



fifth estate



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Kids ~ Say NO to Drugs Government

Media manufactured crises come and go so quickly these days that it is often hard to comment on one before it has disappeared from immediate concern. At the height of frenzy about a particular issue—whether it is terrorism, the space shuttle crash or most recently, drugs—the unitary message of power appears to command all thought. Nothing seems to exist outside of the official messages: we are all portrayed as angry or sad or worried.

Of course, just as suddenly as it appeared, the crisis passes. But no matter how short-lived its tenure, it leaves an important social residue which remains secure in the wings eagerly awaiting its next call to center stage.

The terrorism fright no longer commands major attention or concern at the moment, but "anti-terrorist" measures—more cops, more searches, ID tags, metal detectors, etc.—have become an accepted part of daily life, universally recognized as "necessary" even though the terrorism they protect against has never even been a reality in this country (see p.24).

Often there is a convenient conjuncture of these pseudo-events which goes unnoticed as evidenced recently by the almost universal quiet about what amounted to a U.S. invasion of Bolivia as part of the Reagan administration's hysterical "War on Drugs." The anti-drug crusade has set the stage for a variety of domestic repressive measures, but it is folly not to realize that it will also be put at the service of Reagan's desire to pacify the U.S.'s historic sphere of influence south of the border.

Terrorism and Drugs

Under an agreement, typical of the banana-republic type relations the U.S. has traditionally had with Latin America, Bolivia permitted the stationing of 174 American troops in its country to ostensibly help in eradicating its endemic cocaine trafficking. Since Reagan has accused Nicaragua of both terrorism and drug dealing, it seems amazing that the Central American anti-intervention movement uttered nary a peep about Bolivia in what should be seen clearly as a dress rehearsal for fur-

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ther invasions of the area.

For instance, Bolivia's neighbor to the northwest, Peru, also a major source of the cocaine flooding U.S. markets, is plagued both by economic instability and a growing rural guerrilla movement, the maoist *Sendero Luminoso*. One should not show great surprise if, during the next U.S. incursion to "get at the source" in South America, the drug raiders suddenly wind up in battle with armed Peruvian rebels as well.

The U.S. "incursion" into Bolivia (a word used by the media to avoid the nastiness of the more honest term, "invasion," as in "incursion into Cambodia"—1972) wasn't without its problems. There were Oct. 11 news reports of angry Bolivian townspeople of Santa Ana chasing away government troops, who along with U.S. soldiers and drug agents had been raiding jungle-based cocaine labs.

This particular expedition, the first foray into a town, was led by the Leopards, a Bolivian anti-coke squad, trained and paid for by the United States, and roundly hated by local villagers for their brutality and for interfering with their livelihood.

Press accounts said about 80 Leopards and 30 Americans entered the town and began searching homes and cars and questioning residents about the whereabouts of several major *narcotraficantes*.

About an hour after the raid began, some 3,000 residents, drawn by the constant pealing of church bells, surrounded the raiders and began shouting, "Kill them, kill them, don't let them leave," and "Yankee go home, kill the Yankees!"

The Yankees got the message quick and split for their waiting Black Hawk helicopters, leaving their Bolivian stooges to the tender mercies of the crowd. The Leopards managed to get aboard an air force troop carrier but were blocked from take-off by the villagers who surrounded the plane and refused to move even after

the troops fired tear gas and bullets into the air.

Finally, the town's mayor was permitted aboard to see that no residents had been arrested, and the troops beat it back to La Paz with their tails between their legs.

Dragged Into A Cash Economy

Shortly after the Santa Ana incident, the U.S. troops left Bolivia as scheduled, but the dust from the raging townspeople, the fleeing troops and their airborne machines of destruction, drifts back to Earth with many unsettling implications. Naturally, now that the *norteamericanos* have left, business will return to normal in the cocaine industry, complete with official Bolivian complicity, the Yankee intervention having only put a momentary crimp in production.

But what of the invaders from the North, far from the center of the Empire, raging through Indian land, like Cortez's small band pillaging Mexico, hearing that almost universal phrase, "Yankee Go Home"? These words, which, in fact, may be the only English the people of that tropical flatland village knew, encapsulates their hatred for the imperialist looting and domination of their region, but are also words which mock us so eloquently.

Perhaps these people of Bolivia, dragged into the world cash economy from their earth centered lives to supply the U.S. with its poisonous drugs, sense the awful truth of the matter: that the Yankees have no home. They know the invaders came from a land which isn't theirs, which was stolen from its original inhabitants and destroyed in order to create a hideous land of factories and shopping malls. They know that beneath the sharp pleats of his uniform and behind the arro-

gance of his demeanor, the Yankee (the very origin of the word is lost, perhaps a diminutive of the Dutch name, Jan—Janke) is rootless, that he pushes everywhere into the world and even into space, but never finds rest or a home.

One result of this homelessness is that we are a nation of drug addicts where mass feelings of estrangement, boredom, rage and terror are barely constrained. As it is, those emotions escape in a thousand different ways, but to many, daily life is tolerable only through mass drugging, both legal and illicit. Altered brain chemistry is needed to pump us up, calm us down, stop the hurt, give some juice to a culture which substitutes wage work and consumption for a connection with the rhythms of the planet.

That tens of millions use drugs and alcohol suggests quite cogently that the official model of conformity and happiness is almost universally shunned—anything seems preferable to facing daily life with one's raw nerves exposed.

We quite simply can't go on like this either as individuals or as a people. The human spirit demands a fundamental relationship with the earth, a solidarity with others, and a life of meaning and intensity. The ecstatic states and momentary periods of bliss induced by drugs or alcohol are but shallow reminders of the rich enchantments that our species is capable of.

Perhaps the saying, "In a society that has abolished all adventure, the only adventure is abolishing that society," is the best departure point for reclaiming our human capacities. Ultimately, we must re-invent the world we have lost or continue our hopeless wandering.

bits of the world in brief



Although Robert Chechacz and Tomasz Lupanow remain jailed as Polish political prisoners, international support for them has grown (See FE Summer 1985). Though only trying to disarm him, the two were convicted of killing a militiaman just after the crackdown in Poland in 1982. Their support group has a newsletter available as well as posters and postcards from Polish Workers Solidarity Committee, Box 284, Main Street, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada L2R 6T7.

This issue of their bulletin contains information on the creation of the "Fighting Youth Federation" which is the only group in Poland to have supported freedom for Robert and Tomasz. The organization was created by high-school students from Warsaw, but has spread beyond the capital. A national congress was held, according to a Solidarity bulletin published earlier in the year, with youth from several cities in Poland in attendance. The Federation has established links with the Movement for an Alternative Society which publishes the libertarian review, "Homek," in Gdansk.

Some people in the peripheral nations have learned the lessons of Bhopal well. On the 23rd of June, 1986, more than 100,000 people prevented the proposed opening of a metals processing plant in Phuket, Thailand.

Thailand's Industry Minister had ar-

rived for a public inquiry into whether the plant, intended to process tantalum, a rare metal found in tin slag which is used to make components for the computer and aerospace industries and which would have used toxic chemicals and produced radioactive waste, would be allowed to open.

The people of the area pre-empted the public inquiry by mobbing the Minister, attacking the hotel at which he was staying and later burning down the \$75 million plant, preventing fire engines from dealing with the fire, which destroyed the plant after a few hours.



Gila monster
(1½ ft. long)

The Trust Group Center Abroad (foreign section of the Moscow-based peace and anti-nuclear power Trust Group) has embarked on a project to send couriers to the USSR to bring them much needed information.

People in the USSR specifically requested information on radiation precautions (that was lacking in the Soviet press) in the wake of Chernobyl. This was life and death information—not merely an intellectual exercise. To that end a team of Western Trust Group members was sent, and they successfully completed the action.

On August 3, 1986 two Americans, Bob McGlynn and Anne-Marie Hendrickson of New York City, two Britons, David Barnsdale and Peggy Walford, along with a member of the Moscow Trust Group, Nina Kovalenko, were detained in Moscow by the KGB for handing out smuggled leaflets that gave details on how one can protect oneself from radioactive fallout.

Our motivation was Chernobyl, but the action coincided with the atomic bombing of Japan. Our placards read—in Russian and in English—"Peace and environmental safety for all. No more Hiroshimas, No more Chernobyls."

The action was an unqualified success in that we were able to hand out almost all the leaflets. There was an insignificant amount of repression. There was world press attention, and the attention (as far as we've seen) has been objective, not Cold War. A message got across that there is a unity of like-minded peace and environmental activists from both East and West, and that "detente from below" is an objective, positive option. We demonstrated that such actions can be pulled off with careful planning.

This was the first time American and

Soviet activists had done such a thing in the USSR. Other Moscow Trust Group members accompanied us. It was a unified action.

The action showed the conservative Western public that there is something positive in the Soviet Bloc (The Trust Group) that rejects Cold War militarism and embraces grassroots contacts; militarism becomes irrelevant as people from both sides join in mutually supportive relations.

The "umbrella of protection" that Western activists provide groups like the Trust Group works. Our many contacts with the Trust Group have prevented the KGB from completely suppressing the Group.

All of the above costs, though! Our "Mission to Moscow" has put us thousands in debt, the main expense being travel and phone. All involved in the for-

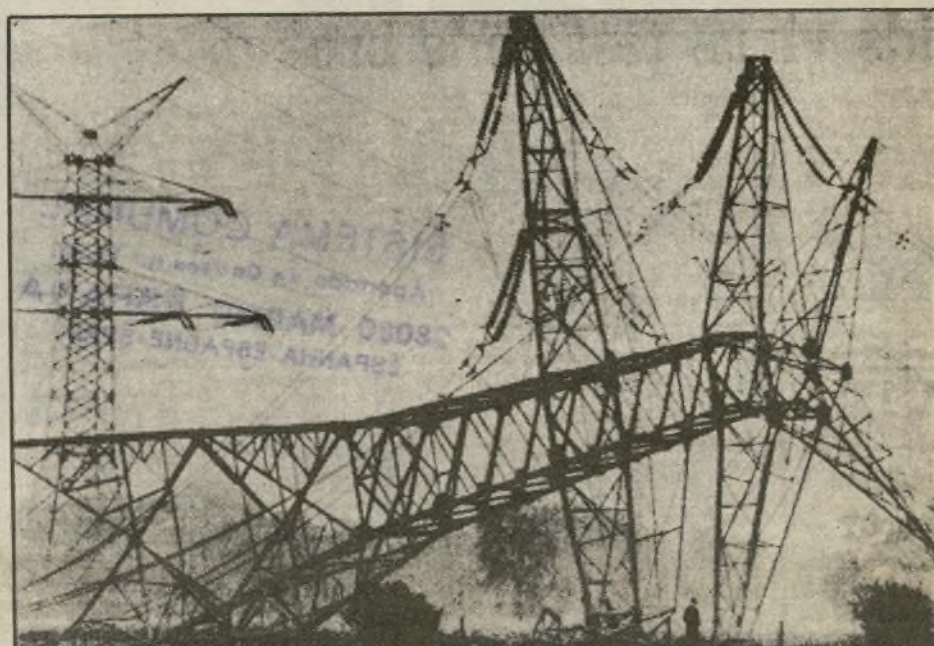
mation of this project are either poor or out of work. Money was borrowed and is owed. We do not have the resources that other peace groups have. This is to be an ongoing project, and couriers must be sent at regular intervals.

Please help us. Additional monies can help send others.

Please make checks payable to Bob McGlynn. (Sorry, the Trust Group Center Abroad is still in the midst of getting a bank account.) Please send checks to Bob McGlynn, 528 Fifth St., Brooklyn, NY 11215 (phone: 718-499-7720). If anyone has press clippings on our action please send them too.

—Sergei Batovrin, Bob McGlynn, Anne-Marie Hendrickson of the Trust Group Center Abroad

A pamphlet detailing the activities of the Moscow Trust Group is available from Bob or from the FE Bookservice.



Sabotaged electrical pylons at Wackersdorf, West Germany. Photo/Black Flag

Germany Resists Nukes

Since Chernobyl, attacks in West Germany against nuclear plants, military bases, and other megatech projects have increased. Targets include firms supplying nuclear power stations, construction companies, energy suppliers, technology firms, banks and department stores, the railways and post office, and the army and police. The decentralized nature of the attacks is illustrated by the varied groups claiming responsibility. The Wolfsburg-based "Cut the Crap Now!" threw rancid butter bombs into bank foyers last summer, and shortly afterwards the "Eidelweiss Bandits for the Formation of a Bavarian Guerrilla Force" blew up an electricity pylon near the atomic plant at Grundremmingen. Another group, "Bugs Bunny and the Digger Killers," set fire to a Caterpillar bulldozer at Muenster.

Apparently, not a week goes by without such attacks, and many electrical pylons have been toppled. One such target is the proposed nuclear reprocessing plant at Wackersdorf, a town in Bavaria. If construction goes on as planned, it will go on line in 1995.

Last spring there were mass demonstrations at Wackersdorf, in which local, ostensibly conservative Bavarian farmers joined with radical ecologists, autonomes, and anarchists in battling the police at the site. On the first day of the demonstration, two to three thousand people

gathered and attacked the fence. An electrical pylon was knocked down.

In an account in the anarchist paper, *Black Flag* (BM Hurricane, London WC1N 3XX England), one participant described the several days of violent confrontations as partially a reaction against Chernobyl, which "had made us angry and gave [the police] a bunker mentality." By noon on Saturday some ten thousand people were by the fence, including a thousand masked militants. As helicopters flew overhead, the crowd approached the fence and attacked about fifty cops, driving them back inside the compound. The account follows:

Right from the start stones flew over the fence. Inside were 40 water/gas cannons . . . and literally thousands of pigs.

We set out to cut the fence, made of half-inch steel rods, criss crossed with steel bars and solid metal posts every five meters. The cannons blasted us with water and CS gas mixture, but received a veritable hail of stones, paint, wood, catapulted ball bearings and the odd molotov cocktail in return. Police with bullhorns appealed in vain for the "respectable" demonstrators to split from the terrorist radicals, as local farmers got the stone supply well organized, and while families began masking up to fight.

Piling tree trunks, metal sheets and

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Fifth estate

The Fifth Estate is a co-operative project, published by a group of friends who are in general, but not necessarily complete agreement with the articles herein. Each segment of the paper represents the collective effort of writing, typesetting, lay-out and proofreading.



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ow quickly and easily feminism, like all ideology, is used to affirm the language of power and powerlessness. The superficiality and marketability of its demands have been evident since its inception; but now feminism is being used to openly celebrate middle and upper class comfort, to revel in consumerism and the empty benefits of capitalism.

In an article entitled "Our Bodies, Our Clothes: Fashion and Feminism" in the *Utne Reader* for Aug./Sept. 1986, Judith Levine makes an insulting equation between the beauty of women's bodies, the necessity for sexual freedom, and the mindless pursuit of fashion and style.

"Indeed," she claims, "as many feminists and radicals have begun to concede, buying is not in itself a desperate act compelled by false consciousness." But, of course, it is precisely that; and if feminists and radicals have begun to "concede," then they are making *concessions* and humiliating ones at that. Levine quotes writer Kate Ellis: "Consumerism speaks to some things that are positive in me, that I don't want to get rid of. Even in a feminist utopian state, people will want to buy new things."

This feminist envisions a utopia founded on the very precepts that have created our present misery. By advocating consumerism, calling her hoped-for utopia a "state," and by professing a passion for acquiring things "new," she essentially paves the way for more of the same—a highly structured technological world based on wage labor and production, a world of continued domination.

Levine then gives credence to Ellis' rationalizations: "Collecting new records, using up-to-date technology, or decorating one's house in current design gives one the sense of engagement in the present, indeed, expresses a spirit of hope about the future." Such diversionary obsessive activity cannot truly *engage* one in the present, but can only give one "a sense of engagement in the present"; it cannot express *hope* for the future, but can merely express "a spirit of hope" for the future because it ensnares its victims in the illusions

Fashionable Feminism



of its successes and robs them of their autonomy and their individual creativity. Consumers are perpetually *disengaged* from their present reality and blind to their daily participation in the nexus of domination. Consumerism is the necessary other half of wage labor.

There is a pointed irony in successful professional "liberated" women from the wealthiest nation-state in the world smugly wallowing in the frenzy of commodity consumption while women (and men and children) starve not only in places like Africa and India but perhaps right down

the street, and while women (and men and children) flee from US-backed death squads in Central America. Stating that "clothes, the trappings of established social hierarchies, may also be the flags of revolt" is a less than clever obfuscation.

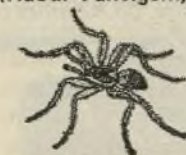
There is never any mention made of what one might be revolting against. Taking on the guise of revolt is merely another option for "free" individuals under capital.

Finally, Levine boldly suggests a tolerant and indulgent direction that women's fashion consciousness should take: "Feminist fashion should encourage an individualized, unconstricted sexual expression—we may be breastless Amazons today if we wish, and tomorrow, gaudy 'bad girls.'"

What a pathetic, yet somehow particularly apt paean to the accomplishments of feminism. "We" obviously don't know who we are anymore. We are lost in a dizzying maze of rapid choices that promise to mask the actual misery and alienation of our lives. It is not only sexism, but consumption, wage work, fashion and style that rob us of our bodies and ourselves, of each other and of our connections with our world.

"Just as bread earned by work tastes acidly of sweat and wages, marketable pleasures are more tedious than the boredom it costs to produce them. The survival-pleasures swindle is part of the lie of abstract freedom. The history we lead with every turn of the wheel is not the history of our desires but rather of a lifeless civilization which is about to bury us under its dead weight... The more life decays, the more the market reckons on the scarcity of intense pleasure and multiplies the number of survival pleasures on offer; which, as they are sold and bought, turn instantly to constraint and work... The emancipation of pleasure demands the annihilation of mercantile civilization."

(Raoul Vaneigem, *The Book of Pleasures*)



—Lynne Clive

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sheet plastic along the fence, we began to make partial shelters from which those with hacksaws could attack the fence. After a good three hours of this, as holes began to appear in the "invincible" fence, the bastards in charge sent out 200 unfortunate riot police to protect the fence from without. They were attacked by the autonomes and fled in panic, many of them seriously injured.

By midafternoon there were a dozen person sized holes in the fence and we proceeded to storm the "police zoo." A few would slip through whenever a cannon withdrew for reloading, and began building further barricades/shelters beyond the barrier.

But "coordination wasn't good enough," writes the informant, and they had run out of molotov cocktails. "Though brave groups danced between the cannons to stone building machinery," he continues, "little serious damage could be caused."

The fighting subsided as evening came on, though several hundred masked demonstrators continued to pelt the police as they tried to weld the holes in the fence late into the night. "The good thing," he

says, "was the 'average citizens' joined in, they couldn't isolate and divide us this time. I remember an old granny giving me a plastic bag to carry stones in, and a good piece of metal for digging... or on another occasion as gas grenades thudded down from helicopters all around us, I complimented two old women on their gas masks."

At the end of the first day 232 cops had been injured, and 200 people (mostly from gas), and 13 had been arrested. The second day, the actions continued.

Very early on Sunday morning some radicals stole an excavator from a nearby village, drove it to the site, and tried to tear down the main gate of the fence. But a watercannon and a helicopter dropping gas bombs forced them to give up, whereupon the digger was set alight. Then more helicopters arrived, flying in hundreds of elite commando police. We began our attacks again at noon, less than the day before, but still cutting new holes. Two police trucks were set afire. The police were intent on revenge, and began dropping gas grenades on everyone, near and far from the fence.

Now the police had the advantage and gas injuries were many, with the cops spraying pure gas from the cannons and even baton charging the Red Cross area,

where injured people were being evacuated to the few hospitals which refused to give information to the police. Meanwhile Kohl spoke of "not an attack on [the project] but on the state itself," and the Interior Minister fumed about "a violent attack by chaoten (chaotics) on State Order."

By Tuesday most people had left. At 6:00 pm the police surrounded the remains of the camp, as helicopters dropped commando police on top of us. 130 of us were arrested, at least 17 were badly beaten up after arrest. Meanwhile 47 more were captured in the countryside, some hunted down by low-flying helicopters. But there was still resistance. Local anti-nuclear groups, using a telephone chain, obstructed the transport of the arrested! Roads were blocked, tires slashed, and quite a few people rescued, forcing terrified police to draw their guns. That evening 400 people attacked a police station in a nearby town, smashing all the windows (three more arrests). The police began blocking highways as a "preventive measure."

He concludes that the "best thing" was "to see the cultural mixing (meltdown?) rare in Germany, punks mixed happily with peace movement softies, hippy bureaucrats with black clad anarchist mili-

tants." The police, for their part, are experimenting with more sophisticated gas grenades and demanding rubber bullets.

Over the same weekend 40,000 people demonstrated throughout Germany. 3000 gathered in Berlin and several thousand demonstrated in Bremen, where they tried to squat the cathedral to escape the radioactive rain. After demos at the site for the planned nuke station in Borken, it was announced that construction has been at least temporarily scrapped. In Bodewohr (near Wackersdorf) the town hall was set on fire and in Sudetenland (also nearby) a Chemical research center was destroyed by arson. At Hamm, farmers blocked access with tractors to a nuke station for a number of days. There were mass demonstrations and battles with the police in many other cities.

...

Thousands of water birds have been poisoned to death this fall in the marshlands of southwestern Spain on the borders of the Donana National Park. The presumed cause of the poisoning is the indiscriminate use of a dangerous mixture of insecticides by the rice growers in the region.

Continued on next page

PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN...

Over the last few months we received several responses to the centennial celebrations of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, including the following text, distributed by a group in NYC:

Hi! I'm the AMAZING RON, and have I got a show for you: fireworks, lasers, warships, helicopters, and tens of thousands of cops! Just sit back and watch this blinding show of liberty, but remember, to keep America free, we all have to pitch in and help, so I'm asking you to do a few simple tasks:

1. Work at a job you hate for half your waking hours for the rest of your life,
2. Eat poison food, drink poisoned water, and breathe poisoned air for the rest of your life.
3. Give a third of your income in taxes to the government so they can kill and maim innocent people all over the world for the rest of your life.
4. Pay 50% of your income to a landlord or bank for the privilege of having a roof over your head for the rest of your life (or live on the street).
5. Get married, have kids, and numb yourself with TV and consumer products for the rest of your life.

Now that wasn't so bad, was it, folks? Here at the liberty command control center, we're always concerned about security—your security. Just stay behind the barricades and keep your eyes on the show at all times. Remember, we live free, so that you don't have to.

A partial list of personnel and equipment for "liberty weekend":

8 helicopters, 31 boats, 7 "total containment" vehicles, 7 robots, 8 x-ray, 4 bomb trucks, 3,006 portable radios, 36 ship-to-shore radios, 230 telephones, 6 golf carts, 6 mopeds, 10 explosive detection dogs, 5,778 wooden barriers, 535 metal barriers, 1,350 cones, 375 life rings, 36.82 miles of tape, 22,000 cops.



bit:

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Among the species affected are grey and golden plovers, grey herons, the common spoonbill, and a large variety of ducks, including the garganey, which is threatened with extinction in Spain and is one of the rarer species that exist in Donana Park. The animals die slowly; their muscles become swollen, and they bleed from the mouth and the anus.

25,000 birds have died so far, and it is expected that many more will die and that the area affected will increase in size as the poisons spread.

Long ago, miners used to keep a caged canary with them in the mines. Its death would signal the escape of dangerous gases and served as a warning for people to flee for their lives. But what kind of warning is a catastrophe such as this? There is no question as to what it portends for all animals, including humans. How pointedly ironic it is that in growing food to sustain humankind, agriculturalists all over the world are poisoning their environment with lethal chemicals that destroy the natural balance that would give them sustenance.

