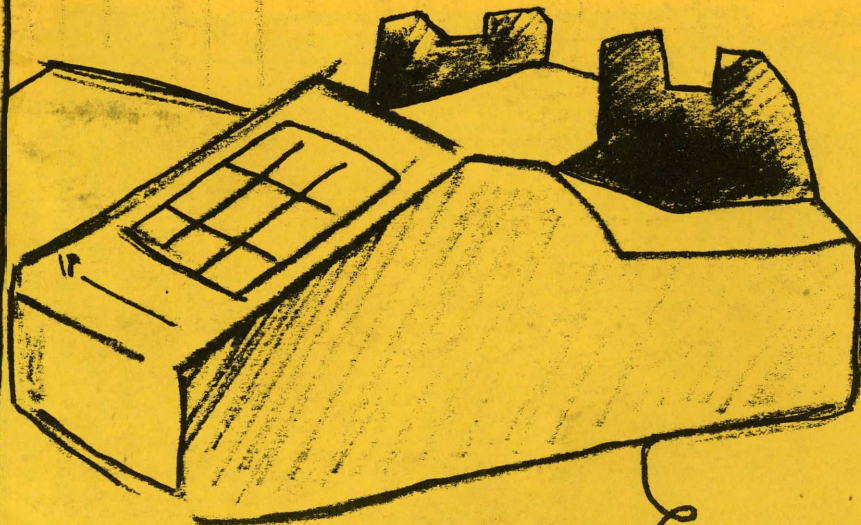
Overground Distribution

P.O.Box 1661

Pensacola, FL 32597-1661



HELLO--
H-HELLO?



MYLXINE, 309 N 6th Ave, Pensacola, FL 32501

mylxine@hotmail.com

Online at www.23skidoo.org

RELACHIO