Native American activist Leonard Peltier, serving two life terms in prison as a result of a government frame-up was denied a new trial in September by a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. Peltier was part of the historic liberation of Wounded Knee, South Dakota and was present during the armed defense of the Pine Ridge reservation in 1975 against a massive government assault team which left two FBI agents and a Native American dead.

Peltier's attorneys presented numerous proofs to the court refuting the government's major contentions linking Peltier to the shootings of the agents. They also showed that the prosecution withheld and possibly tampered with crucial firearms evidence and was guilty of other legal improprieties. This should have been the basis for overturning Peltier's conviction, but the august judges were not swayed.

According to reports, Peltier remains strong and has never placed his confidence in the American judicial system which has always been complicit with the government's persecution of Native Americans. Rather, he hopes for increasing popular support to force his release.

Further appeals and publicity work need urgent funding. Please contact the International Leonard Peltier Defense Committee, Box 6455, Kansas City KS 66101 for donations and more complete information on the case.

A Christian Pogrom Against Voodoo

The burning of witches and healers, the destruction of sacred places, forced conversion to the christian cross: this is not a description of the christian conquest of Europe and the original invasion of the Americas, but rather of the recent christian pogrom in Haiti being carried out against practitioners of voodoo, the syncretic christian-animist spiritual tradition of more than three quarters of Haiti's people. Describing it as a "devil's religion" practiced by "sons of Satan" and a "national curse" to be "uprooted," Radio Lumiere, run by the Baptist Group of Southern Haiti (which is in turn funded by an evangelical group in Florida) has declared war on voodoo, fomenting a wave of violence against voodoo communities.

In the three months following the fall of dictator "Baby Doc" Duvalier earlier this year perhaps 100 voodoo priests were burned or hacked to death, the houses of voodoo followers were burned, people were forced to convert to christianity, voodoo temples and ritual objects were smashed and burned. People identified as werewolves by christian mobs were macheted and burned to death. In some towns dozens of people were murdered and sacred voodoo sites were desecrated. A Haitian writer told the New York Times, "There has been a fanatic crusade...like the Inquisition, with people dragged off to church or lynched."



At first some observers attributed the attacks to revenge against Duvalier supporters, but as one Haitian ethnologist argued, "Equating voodoo with Duvalier's reign is a pretext for the massacres. It's an excuse used by those Catholics and Protestants who want to reduce voodoo to a less significant role in Haitian culture."

Voodoo worshipers have vowed to resist. One 78-year-old man recalled that his father and grandfather had both been killed with burning oil in the last anti-voodoo outburst in 1942. "At that time we had to practice secretly in the woods," he said, "but voodoo went on and it will."

While we do not know many particulars about voodoo, we were struck by the New York Times reporter's description of the conflict between "the two Haitis": "One is African, with a rich mythology, a pantheon of spirits and distinct moral and social codes that were brought on slave ships from West Africa. The other is Western, first molded as a Catholic French colony, then shifting its model and source of aid to the United States." (Voodoo is one manifestation of a family of syncretic spiritual traditions created by African slaves who were forced to go underground in their nature-based spirituality to avoid punishment from Christian slavemasters. In Cuba and Trinidad, this tradition is called *shango*, in Brazil, *condomble*, *xango* and *macumba*, much

of it brought from Yoruba, Ibo and Dahomey cultures. The word voodoo derives from *vodu*, or spirit, in the Dahomean language.)

There is another way to characterize the conflict: on one side, christianity, with its hierarchy, organization, and rigid gospels. On the other, a diffused, decentralized spiritual tradition, described in the encyclopedia we found: "Each group of worshipers is an independent unit, and there is no central organization, hierarchy, or dogma. There is much variation between groups..."

And there is also the contrast in attitudes toward nature: in voodoo and related religions, *possession* is central to the experience, and through the cult, the practitioner participates in nature, is possessed by nature, and passes beyond the boundary between civilization (or even human society) and wilderness. In an essay on *shango*, Edward James writes that it "is based on an understanding that there is no distinction between the natural world of trees, rivers, mountains, and the human world of feelings and ideas"—a kind of poetic participation in nature, one could say, *made by all*.

For christians, one does not participate in poetic-natural processes, one does not become nature's horse (as in voodoo rites) but has dominion over the wild, conquers it and brings it under spiritual and technical cultivation. The boundaries are pushed back and the corporate state is brought in to develop the countryside. Rather than being possessed directly by the spirits in the drumbeats, one joins a bureaucratic organization in which hierarchs mediate all possibility of ecstasy. And, where free spirits choose to experience ecstasy in other ways, inquisition and massacre follow.

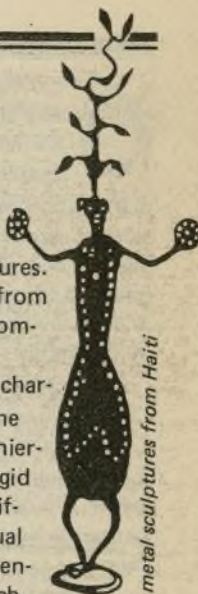
There are few places left in the world where werewolves can freely travel across the frontier to wilderness and the wisdom of otherness; in Haiti, the territory seems to be contested at present, and werewolves are threatened—with so many other species, and *species of ecstasy*—with extinction.

Perhaps voodoo was an element in why Haiti gave this hemisphere its most far-reaching and most brilliant slave revolt. Now, christianity, a religion of slaves and submission to slavery in league with the corporate state, wants to extirpate the "satanic strongholds" where a kind of anarchic spirituality and ecstatic participation goes on. But the spirits are ever-present; freedom, pleasure, wilderness can never be entirely subjugated.

Somewhere, deep in the mountains, deep in sleep, an anonymous Toussaint is preparing a new dance. "Shango," goes the Yoruba poem, "is the death who kills money with a big stick..."

Work to resume

A man wielding a hammer damaged the glass-encased display of the U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights at the National Archives on Friday, but the documents were not damaged, authorities said.



You may note the repetitious opening to each of these columns: a plea to subscribers to respond to their renewal notices and a thanks to those who have made special contributions when re-subscribing or ordering books. These donations are the life blood of this newspaper, and although their mention may appear, at times, automatic, please know that they are nothing we take for granted. We have no special funding and other than the support of our readers, no means to finance this project. When we offer our thanks for your continuing support we recognize that distinct quality of mutual aid which enhances the libertarian vision present in each donation.

Speaking of libertarian projects, our circle in Detroit held a picnic in July attended by about 50 people (including comrades from Toronto and Montreal) to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Spanish revolution. It was an afternoon of good cheer capped by a wonderful meal with those in attendance ranging in age from 6 weeks to 84 years. There were two veterans of the Revolution present, one of whom gave a short talk on his experiences. Two films were shown, one made during that period about the revolution and the other of a libertarian picnic held 50 years before to raise funds for the Spanish anarchists. As is the tradition at libertarian gatherings, a collection was taken to support anti-authoritarian publications and projects and political victims of the state.

A total of \$450 was raised which was distributed between the Anarchist Black Cross, Spanish prisoners, Big Mountain support, Guatemala refugee relief, *Anarchy*, *New Iron Column*, *Reality Now*, *Kick It Over*, and *Bulldozer*.

The Detroit Cass Corridor, home to students, drop-outs, rebels, poets, artists, weirdos, winos and the urban poor held its latest "Dally in the Alley" in early September, which drew thousands to the annual event. As usual, non-stop music and poetry were featured along with a flea market, food and a host of other diversions. The Fifth Estate set up a table and we sold \$150 worth of books and pamphlets plus gave out hundreds of our current issue as well as a lot of foreign language publications that we've been accumulating over the last year.

Department of Total Confusion: Opening sentence in an October 8th Detroit Free Press (page 3) article about the city's latest boondoggle—"Detroit's new downtown (monorail) People Mover will be operated from a NASA-style control room where technicians will stop and start the cars, open and close the doors and monitor traffic by remote control." Then on page 8 of the same day's paper in an article about the space program: "The (House) Committee said it is not assured that NASA has adequate technical expertise to conduct the space shuttle program properly." Riding the Detroit People Mover might turn out to be quite a challenge!

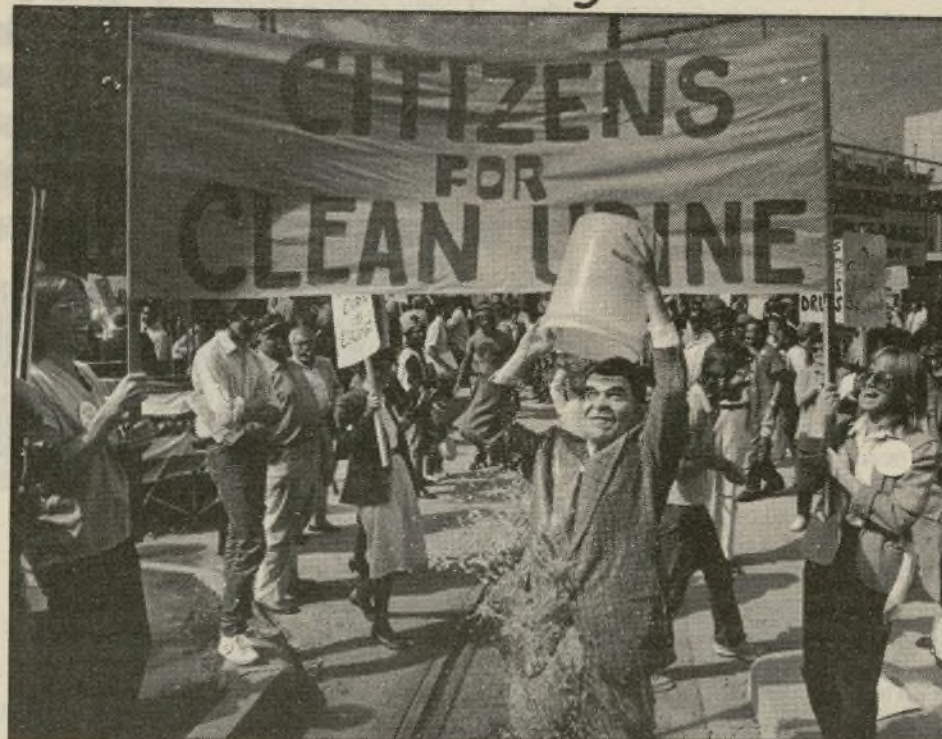
Same day, same paper—front page headline: "Experts Call Detroit River Cleaner" — page two headline: "High Levels of PCBs Found On River Bottom."

Following a Summer of diminished opposition to Detroit's planned \$500 million carcinogenic trash incinerator, a decision was made at a recent community

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DETROIT SEEN

We Brought Our Piss To Reagan



"President Reagan" was so moved by the presentation of five gallons of drug-free urine by the Citizens for Clean Urine that he dumped the sample over his head.

The lure of a spectacle and the fact that we love a parade made President Reagan's Sept. 24 Detroit campaign stop-over irresistible to us. A protest had been called by a liberal/leftist/labor/religious coalition and one could only expect the ritual "peaceful, legal picket line" with its predictable slogans and all imagination corralled by official demonstration marshalls.

Having had our fill of these affairs, but wanting to greet Ronnie in proper style, we and several friends resurrected the old Eat the Rich Gang and the Workers Revenge Party from the mid-1970s and put together a send-up of the current drug hysteria. Under the name "People for Clean Urine," a leaflet was issued which called upon the populace to "Bring the President Your Piss!" and advised that all political or social concerns be forgotten and realize, "It's drugs!" that are the only problem.

The flyer asked people to "bring a sample of your urine to present to [Reagan] at Cobo Hall to show you are drug free" and announced that we would have a 5-gallon mass urine sample "to be given to President Reagan personally."

In the days preceding the demonstration we posted and passed out almost a thousand leaflets, and at the picket line they were enthusiastically grabbed up by the marchers. Even curious and confused Reaganites seemed interested in them, asking "Are you really serious?" Then, banners and signs flying, dressed in model citizen garb, we marched off into the midst of the 1,500+ anti-Reagan demonstrators and began a guerrilla theater skit.

The humorless leftoid marshalls immediately assumed we were right-wing counter-demonstrators even though we were holding several 1-gallon jugs marked "urine sample" and chanting "drugs,

drugs, drugs," but when "our" Reagan came out to accept our offering they realized what was up.

After we gave a short speech praising him, "our" Reagan was so overcome by our advance compliance to his drug testing proposals that he began wallowing in the samples, then drank from the urine jug and, in a final burst of enthusiasm, poured the remainder over his head. The skit was well received and we had a good time, hopefully making some obvious points about the purpose of the drug scam diversion as well.

(Our leaflet is available for a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Although the rest of the day's events were much as we had expected, the experience did have some interesting facets to it. Reagan has rarely been back to Detroit since 1980 when he was first nominated for President and has studiously avoided a town comprised primarily of blacks and workers who have never caught the upswing of the illusory economic recovery.

To insure a responsive claque for his short visit, the local Republican Party paid to have busloads of rich kids and students from suburban christian academies trucked in to create a stage-managed mini-Nuremberg rally when the Prez appeared. Once inside, these tight-assed little brats wearing suits or red, white and blue dresses yelled on cue when cards variously marked "Applaud," "Boo," or "Groan" were lofted by a Party hack at the appropriate point in Reagan's bumbling speech. The crowd was whipped into a patriotic frenzy as cheerleaders led chants of "Reagan, Reagan."

Outside, the lib/lab/left group pulled out a fair-sized crowd for these days in the middle of a work day to picket, but wound up being skewered in the media



Republicans at anti-Reagan demonstration.

due to the hyperbolic predictions of U.S. Rep. John Conyers prior to the protest. Conyers, a black Detroit Democrat and one of the farthest left members of Congress, predicted that "30,000" people would picket Reagan, a figure totally absurd since even in the activist days of the 1960s, the largest marches here were never larger than 20,000!

What exuberance got into Conyers is not known, but the local media jumped on it to proclaim "march fails by 29,000" and let loose an unending stream of abuse against the demonstration seemingly way out of whack with what little threat it represented. The marchers were comprised of fairly straight-laced adults (a few young people were there but in a distinct minority) but the media's reaction betrayed a palpable unease that even this small display of dissent suggests that the ruling illusion is becoming unraveled more than is comfortable.

The media, as the major articulator of the "Reagan Era" charade, has settled cozily back into its traditional symbiotic relationship with power after a brief and superficial "adversary" relationship with the rulers. The arrogance and hostility shown by the editorial writers and fat-salaried TV commentators toward the demonstration is consistent with the world view of the multi-million dollar corporations who pay their salaries.

The only thing really shocking about the news coverage (*The Detroit News* said there were 30,000 present, "1,000 demonstrators and 29,000 insects") was that the liberals and leftists were shocked. As Baudrillard says in *Simulations*, "the only scandal is that there is no scandal." Slandering even the weakest complaint that we are ruled by scoundrels is not an abrogation of the daily lie machine's purpose but its ordained function.

Chirping along in unison like its big brothers, the now reprehensible *South End*, the Wayne State University student newspaper, ran a front page story on Reagan's visit that sounded like a Republican Party press release. Since the madcap editorship of Patty Maceroni is over, the new staff led by Tim Hart, whose grainy snapshot of the President adorned the front page (he was probably nervous in front of the leader), has led the paper back to the days of the old *Daily Collegian*. Ugly as a suburban supermarket throwaway, dull as dishwater (usually featuring hand-outs from the college PR department), you can almost hear these lame Jimmy Olsens snarling after the jobs they think their shiny shoes are preparing them for.

The Free, M. Gilliland, Hooligan Press, 142pp., London, 1986, £1.80, \$4.00 (U.S.)

The Free is a short, quick-paced novel about insurrection and revolution, its eventual defeat and the repression which follows. Although the quality of the prose is a bit ragged in parts, it is powerful and real enough that witnessing the dreams of the central characters first realized and then dashed creates a mood of utter despair by book's end.

On a circular announcing the book's publication, the prospective reader is advised, "Don't lose the last page," as if the one small ray of hope emitted there will compensate for the hopelessness which precedes it.

The Free, set in a fictional country similar to Ireland, begins with a few chapters detailing the wretched backgrounds of the protagonists, but quickly clicks into high gear, and the rest is non-stop military action until the last period is typed.

Events begin with a dock strike that becomes an insurrection which leads to a full-scale libertarian revolution in which capitalism and the state are eliminated and replaced by worker-self-management and a large network of cooperatives established prior to the uprising. This section, in which the inertia of capitalist daily life is overcome and the workers, co-op supporters and revolutionaries decide to move beyond its boundaries, is the best done and the most interesting.

However, world capital, unwilling to let any portion of its domain slip from its grasp, unleashes its NATO armed forces in a massive counter-revolutionary expedition which quickly overcomes the fledgling revolutionary society. The Free are reduced to using rear-guard guerrilla tactics as the state and capital are re-established with a vengeance. The revolutionaries then suffer imprisonment, hideous torture and execution so graphically detailed that the reader is left looking for the exit.

To be sure, what is chronicled here in fiction is no less than what radicals (and ordinary people) suffer in reality in the torture states of Central America and in the prisons of South Africa and Northern Ireland, but at some point one begins to wonder what message the author is trying to convey.

If it is that revolution is not a tea party, s/he is successful because both the scenes of battle and of the repression are enough to make those who eagerly await armed conflict take significant pause. Often revolutionary struggles are portrayed in radical thought as glorious while it is imperialist war alone that is a bloody slaughter. *The Free* shows all military action in its full gore as faces are blown off, eyes wrenched out, people burned to death, shot accidentally by their own side, and careful battle plans become a tumult of death. Blood, death and suffering are on almost every page of this painful book.

Still, revolutionary and insurrectional violence are not outside of the anti-authoritarian experience and are considerations which those serious about a new society cannot shrink from facing. Revolutionary literature is not alien to the subject either, and, in fact, *The Free's* story line runs strikingly similar to Jack London's 1907 novel *The Iron Heel* (Lawrence Hill & Co.). The latter title refers to the repressive mechanism of the Oligarchy that crushes "The Cause" in a struggle

which lasts three hundred years. Both novels dwell considerably on the viciousness by which the capitalist state is willing to protect and perpetuate itself, but somehow being supplied in *The Iron Heel* with the knowledge that all of the bloody sacrifices eventually secured success for the revolution makes its carnage easier to take.

In the London book, a capitalist who has just been listening to a condemnation of capitalism says, "We will grind you revolutionaries down under our heel, and we shall walk upon your faces." In *The Free*, that is exactly what happens.

The Free's concentration on the details of insurrection, military and guerrilla strategy, its description of violent interrogation and imprisonment, seem consistent with the armed struggle concerns which permeate the milieu around the *Black Flag* newspaper (BM Hurricane, London WC1N 3XX England) of which the Hooligan Press seems to be a part since they share the same BM box. Here in the U.S. fascination with such matters never seems more than a rattling of chains, a macho glorification of violence, but perhaps in England where the ragged edge of capitalist collapse is nearer the surface, staring revolutionary war in the eye may be necessary for what the near future portends.

Yet, the telling of *The Free* brims with a hopelessness that seems all pervasive. If a mass revolutionary movement can be smashed from the outside, why does the vague optimism at the conclusion promise anything more than a repetition of the same process? A message which says that resistance will never cease seems to contain more than a small whiff of martyrdom if the revolutionaries can expect nothing more than an unending cycle of torture and death for their efforts.

Those who operate in the rarified atmosphere of urban guerrilla warfare adhere to this emotional and strategic process. These warriors face the overwhelm-

Rebel Violence v. Hierarchical Violence: A Chronology of Anti-State Violence on the U. K. Mainland, July 1985-May 1985, B. M. Combustion, London WC1N 3XX

"Dangerous times," reads one of the many fascinating newspaper clippings in this pamphlet produced by the same people who gave us *Like A Summer With a Thousand Julys*, *The End of Music*, and *Minor Conflicts, Major Contradictions*. Dangerous indeed, but heady, exciting times, as well, as the chronology demonstrates. A few examples of rebel violence will suffice to give a glimpse:

—Wildcat strikes, violence by striking workers against cops and scabs, prison rebellions, football fans rioting against the cops.

—Cop patrols stoned in Toxteth after chasing joyriders; cop car stolen when the cops chase joyriders on foot.

—Anti-cop rioting in Manchester, Birmingham, London, and elsewhere...

—"Large scale rioting in Brixton, South London, after cops shoot & cripple Cherry Groce, mother of 5, in dawn raid. Brix-



BOOK REVIEWS

ON REVOLUTION & VIOLENCE

ing power of the state with virtually no hope of success, their efforts ignored by the multitudes in whose name they struggle.

On the other hand, the book's suggestion that revolution hasn't a ghost of a chance unless it occurs in the heartland of the empires—the US or the USSR—rings true as recent history illustrates. It seems a certainty that if the Polish Solidarity movement of the early 1980's had gone further than where its reformist leadership tried to contain it and had overcome the state apparatus, the oft-predicted Soviet invasion and occupation surely would have occurred and probably created a situ-

ation of terror much like that portrayed in *The Free*. Poland's only hope was a generalization of the revolt within the Eastern branch of capital, but failing that, Solidarity had nowhere to go except to reformism and finally defeat.

But all said, the message still remains murky. A book which chooses a fictional scenario from an infinite number of possible ones to show a wheel of endless repression certainly doesn't act as inducement to revolt, but maybe Gilliland wants to present a strong dose of the reality before a road of illusions is set out upon.

—E.B. Maple



Striking miners confront the cops, Lea Hall Pit, Staffordshire, April 1984. Postcard available from Leeds Postcards Miners Strike Account, Box 84, Leeds, England LS1 4HU.

ton police station besieged & petrol bombed, with community 'spokesmen' (both black & white) getting attacked when they told everyone to disperse and go home... Followed by widespread loot-

ing which extends to other areas. Despite "some occasional fighting over the spoils," there is as well "the usual joyful potlatch

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Violence

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of laughter, fire-raising and pillage, an intense desire for life expressed with a spontaneous generosity.

"7-year-olds were seen helping their grandmothers carry away boxes of alcohol. One old woman, terrified by the atmosphere of the riot, was calmed down when some black guy gave her a couple of bottles of stolen brandy. Someone nicked a whole load of electric kettles, piled them into a vaguely pyramid shape and set fire to them: the kind of thing which modern forms of art turn into museum-pieces become subversive when practiced without authorization . . ." Reporters—"unofficial cops"—are also attacked.

—from a reprinted newspaper clipping: "Whooping West Indians sang 'Oh, what a Beautiful Morning' as they surveyed the riot wreckage yesterday."

—Young people clash with cops in Bournemouth, then form a "Westham Riot Squad" to fight cop harassment.

—A police station is set afire in Bradford-on-Avon.

There seems to be little to compare with all of this here in the U.S., and one gets a sense of that social humus from which a vision of revolution such as that of the recent novel, *The Free* (see accompanying review), seems to be emerging. England is burning.

As the author observes, "In the increasingly barbaric and brutal situation which is the UK today, the patrician British State, rearing itself up into its old-style essence (hopefully, before it's vanquished forever), is treating its own proletariat as its last colony and final territorial imperialism. . . . The atmosphere out there is extremely tense. . . . Breakdown/schizophrenia/madness are on the loose everywhere."

Violence is ubiquitous; some aim it in the right direction, others laterally at those who are their real allies, and still others on themselves as they are driven towards "a black despair." The situation teeters over an abyss: social revolution or nihilism, subversive unity or fragmentation and defeat? But the state is at an impasse, too, and has no strategy for containing the upheaval.

The possibilities are limitless. "Inevitably," the author argues, "there is no middle ground between the violence of this society and the violence that opposes it." And elsewhere: "Everything in support of the living death of this society is forcing 'hooligans' to either become intelligent about who their real enemies are or to become their own worst enemy."

Yet the author of this text does not conceal the problems suggested by much of the violence—the stoning of old people who curse the rioters after their flats were inadvertently burned when stores below were torched, assaults on women, assaults on isolated whites by crowds of enraged blacks, attempted intervention by fascists and the racism of many of the "hooligan" gangs, etc. The author mentions a petrol bomb thrown into a crowd, which fortunately fails to ignite, and excoriates perpetrators of such "mini-terrorist" acts which give "molotovs a bad name" and which reduce rebellion "to a cliché—an unthinking repetition of fetishized tactics, trivial gestures devoid of strategy."

Even a neighborhood health clinic gets

torched along with a grocery store. "One doesn't have to be a moralistic defender of the Welfare State," we are told, "to dismiss such attacks as unthinkingly arbitrary." As patronizing and dehumanizing as they may be, with immiseration levels so high, the clinics are worth keeping, says the author, "at least until a revolution transforms such places beyond their present role."

This discussion, like those regarding rapes and indiscriminate attacks on people during the course of the rebellions, reveals a problem in the author's argument—that denouncing racial attacks, for instance, is "not some moral liberal-left question" of black-white unity, but a practical one: "the question of how to consciously develop practical subversive communication and activity in which the dispossessed can recognize their own possibilities and desires in the rebellion of one

ness and of principles, or ethical, revolt—revolt in which the recognition of the humanity of the other, of one's proletarian fellows, even perhaps of the cops (while not hesitating to use every available means to combat them), is key to regaining our own humanity and liberation from the morass of capitalist social relations. Outside these ethical considerations, the violence seems almost entropic, centrifugal, representing a "catastrophe in meaning," in Baudrillard's words, with no vision of a new world and no hope of attaining it.

"The massive rioting dispels the myth the cops have got the inner cities sewn up," the pamphlet argues. "The rioting boosts the confidence of hundreds of thousands of proletarians depressed after the defeat of the miners' strike. Among inner city youth there is a massive advance in the consciousness of their own

to cocktail parties is constantly interspersed with denunciations of asocial (and what might be seen as "microhierarchical"), violence. While it is clear that the fabric of this civilization is unraveling, whether or not radical communities are being forged out of the cataclysm, or what we have in the past called the proletariat is making a revolution, are at best open questions. Unfortunately, the pamphlet does little to describe the lives of "hooligans" and rioters outside of these sporadic (though constant) paroxysms. The author denounces in passing the activities of pacifists at Greenham Common against the cruise missiles (which may be legitimate criticism if one considers the domesticated nature of much of what passes for anti-war protest here in the US). But it may be worth asking if there is any connection to be made between those who may be expressing if only partially a vision of a future, peaceful, convivial society—perhaps among pacifists, or among those who gather at Stonehenge for pagan-influenced festivals—and those who are expressing the rage which is felt towards this world? The visionaries may be innocuous enough to pose no threat to the present order, but rioting, too, represents only a fragmented opposition if it doesn't open the way for human communities to nurture into being new social relations and a new relationship with nature.

The general thrust of the text does go against a simply strategic instrumentalism and affirms a kind of radical "morality," a will to create genuine human communities out of the crucible of anti-hierarchical violence. And it does not evade the responsibility of analyzing the violence and distinguishing radical anti-state expressions of solidarity and creative energy from the reactionary, nihilist manifestations of indiscriminate rage. It can't be otherwise if we are to destroy capital in all its forms, and it also makes it possible to recognize the positive character of much of the so-called hooliganism. (Most radicals and leftists have either denounced all hooliganism as fascist or "tribalist," or have gone to the other extreme of glamorizing it uncritically, as for example the Os Cangaceiros group in France seems to have done.*)

In raw, visceral language which will at times seem exotic to North Americans for its colorful slang, the text makes many other related observations of great interest in sections on drugs, the sports riots, music ("The rock star is always always always the enemy of the masses of individuals, the enemy of the individual in himself as in others."), and the spectacularized destruction of commodities (especially cars) in the movies: "capital has learnt well how to profit from the spectacles of our desires. The representation of our fantasies of wrecking the commodities which maintain our isolation and separation is not meant to be practiced in reality, of course; we're all just meant to pay

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**The FE considered reprinting an Os Cangaceiros text on soccer hooligans, but so far have held back on it. We will provide photocopies free to people who send a self-addressed, stamped envelope or who request them with book orders. For an interesting discussion on baseball hooliganism after the World Series in Detroit in 1984, see "The Spectacle Explodes," in the Fall 1984 FE.*



Officials examining the knotted bedsheets used by three inmates to flee Trenton State Prison.

another, to recognize their own common interests."

The author would like to dismiss ethical considerations in favor of a harder, more "strategic" perspective, but fails to recognize the instrumentalism in such a perspective, fails to see that it isn't a question of moralism but of overcoming our dehumanization by capital. The "strategic" argument is undermined in any case by the author's denunciations of such acts, as if the perpetrators were people with revolutionary goals that are undermined by incorrect strategies, rather than madmen with goals of their own. The author's critique of mindless hooliganism, of acts which "express the success of this society and add to it," raises precisely the problem of conscious-

power, a consciousness which is unlikely to retreat in the near future. Thousands of youths are quickly discovering that a revolutionary attack on the immediate expressions of their boredom, humiliation and alienation—the cops and shops and the architecture of the prison-cities in general—is both the most exciting activity available as well as the most dignified and appropriate, the most immediately available way of making sense of a senseless world."

But it is obvious that a good share of the documented violence only contributes to the senselessness, the despair, and the fragmentation of life in capitalist civilization—which is why the heady description of rioting, looting and molo-

The Strait: An Unfinished Novel by Fredy Perlman

At the time of his unexpected death in July of 1985, Fredy Perlman was in the midst of working on his second historical novel to be called The Strait (d'etroit) (see FE Summer 1985 for an appreciation of his life and writings). What follows are Lorraine Perlman's impressions of his massive, two-volume manuscript, which she is currently editing with the prospect of printing it at some future time.

Fredy's other historical novel, Letters of Insurgents (written under the names Sophia Nachalo and Yarostan Vocek) and his other works are available from the Fifth Estate book service or directly from Black & Red, P. O. Box 02374, Detroit, MI 48202.

In *The Strait*, Fredy communicates his vision of a human community. Pains-takingly researched, Fredy's work tells the story of the Great Lakes and Ohio Valley region from its mythical origins to the 1840s. Book I ends with the U.S. army defeating the warriors led by Pontiac at Fallen Timbers in 1794. Although the various narrators do not know the grim future their people will have to face, the reader knows what is coming and the history takes on tragic dimensions. Rootkin ways survived only in fragmented form and Fredy communicates the anguish of the loss. Analysis of this history led him to the anti-progress, anti-technological perspective which he held in recent years.

Though the westward march of Europeans seems inexorable, Fredy focuses on certain situations when it was temporarily halted and on events whose outcome was crucial in the history of North America. As the devastation unfolds, we wish that the invaders from across the Salt Sea had been met by the unified antagonism of the Rootkin who, in fact, welcomed them. Fredy's understanding of the ways of these peoples made it clear to him that a unified response would have been impossible. Rootkin society was made up of individuals who weren't obliged to follow the dictates of another individual or of the group.

Fredy depicts characters who respond very differently to the newcomers they encounter:

Those known as Peacekeepers respond with uncritical generosity toward the European whom they see as kin—or as potential kin. One of the early narrators takes this position toward various Rootkin peoples and her attitude is extended to include Europeans. In the course of the story, individuals with this perspective often come to accept the rationality of treaties, chiefs and authoritative representatives.

—Some find the way of Europeans to be incomprehensible. Coexistence is impossible. They prefer to go elsewhere and follow the ways of their ancestors.

—There are others with the vision that the Invaders threaten life itself. They urge driving the Europeans into the Salt Sea from whence they came. Trying to achieve this goal, these individuals are obliged to rely on techniques and weapons alien to their ancient ways.

—Some become enamored of the Invaders' "gifts." An individual who becomes a mediator between cultures gains prestige by distributing gifts to his kin. Even when disasters from plagues or mas-

sacres occur, this person takes the position that the event was untypical or that his ally was not personally responsible.

Fredy endeavored to describe the social relations of Europeans from the perspective of this continent's early inhabitants. Europeans had words for social relations which were incomprehensible to the people they encountered: trade, property, obedience, sovereignty; as well as words which insulted the Rootkin and their environment: savage, wilderness. Although the Invaders' bizarre concepts gradually encroached on Rootkin reality, they made headway slowly, in the face of incredulity and resistance.

The narrator who relates events in the late 18th century attempts to account for the differing responses shown to certain members of her family when they visit Tiosa Rondion, the Algonquian name for the strait. To a reader long-familiar with racist categories, the discrimination exhibited by the Strait's villagers is clear enough, but the narrator remains baffled.

Book I draws to a close with the narrator grimly observing that her kin are beginning to understand what the word Empty signifies in the Invaders' tongue. Even though the warriors defeated the Second Invader Army, "There was no victory celebration in Kekionga . . . We lost a few, but couldn't bear a single loss; many warriors had no surviving kin, neither elders nor women nor children; They had neither fields nor lodges to re-

turn to. A word the Landgangs were said to be using stuck in our throats; the word was Empty; it was being used to describe various parts of the Beautiful Valley."

Consistent with the narrative, Fredy used Rootkin names for individuals and locations. This makes the story more difficult to read, but its integrity and perspective are retained. Sometimes it is hard to keep track of the characters—especially over several generations. They are identified by tribe (Serpents, Turtlefolk, Red Earth kin) and by their personalities (keeper of the old ways, Peacemaker between conflicting groups, ardent Cross-wearers). Because hierarchy was unknown in their society, fixed roles or designated spokesmen didn't exist.

Reference to earlier historical events is cumbersome because the narrators do not use the European numbering system for years. It may be of interest that each of the 196 single-spaced pages in the manuscript has a heading consisting of a letter followed by the year in which that page's events occurred. The letter refers to one of eight general themes whose history he traced. Among these themes are: Destruction of Nature; Civility leading to the End of Play; Education/Domestication/Reduction of Nature to Logos; Resistance; Dreams/Visions/Reconstitution of rhythm and harmony; Symbol.

Fredy's notes and outlines for this work fill several hundred pages. His met-

iculous approach to the subject is obvious when one sees the extensive historical charts he prepared and the chronologies of hundreds of characters. He worried that a fastidious reader might say "Aleshi couldn't have married Shen's niece. She wasn't born yet!"

Conclusions familiar from Fredy's other writings are, in this work, put in a carefully constructed historical setting:

—Mad-Ant Vain's army which advances against the Rootkin warriors at Fallen Trees is not human, but a machine. Two generations earlier, some warriors already recognized that to the Europeans, warfare is not a human activity.

—Pioneers who let themselves be mobilized to fight against the "savages" were themselves victims of a system which acknowledges greed as a virtue and accepts subordination of all Nature's gifts to achieve an inhuman goal.

Though this complex work is Fredy's somber appraisal of the monster that overran this continent and is with us still, it is also a testament to the tenacity and creativity of the human spirit. In the confrontation between world views which are so different, it seems unfair that the wrong side always seemed to win. While reading some passages, I marvelled that Fredy (who "lived" this material for almost ten years) had not sunk into despair. Then I remembered that Fredy, like the Rootkin he was writing about, was part of a community whose support was able to soften some of the blows inflicted by the World-Eaters' ways. He no doubt saw himself in the role he created for his narrators: they reported the anguish-filled events but but also recorded the joys, passions and drama of their communities.

—Lorraine Perlman



Axolotl
(6 to 9 in. long)

BOOK REVIEWS

Violence

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to watch it in passivity on a screen . . ."). One also gets a glimpse of the mining communities since the strike, how many of the miners have turned to "hooliganism" to continue their war against capital and the state. Even bureaucratic strikes by relatively privileged unionized strata like the printers turn into free-for-alls of radical anti-state and anti-hierarchical violence once the union bosses and the leftist politicians are pushed aside.

This is inspired and inspiring material and should be read by North Americans. Here in the U.S., where there is plenty of evidence of entropic violence (the black humor of commodity tampering which leads to such ridiculous newspaper headlines as "The Threat Against Jell-O" comes to mind), and some evidence of anti-hierarchical violence (like at the Hormel strike), the author declares class struggle to be "pretty dead." A persuasive argument—in any event conditions here aren't at the ragged edge they've reached in the U.K., where, we are told, "the class struggle is slowly but surely becoming the central issue of people's lives." Whatever the real meaning and ultimate outcome, this chronology gave me hope that people are still resisting the machine and refusing to be regimented by it.

—George Bradford

Critique of FE: Are we losing it?

The Decline of (Anti-)Western Civilization: A Critique of Fifth Estate, by Dan Todd, 27 pages, \$1.00 from New Rage, PO Box 11492, Eugene OR 97440

This rather cunningly written essay/dialogue expands on comments made by its author in a letter to the FE (see the Winter/Spring 1986 issue) in which he identified what he thought to be a generalized decline in the quality and critical coherence of the paper. And though I was intrigued by the title and welcomed such a discussion, the product of this critique was disappointing. Todd had simply taken two rambling, hastily-written letters I'd sent him and retyped them with a blow-by-blow, paragraph-by-paragraph response, thus creating a straw FE and knocking it down. But an exchange of letters does not add up to a critique of our ten-year effort.

As Todd's published letter revealed, there was very little of anything he liked in our pages. His list of grievances included our printing a letter to the disarmament movement from an activist which partially suggested our own earlier criticisms, some differences in nuance in two separate articles on Central America, our "drab and uninspiring appearance," the wording of one headline, some cover graphics, our failure to enlist in one side of a feud going on in California, and a kind comment made about a Canadian anarchist paper in a blurb on our book page. (The typesetter edited the last two because they seemed extraneous to Todd's major criticisms.) The published letter was one of a series he sent denouncing our "really stupid contradictions" and "lack of imagination" in format, including lectures on choice of graphics, frequency of publication, size of the paper and length of articles. There was no irony intended in his assurance that his criticism was "essentially friendly, prompted by a desire to help you go further."

What are Todd's criticisms? Despite having made "a number of outstanding contributions to radical theory" in the last ten years, the FE has become a staid and bloated institution. It is "self-important"; "discriminating tastes" like Todd's "find FE increasingly unsatisfying." Trapped in the drudgery of journalistic and technical activity producing the paper, we have surrendered theoretical coherence. The paper has become drab and boring. Dialogues with Christians, articles on war and nukes have led us to a "sloppy eclecticism." Because we have limited ourselves to "moral indignation," we've lost sight of that "completely radical undercurrent" going on everywhere which movements for social change either recuperate or impede. We lack a proper "insurrectionary style" because we "oppose this civilization rather than trying to supersede it." We are undialectical, and because we edited his letter, we must be acting in bad faith, we must have something to hide. Finally, and central to his denunciation, we offend his *taste*. In fact, we have been superseded (presumably by his new project, *New Rage*), we're unsalvageable, we may as well fold—in fact, he hopes we do.

Fragmentary Opposition

Todd's critique is byzantine and filled with charges, but since, as the situationists said, boredom is counter-revolutionary, I'll spare the reader and limit myself to his central ideas. One is that the FE legitimates fragmentary oppositions to capital (though he admits that we've done much to critique such movements), by writing about anti-war and anti-intervention activity. This blinds us to an underlying, "documented rebelliousness" (as he wrote elsewhere) taking place everywhere—the genuine radical undercurrent. This argument flows from a perspective articulated by Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous (PO Box 11331, Eugene OR 97440), on which Todd had previously collaborated, and which has had material published in the FE regularly.

Following the provocative insight of the situationists, that "Fragmentary oppositions are like the teeth on cogwheels, they mesh with each other and make the machine go round, the machine of the spectacle, the machine of power" (Vaneigem), AAA has published many flyers along these lines, including one penned by John Zerzan, observing, "It may even be that militancy over pressing issues is the last, best diversion from what lies beneath all the issues—the emptiness of daily rou-

times." (See their pamphlet, *Adventures in Subversion*.)

It may be that anti-war movements and other oppositional movements are the last diversion from radical transformation (and that the inchoate acts of rebellion and nihilism against which AAA contrasts them signal such revolt), but then again, it may not. It may be that we have to judge such oppositional movements in their context, that they might represent part of a preparatory development leading to more radical transformation, that they may also contain important currents of subversion. One should be wary of second guessing definitively the role that oppositional movements play.

The AAA perspective has troubled me precisely because from it one could conclude that the daily acts of work avoidance, shoplifting, spontaneous riots, and drunkenness documented by John Zerzan in the FE are "completely" radical (if such a thing were possible) while other acts of indiscipline such as smashing nosecones, cutting down Navy antennas, smuggling refugees across the border, and interfering with weapons tests are irrelevant or even recuperations. There are a million and one reasons why people do anything from skipping work to blocking a recruiting office (how about skipping work in

order to block a recruiting office?), and perhaps none of them is "completely radical." Any such act reflects not only the possibilities it suggests for genuine transformation but also its limitations. If anything, it is a lack of arrogance which prevents the FE from passing final judgment on all political oppositions except where real manipulation and reformism go on. Todd, for example, smears all pacifists and anti-war activists as "peace creeps" (a term worthy of George Will or Joseph Sobran). But this attitude fails to see the ambivalence in such social phenomena, that in movements for social change the possibility for revolution rubs shoulders with recuperation and capitalist recomposition.

The same goes for many of the spontaneous acts of indiscipline described by AAA: work avoidance, for example, is only a statistic unless we examine the context, and the decomposition and alienation so evident today only pose a series of questions by demonstrating the intolerable character of contemporary life. Perhaps such phenomena have become a permanent feature of capitalism. Or perhaps shoplifting (which according to one recent study takes place mainly among middle and upper-middle class people), and work avoidance (which most likely also occurs among cops, corporate bureaucrats and other defenders of the order), could themselves be forms of decompression which function to keep the ship afloat. Work avoidance in order to consume alienated leisure while hierarchy remains essentially intact does little to undermine the system, and maybe something to maintain it. In any case, just as the oppositionist can become tomorrow's counter-revolutionary bureaucrat, the asocial rebel could end up an authentic radical or tomorrow's strikebreaker, soldier or fascist, unless a conscious rejection of hierarchy is made in its present configuration and in general.

A Current of Insubordination

Todd said as much in his letter to the FE last Winter, writing that "war is the ordinary man's most convenient escape from ordinary life" as an argument against antiwar agitation. "Only the radical transformation of ordinary life," he said in language similar to what we've written for years, "can short-circuit the war machine with a current of insubordination." But his perspective appears to allow only the anguished, isolated acts of social breakdown in this undercurrent—principled rejection of patriotism and the war machine are somehow only gestures that lead to recuperation or at best count for nothing. This is analogous to arguing that only the continuous, daily acts of sabotage and rebellion of antebellum U.S. slaves were radical, while the abolitionist movement, the Underground Railroad and bible-inspired visionaries like John Brown were recuperations. In this way Todd disparages people in the Sanctuary Movement (and the FE for recognizing their achievements despite our reservations about their perspectives), while snidely observing that to resist this empire "one issue of the *Lampoonics Catalogue* (which specializes



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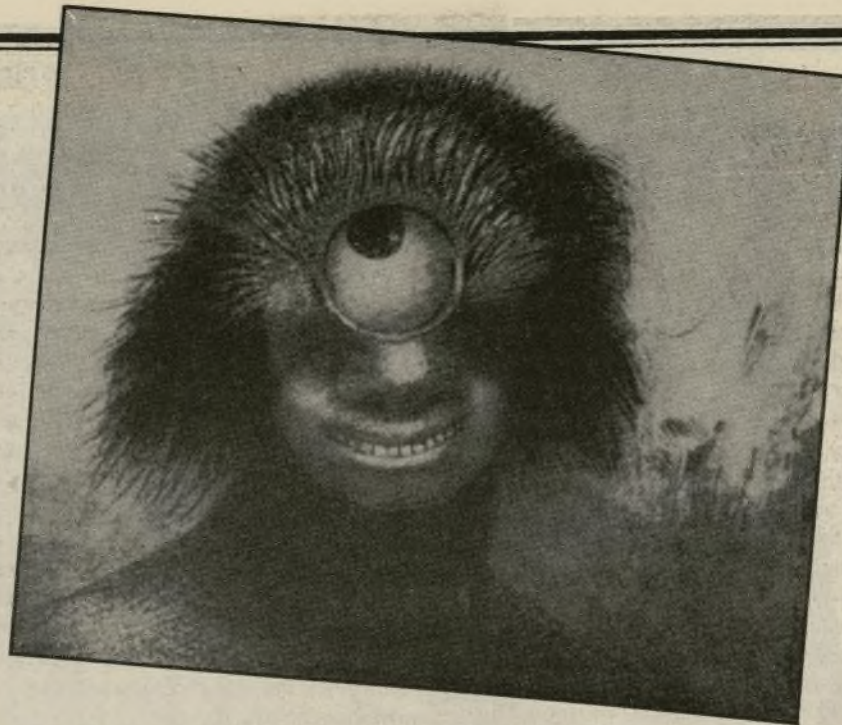
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in books on home-made weapons and paramilitary techniques) offers more practical help than twenty years of the FE." One can only be suspicious of such militarist chain rattling which reduces a complex social process of revolt and revolution to a simplistic, technical solution.

Even though there has been some disagreement with the "breakdown thesis" raised by Zerzan, we have found it provocative and valuable to a radical discourse. But we haven't seen it as definitive; we not only print contrasting views, but we continue to print material on anti-war struggles and oppositional movements (defense of native peoples and the land, resistance to megatechnics, anarchist and libertarian activities, etc.), including material with which we don't always necessarily or entirely agree. This "sloppy eclecticism" receives much of Todd's scorn, who brags (also without irony) that he is "more dangerous to the Empire [than such forms of opposition] because I read Sade and Nietzsche, as is anyone else who reads them." Todd thinks that words count for much, which is why he counts so much on words. He pretentiously ranks people's actions: on the one side, authentic rebels of daily life and those who read Nietzsche; on the other, all the "peace creeps" and principled opponents of the megamachine. On the one side, sporadic violence against cops; on the other, everything from liberal civil disobedience choreographed by bureaucrats to the nonviolent (and violent?) direct action by antiwar radicals. On the genuinely radical side, the massive refusal of draft registration; on the other, the "recuperated" pacifists and others who have draft-counselled and done antiwar agitation—actions which must have some relation to the draft refusal. Reality is more complex, more contradictory than he cares to imagine, despite his attempted taxonomy of revolt.

Revolutionary Coherence as Ideology

In fact, Todd's lack of imagination and sensitivity in this regard reveals a glaring



problem in his notion of radical coherence—a reification which stems from his spectacularized history of the Situationist International and its purported absolute coherence.* Todd calls the situationist experience "coherent, which is to say, they knew how to act in accordance with their theories in such a way as to practically realize them, demonstrated most notably in May-June 1968, which they predicted." This coherence was "fully realized," he continues, "when a few audacious members wrecked the S.I." rather than let it become a degenerated remnant of its former greatness. This mystique misses what the situs themselves had to some degree come to realize, that it was *precisely* their incapacity "to act in accordance with their theories in such a way as to practically realize them" that led to their impasse in 1968 and their subsequent dissolution, and that the S.I. was already in internal

*This notion is not even necessarily shared by those who participated in that movement. Guy Debord, for example, specifically attacked that "factitious eulogy of the S.I." that "would try to make believe that the S.I., from the moment that it 'exists,' is already everything that it should be in fact (coherence, etc.)," and stressed that "the S.I. would perpetrate a grave misconception by letting it be understood that life is totally reified outside of situationist activity."

disarray when it was liquidated, having suffered a theoretical crisis and resignations by and expulsions of many of its members. (See *The Veritable Split in the International*, 1972.)

Indeed, it was at least in part the S.I.'s failure to examine its demand for absolute theoretical and practical coherence which reveals the limitations of that brilliant group. Such "contempt for equivocation" led Vaneigem, for example, to argue that "'coherence' would always indicate *in no matter what debate on a practical action to be undertaken*, and after thorough discussion, the right path, univocally recognized in advance." (emphasis in original) Any member or minority which did not share this position, as the S.I. partisans wrote in 1972, "would thus have proved that it did not possess the coherence of the S.I." But incoherence took its revenge because the bedrock of theoretical coherence is really a shifting sand, and the S.I., for all its lucidity and daring, could not sustain itself.

To argue the absolute coherence of the S.I., even in its formal self-liquidation, is to perpetrate an ideology, a mystification which conceals the problem of the sources of the S.I.'s decomposition and collapse. It is to learn the wrong lessons from the

experience of the situationists and to repeat their errors—errors which are fatal when not only their errors but their hubris is copied.

It's not that there aren't other errors to avoid—a liberal pluralism which treats ideas, like commodities, as equally valid (and equally alienated) expressions of truth, for example, would probably reflect the inverse error. But when we began to unravel the discourse of civilization, and particularly the history of the West—progress, technology, science and critical-rationalist method—the notion of a theoretical center or vanguard was going to eventually, and inevitably, give way to ambivalence, to a sense of decentralized truth, and even to eclecticism (and all the attendant pitfalls). A critique of scientism, of the notion of historical progress, and of language and meaning that is embedded in a primitivist longing tends to undermine critical theory itself, but it also suggests that coherence no longer has a center expressed by isolated theoreticians, but has become decentralized. Reality is not simple, monistic, not even dialectical, but kaleidoscopic.**

A Spectacularized History of the FE

Just as Todd has ideologized the history of the S.I., he has created a spectacular image of the FE's history which is equally false. The FE never claimed to pursue absolute coherence, but rather a general, yet

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**If I wrote, during a controversy with the sagebrush anarchists at *The Match!*, that "Fundamental realities cannot be counted, only felt, lived," and that rationalists of *The Match!*'s nineteenth century positivist mode "cannot experience the *multiverse* which is reality, this 'hard bone,' in Antonio Machado's words, 'on which reason breaks its teeth,'" (see Jamake Highwater's book *The Primal Mind*), isn't it obvious that this recognition would have implications for the more sophisticated critical theory advanced by post-situationist radicals, too? (I will still send free of charge a copy of this exchange to anyone who requests it; it raises related questions and also counters some of the slanders disseminated by Chaz Bufe's recent scurrilous pamphlet, *Listen Anarchist!*) I don't want to pursue this further here since I am presently working on an article/review concerning these very themes, which I hope to complete by the next issue of the FE.

Plastic Poem

—White Pine Beach, Point Pelee, Ontario, August 31, 1986

Yellow garbage bag ties
pieces of ziplock bags
whole ziplock bags and baggies
tips of tiparello cigars
orange bread bag ties, green ones
juice bottle top
milk bottle top
camera lense cover
pieces of pampers disposable diapers
toy soldier
toy truck wheel
chapstick
coffee stir
pieces of bic pens
bic pen top
toy rudder
piece of yellow comb
orange elmer's glue cap
black binocular lens cap
many caps of many unidentified things
many nondescript pieces of things in many colors
pieces of fishing line, pieces of netting



Albatross (30 in. long)

blue baby doll brush
baby doll arm
toothpaste tube cap
nyquil cold medicine cup
tampon applicators—everywhere
bic cigarette lighters—everywhere
cigarette filters—everywhere
pieces of styrofoam cups and plates
straws—red and white striped, blue and white striped
pieces of forks and knives and spoons
six pack beer can yokes
shotgun shells
pieces of balloons—green ones, yellow, blue and red
champagne cork.
Let's celebrate.

The sand cannot cover this.
The earth cannot bury this.
The lake cannot swallow this.

—Sara Loosestrife

Plastic Plague

—More than five million plastic containers are dumped into the ocean each day by the shipping crews of the 50,000+ ships that sail the seas.
—Commercial fishermen alone dump more than



Jellyfish



Fur seal (6 ft. long)

50 million pounds of plastic packaging into the sea each year and lose some 300 million pounds of plastic nets, lines and bouys.

—Participants in an Oregon beach cleanup two years ago collected 26 tons of garbage in three hours.

—2,000,000 seabirds, several hundred thousand mammals and turtles die every year because of plastic ingestion.

—90% of albatross chicks on Laysan Island have some quantity of plastic in their digestive system.

—Plastic banana bags dumped from docks in Costa Rica are found in the digestive tracts of sea turtles which probably mistake the bags for jellyfish—one of their favorite foods.

—Lost fishing nets trap and entangle fish and other water wildlife. A single piece of netting, recovered in the North Pacific contained one hundred dead seabirds and two hundred dead salmon.

—Each night, Japanese, Taiwanese and Korean fishermen set out eight-mile long, twenty-six foot deep nets, stretching 20,000 miles of invisible netting. Each morning when the nets are retrieved, an average of ten miles of netting escapes detection, continuing to entrap and kill fish. Thousands of miles of old, deteriorated nets are consciously left behind or dumped overboard each year.

—Each year ten times as many fur seals killed by native Alaskans are killed when they become caught in plastic netting left out by commercial fishermen.

THE CASE AGAINST ART



It is always about "something hidden." But does it help us connect with that hidden something? I think it moves us away from it.

During the first million or so years as reflective beings, humans seem to have created no art. As Jameson put it, art had no place in that "unfallen social reality" because there was no need for it. Though tools were fashioned with an astonishing economy of effort and perfection of form, the old cliché about the aesthetic impulse as one of the irreducible components of the human mind is invalid.

The oldest enduring works of art are hand-prints, produced by pressure or blown pigment—a dramatic token of direct impress on nature. Later, in the Upper Paleolithic era, about 30,000 years ago commenced the rather sudden appearance of cave art discovered at places like Altamira and Lascaux. Those images of animals possess an often breathtaking vibrancy and naturalism, though sculpture of that period, such as the widely-found "venus" statuettes of women, was quite stylized.



Perhaps this stylization indicates that domestication of people was to precede domestication of nature. Significantly, the "sympathetic magic" or hunter theory of earliest art (that cave paintings, for example, were created as a form of utilitarian control over nature), is now waning in light of evidence that nature was bountiful rather than threatening. [Left: Venus of Willendorf, circa 20,000 B.C.]

Something Precious Slipping Away

The veritable explosion of art at this early time bespeaks an anxiety not felt before: in Worringer's words, "creation in order to subdue the torment of perception." Here is the appearance of the symbolic, as a moment of discontent. It was a social anxiety; people felt something precious slipping away. The rapid development of ritual or ceremony parallels the birth of art, and we are reminded of the earliest ritual re-enactments of the moment of "the beginning," the primordial paradise of the timeless present. Pictorial representation roused the belief in controlling loss, the belief in coercion itself.

And we see the earliest evidence of symbolic division, as with the half human, half beast stone faces at El Juyo. The world is divided into opposing forces, by which binary distinction begins the contrast of culture and nature and a productionist, hierarchical society is perhaps already prefigured.

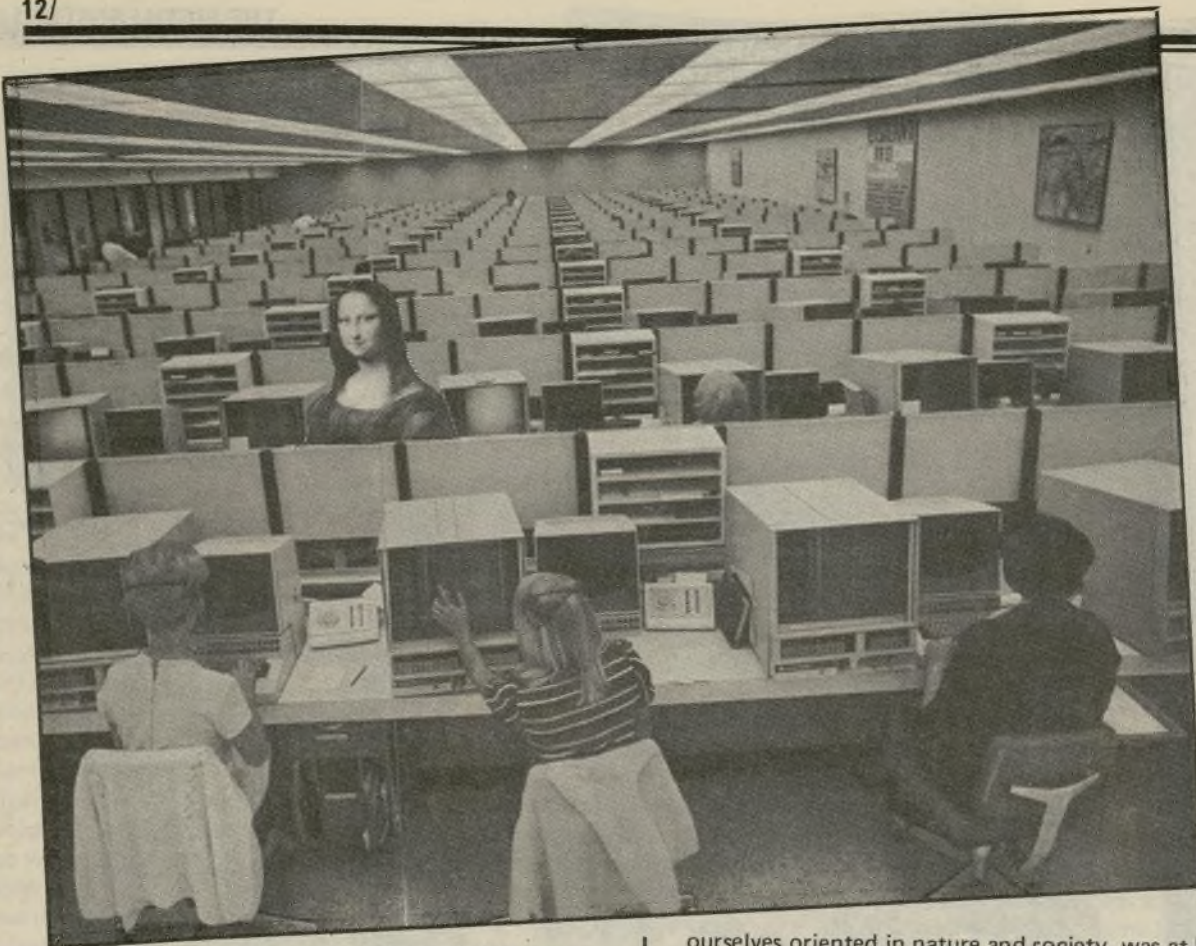
The perceptual order itself, as a unity, started to break down in the face of an increasingly complex social order. A hierarchy of senses, with the visual

steadily more separate from the others and seeking its completion in artificial images such as cave paintings, moved to replace the full simultaneity of sensual gratification. Levi-Strauss discovered, to his amazement, a tribal people that had been able to see Venus in daytime; but not only were our faculties once so

very acute, they were also not ordered and separate. Part of training sight to appreciate the objects of culture was the accompanying repression of immediacy

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in an intellectual sense: reality was removed in favor of merely aesthetic experience. Art anesthetizes the sense organs and removes the natural world from their purview. This reproduces culture, which can never compensate for the disability.

Not surprisingly, the first signs of a departure from the egalitarian principles that characterized hunter-gatherer life begin to show up at this point. The shamanistic origin of visual art and music has been often remarked upon, the point being here that the artist-shaman was the first specialist. It seems likely that the ideas of surplus and commodity appeared with the shaman, whose orchestration of symbolic activity portended further alienation and stratification.

Art, like language, is a system of symbolic exchange that introduces exchange itself. It is also a necessary device for holding together a community based on the first symptoms of unequal life. Tolstoy's statement that "art is a means of union among men, joining them together in the same feeling," elucidates art's contribution to social cohesion at the dawn of culture. Socializing ritual required art; art works originated in the service of ritual; the ritual production of art and the artistic production of ritual are the same. "Music," wrote Seu-ma-tsen, "is what unifies."

As the need for solidarity accelerated, so did the need for ceremony; art also played a role in its mnemonic function. Art, with myth closely following, served as the semblance of real memory. In the recesses of the caves, earliest indoctrination proceeded via the paintings and other symbols, intended to inscribe rules in depersonalized, collective memory. Nietzsche saw the training of memory, especially the memory of obligations, as the beginning of civilized morality. Once the symbolic process of art developed, it dominated memory as well as perception, putting its stamp on all mental functions. Cultural memory meant that one person's action could be compared with those of another, including portrayed ancestors, and future behavior anticipated and controlled. Memories become externalized, akin to property but not even the property of the subject.

Individual Separated from Nature

Art turns the subject into object, into symbol. The shaman's role was to objectify reality; this happened to outer nature and to subjectivity alike because alienated life demanded it. Art provided the medium of conceptual transformation by which the individual was separated socially from nature and dominated at the deepest level. Art's ability to symbolize and direct human emotion accomplished both ends. What we were led to accept as necessity, in order to keep

ourselves oriented in nature and society, was at base the invention of the symbolic world, the Fall of Man.

The world must be mediated by art (and human communication by language, and being by time) due to division of labor, as seen in the nature of ritual. The real object, its particularity, does not appear in ritual; instead, an abstract one is used, so that the terms of ceremonial expression are open to substitution. The conventions needed in division of labor, with its standardization and loss of the unique, are those of ritual, of symbolization. The process is at base identical, based on equivalence. Production of goods, as the hunter-gatherer mode is gradually liquidated in favor of agriculture (historical production) and religion (full symbolic production), is also ritual production.

The agent, again, is the shaman-artist, enroute to priesthood, leader by reason of mastering his own immediate desires via the symbol. All that is spontaneous, organic and instinctive is to be neutered by art and myth.

Recently the painter Eric Fischl presented at the Whitney Museum a couple in the act of sexual intercourse. A video camera recorded their actions and projected them on a TV monitor before the two. The man's eyes were riveted to the image on the screen which was clearly more exciting than the act itself. The evocative cave pictures, volatile in the dramatic, lamp-lit depths, began the transfer exemplified in Fischl's tableau, in which even the most primal acts can become secondary to their representation. Conditioned self-distancing from real existence has been a goal of art from the beginning. Similarly, the category of audience, of supervised consumption, is nothing new, as art has striven to make life itself an object of contemplation.

As the Paleolithic Age gave way to the Neolithic arrival of agriculture and civilization—production, private property, written language, government and religion—culture could be seen more fully as spiritual decline via division of labor, though global specialization and a mechanistic technology did not prevail until the late Iron Age.

Creating the Symbolic Universe

The vivid representation of late hunter-gatherer art was replaced by a formalistic, geometrical style, reducing pictures of animals and humans to symbolic shapes. This narrow stylization reveals the artist shutting himself off from the wealth of empirical reality and creating the symbolic universe. The aridity of linear precision is one of the hallmarks of this turning point, calling to mind the Yoruba, who associate line with civilization: "This country has become civilized," literally means, in Yoruba, "this earth has lines upon

Why would one respond positively to art?... Because our relationship to nature and life is so deficient and disallows an authentic one . . . If pleasure were released from every restraint, the result would be the antithesis of art.

its face." The inflexible forms of truly alienated society are everywhere apparent; Gordon Childe, for example, referring to this spirit, points out that the pots of a Neolithic village are all alike. Warfare in the form of combat scenes makes its first appearance in art at this time also.

The work of art was in no sense autonomous at this time; it served society in a direct sense, an instrument of the needs of the new collectivity. There had been no worship-cults during the Paleolithic, but now religion held sway, and it is worth remembering that for thousands of years art's function will be to depict the gods. Meanwhile, what Gluck stressed about African tribal architecture was true in all other cultures as well: sacred buildings came to life on the model of those of the secular ruler. And even though the first signed works do not show up before the late Greek period, it is appropriate to speak here of art's realization, by defining some of its general features.

Art not only creates the symbols of and for a society, it is a basic part of the symbolic matrix of estranged social life. Oscar Wilde said that art does not imitate life, but vice versa; which is to say that life follows symbolism, not forgetting that it is (deformed) life that produces symbolism. Every art form, according to T. S. Eliot, is "an attack upon the inarticulate." Upon the unsymbolized, he should have said.

Both painter and poet have always wanted to reach the silence behind and within art and language, leaving the question of whether the individual, in adopting these modes of expression didn't settle for far too little. Though Bergson tried to approach the goal of thought without symbols, such a breakthrough seems impossible outside our active undoing of all the layers of alienation. In the extremity of revolutionary situations, immediate communication has bloomed, if briefly.

Art is the Creation of Substitutes

The primary function of art is to objectify feeling, by which one's own motivations and identity are transformed into symbol and metaphor. All art, as symbolization, is rooted in the creation of substitutes, surrogates for something else; by its very nature therefore, it is a falsification. Under the guise of "enriching the quality of human experience," we accept vicarious, symbolic descriptions of how we should feel, trained to need such public images of sentiment that ritual art and myth provide for our psychic security.

Life in civilization is lived almost wholly in a medium of symbols. Not only scientific or technological activity consists largely of symbolic processing. The laws of aesthetic form are canons of symbolization, often expressed quite unspiritually. It is widely averred, for example, that a limited number of mathematical figures account for the efficacy of art. There is Cezanne's famous dictum to "treat nature by the

cylinder, the sphere and the cone," and Kandinsky's judgement that "the impact of the acute angle of a triangle on a circle produces an effect no less powerful than the finger of God touching the finger of Adam in Michelangelo." The sense of a symbol, as Charles Pierce concluded, is its translation into another symbol, thus an endless reproduction, with the real always displaced.

Though art is not fundamentally concerned with beauty, its inability to rival nature sensuously has evoked many unfavorable comparisons. "Moonlight is sculpture," wrote Hawthorne; Shelley praised the "unpremeditated art" of the skylark; Verlaine pronounced the sea more beautiful than all the cathedrals. And so on, with sunsets, snowflakes, flowers, etc., beyond the symbolic products of art. Jean Arp, in fact, termed "the most perfect picture" nothing more than "a warty, threadbare approximation, a dry porridge."

Why then would one respond positively to art? As compensation and palliative, because our relationship to nature and life is so deficient and disallows an authentic one. As Motherlark put it, "One gives to one's art what one has not been capable of giving to one's existence." It is true for artist and audience alike; art, like religion, arises from unsatisfied desire.

Art should be considered a religious activity and category also in the sense of Nietzsche's aphorism, "We have art in order not to perish of Truth." Its consolation explains the widespread preference for metaphor over a direct relationship to the genuine article. If pleasure were somehow released from every restraint, the result would be the antithesis of art. In dominated life freedom does not exist outside art, however, and so even a tiny, deformed fraction of the riches of being is welcomed. "I create in order not to cry," revealed Klee.

Worked as Generators of Guilt and Oppression

This separate realm of contrived life is both impotent and in complicity with the actual nightmare that prevails. In its institutionalized separation it corresponds to religion and ideology in general, where its elements are not, and cannot be, actualized; the work of art is a selection of possibilities unrealized except in symbolic terms. Arising from the sense of loss referred to above, it conforms to religion not only by reason of its confinement to an ideal sphere and its absence of any dissenting consequences, but it can hence be no more than thoroughly neutralized critique at best.

Frequently compared to play, art and culture—like religion—have more often worked as generators of guilt and oppression. Perhaps the ludic function of art, as well as its common claim to transcendence, should be estimated as one might reassess the meaning

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Beyond the Mantic Ray: Notes on the Archeological Daydream

I am a sick man . . . a spiteful man. I think there is something wrong with my liver. I don't think it was properly prepared. A crow keeps trying to snatch it from my plate with pearl-inlaid tongs, muttering about vedic wars in the wall, the wall which separates me from the world, the world where cities are demolished by gigantic mechanized pelicans awaiting the mass strike. But I hardly notice, I am listening to your acidic echoes as you read the poems you wrote last night. I am propped up like a corpse against a bombed out wall. Your voice mingles with the drone of a police helicopter which has flattened against the window like a pulverized hummingbird.

"Do the police raid poetry readings?" you ask nervously.

"On the contrary," replies the sawhorse metamorphosing into a dying jellyfish, "they encourage them."

The sculptor of bloodstains has stolen a blind and ghostly dance from the forest. He plunged into the mirrored glass of hallucinated districts, pursuing sleight-of-hand birds transmitting hypnotic fanfares. The statue that he fashioned never lived. Registering the brittle meadows of longing on an oneiric seismograph, he stirred blood and ash into a gourd.

Vengefully he covered his skeletal statue with a tarpaulin of knives. He began to write wounded telegrams in tentacle patterns on its parchment, in wasp-like letters of poison.

Even his handwriting resembled him. His statue rotted, begging to be murdered. He took a job, left his life closed up in a room. He who once wrote musical comedies about the half-eaten banquet of Danton now only plucks a banjo and sings love songs. I want to see him when he is *starving*.

2

An anarchist knight once wrote that the civilizations of the past may be judged by their pots and pans. Today's pots and pans—not fit for a cacophonous dirge. They can't be worn as hats, or masks. They have no power. Once I thought they could at least bring a dictator down and turn the cops into a bitter stew, but for too long they have been too empty and too full. Little flecks of pot and pan grind their

teeth and pierce invisible holes in the heart. These grey scorpion utensils cook human flesh and feed it to forks, adding only a stale spice called art.

Beauty, terror, desire: suicided by self-immolation (a daily dose of vitamin napalm) or servility (mannerist Q-tips). Art: banks. Art: guards. Art: plexiglass. Art: air conditioning. Art: business. Art: work. Art, said Hulseneck, "Art regarded from a serious point of view is a large scale swindle."

If we want beauty, we must forsake art. Our dwellings must become erotic, their portals narcotic, our movements dance, our language song. The novel of the future will be *telepathic*. In a world of fragmented lives and fragmentation bombs, to live for art is to sing for the Pavlovian morsel. Art is only a splinter of rubble. For the sake of business the gold of the tigers has been refined into high-powered fuel for melancholy hot rods, in which the artists pass their days peeling rubber. Let us prefer to play a special kind of wild card to reverse this losing game, chopping this stacked deck into confetti with scimitars of ivy, with the mating song of the mantic ray.

Reducing beauty to art is like putting on shoes and never walking in them. Let us discard not only the shoes, but the *putting on*, and walk out of the back door into paradise. The artist interested only in art is interested only in *sales*. The artist who wants to live beautifully can only heed one call: change life.

3

What matters now is all or nothing. Like magic mushrooms, cafeteria style, hinged police of the underworld, the fluidity of manifest being on its way to work, the postcards postmarked "nirvana" in the monastic libraries, the poisonous messages, the terminal salad.

After the fall of the commune and the bloody reconquest of proletarian paradise, Rimbaud took a vacation to Africa. No—can I help it if he suicided himself after discovering the poverty of art? Look at his flight, carrying the severed hands of the working girl in his pockets like his own. I would like to kiss

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The Case

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of Versailles: by contemplating the misery of the workers who perished draining its marshes.

Clive Bell pointed to the intention of art to transport us from the plane of daily struggle "to a world of aesthetic exaltation," paralleling the aim of religion. Malraux offered another tribute to the conservative office of art when he wrote that, without art works civilization would crumble "within fifty years" . . . becoming "enslaved to instincts and to elementary dreams."

Hegel determined that art and religion also have "this in common, namely, having entirely universal matters as content." This feature of generality, of

meaning without concrete reference, serves to introduce the notion that ambiguity is a distinctive sign of art.

Usually depicted positively, as a revelation of truth free of the contingencies of time and place, the impossibility of such a formulation only illuminates another moment of falseness about art. Kierkegaard found the defining trait of the aesthetic outlook to be its hospitable reconciliation of all points of view and its evasion of choice. This can be seen in the perpetual compromise that at once valorizes art only to repudiate its intent and content with, "Well, after all, it is only art."

The Culture Industry

Today culture is commodity and art perhaps the star commodity. The situation is understood inadequately as the product of a centralized culture industry, à la Horkheimer and Adorno. We witness, rather, a mass diffusion of culture dependent on participation for its strength, not forgetting that the critique must be of culture itself, not of its alleged control.

Daily life has become aesthetized by a saturation of images and music, largely through the electronic media, the representation of representation. Image and sound, in their ever-presence, have become a void, ever more absent of meaning for the individual. Meanwhile, the distance between artist and spectator has diminished, a narrowing that only highlights the absolute distance between aesthetic experience and what is real. This perfectly duplicates the spectacle at large: separate and manipulating, perpetual aesthetic experience and a demonstration of political power.

Reacting against the increasing mechanization of life, avant-garde movements have not, however, resisted the spectacular nature of art any more than orthodox tendencies have. In fact, one could argue that Aestheticism, or "art for art's sake," is more radical than an attempt to engage alienation with its own devices. This late 19th century *art pour l'art* development was a self-reflective rejection of the world, as opposed to the avant-garde effort to somehow organize life around art. A valid moment of doubt lies behind Aestheticism, the realization that division of labor has diminished experience and turned art into just another specialization: art shed its illusory ambitions and became its own content.

The avant-garde has generally staked out wider claims, projecting a leading role denied it by modern capitalism. It is best understood as a social institution peculiar to technological society that so strongly prizes novelty; it is predicated on the progressivist notion that reality must be constantly updated. But avant-garde culture cannot compete with the modern world's capacity to shock and transgress (and not just symbolically). Its demise is another datum that the myth of progress is itself bankrupt.

Dada was one of the last two major avant-garde movements, its negative image greatly enhanced by the sense of general historical collapse radiated by World War I. Its partisans claimed, at times, to be against all "isms," including the idea of art. But painting cannot negate painting, nor can sculpture invalidate sculpture, keeping in mind that all symbolic culture is the co-opting of perception, expression and communication. In fact, Dada was a quest for new artistic modes, its attack on the rigidities and irrelevancies of bourgeois art a factor in the advance of art. Hans Richter's memoirs referred to "the regeneration of visual art that Dada had begun." If World War I almost killed art, the Dadaists reformed it.

Surrealism is the last school to assert the political mission of art. Before trailing off into Trotskyism and/or art-world fame, the Surrealists upheld chance and the primitive as ways to unlock "the Marvelous" which society imprisons in the unconscious. The false judgment that would have re-introduced art into everyday life and thereby transfigured it certainly misunderstood the relationship of art to repressive society. The real barrier is not between art and social reality, which are one, but between desire and the existing world. The Surrealists' aim of inventing a new symbolism and mythology upheld those categories and mistrusted unmediated sensuality. Concerning the latter, Breton held that "enjoyment is a science; the exercise of the

senses demands a personal initiation and therefore you need art."

The Nothingness of Modern Art

Modernist abstraction resumed the trend begun by Aestheticism, in that it expressed the conviction that only by a drastic restriction of its field of vision could art survive. With the least stain of embellishment possible in a formal language, art became increasingly self-referential, in its search for a "purity" that was hostile to narrative. Guaranteed not to represent anything, modern painting is consciously nothing more than a flat surface with paint on it.

But the strategy of trying to empty art of symbolic value, the insistence on the work of art as an object in its own right in a world of objects, proved a virtually self-annihilating method. This "radical physicality," based on aversion to authority though it was, never amounted to more, in its objectness, than simple commodity status. The sterile grids of Mondrian and the repeated all-black squares of Reinhardt echo this acquiescence no less than hideous 20th century architecture in general. Modernist self-liquidation was parodied by Rauschenberg's 1953 *Erased Drawing*, exhibited after his month-long erasure of a deKooning drawing. The very concept of art, Duchamp's showing of a urinal in a 1917 exhibition notwithstanding, became an open question in the 50's and has grown steadily undefinable since.

Pop Art demonstrated that the boundaries between art and mass media (e.g. ads and comics) are dissolving. Its perfunctory and mass-produced look is that of the whole society and the detached, blank quality of a Warhol and his products sum it up. Banal, morally weightless, depersonalized images, cynically manipulated by a fashion-conscious marketing strategem: the nothingness of modern art and its world revealed.

The proliferation of art styles and approaches in the 60's—conceptual, minimalist, performance, etc.—and the accelerated obsolescence of most art brought the "postmodern" era, a displacement of the formal "purism" of modernism by an eclectic mix from past stylistic achievements. This is basically a tired, spiritless recycling of used-up fragments, announcing that the development of art is at an end. Against the global devaluing of the symbolic, moreover, it is incapable of generating new symbols and scarcely even makes an effort to do so.

Occasional critics, like Thomas Lawson, bemoan art's current inability "to stimulate the growth of a really troubling doubt," little noticing that a quite noticeable movement of doubt threatens to throw over art itself. Such "critics" cannot grasp that art must remain alienation and as such must be superseded, that art is disappearing because the immemorial separation between nature and art is a death sentence for the world that must be voided. *

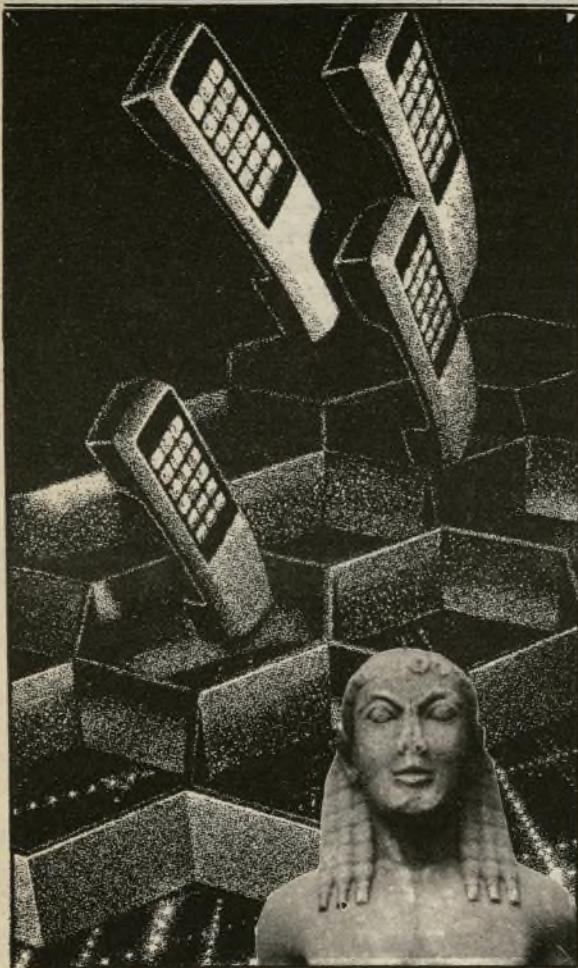
The End of Art?

Since Piero Manzoni canned his own feces and sold them in a gallery and Chris Burden had himself shot in the arm, and crucified to a Volkswagen, we see in art ever more fitting parables of its end, such as the self-portraits drawn by Anastasi—with his eyes closed. "Serious" music is long dead and popular music deteriorates; poetry nears collapse and retreats from view; drama, which moved from the Absurd to Silence, is dying; and the novel is eclipsed by non-fiction as the only way to write seriously.

In a jaded, enervated age, when, it seems, to speak is to say less, art is certainly less. Baudelaire was obliged to claim a poet's dignity in a society which had no more dignity to hand out. A century and more later how inescapable is the truth of that condition and how much more threadbare the consolation or station of "timeless" art.

Adorno began his last book thusly: "Today it goes without saying that nothing concerning art goes without saying, much less without thinking. Everything about art has become problematic: its inner life, its relation to society, even its right to exist." But this *Aesthetic Theory* affirms art, just as Marcuse's last work did, testifying to despair and to the difficulty of

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MANTIC RAY:

Continued from Page 15

those small brown hands, those thorny hands, those transparent hands, those bleeding claws, each holding its treasure of dove eggs, those miniature worlds in Rimbaud's trouser pockets, along with all the other baggage: some moons and comets, ammunition, a mirror in the shape of a swordfish, one-way tickets to Utopia, a revolver perturbed by lightning, some pocket change cowries, a broken pocket watch. He left it all on a beach in Libya and went off naked into the bush—can I help it if he carried the plague with him, turned Africa into a brokerage? Didn't a gangrenous life bring its own reward? I want to be the wave that carried off his treasures, those dread hands become crabs, I want to be that wave that swept it all away like a mob of looters. Rimbaud was smoking an unnamed root and dancing nose to spinal column—I want to be that root, not a tap-dancing artist who suppressed art merely for this world, not from the *other side* of the wall, the wall I prop up now like a dead rider on a straw horse propping up the dreams of a dying city.

4

Poetry is senescent and literature flourishes everywhere. The poets who bang their pots and pans, the poets in their brokerage house processing words in microwaves—they need to be sent packing. Only it won't be the boorish fascists who terrified old Unamuno on his balcony that toss these charlatans out on their ears. We have in mind a herd of armadillos.

Answer to nobody: paint your critique into a corner and dynamite the room. We, too, once manufactured culture in sweat shops, packaging our dreams in disposable containers, in throw-away pots and pans. We, too, marketed the memoranda of the hierarchs. We, too, lived to see our inventions fail. So we changed genres and began to manufacture dynamite. Now we perform elaborate deceptions to smuggle the wolves into the theaters: the feature is about to begin. Nothing will save you from our revenge.

5

Beauty can live in powerful objects, objects like enigmatic metals which emit unsettling signals. Beauty can exist as a lure which pulls us away from the wall,

away from the city, away from art. Beauty is like the Lady of the Lake: we have to drown to follow her. Beauty does not tolerate life jackets.

6

The ancient Egyptians mummified everything: themselves, first of all, but also their world—slaves, children, cats, gazelles, lizards, snakes, falcons, deer, vultures. Everything orbited in an eroding spiral around the tomb. Life was colored in somber greys of death. They collected everything and discarded nothing. Form crushed their world just as the pyramid stones crushed their architects and slaves. The ancient Egyptians invented the card catalogue, the inventory, the information bank. But they were done in by the sand. It covered everything until no trace was left. Of course, the Egyptians loved it, they never resisted, choking on the sand contentedly, in a sleepy rapture. It was all expected, awaited. Nothing was left to chance. It blew in from the south, from the place where Rimbaud sold his blood for some shoes, and it covered everything.

The Egyptians packed everything away in trunks and suitcases, placed each internal organ in its appropriate resting place, left a note for the archeologists, and went happily to sleep. But now they realize their error; they've grown bored in their confinement, and are preparing to release the entire, mummified menagerie, to stalk the earth in search of disorder. Somewhere, the archeologists actually have everything planned in advance for them: conference centers, catering, the proper number of folding chairs in place, speakers tables, pitchers full of ice water and sleeping potion. We'll be in the alley, cleaning our fingernails with our switchblades, ready for the archeologists when they leave.

7

In his film *The Decameron*, Pasolini, playing an artist, reflects on his completed fresco (which is also his completed movie) and says to himself, "Why realize a work of art when it is so marvelous just to dream of it?" One need not finish (or even begin) a film or fresco to ask this question.

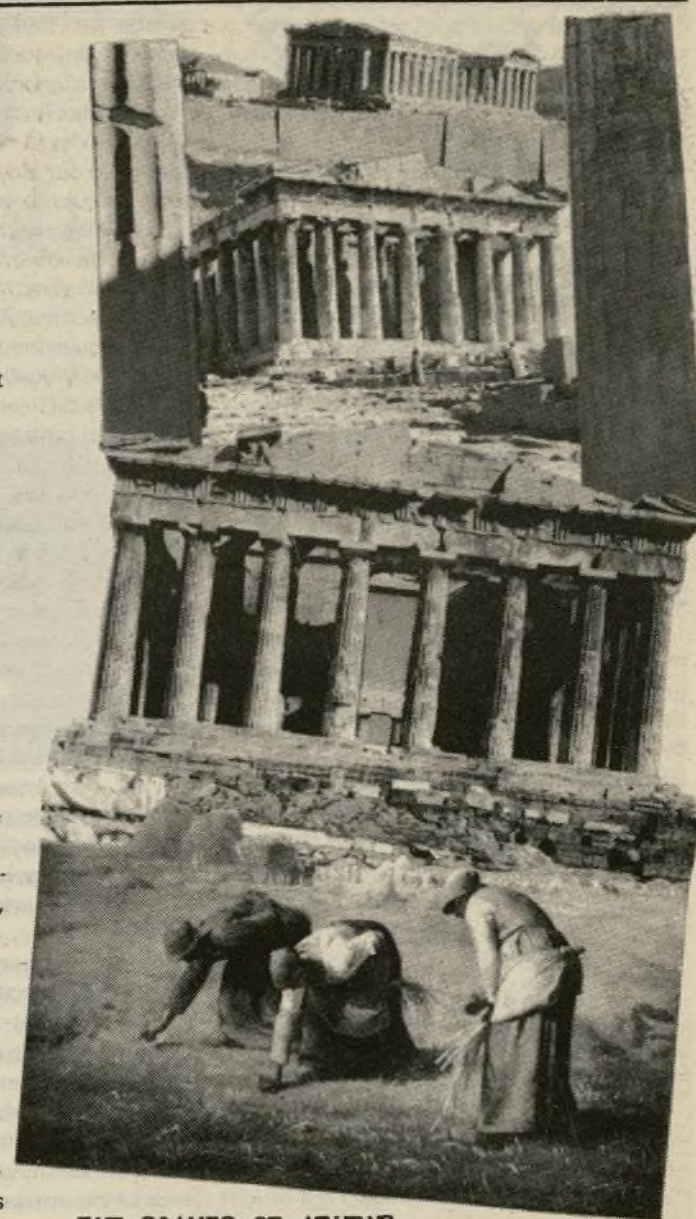
Another image comes to mind, a dream I had some time ago. The scene was a storage room about which I had repeatedly dreamt years earlier. I hadn't dreamt of this room, *returned to this room*, in a long time. It seems that in previous dreams I had stored away all sorts of bric-a-brac from my life—in fact the room was a storeroom in the middle school I attended, and the lights in the hallway were out and the school was closed permanently. In the recent dream I have reentered this room and found it as I left it. But now I am throwing away all of the junk that had once seemed so important, important enough to save. I am clearing it out, throwing it all into trash barrels. Some Andalusian music plays from somewhere. Now I seem to be bailing out a boat, or paddling on some shallow, silent sea, I am throwing weight out of a boat which floats above the water. I am *clearing out* just as I am clearing out the room. One era is coming to a close, but no new era is about to begin—there is only some wild and unexplored presence ahead, a weightless plenitude.

Anything here that you want you can have. It is of no use to me any longer, only dead weight. Use this incomplete manuscript as kindling, there, at the base of the wall. And this broken compass. I won't be needing it, though it would serve me infinitely better than one which works. Inward and outward are the same direction.

8

The Maya are leaving the city now, wearing necklaces of fox, amulets of rain. Before the flower wilts and dies they want to taste its bitter nectar. They've left their baggage at the station, their phones off the hook, their letters unopened and unanswered. Slowly they trickle into the jungle and disappear. We, too, are preparing our departure. We, too, shall disappear.

—T. Fulano



THE SLAVES OF ATHENS

Here's a toast to the slaves of Athens!
On whom Western Philosophy batters;
We owe them most of what we learnt
What?

O sorry but that toast is burnt.

--Tuli Kupferberg

Continued
from
Previous Page



Against Art

assailing the hermetically sealed ideology of culture.

And although other "radicals," such as Habermas, counsel that the desire to abolish symbolic mediation is irrational, it is becoming clearer that when we really experiment with our hearts and hands the sphere of art is shown to be pitiable. In the transfiguration we must enact, the symbolic will be left behind and art refused in favor of the real. Play, creativity, self-expression and authentic experience will recommence at that moment.

—John Zerzan

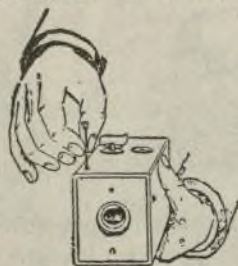
*Deconstruction, for its part, announced the project of decoding literature and indeed the "texts," or systems of signification, throughout all culture. But this attempt to reveal supposedly hidden ideology is stymied by its refusal to consider origins or historical causation, an aversion it inherited from structuralism/poststructuralism. Derrida, Deconstruction's seminal figure, deals with language as a solipsism, conigned to self-interpretation; he engages not in critical activity but in writing about writing. Rather than a de-constructing of impacted reality, this approach is merely a self-contained academicism, in which Literature, like modern painting before it, never departs from concern with its own surface.

Losing It?

Continued from Page 10

not complete, agreement on questions. It was not an attempt to create a theoretical vanguard as much as a desire to participate in a radical discourse in which a community of rebels could express their collective, as well as their individual, desire, in which one person's "coherence" has often been juxtaposed against the "coherence" of another. There have always been contradictory points of view and a recognition of our ambivalence—both in our own participation in the megamachine and the reproduction of daily life, as well as in the difficult problems raised by our opposition to technological civilization, questions which to some degree have been left open.

While we strive for a critical clarity, we recognize courage, daring and generosity in people who nurture community and resist power, even when they are motivated by religion, or have illusions about this civilization that we do not share. The refusal of this civilization and the emergence of an authentic life are necessarily greater than any theoretical explication—they are beyond theoretical word tyranny, beyond



Setting the Shutter.

theoretical and material control, right where they belong. So we walk a knife edge of criticality and respect for diversity. If this is eclecticism, so be it; but it is worth asking what the reverse would be of such eclecticism, if not some kind of monocultural demand that everyone speak the same language.

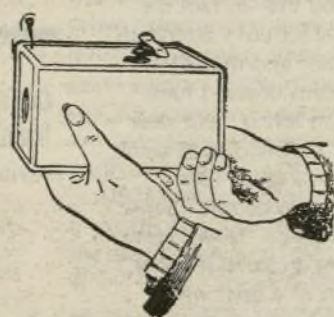
Here is an example of the kind of problems created by refusing ambivalence and the paradoxical character of reality. One of the "stupid" contradictions that Todd perceives in the FE is described in his published letter (reprinted in his critique), that an article in the FE claimed that there was no libertarian tradition in Central America (in contrast to revolutionary Spain or Russia); yet another article had described in some depth the struggle of Guatemalan Indians to preserve their autonomous societies against civilization. He argues in his critique that "the native cultures in Central America are the authentic libertarian tradition," an ignorant generalization that does nothing to clarify either libertarian revolutionary traditions or the profound nature of indigenous animism and community. It is a simplistic reduction to call primitive and archaic communities the "libertarian tradition," since it conceals or ignores a history of political and social struggles which underlie the authoritarianism and *caudillismo* in Central America, and ignores the subtleties and contradictory character of the Indian communities: that they are syncretic pagan-Christians, that their resistance in the last period grew out of the Christian catechist movement (to which Rigoberta Menchu, whose autobiography was reviewed in the article in question, belonged), that they presently have tactical alliances with leftist guerrillas and urban reform organizations, that the people helping the Guatemalan refugees are

in large part Catholic relief and human rights organizations. Todd's sweeping statements ignore these paradoxes, but for him the Guatemalan Indians don't seem to exist as real living people who may need our aid, but as an example of something to be employed in a parlor debate. Doing concrete work to defend the Guatemalans is only sacrifice or manipulation, in his view. He, in contrast, is of more "discriminating taste." "Having resolved a question for myself," says our rugged individualist, "I want to wrestle with more difficult ones, so I want to know who can help me, not who I can help."

Solipsism and Cruelty

His attitude borders on solipsism when he argues against acting in anyone's interest but his own. "I oppose an industrial machine which is killing *me*," he argues against those who would defend Central American peasants from being massacred by U.S.-financed stormtroopers, "as it happens to be killing everyone else." Me, me, me. "To esteem others more highly than yourself, to ponder the fate of others you cannot help," he says, repeating the catchwords of contemporary passivity and apathy, "is the essence of comfortable decadence."

Actually, this cynical utterance has "comfortable decadence" backwards, failing to realize that through solidarity people might create spaces for their own freedom and for a genuine community, along with extending rebellion. It assumes, comfortably, that nothing we do has an effect on the situation, which, given the experience of the anti-war movement during the Vietnam war and even of the present low-level resistance to the Central American wars, is patently untrue. It also overlooks that we are a part of a fabric that includes those peasants, that just as the Guatemalan Indians in Rigoberta Menchu's region battle the state, in part, to defend trees (their relatives) from being felled for "road improvements," we must fight to



Exposing.

defend those Indians or we are diminished and the sources for our community, for our revolt, are dried up. In other words, there isn't any great distinction between the anguish, humiliation and dehumanization we suffer living in this social pyramid which crushes our dreams, and the anguish and rage we experience in the face of its horrible crimes against others. (His lack of sense of proportion is obscene as well, and trivializes the level of violence in Central America by treating his own misery as comparable.) Finally, he doesn't understand that principled anti-war and anti-imperial struggles can contribute in a qualitative way to the erosion of loyalty to the state and mass institutions and to the widening of rebellion. The anti-war movement during the Vietnam war did much to contribute to a radical vision in this society (many people were radicalized by the war) and led to much of the breakdown and the

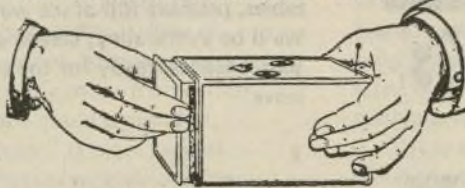
wave of wildcat strikes that occurred in the 1970's, for example.



Cutting off Exposures

An Insurrectionary Style

Todd's tastes, however, are too discriminating for such mundane questions. He wants stronger style, more potent and more ferocious words. He is fascinated by ferocity and cruelty, in fact, never confronting the fact that cruelty has been colonized by Hitler and Hollywood, that, as Raoul Vaneigem wrote in *The Book of Pleasures*, "cruelty is now the normal viciousness of the ordinary man." He seeks to employ cruelty in superseding this civilization, asking, "Why not demand everything?" Apart from the possibility that the definition of "everything" varies widely (a situ techno-utopia? cadillacs for the proletariat? living in trees?) and is thus itself incoherent, there is nevertheless still an important difference between demanding "everything" and using such a formulation to spit on anyone who would demand anything less. Because we recognize this distinction, because we weigh our



Removing the Roller Slide.

criticism carefully when addressing people who are taking great personal risks or putting their bodies on the line in resistance to some tentacle of the empire, we offend this aesthete's taste. We don't have an "insurrectionary style" ferocious enough to entertain him (as if insurrection were a matter of style).

His notion of an insurrectionary style inspired by cruelty, finally, merges with the banal; his example is lifted from the parodies of the Church of the Sub-Genius: a kingdom where "hideous games like WAR and CONQUEST" will be played "enacted on imaginary battlefields of richly textured but entirely fraudulent construction." "What has a 'refractory community of conscience,'" he asks, referring to a phrase I wrote in the FE in an article discussing our own anti-war agitation, "to do with this kind of life?"

Well, in a word, *nothing*. Those games are already being played by yuppies with toy weapons in expensive amusement parks. They're also suggestive of the war a pro-situ fights on a polemical plane: an imaginary battlefield of baroque construction, in which victories are won in the style of scholastic debates entirely disembodied from a world in which real human beings are getting pulverized by real nihilist war-gamers—"ordinary men," perhaps, whose weariness of boredom and love for adventure recruited them into state-financed armies.

Todd's discussion of style and format also is worth mentioning, at the risk of seeming indelicate. For a few months we suffered his irritating lectures on format mixed with his venomous descriptions of our eclipse—all delivered, we were assured sanctimoniously, to help us "go further." When I suggested that he had done little to help the FE except to send a few flyers and a few pot shots, he replied in his cri-

tique (rather than replying to my letter), "Excuse me: I answer to no collective," and "I have no interest in the technical and journalistic pressures felt by the FE, since I judge it on the results of its activity." At least he was straightforward: he looks for those who can help him, not whom he can help. Yet judging him by his own criteria, what are we to make of a text, in this age of photocopying and collage splendor, of zine craziness and creativity, typed out austere like some college term paper? In appearance, then, as much as in lucidity (not to mention generosity), this critique falls short.

Of course, it isn't that the FE doesn't have its problems, that we don't have disagreements, that we haven't made mistakes, that issues don't vary in quality and in lucidity; but so far we've managed to keep plugging away. Our achievements have been humble and haphazard, but we feel that we remain on the side of contestation against power, on the side of human solidarity and autonomy, and on the knife-edge of critical clarity tempered with a respect for the integrity and humanity of people with whom we have serious differences of perspective. As for superseding megatechnic civilization and capital, neither a newspaper nor subversive flyers comes close; but we remain open to ideas, open to visions, open to action. Maybe civilization doesn't get superseded, anyway, but trampled, like the Mayan cities, by visionaries and primitivists on their way back to wilderness.

Who knows—perhaps we have grown "soft," since we are more tolerant of people with whom we have differences, we're careful to distinguish our enemies from our friends and potential friends. The S.I. wrote that it knew "how to treat its enemies as enemies." (By their own reckoning, 58% of the people mentioned in their journal were insulted.) But did they know how to treat their friends as friends? In one of my letters to Todd, I quoted Nietzsche to express the changes I have gone through in the last few years: "The snake that cannot shed its skin perishes. So do the spirits who are prevented from changing their opinion; they cease to be spirit."

This statement embodies what we have all tried to do on this project, to grow, and to endure. The FE may become more idiosyncratic and perhaps more eclectic as time goes on. I have no regrets in leaving behind the mantle of theoretical coherence that we have allegedly betrayed—it has become an ideology that stands between me and my own subjective clarity. But the



Developing 12 at once.

FE circle still wants collaborators—visionaries, rebels, dreamers, free-thinkers and free-livers to share in this project. We want a community whom we can help and who can help us expand the circle and shatter the walls holding us in this civilization, separating us from paradise. I hope this excessively long review/response will encourage them to get in touch. As for Todd, I'll confess his polemic forced me to examine my acts and my ideas; people who read this owe it to him to check out his critique for his side of the story.

—George Bradford

Last issue we promised to print more reactions to the May Day centenary celebration of the Haymarket Affair (see FE Summer 1986), but much of what we had intended for publication failed to come together. This is unfortunate since many of the criticisms—of responsibility for the arrests at the Friday march (see report further on), the structure of the workshops, meat at the banquet, and even anarchism itself—made for important reflections on an experience that was significant to many of us.

A number of other people have put together reports, impressions and critiques of the May Days. Eight of the 38 persons arrested on Friday were from Toronto and they have a statement on their perspective available from PSC, Box 5052, Station A, Toronto, Ont., Canada M5W 1W4. It also appears in the just published *Daily Barbarian* (see News & Reviews) and in a compilation of impressions published by the Chicago '86 organizers, Box 102, 1200 Fullerton, Chicago IL 60614, which also includes statements by a number of other participants.

A mailing list of those who attended the conference was compiled by Craven Companion and is available "for open distribution among fellow anarchists." It can be obtained from Denise Unora, 1459 W. Foster, Chicago IL 60640.

Craig Wallace's Haymarket Remembered project, a collection of photos and articles, promised for the end of August has not yet come our way, but apparently is still in the works. Craig may be reached at Box 12222, Seattle WA 98102, for submissions if it is not too late or for orders.

Haymarket Scrapbook, published by the Charles H. Kerr Co. (which is celebrating its 100th birthday), contains a fascinating historical look at the 1886 incident using both contemporary and historic essays to communicate the importance the

CHICAGO

Update



state murder of the five anarchists held for the world-wide anti-authoritarian movement. Its graphics are almost worth its price. Available from our bookservice.

Regarding those arrested in Chicago on Friday, May 2, the *gentle anarchist* newspaper, Box 1313, Lawrence KS 66044, contains this update in their Summer '86 edition:

"Most of the 38 folks arrested during the anti-capitalism demonstration in downtown Chicago had trials scheduled for June 13.

"Twelve folks showed up for trial, the rest forfeited bail (\$50 for most of the men, nothing for most of the women) and had warrants issued for their arrest. Their bond for next time was set at \$3,000, so we should probably have the next gather-

ing somewhere other than Illinois.

"Charges against one woman were dropped immediately, and after some behind-scenes legal maneuvering, charges against 6 others were dropped and 4 were given 3 months supervision, which is basically like parole except that with supervision you don't get a conviction on your record if you avoid getting arrested during the supervision period.

"The state had originally offered to drop charges on some people, prosecute some that day, and prosecute the rest at a later date. But after some discussion, four people were found who weren't planning on being arrested for civil disobedience in the next three months and were willing to take 3 months suspension, and the prosecutor accepted our sacrificial lambs.

Congratulations to our friends in the Layabouts for being chosen Detroit's top rock band in *The Metro Times*' annual Music Poll. Although the band incorporates styles closer to West African, reggae, calypso and ska than standard American rock and roll, there did not seem to be another category more appropriate for their

"We all owe big hugs to Charles, Gideon, Karry, and MH for taking the rap for everybody and to Edward our tireless volunteer attorney-at-law."

One post-gathering incident developed around that evil mediation, money, shortly after the conclusion of the events. It appears from a reading of separate and only somewhat conflicting accounts that one individual took it upon himself to disburse a rather large sum of money left over from the contributions to the bail fund collected after the Friday afternoon arrests.

An exchange of charges took place between some of the Haymarket '86 organizers and the individual, but eventually all of the almost \$2,000 was dispersed. After expenses, a large contribution was made to the Big Mountain Support Committee (which was opposed by the Haymarket group since it was not to an anarchist recipient) plus \$65 was given to a number of anti-authoritarian projects and publications including this newspaper.

Money, as it always does, created hard feelings which do not seem to have been resolved. If you would like the unhappy details, you can write the Haymarket '86 organizers (address above) or Dennis Stempler (who took control of the funds), 669 W. Barry, 3S, Chicago IL 60657. By the way, since we donated \$25 to the centennial activities last year and received back a profit of \$40, we are turning our share over to the Haymarket Remembered Project.

An interesting and informative set of postcards depicting scenes and central persons in the Haymarket incident are available from Kerr Publishing Co., 1740 Greenleaf Ave., Chicago IL 60626. Inquire as to prices.

All said, it was a good and important gathering. Let's do it again—soon!

unique blend of musical idioms.

Copies of the Layabouts' album, "No Masters," are still available from the *Daily Barbarian*, Box 02455, Detroit MI 48202 for \$8.50. All proceeds from the record go for food relief in the Cass Corridor area of Detroit (see Spring FE 1986 for a review of the LP).

DETROIT SEEN

Continued from Page 5

gathering to picket the construction site at Russell and Ferry, 4:30pm, every Tuesday afternoon. The return to direct action comes after the dismissal by the courts and the federal Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) earlier this Fall of legal and environmental challenges to the plant.

Our initial enthusiasm for the opposition to this hazard was based on an elementary sense of self-defense (since we all live and work within range of what will be its poisonous emissions), but also on what we saw as its political potential to suggest the whole of technocratic-chemical society (see FE Summer 1986). However, the early resistance to the facility wound down after it became clear that a few spirited demonstrations and the presentation of the obvious bio-ecological dangers were not only being ignored by the city administration, but were failing to elicit a response from city residents.

With participation waning, a small group of those who had been the core of the opposition sponsored a costly and seemingly ineffective community meeting featuring liberal environmentalist, Barry Commoner. The talk was well attended,

but it was clear that the radical edge of the original resistance was missing and conversation at the meeting never left the plane of demand for single issue reform.

Hopefully, though, the meeting acted as a bridge to the renewed call for direct action. None of us are taking it for granted that the plant will be built, but realize the gulf between potential and realization in any situation. All of us are aware of the models of direct confrontational strategies employed by the European anti-nuclear movement and the mass community mobilizations against construction of the Tokyo and Frankfurt airports in the mid-'70s. Whether opposition to the Detroit trash incinerator ever moves to that stage depends not only on the conscious commitment on the part of masses of Detroiters to stop it, but on the extension of a radical anti-industrial perspective.

Not every model citizen is as fortunate as those in Citizens for Clean Urine who were able to present their drug-free urine samples directly to President Reagan (see P.5) in support of his war on drugs. Numerous groups throughout the country (including Detroit's Patriots Pissing for the President [see the latest *Daily Barbarian*]) have been calling on others who want to exhibit their loyalty to do the next best thing: Send the President and Nancy your drug-free urine sample by mail to the White House, Washington DC. Be careful when packing your sample, since a poorly tightened jar, or worse, a plastic bag could leak, spilling piss all over our country's leaders.



The Australian Anarchist Centenary Celebration (AACC), held in Melbourne, May 1-4, seemed to mirror in many ways the Haymarket Centenary held in Chicago. Celebrating 100 years of Australian anarchism, the gathering brought together participants from all over the country for workshops and demonstrations. A May 1st march went through the heart of the city to the "8-hour Monument" with black and red banners flying. The Celebration also featured theatre, poetry, bands, and dancing as well as the first International Anarchist Film Festival. For Centenary documents and film festival program write: AACC, Box 20, Parkville 3052, Melbourne, Australia.



News & Reviews

The Daily Barbarian is loose again after almost a year's absence. The large, 8-page broadsheet filled with libertarian news, poetry, an essay on S & M, a great back-page Reagan poster, irreverent humor and imaginative layout makes one wish for more frequent issues. Alas, the barbarians in charge refuse to be pushed, wheedled or cajoled into working harder at publishing so its appearance will remain "infrequent." We will send a new Barbarian with each book order or contact them directly at Box 02455, Detroit MI 48202.

On the road again: the dynamic duo, Christina Floyd and Arthur Miller, who are responsible for organizing an amazing amount of Native American and prison support work and still find time to publish Bayou La Rose, have moved again. After a reportedly unhappy short stay in Kansas City, they have relocated their publication and their Survival Network Center at Box 2576, San Diego CA 92112. The current Bayou contains its usual fare of articles, statements, letters from prisoners and petitions in support of the environment and those most victimized by the state including reports on imprisoned Native American Leonard Peltier and Big Mountain.

The number of foreign language publications we received from anti-authoritarian and anarchist projects across the world is suddenly beginning to take up a large section of our bookstore space. They do neither their publishers nor us any good just sitting there, so if you speak French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Greek or Portuguese send us some stamps or a buck or ask for them in your book orders and we will gladly pass them on. We also have for the asking, papers from the U.S., Canada, England, Ireland and Australia.

Normally we wouldn't bother to comment on the dismal machinations of corporate liberal journalism, but since the saga of the *Mother Jones* magazine/Michael Moore dispute is partially being played out around here, perhaps it's worth a word or two. Moore was summarily cashiered recently from his post as editor of *Mother Jones* after a brief tenure marked by continuing disputes with its publisher, Adam Hochschild. *MJ*, sort of a *Time Magazine* for the tame left, is a tedious journal which exposes the minutia of capitalist abuses without ever coming to the conclusions such observations would suggest.

The sordid details of the wrangle have been chronicled in Alexander Cockburn's columns in *The Nation* and Detroit's *Metro Times*, and from those accounts Moore's sacking centered on his objection to running a social-democratic criticism of the Sandinistas and his righteous protest

Continued on Page 19



FE BOOKSTORE

The FE Bookservice may be reached at the same address as the Fifth Estate Newspaper, P.O. Box 02548, Detroit MI 48202 USA, telephone (313) 831-6800. Visitors are welcome, but our hours vary so please call before dropping in.

HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL:

1) List the title of the book, quantity wanted, and the price of each; 2) add 10% for mailing costs—not less than \$.69 U.S. or \$.96 foreign (minimum charge for 4th class book rate postage); 3) total; 4) write check or money order to: The Fifth Estate; 5) mail to The Fifth Estate, P.O. Box 02548, Detroit MI 48202 USA.



THE FREE by M. Gilliland

A fictional account of an insurrection, revolution and its suppression under circumstances not dissimilar from contemporary Great Britain. Graphic descriptions of battle, guerrilla warfare, torture and imprisonment make this novel not for the fainthearted, but probably represents what could be expected in a real such situation. So intense in sections (see our review in this issue) that it left our reviewer "looking for the door."

Hooligan Press 142pp \$4.00

BOLO' BOLO by P.M.

Bolo' Bolo ranges somewhere between a satirical sci-fi novel and a (non-violent) battle plan for the "substruction of the capitalist and/or socialist Planetary Work Machine." Bolos are tribal sized units which group people around specific interests/ideologies/ideas/tastes or what ever sphere of commonality they choose. P.M. devises a time table and even a language necessary for the transition to a world of Bolos, and even if one refuses to take it all completely serious, there is a wealth of insight and humor to make the reading worthwhile.

Semiotext(e) 198pp \$4.95

HAYMARKET SCRAPBOOK edited by Dave Roediger & Franklin Rosemont

A profusely illustrated centennial anthology by contemporary labor historians and anarchists of the period. It focuses on the Haymarket Affair of 1886-7 and on the incredibly varied and enduring influence the event exerted across the world.

Charles H. Kerr 256pp 8X11 size \$14.95

ADVENTURES IN SUBVERSION: ANTI-AUTHORITARIANS ANONYMOUS FLYERS, 1981-1985 by AAA

Collection of the witty, acerbic, often blunt and vitriolic detournements and denunciations of some west coast bad elements, negationists and rebels. "A totally unnatural world of tedium and deprivation... is crumbling."

AAA 28pp 8½X11" \$1.00

MINER CONFLICTS—MAJOR CONTRADICTIONS

An account of the British miners strike. From the introduction: "...mining communities, and those who identify with the struggle, are actually beginning to discover real life outside and against the commodity-spectacle."

B.M. Combustion 31pp \$1.00

ON THE POVERTY OF BERKELEY LIFE and the Marginal Stratum of American Society in General by Chris Shutes

The examination of Berkeley, Calif. as the prototype of life on the margins of capitalist society. An exposure of self-delusion about work, "hip" business, and consumption. Cruel, but fair. Ends with a fairly hopeful chapter on events in South Africa.

Self-published 52pp \$2.50

NEW ARRIVALS

PROPAGANDA: The Formation of Men's Attitudes by Jacques Ellul

"The theme of *Propaganda* is quite simply... that when our new technology encompasses any culture or society, the result is propaganda. Ellul has made many splendid contributions in this book." Marshall McLuhan

Vintage \$313pp \$5.95

AUTONOMOUS TECHNOLOGY: Technics-out-of-Control as a Theme in Political Thought by Langdon Winner

Winner outlines the paradoxes of technological development, the images of alienation and liberation evoked by machines, and assesses the historical conditions underlying the exponential growth of technology. He evokes the myths of Frankenstein and Prometheus to illustrate that we may all face a permanent bondage to our own inventions.

MIT Press 335pp \$9.95

REBEL VIOLENCE v. HIERARCHICAL VIOLENCE: A Chronology of Anti-State Violence on the UK Mainland—July 1985-May 1986 Published Anonymously

from the text: "As usual during riots, the streets, normally alien places serving the speedy circulation of merchandise where you pass through as quickly as possible, become the terrain of history and community in struggle, where people discover they have something to talk about other than purely boring events." This sort of analysis is interspersed with a chronological listing of anti-state violence, riots, "hooliganism," attacks on police along with hilarious reprints from mainstream papers decrying it all. (see our review in this issue.)

Combustion 8½X11 35pp \$1.50

CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT by William S. Burroughs

Satirical, visionary, this novel rivals his famous *Naked Lunch*. A "what if" story which rewrites history, retelling the tale of an anarchist pirate from the 17th century who founded a libertarian commune which was destroyed, its founder murdered by the British. Later, after a plague from the ancient Cities of the Red Night located in the Gobi desert has reduced the world population, other pirates begin where he left off, and carry his revolution to South America.

Holt 332ps. cloth orig. \$14.95, now \$6.00

AGAINST HIS STORY, AGAINST LEVIATHAN by Fredy Perlman

In a poetic style which leaves the terrain of history as it excoriates it, *AGAINST LEVIATHAN* traces the origins of the state, the destruction of myth-centered, communitarian, free societies by authoritarian machines and economic social relations, the varied forms of resistance to and flight from the state.

Black & Red 302pp \$3.00

LETTERS OF INSURGENTS

by Fredy Perlman (written under S. Nachalo and V. Vocheck)

Epic in scope and size, *Letters* examines the human qualities of love, loyalty and solidarity within the crucible of revolution. The reoccurring themes of the novel echo in many Black & Red publications and in this newspaper.

Black & R 832pp \$5.00

LIVING MY LIFE: An Autobiography by Emma Goldman

In this first single-volume, unabridged autobiography, Goldman follows her life from her birth in 1869 in Lithuania through her personal triumphs and failures, her political radicalism and deportation, her love affairs, and personal remembrances. Johann Most, Alexander Berkman, "Big Bill" Heywood, Max Eastman, Jack London, John Reed, Lenin, Havelock Ellis and scores of others appear in this stirring account of the world's most famous anarchist.

Peregrine 993pp paper (½ price) \$6.

(Note: due to its size orders for this book must include a minimum of \$1.20 postage plus additional if other titles are ordered.)

BLOWING AWAY THE BORDERS: Unity With The Grass Roots Disarmament Movement In The Soviet Bloc: Can The U.S. Disarmament Movement Live Up To Its Name?

An introduction to the small but courageous independent peace movement in the Soviet Union which incurs the wrath of the KGB for its actions against war.

N.Y. Trust Group 8½X11 10pp \$7.5 (See News & Reviews this issue for report on recent activities.)

TEN COMMON ARGUMENTS AGAINST ANIMAL RIGHTS REFUTED

by Perry Phillips

"Plants feel pain, don't they?" and other such inanities rebutted in clear, sensible terms.

People for Animals 22pp \$1.50

ZIONISM IN THE AGE OF THE DICTATORS by Lenni Brenner

Brenner searches through the Zionist record and finds evidence that it sought the patronage of avowed anti-Semites and, ultimately, the collaboration of the fascists and Nazis. Brenner shows how from the beginning Zionism's leaders were prepared to go to almost any length to achieve the goal of a separate Jewish homeland.

Lawrence Hill & Co. 277pp (hb) \$8.95

THE WHITE ROSE by B. Traven

By the author of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and *The Death Ship*, Traven chronicles the clash between Mexican rural life and American industrialism to illustrate what we have traded for the modern world. It describes the discovery and exploitation of Mexico's oil resources by the rapacious giants of the U.S. oil industry and the destruction of an Indian hacienda which stood in their way. Made into a movie in the '70s in Mexico, its distribution was blocked for years because of pressure from the oil interests.

Lawrence Hill & Co. 209pp (hb) \$6.95 (reduced)

JOHN BROWN by Henry David Thoreau

Three classic Thoreau essays in defense of Capt. John Brown and his raid on Harper's Ferry to arm a slave insurrection. In the introduction to the 1984 Montreal edition the publisher links the scorn Brown reaped even from anti-slavery forces at the time to the contemporary refusal of many peace activists to support the "terrorism" of groups like the Vancouver 5.

Poses the question: what acts are permissible to fight evil in the world? Graphically stunning.

Anonymous 36pps \$1.00



Porpoise

BACK IN STOCK

NO STATIST SOLUTIONS: Anarchism and "the troubles" in Ireland
by Michael Ziesing

Contains selections from the Dublin anarchist paper "Outta Control" and an interview with Hit Parade, an Irish Band. A first hand account of Ziesing's travels in N. Ireland and his observations from a libertarian perspective. A review of this pamphlet in "Freedom" set off quite a debate between English and Irish anarchists.

46pp \$2.50



Dinosaur (from 2 ft. to 60 ft. long, according to the species)

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION AND THE HUNGARIAN UPRISING

Throughout the gulag-states there were military processions and official pseudo-celebrations to celebrate the Bolshevik's counter-revolutionary coup, and here in the West, various leftist sectlets held boring, poorly attended seances to commemorate the date. All of them, whether they represent Leninism in power (Brezhnev's "real existing socialism") or Leninism out of power (the 57 varieties of Trotskyism, Maoism and Stalinism of the Western parties), will be defending the mystifications of the monolithic machine which strangled the revolution.

October is also the 30th anniversary of the Hungarian rebellion of 1956 which is the most celebrated of the many revolts against Stalinist rule. The following books are a small contribution to the process of demystification of those events and a call for renewing the struggle against all forms of domination.

HISTORY OF THE MAKHNOVIST MOVEMENT

by P. Arshinov

History of the anarchist peasant revolution in the Ukraine with telling revelations about the nature of "revolutionary" Bolshevik military and social policy. Written by a participant in the Makhnovist movement.

Black & Red \$2.50

THE KRONSTADT UPRISING OF 1921

by Lynn Thorndycraft

Story of the heroic Kronstadt uprising against Bolshevik tyranny and its ruthless suppression by the leninists.

Left Bank Books 26pp 50 cents

BOLSHEVIKS & WORKERS CONTROL

by Maurice Brinton

An excellent chronology and analysis of the Bolshevik betrayal of the revolution from the seizure of the factories to the crushing of the Kronstadt Commune.

Black & Red 100pp. \$1.95

THE POVERTY-OF STATISM: A DEBATE

by Fabbri, Rocker, Bukharin

Contains Nikolai Bukharin's officially-sponsored attack on anarchism published in the Soviet Union in 1922, and Luigi Fabbri's reply published in Italy the same year. Also, two articles by Rudolf Rocker, "Anarchism and Sovietism," and "Marx and Anarchism."

Cienfuegos Press \$3.50

HUNGARY '56

by Andy Anderson

The Hungarian Revolution of 1956 has always been trumpeted by the West as "proof" that people bridling under "communism" desire instead capitalist life. Anderson's thorough account of the October events gives the full panorama of the revolt against the stalinist bureaucracy which contained the potential for universal forms of freedom—the workers' councils. The text and the excellent photos bring events to life rich with humans in a fight for freedom.

Solidarity/Black & Red 138pp \$1.75

A Kelly job is freedom



Ad, Detroit Free Press, 1986 — Gates of Dachau, 1945: "Work Makes You Free"

MORE NEWS & Reviews

Continued from Page 18

against a political firing. Hochschild says the dismissal came about because of Moore's problems with the staff.

In any event, Michael is now portrayed as a Mid-Western naif, seduced and abandoned in the big city, his dreams and career in shambles, having foolishly let his paper back home, *The Michigan Voice*, collapse in favor of his ill-fated San Francisco job. All said, it's still hard for us to work up much sympathy for Moore even though he may have gotten screwed. Essentially this is a dispute involving upper management—how bosses relate to one another and to their staff. When bosses fight among themselves—even if they are liberals—it just doesn't cut much slack with us since our chosen mode of decision making—the collective—is at total variance with the authoritarian and traditionalist way things are done at *Mother Jones*.

The other end of the "tragedy," that Moore's move ended *The Michigan Voice*, seems strange to us as well. Why does a paper collapse because its editor leaves? In all honesty, *The Michigan Voice* never commanded the interest or readership it was touted as having by people like Cockburn and supporters. Although Moore's paper had tens of thousands of dollars pumped into it through grants and star-studded benefits, and featured a slick, full-color format similar to *Rolling Stone*, its existence was so tenuous that when the boss left, it collapsed.

What is closer to the truth is that *The Michigan Voice's* tepid left-liberal politics, with its focus on electoralism, civil liberties and exposes of civic abuses, created a paper without an ounce of oomph that appealed to only a narrow spectrum of comfortable liberals.

At a recent Detroit lecture where Moore shared the speaker's platform with Cockburn, he spoke at length on the need

for extensive financing for alternative publications to keep them afloat. When a *Fifth Estate* staff member in the audience replied that, to the contrary, it was reader support and not rich angels which should be the basis of a paper's existence, and that the FE had never received a donation larger than \$200 even when it was publishing weekly in the 1960's, Moore just looked blank and went on to the next question.

There is another interesting irony missed by those who were not privileged to hear Moore's lecture. After a laboriously long-winded harangue against the Detroit *News* and *Free Press* for their flattening of reality and distortion of complex political issues (with all the almost embarrassingly histrionic indignation at this unsurprising state of affairs so typical of rad-lib types), he came to rather astonishing conclusions: "When Reagan declares 'I am a contra,' we've got to stop equivocating," he argued, and called for a dramatic and simple reaction which could be "understood" by people. "We've got to respond, 'I'm a Sandinista,'" he said, thus missing altogether the irony of calling for a "left press" which mirrors exactly the form and the operational character of the capitalist mass media. Of course, this happens to be what all reformist and leftist politicians want to do, just as they want to create an industrial, hierarchic society where they dictate policy to "the masses"—including defining reality in "simple and dramatic" ways.

This turned out to be a central issue in his firing. Moore objected to printing an article by Paul Berman, a New York *Village Voice* writer who, although critical of U.S. Central American policy, also voices strong criticism of the Sandinistas as undemocratic and becoming more authoritarian. Moore responded, that "no magazine under my name will come out that says that stuff about the Sandinistas."

Although Cockburn has charged that Berman's flawed social-democratic analy-

sis at times could dove-tail with the murderous conspirators in the White House, the *Fifth Estate* is no stranger to criticisms of the Nicaraguan government (see FE Summer 1985).

No one should be surprised that when an armed party of stalinist-castroist politicians and priests seizes power in a small neo-colony, they begin the project of the consolidation of their power, the centralization of the police, the army, and the capitalization and development sector. The leninists and the christian symps in the US like Moore think that people will be confused if any criticism of "el proceso" in Nicaragua is criticized, that only a crude propaganda of a nazi-yanqui Reagan crushing a christian-marxist People's Utopia is appropriate.

This is only a variation of the old theme of defending the "soviet motherland" from imperialism and from those who might criticize the workers' paradise, or their song about the Spanish Republic (as communist cops were massacring revolutionary workers in dungeons in Barcelona and militarily attacking revolutionary councils). The leftists would like to repeat their simple and dramatic fables about nationalist revolutions in the third world in order to maintain ideological hegemony among those who might act to oppose the US empire and its war machine. A binary oppositional formula, not truth, is what counts, comrade, when keeping the masses in a nice, disciplined line.

Mother Jones "will survive this crisis," wrote a *Guardian* commentator. "But it—and the left as a whole—will be the worse for it." But the left is living a lie; if its lie is debunked once and for all it may be all the worse for the left, but it can only be a step forward for authentic radical transformation. As for *Mother Jones*, it's hard to imagine that its demise would be anything other than a matter of supreme indifference, even to the left.

The final chapter in this mess has not been written since Moore has begun a law suit for breach of contract against *MJ* for a cool \$2 million after spurning a \$50,000 severance offer from the mag. Ultimately, how dull this all is when you think of the many exciting, self-published newspapers and zines that are cropping up all around the country. You can check out the magazine Factsheet Five for address listings: 6 Arizona Avenue, Rensselaer, NY 12144.

• • •

The Collapse of the Empire and other Erotic Fantasies from The Peace Mob, 1035 Revere, San Francisco CA 94124 (priceless, so try \$5). Greg Fain delivers great lyrics with scalpel and axe on this 45 minute cassette. My personal favorites include "Homo Ferox" and "America Can't Come," but the guy really needs a band here. The lone electric guitar usually pales next to the sneering vocals, even with the techno-aid of foot pedals and electronic effects.

It wouldn't have to be a bass and drums, just some additional people making noise so you'd want to still hear it after you've caught all the lines. And with lyrics like this, Fain should have little trouble attracting some intense music makers. "It's raining, it's pouring, the government is snoring" in "Acid Raid" made me drive off the road (so I could catch the rest). Like, may this mob grow and grow.

—Bill Blank

Letters to the Fifth Estate

Pretty Bad Taste

Dear FE,

The Christians to the lions stuff in the last issue was in pretty bad taste. The original victims of the Roman state were communal, love-thy-neighbor, subversive types, much different from today's fundamentalist/fascist types. And even then, I don't think it would be very appropriate to feed *anyone* to lions, but I'm probably being my humorless self.

Against all authority,
Ed Slyboots
Lawrence KS

The lions respond: We don't want Christians with good taste; we want Christians who taste good!

Zeal to Possess

Dear Folks at FE,

Since I've read everything appreciable in my personal library, I'm rereading old issues of the FE which never seem to lose their vitality. "Anarchism in the Age of Reagan" is an especially pertinent article, and I thought I'd comment on it.

While I agree that the facade of modern capitalism is deteriorating—and the incongruities of the system are as manifest now than any time in the past—it would not seem that the people amidst its putrefaction are giving any mass indication of conscious rejection. Anti-authoritarians provide repeated examples of this assumed repudiation of capitalism—from employee theft to the willingness of people to loot and shoplift—but this simply points out the narcissism spawned by acquisition of commodities.

Most people—middle class Americans, that is, the majority, albeit a shrinking majority—give little indication of discarding the intrinsic tenets of capitalism. Rather, they attempt to circumvent the system in their zeal to possess commodities ad nauseam. Granted, they are alienated by this process and the contradictions of living under modern capitalism, but I'm certain they would readily reject anybody who would suggest they give up their cherished possessions in order to live a better life. The modern credo—exemplified by a popular bumpersticker—is: I owe, I owe, so off to work I go. With this mentality, coupled with a conviction that through materialism and acquisition we gain freedom, can we ever hope to achieve a "paradise renewed"?

I hate to sound pessimistic and nihilistic, but I do not hold much hope for the future of (western) mankind, especially with the depth of the indoctrination of the people. I'm afraid we'll need to experience a formidable crisis—such as another depression with mass starvation and un-

paralleled suffering (in short, the absolute collapse of capitalism)—before people realize the malodorous character of the system and endeavor to supplant it. I'm afraid nuclear war will arrive before that can ever happen.

Pace Verde,
Kurt Nimmo
Detroit

FE Mascot

Hi FE people:

If you would like my cat Anarchy as your mascot (anarchy is notorious—bites, claws and scratches everyone including me), I will gladly mail her to you at no cost to you.

Lamprine Sakkas
Newark, New Jersey

Bicycle World

Dear Friends,

I became aware of your publication while visiting the Alternative Bookshop in Montreal. The Fifth Estate is a superb newspaper, inspiring and well written.

Eleven years ago we started out as an organization struggling for the political rights of urban bicyclists in the Montreal region. There was a constantly growing amount of bicyclists and no facilities to permit them to commute safely. Through our efforts, both theatrical and traditional and two brief sojourns in prison by Claire Morissette and myself resulting from our zealous efforts to obtain subway access and a commuter bicycle path, Montreal has become much more cyclable.

We won bridge access over the St. Lawrence River Bridges to the South Shore suburbs, subway access for bicycles on weekends and after 7 p.m. during the week, an important North-South bicycle artery leading to downtown where a small fence protects cyclists from cars and where the curb lane has been given over to the exclusive use of bicycle traffic. Previously the cars had the space. Much safer bicycle parking has also been installed. So we won more than half of our demands although the city is still not yet Amsterdam or Hanoi. As we won, energy and commitment to the movement diminished as is natural.

Our newspaper has been publishing for 10 years. At first it was mostly bicycle related. Recently, however, because of our victories and other reasons, we have been trying to produce an alternative bilingual paper where the bicycle struggle news is limited to one quarter or so of the content and where the bicycle becomes a symbol or metaphor for the world we want: accessible, open, efficient, quiet, peaceful, pretty, non-hierarchical, cooperative and clean.

We consider the bicycle to be the best friend of an anarchist. It enables us in the cities to often bypass the radical monopoly of the car. As you know the radical monopoly of the automobile was artificially constructed over the years. It began with General Motors, assisted by Standard Oil and Firestone, buying up and destroying America's streetcar systems. They were even convicted of these heinous crimes in a Chicago court in 1959. (U.S. Ground Transport, Bradford Snell, U.S. Library of Congress). Afterwards municipal, state and federal governments spent billions on roads and neglected mass transport.

So, as a result, even the simplest mobility required a car. The bike's a way around this deadly monopoly. Daniel Behrman thinks the bicycle is a tool for revolution and Ivan Illich said that "Socialism can only come by bicycle".

Robert Silverman
Le Monde a Bicyclette
C.P. 1242, Succ. "La Cite"
Montreal, Quebec H2W 2R3
Canada

Cross of Bills

Dear FE:

Thanks for crediting the *LOOKOUT* for the graphic "Evolution of the UPC" (Vol. 20, No. 4, Summer 1986), but the credit really belongs to the artist Winston Smith, who's also renowned for his DEAD KENNEDYS album cover for "In God We Trust, Inc." featuring "The Lord" crucified on a cross of dollar bills. Winston also puts out an occasional zine called *FALLOUT* which is loaded with similarly brilliant graphics. Back issues are two bucks or so. Your readers might be interested and the FE could probably use some of them, too. Winston's address: POB 1535, Ukiah CA 95482.

Lawrence Livermore
Laytonville CA

Isms Are Wasms

Dear FE:

Recently while rehashing the old "should we call ourselves anarchists?" dilemma with a friend, I heard for probably the hundredth time that the word *anarchist* could only exist if there were an *anarchism*, and since all isms were structured doctrines, which my friend rejects, he should reject the label *anarchist*.

Well, of all the arguments I've heard in favor of not being labelled an anarchist, this is the one that I've always questioned the most. Do all isms have to be structured doctrine? Did the anarchist come from *anarchism* or did the anarchism

come from the *anarchist*? I decided to finally put my curiosity to rest and to look up every acknowledged (in reference sources that is) *ism* and *ist* to try to draw some conclusions on this. (If anyone's interested they can write me for a good list.) I'm also trying to find the first references to the words *anarchist* and *anarchism* to see which was used first. When I return home after the summer I'll find out and share my discoveries with you.

In the meanwhile, my study of the meanings of the suffixes *ism* and *ist* does not *prove* that the meaning of *anarchist* isn't someone who adheres to an *ism*, a doctrine, but it does definitely prove that as a linguistic unit *ism* or *ist* doesn't imply this; only popular usage implies it.

*Is*m, as defined by the Oxford, is: [used generically as an independent word] a form of doctrine, theory or practice having or claiming to have a distinctive character or relation: chiefly used disparagingly and sometimes with implied reference to schism.

Upon further reading, I found that its Greek root, *isma*, expressed the finished act of things done.

*Is*m is a descriptive term for doctrines, or for principles such as: atheism, egotism, jingoism, hedonism, libertinism, realism, stoicism, etc.

It can express action, conduct or habitually doing something, such as: desperadoism, autoeroticism, malapropism, quixoticism, recidivism, solecism, etc.

It can express use, in words as: L.S. Deism, epigrammatism, hyperbolism, narcotism, euphemism, hypnotism, magnetism, etc.

It can denote a characteristic, especially pertaining to language, such as: archaism, colloquialism, witticism, anglicism, Americanism, westernism, etc.

It can take the characteristic of a person, like Leninism, McCarthyism, or the one I coined, Eichmanism.

It can indicate condition, like: barbarism, deaf mutism, orphanism, parallelism, etc.

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It can mean taking the qualities of, as: charlatanism, esotericism, pendaticism, etc.

It's the result of an action, such as: os-tricism, mesmerism, etc.

It also has exceptional forms such as a teratism, which is a malformed fetus.

Anarchism therefore can mean: taking the qualities of anarchy, the result of anarchy, the condition of anarchy, habitual anarchy, anarchy-like conduct, etc., in addition to a doctrine. And since I don't know of any doctrine that's been accepted by the majority of anarchists, I would think it more likely to fit into one of the other meanings.

Next comes the -ist which can be synonymous with the -ite, such as a Stirnerite, or a transvestite or an anarkite.

And 'ist' can do an action such as: a baptist, exorcist, syllogist, plagiarist, etc.

He or she can practice some method or art, such as dogmatist, satirist, theorist, dramatist, metallurgist, etc.

The -ist can be an adherent of some creed, doctrine, art, or system such as a polytheist, spinozist, a minimalist, marxist, an impressionist, a monarchist, etc.

The -ist, can be formed on an adjective such as a fatalist, idealist, humanist, plurist, realist, etc. (This point proves that the -ist can come before the -ism, because the -ist and -istic come from the quality of the adjective, the -ism follows.)

An -ist can denote someone whose profession or business it is to have to do with the thing or subject in question (sometimes with education involved), like an artist, colourist, dentist, florist, linguist, tabacconist, etc.

Sometimes it comes from verbs like a conformist, computerist, separatist, speculatist, etc.

An -ist is also of course someone expert in a particular art, science, study or pursuit like a schealogist, archeologist, a biologist, etc.

There are -ists that correspond to events like a semi-finalist or a second adventist.

Then there is somebody who performs something. Such as a eulogist (that's particularly interesting because it usually refers to a one-time only event) or a threnodist, the person who sings the funeral songs.

Of course these aren't all the meanings of -ist, but the most indisputable (I don't want to get into esotericism or didacticism). It's obvious that there are dozens of recognized -ists where there are no -isms and vice versa. There's diabolism, no diabolism, holism, no holism, narcotism, polymorphism, puerilism, voyeurism, etc, without the corresponding -isms. There's a misanthropist, misogamist, parodist, vendettist, etc. without corresponding -isms.

According to the meaning of the suffix -ist, therefore, an anarchist could: practice anarchy, take on the qualities of anarchy, teach the qualities of anarchy, live in anarchy, know a lot about anarchy as well as someone who adheres to an -ism.

Using the word anarchism, or anarchist can be dangerous because it's understood in a narrow way by the vast majority of people. It's like many other words which we've learned to use in a restricted sense. So what are we to do? Do we reclaim the word, attempt to change its popular meaning? Or do we invent more words. (Figure that somebody does that everytime another word is reduced and that's why English has such a vast lexicon.) Do what you want. What I'm doing is of no impor-



tance to what you'll do; I just wanted to pose yet another question to clutter your minds.

Anarchy, peace and love,
Laure Akai-Ngurundere
New York City

Not Obsessed

Hello FE,

Congratulations on your 20th anniversary. As a regular reader for the last 10 years and a sporadic reader before that I can say you've improved over the years. I hope you publish for another 20 or until the downfall of everything anyway.

I depend on your magazine for a viewpoint not available too many other places. Especially up here. A lot of Democrats, Republicans, and satellite dishes cluttering up the landscape. Living here between an air force base and a submarine communications (ELF) line is somewhat depressing although the natural aspects of the area are beautiful. I try not to become obsessed with the thought of all those Nukes aimed at my head.

I love this northern great lakes region and every new high voltage line, housing development, highway, etc. saddens me. Most people here seem to look at these as progress. I'm sure all of you have had the same experience. Anyway your magazine is important to me and has helped me grow over the years and I hope you continue.

Jerry Mohlman
Iron Mountain, MI

Feel Free To Read

Dear Friends,

To John Zerzan: It is unlikely that writing in and of itself is a mortal or venial sin, ditto for reading and electric guitars. They grew from a big mistake; a demented act of cultural self-abuse. As it disappears so will they. In the meantime if you have something that you want remembered, give it to a younger person to keep in their

head and hope that they can pass it along. Books are much too fragile a means of preservation. As to illuminating the cultural evil which gave birth to writing, be at peace friend. It was accounting. Now any greater explanation will not fit in the head of a younger person for preservation so I would leave it to the dung beetles. In the meantime feel free to read and write—the goddess will not damn you for it and it may make you feel better.

To the woman whose name I can't find who got bent at the "Layabouts concert": Why damn the grass which grows through the sidewalk for not being a meadow. I know few Bantus who hold conversations at dance-time and they play acoustic drums and sing a cappella. The Layabouts seem to have a fine time playing and I have had a fine time dancing with them and listening with them and intoxicating with them all in immoderate quantities. Joy in Detroit has to be treated like grass in the sidewalk—imbibe where and when you find it. Ralph, I can see no reason to defend victimless pleasure to a person who uses telephones, mass transit, and pencils. Joy, like electric guitars, reading and writing, is not a mortal or a venial sin but unlike them will probably not disappear when we all finally get to act out. Albert Einstein wore black socks and shorts but it was ok; Emma Goldman.... well, I'll leave it to you to find out.... Relax, they ARE trying to kill us. We need pleasure wherever we can find it. Take a deep breath...exhale slowly and say I'M OK...THEY'RE NOT...now, go do something that makes you happy...you haven't much time left.

With love
the albert einstein clone
Dallas, Texas

Face Value

To the Fifth Estate:

With the extremely limited experience I have had in reading Lewis Mumford, I

find that I am often in agreement with his work. Yet I fail to see why this translates into uncritical support for native North American culture.

As a vegetarian, I am repelled by the hunting lifestyle these people follow. As an anti-theist, I object to mysticism/religion in any guise. To say that this is the result of a bourgeois upbringing may be true, but that does not say enough.

Also, how can John Zerzan accept the mainstream media at face value? U.S. News & World Report does not strike me as having any credibility (See "Present Day Banalities" FE Spring 1986). As it is, I cannot rejoice over the high rate of illiteracy in America which he cites. For me, everything seems as if we have been transported to a Weimar Republic on a global scale.

Martin Toews
Winnipeg MB

Mindless Slippage

Dear Friends:

I was sorry to discover that our Newspaper Dept. at the Chicago Public Library had cancelled our subscription to your publication—just another instance of our slippage toward the mindless totalitarianism that you're trying to combat.

Anyhow, here is a check for a year's subscription for myself, personally—you will have to send it to my apartment, however. Keep up the good work!

DW
Chicago

Jewish Nationalist

Dear Anarchists,

There are very serious errors being made by anarchists such as Julia Morrigan and Ana Coluthon who wrote (in your Summer 1986 issue) in defense of the freedom of speech for the racists Keegstra and Zundel.

Anti-Jewish fascists advocate that Jews among others be shut-up permanently. Therefore, these fascists have given up their right to freedom of speech by denying that such a right exists. In order for liberties to be universal as a principle, they must be reciprocal.

In general, the anti-nationalist line put forward by the Fifth Estate newspaper ignores the fact that when a people are attacked for their particular characteristics such as culture/appearance, and if other people are not willing to defend them, then they will defend themselves.

This is why you must take responsibility for making me a Jewish nationalist, which corresponds to my twenty years of activity on behalf of the Palestine people.

Eibie Weizfeld
Montreal, Kebek

FE reply: Sorry, Eibie, but ultimately everyone packs their own parachute. Take responsibility for yourself, please.

Vancouver 4 - 1

Dear Comrades,

Greetings from the northern colony. I just thought I'd drop you a line to say hi and to let you know that my address has

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recently changed. I've been transferred down from Matsqui prison to a lower security prison (William Head prison) on Vancouver Island.

My new mailing address is: P. O. Box 4000, Stn. A, Victoria, B.C. V8X 3Y8 Canada.

I really enjoy the FE. It's a major source of strength for me and I would hate to miss even one issue.

I've noticed you receive both support and flack from your readers for your simple society/pro-nature approach to anarchism. Well, you can count me in as one of your staunch supporters for what it's worth. Personally I find the FE viewpoint a refreshing bit of life in what is otherwise rapidly becoming a high tech necropolis. As a dedicated heretic, I must challenge this newly fabricated religion, which repulses me as much as the old one. I find it equally as alienating, dehumanizing, enslaving and mesmerizing as christianity.

Like christianity—and all of the other patriarchal, institutionalized religions—I find that any good which it can claim to have effected in the world is far outweighed by the bad. I'm convinced freedom is a condition of nature and not something which can be created by a machine.

Unfortunately, as I'm sure you can guess, I'm not doing a hell of a lot of dancing in the forest these days. Still, prison life could be worse. At least this prison looks a bit better than the last one.

Here at William Head there are lots of trees, tall grasses and rocky outcrops and we are surrounded on 3 sides by the sea. There are animals too: cats, geese, racoons, deer, seals, orcas. Of course, there are still the typical prison head-games and power trips and it can get extraordinarily depressing at times.

Lately I've been writing and playing a lot of music, reading a hell of a lot of books, setting up a visual education program, taking university courses and enjoying the limited, but impressive by prison standards, outdoors.

From what I understand the 3 other comrades are doing okay: Doug was recently transferred down in security to Matsqui and only has 2 years to do before they have to release him on "mandatory supervision;" Brent was apparently having a bit of trouble with some other folks at Milhaven, but that seems to have passed and he's recently been approved for a transfer to lower security as well; reports have it that Ann has run out of things to do and, consequently, has engaged in a bit of rebellion, which has cost her, but fortunately, the womyn is strong. As for Julie, contact with her has been severed, so no one's too sure what she's up to. I think most of us feel sorry for her, but her betrayal is difficult to forgive.

Well, I guess that's it for now. So take care my friends, stay strong and drop a line sometime if you feel like it. Long live brotherhood and sisterhood! Long live Mother Earth! Long live anarchy!

In love and struggle, your bro,
Gerry Hannah
Victoria, B.C.

Vancouver 4 - 2

Dear Fifth Estate,

I applaud your proposal to publish an issue on trees and forests. My personal area of especial interest is logging and the

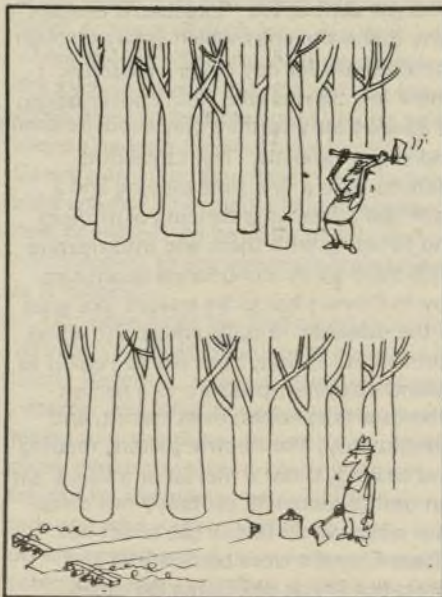
other activities of the "forest industry."

A point that I think is insufficiently appreciated is the distinction between arguments for the defence of the natural environment that are based on the interest of the environment itself. A human-centered argument might run, for example, that a particular forest should not be logged because it would not be economically viable and would require government subsidy, because it would damage salmon streams and hence the fishing industry, because it would impair "scenic and recreational values" and hence tourist industry profits, or because in some other way it would hurt our collective long-term interests.

On the other hand, an environment-centered argument might be that the natural ecology of the forest has value and importance in and of itself and should not be wantonly devastated, and that even if on the whole we do benefit from the activities of the forest industry, nevertheless we are obligated to restrain it in order to protect the land and all its inhabitants.

The former view is essentially a pragmatic and selfish one. The latter view is a moral one and rests on a spiritual perspective of the human situation in the world; needless to say, it does not have much popular political appeal.

A second point I would like to make consists of a different but analogous pair of views having to do with the ecological impact of the forest industry. The forest companies endeavor to constrain public debate to issues of specific practices, as for example, the benefits of leaving buffer zones between logged areas and water courses or of implementing proper replanting techniques. The implication is that if only the forests were responsibly managed, then "sustainable yield" could be maintained indefinitely without long-term harm to the forest ecology.



An opposing perspective holds that logging a forest damages it, that recovery is not complete by the time it regrows to a "commercially mature" stage and is re-logged, and that the damage is progressive, that is, each cycle of logging and re-growing causes greater deviation from its original, natural form. In fact, the only way to reduce the widespread destructive effects of the forest industry is to drastically reduce the scale of logging. This, of course, would have a dramatic effect on the economy of regions dependent on the forest industry, and demands for such a change would not be well received.

A third point is this: in working on specific struggles, such as protecting part-

icular forested areas, many environmentalists restrict their public positions to the more reformist ones described above, both by appealing to people's long-term economic self-interest rather than their sense of ecological responsibility, and by calling only for limited changes rather than a radical reduction in scope of the entire industry. They would probably say that by being politically palatable they are maximizing their chances of success in each individual struggle and they are probably right.

However, this overlooks the wider political context and the longer term. If we are ever to substantially restrain the overwhelming industrial assault on the natural world, radical environmental analysis and action will have to become widely disseminated and taken up by a great many people. By focusing too much on limited criticisms and demands, the movement may be sacrificing effectiveness in introducing the deeper ideas that are essential

to the long term.

The slow, cautious, "reasonable" approach certainly has advantages and I am not suggesting that it be completely abandoned. However, I am suggesting that environmental activists consider the advantages of publicly and clearly presenting the moral, political and ecological arguments that justify their ultimate aspirations.

Doug Stewart
Matsqui Prison, POB 4000
Abbotsford, BC V2S 4P3
Canada

FE Note: We are still planning to produce a special issue on trees and forests, and seek articles, excerpts and graphics concerning trees in all their ecological and mythopoetic dimensions. All correspondence will be answered, all ideas seriously considered. Send to The Fifth Estate, Box 02548, Detroit MI 48202 USA.



Spanish anarchist militiamen shoot at statue of Christ near Madrid, 1936. Photo from *The Spanish Civil War*, Antony Beevor, Peter Bedrick Books, 239 Central Park West NY NY 10024, 1982.

Lost Its Soul

Dear FE:

As a christian anarchist I read your article "Christians to the Lions" (Summer 1986 FE) with interest and amusement. Although I have already stated in these pages (See "Anarchy & Christianity: An Exchange," in the Summer 1984 FE) that I agree with many of your criticisms of my religion's bloody history, as an unabashed leftist there are a few points I would like to respond to.

You equate christianity with the "mystico-technocratic anthill," patriarchal authority, tyranny, bureaucracy. No doubt your encounters with right-wing christians picketing the film "Hail Mary" give you good reason to feel this way.

However, what puzzles me is the "christians to the lions" motif that runs through the article. As you know, christianity came from an area of the world that was under the boot of the Roman state. Christ was executed between two criminals because he dared to challenge that power... For the first few hundred years of its history christianity was essentially an underground religion, meetings were held in secret because the Romans would give the christians over to the death squads to be tortured and, yes, thrown to the lions, because they refused to bow down before the state idols and instead worshipped in their own creative fashion, conspiring together and holding all their goods in

common.

For the first three hundred years it was also unthinkable for a christian to accept conscription and fight in the imperial occupation forces, and it was only with the conversion of Emperor Constantine in 312 AD and his dictum, "In this sign [the cross] shall you conquer," that all this changed. In short, christianity lost its soul as a spiritual force as soon as it was accepted as the state religion by imperial power. The rest is history. The central historical mistake of the early christians is that they were too successful. As William Reich said in *The Murder of Christ*, "A thing is often accepted as it can be all the more destroyed." So in an ironic sort of way, yes, we were better off when we were being thrown to the lions.

But today there is a new spirit blowing through the land... There are now christians in every part of the country getting arrested and going to jail (the oft-mentioned fate of our early predecessors), some for up to eighteen years, for faithful acts of defiance to demonic powers in high places.

At a conference of the U.S. War College a speaker was quoted as saying, "The greatest challenge we face today comes from the churches." And although I will freely admit that in many ways our steps have been tentative and not always with a major impact on those under the gun of current despotic power, I am proud to be

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a part of this new conspiracy of conscience and I feel it to be in the truest sense our heritage and tradition . . .

Bill McCormick
Decatur, Georgia

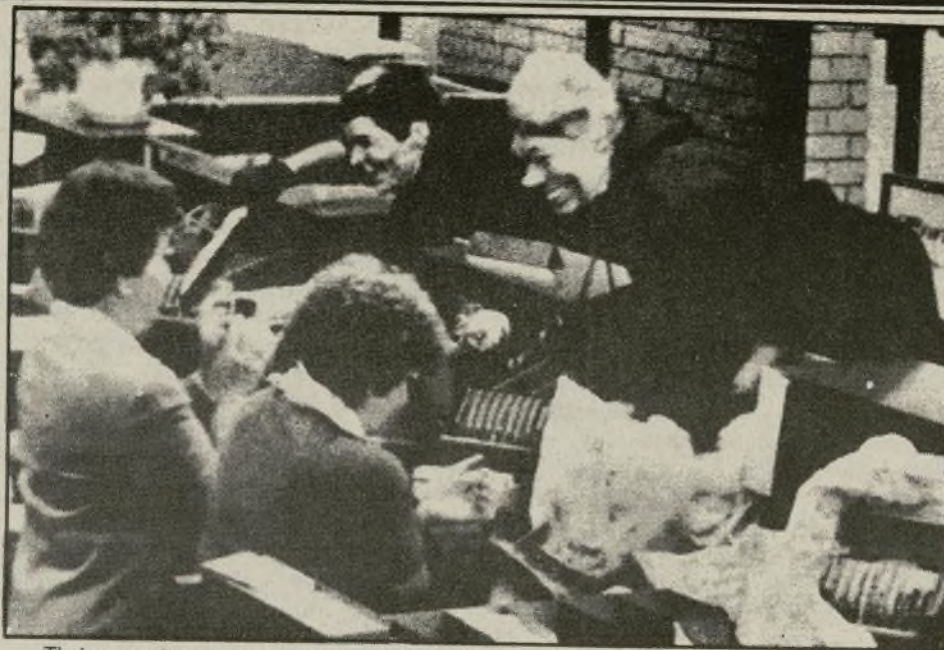
George Bradford responds: Despite the persecution of the followers of Jesus by the Roman Empire, a persecution they shared with many other primitivist cults during that period of collapse, their religion rapidly became the foundation for this civilization, which in murder and repression has far surpassed all previous leviathans.

The "success" of this cult among many in elevating itself to a state religion is a question which should be confronted by all those who consider themselves radical followers of the cult or, as someone said in another, related context, the criticism of religion is the beginning of all criticism.

"Initially the rebellious visionaries were at one with every life-affirming strain, and they apparently borrowed freely from all of them," writes Fredy Perlman in *Against His-story, Against Leviathan*. "But as soon as they define themselves as Christians, they have to make it clear . . . just how they differ" from the other mystery cults. "Once they turn away from other resisters, it does not take the Christians long to turn against them . . . First they turn against the way others affirm life, gradually they turn against life." So the organization develops hierarchy, each circle becomes a church. Eventually, "the Churches are starting to look like provinces of the Roman Empire; all that's missing is the Emperor." The foundations for the leviathan are already laid; Constantine simply steps in to fulfill his role. The visions become a reified gospel, the shepherds become simultaneous shepherds of the cult and officials of the Empire. Christianity has ceased to be a Way, a resistance movement, and has become a religion. As Fredy writes, "The resistance has come to power, but its first aim is to liquidate all resistance." Such has been the history of christianity since that time.

As for the *heretical* traditions in christianity (see Norman Cohn's *Pursuit of the Millennium*), such outbursts of the original impulse were consistently crushed by those who held power in the christian world. While primitivist christian rebels were superseding christian civilization by creating communes based on freedom, ecstatic community, and the pleasure principle, the hierarchs were defending the cross with the sword by crushing such manifestations of freedom in Europe and waging bloody crusades, eventually in the animist world as well. It is possible that the present upsurge of so-called liberation theology represents a recuperation similar to that of the Franciscan movement of those times, that is, as a reformist order which could draw rebels and heretics away from genuinely dangerous currents and back into the hierarchic church. Wherever the radical (repressed) prehistory of primitive communism emerges, the churches respond, bringing with them their anti-nature and anti-pleasure foundations.

In Latin America, liberation theology and leftism come from the jesuitical tra-



Their true selves revealed? No, Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter are guilty of bigger crimes than this Aug. 4 bank robbery in Mt. Washington, Ohio. The duo above wore look-alike president masks and brandished sawed off shot-guns in several recent bank hold-ups.

dition. While they are both a response to and a catalyst for radicalization, both—despite possible short-term gains—may ultimately serve only to corral revolt into modernized forms of "progressive," national capitalism. (It should come as no surprise that in Latin America christians function in bureaucratic popular fronts with authoritarian marxists; both are police ideologies.)

In the past you described yourself as more a taoist than a christian; I'm disappointed that you've forsaken the anarchic primitivism of the Tao for the guilt-drenched charade of christianity. I'm glad some christians oppose nukes and run food kitchens. Perhaps the christians whose religion has destroyed so much, and who believe in the necessity of "atoning" for sin, should be doing so. But none of that lessens the importance of stating the reactionary character of christian civilization and the serious limitations of the christian discourse. The memory-less christian "love" barely conceals even a shred of the incredible violence and repression that hold the present configuration of power together. The christian hierarchs now sit where once the Roman rulers sat; they need to be nudged, firmly, into their own arena. The (lion's) tongue-in-cheek suggestion of the anti-christian declaration in the last issue was for them; they should learn to take a hint. As for our christian friends whose courageous acts of defiance and humanity indirectly legitimate the ideology of the hierarchs, they should learn to take a (bitter) joke. "He who is not with me is against me," said your god-man. So be it.



Critical Flab

FE Staff:

The rhetoric and pretensions of your journal do not liberate you from a revolutionary criteria that demands coherence, that values deeds over words, and does not have a soft-spot in its head for tear jerking sentiments and sacrifices.

And applying this criteria to the FE, a criteria that had once appeared to be the point of departure for the entire project, gives your recent efforts (Summer 1986 FE) a quality of despair and resignation. At once you present visions that

are mutually exclusive, uncontested I might add, and abandon ground previously gained by critical analysis in other issues.

Bill McCormick's "Remembering Kent State" was particularly objectionable. How can you print that with the "Christians to the Lions!" piece? How can an article from a member of the Catholic Workers, those idiots, be presented under the same hood as an open letter that so venomously denounces everything about Christian civilization?

Despite your ludicrous pluralism, how does such a bland collection of left/liberal sentiments (with its anecdotal style) find its way into a publication that aspires "to suggest new terrains for contestation." Such a publishing strategy not only conspires against the radical use of ideas, but relegates the FE to the ranks of such miserable rags as the N.Y. Times or The Village Voice.

However, I do not mean to imply that by excluding McCormick's article your publication would have been palatable: the "critical flab" is evident elsewhere. For instance, there's the "Terrorism & Media" article: isn't the solution to the (immediate) problems of tv as simple as not having one?

Or the Haymarket commemoration and Spain articles that barely even hint at the acute and profound problematics of anarchism. And there was "The Plan" article; offering no analysis of why a proposed incinerator in Detroit could lead to a "direct confrontation with industrial society and its power structure" while victims of Three Mile Island, Chernobyl, and Love Canal, etc. have apparently not even considered such a struggle. I could go on.

While looking through past issues of the FE I came upon much that exposes a number of the forementioned articles as pure regressions in qualitative steps the FE had taken. In one issue G. Bradford did an excellent job illuminating the backwardness of Christian resistance (appropriately juxtaposed to letters from McCormick and another dummy). The cover of another issue was graced with the statement "Turn It Off!" containing an exten-

Due to space considerations, some of the letters on these pages may have been excerpted. We ask that letter writers make their remarks as concise as possible.

sive article by E.B. Maple on why TVs should be dumped. Also, hasn't it been established that "anarchist industrial collectives" (Porter, "Spain '36") are far from desirable? I could go on.

I wonder if you are denying that your arguments can and do have consequences; considering that past advances have not helped determine current practice (at least as far as the FE is concerned). Reassuring or not, your publication has had consequences for me: enough so that I can say with certainty that the FE has become quite pathetic.

For myself, and others I know, the FE's decomposition is a point of departure: I will use what I've learned from the FE and publications like it and go further. However, I suggest you bag the whole project if you can't do better.

C.W. Morse
Poughkeepsie NY

E.B. Maple replies: There is something myopic and linear about an approach to criticism which sees only the immediate and neglects the totality. You sing the praises of our past efforts, but when you come upon one issue containing several articles with which you have disagreements, you perceive us to be suddenly in such a state of terminal decomposition that your only remedy is to throw years of our effort into the waste basket.

There is an ideological arrogance here as well that insists on a rigid conformity in every paragraph to your view of what critical theory should be, without which a coherence is lost leaving our readers in a state of confusion. To you, an article you agree with in a previous issue is somehow negated by the appearance of one with which you don't agree in another edition.

If I can remain undeterred in my opposition to religion by Bill McCormick's mentioning in passing that he is a christian anarchist in an article condemning state murders, I assume other readers will be immune as well. No one is going to think we've gone soft on religion after reading our "Christians to the Lions" article, and to contend that the simultaneous printing of McCormick's piece is an example of "pluralism" hopelessly misunderstands the concept.

Similarly, over the years we have published material critical of the Spanish revolution and anarchism, but that was not what was under discussion in our last issue. We asked David Porter to write a short, commemorative piece about a moment in human history *worth* celebrating even with all of its flaws and we were satisfied with the results.

It is relatively easy to strike a pose of being aghast at our "critical flab," just as it is easy to write off the experiences of millions of revolutionary Spanish workers and peasants with glib hindsight about industrialism. What is more difficult would have been to add to the discussion by raising your specific "problematics of anarchism" rather than to just assert authoritatively that something has been "established" and, hence, closed.

Actually, it seems a bit "flabby" of you to counterpose what was a thoughtful critique of how the manufacture of images insulates power with the simplistic notion that you turning off your set alleviates the problem. None of us here are TV watch-

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Terrorism, USA

Dear Fifth Estate:

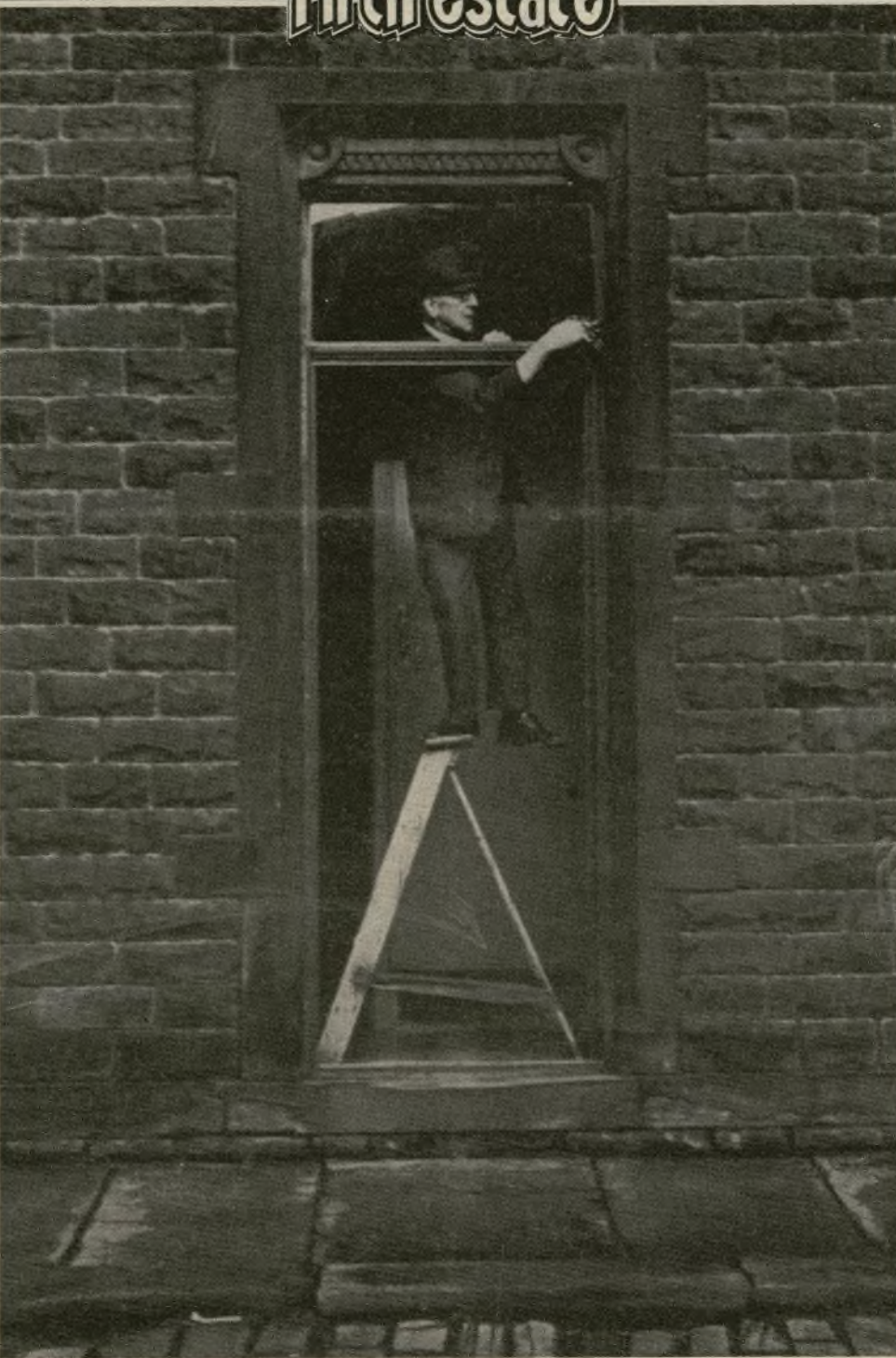
The news is dreadful and chilling—innocent American citizens slaughtered in cold-blooded disregard. Victims stabbed, beaten, shot or bombed into oozing shards regardless of age or infirmity. This is Detroit—where more Americans are killed monthly, and regularly, than the combined number of U.S. "terrorist" victims during the last decade overseas. Isn't it time for an airstrike?

Despite the hysteria manipulated by politicians and the media to whip American blood into patriotic fervor, terrorism is on the rise right inside the U.S.A. It's being exported by America and, considering the methods used against Native Americans in our acquisition of these territories, terrorism is as American as apple pie.

Even by definitions acceptable to popular fantasy, terror is on the rise, and it is right-wing, patriotic American terror: the hostage-taking and firebombing of elementary school children in Cokesville, Wyoming last May 16 by Posse Comitatus members—a para-military right-wing outfit which tried to get \$300 million ransom from authorities in a scheme that literally blew up in their faces; the increasing anti-Arab violence within this country, specifically, the murder of Alex Odeh, the regional director of the Arab Anti-discrimination Committee, in Santa Ana, California on October 11, 1985; the recent bombings by white separatists in Idaho; the fire-bombing of abortion clinics by right-wing Christians; the attempted fire-bombing of cars in California by Frank Camper, director of the Mercenary School in Alabama. It would be interesting to discover just how many people in Latin America were slaughtered by some of Camper's graduates of "exported terrorism" funded by discreet right-wing organizations in America.

We are talking about Terrorism, partner, the kind that editorial writers here would prefer not to talk about. It is more popular to keep an Arab face on the subject, ignoring the fact that while Khadafy and his ilk may have dirty hands, the CIA issued handbooks to Contras and trained them to use the most up-to-date methods of terror, including torture and assassination, to help "pacify" border villages in Nicaragua (methods, by the way, perfected by the Green Berets in South Vietnamese hamlets).

The recent shift of "terrorist" attacks in the Middle East and Europe directed toward Americans and American targets



began when the U.S. abandoned its neutral facade and took an active role in supporting Israel and Lebanese Phalangists during Israel's invasion of Lebanon in 1983. Aside from the fact that the Israelis bombed Beirut neighborhoods with American cluster bombs and shelled Lebanese villages with American tanks and artillery, it must be remembered that the "neutral" and "peacekeeping" U.S. forces committed appalling acts of officially sanctioned "terrorism" against the Druze and Shi-ite peoples in September

1983.

Responding to the Phalangists' appeal for aid in their battle against the Druze and Shi-ites at Suk al Gharb, Robert McFarlane, then National Security Advisor, avoided the Joint Chiefs of Staff's prohibition from engaging in combat by creating a totally bogus claim that the U.S. forces were acting in self-defense. Reagan officially authorized this naval bombardment in which no less than seventy heavy rounds were fired into Lebanese coastal villages by the U.S.S. *New Jersey* and *Virginia*.

In so doing, he essentially came to the aid of and openly sanctioned the forces responsible for the unconscionable massacres at Sabra and Shatilla. Officially, the U.S. action in Lebanon is not described as "terror" by the media or by the government here because there were flags flying and insignia bared. But from all available physiological reports, Arab babies bleed, and Arab peoples do have memories.

In light of this blatant U.S. support of Phalangist factions and Israeli interests, the kamikaze style bombing of the U.S. marine base in Beirut in October 1983 was clearly an act of war and not an act of "terrorism."

Indeed, it must seem that the West is reviving the crusades of centuries past when European armies quixotically rallied to "liberate" Jerusalem. Since Israel is in fact a western power—a geographical and geopolitical anomaly—the Mideast power struggle represents the realization of a consistent drive embedded in Judeo-Christian consciousness since the debacle of the Crusades. These religious powers seem to be repeating and compounding a historic error. Many thousands have died over misguided religious adventurism.

The decadence of daily life in this cut-throat consumer-crazed society forms the basis of an increasingly pervasive domestic terror that has no particular face, but can be seen almost everywhere. It is the terror of daily life. While tourists whine that it is unsafe to travel abroad, we forget how unsafe it is for a woman to walk down an American city street. There is the terror of the market place, of careers, of shattered life. While there is a yearly increase in the rate of youth suicides—Artaud would say that they are being "suicided" by society, as was the case, he claims, with Van Gogh—there is the terror of children left in dumpsters.

The terror embedded in society is not merely the terror of crime, but that too is beyond epidemic. It is the terror of nature itself recoiling. It is instinctive, every animal flees and there is a hush in the forest when we enter. There is a hush in the wind and a hiss in the stinking waters, in the food that is poisoned. It is the fear of a tamed and timid beast, shorn and penned. It is the terror of a child prodded out of bed and sent to school in the morning. If not for fear there would not be this society, for terror is the motive, the grease in the gears, the axle that turns the wheel. Who would go to work tomorrow but for the terror of survival in conditions we scarcely control?

—Pat the Rat

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ers and most of us don't own a set, but the almost total proliferation of television among the American people creates the context where one is forced to respond to the mass images they consume, since it is so often those images which shape political discourse. We will know we are getting somewhere when that situation begins to erode, but an examination of the process of submission to media seems appropriate to me.

But don't let me be overly defensive. If our publication is no longer of interest to you, if you think we have retreated from past positions, your desire to speak in even more radical terms is nothing we have any quarrel with. If you complete something of interest that "goes further," send us the results.

Good Idea

Hi FE Friends,

Loved the "FE staff photo"! (See front page of FE Summer 1986 issue.)

I liked the idea of giving the paper free for people in Exile (the armed services). Back in 1971 or 72 I received one that way when I was in the navy.

Love and Anarchy,
Harry, Lexington, VA

Goldman Show

Dear Folks,

I am trying to raise funds to produce my original one-woman show about Emma Goldman, here in New York City and elsewhere. Some of you may have seen the

show on May 1st in Chicago at the Haymarket Gathering. We believe it is a timely show, which needs to be seen by the general public in order to educate them about who Emma was and what her anarchist philosophy was all about. Emma's own belief was that "the drama" is one of the most powerful tools of propaganda that exists.

All donations/contributions are tax-deductible (for those who pay taxes) and should be made out to the producing organization: The Original Cast, 310 W. 49 Street, Suite 4B, New York City, NY 10019; and should be earmarked for "Emma". This is a non-profit theatre company dedicated to developing and producing new playwrights and their plays. At present, The Original Cast and I are pursuing all funding sources short

of state funding, which wouldn't be at all appropriate for a show about Emma, don't you think? We hope to raise enough money to produce the show here in NYC, and also hope to be able to send the show to other parts of the country/world. Thanks.

Salud y libertad,
Mindy Washington
New York City NY

