



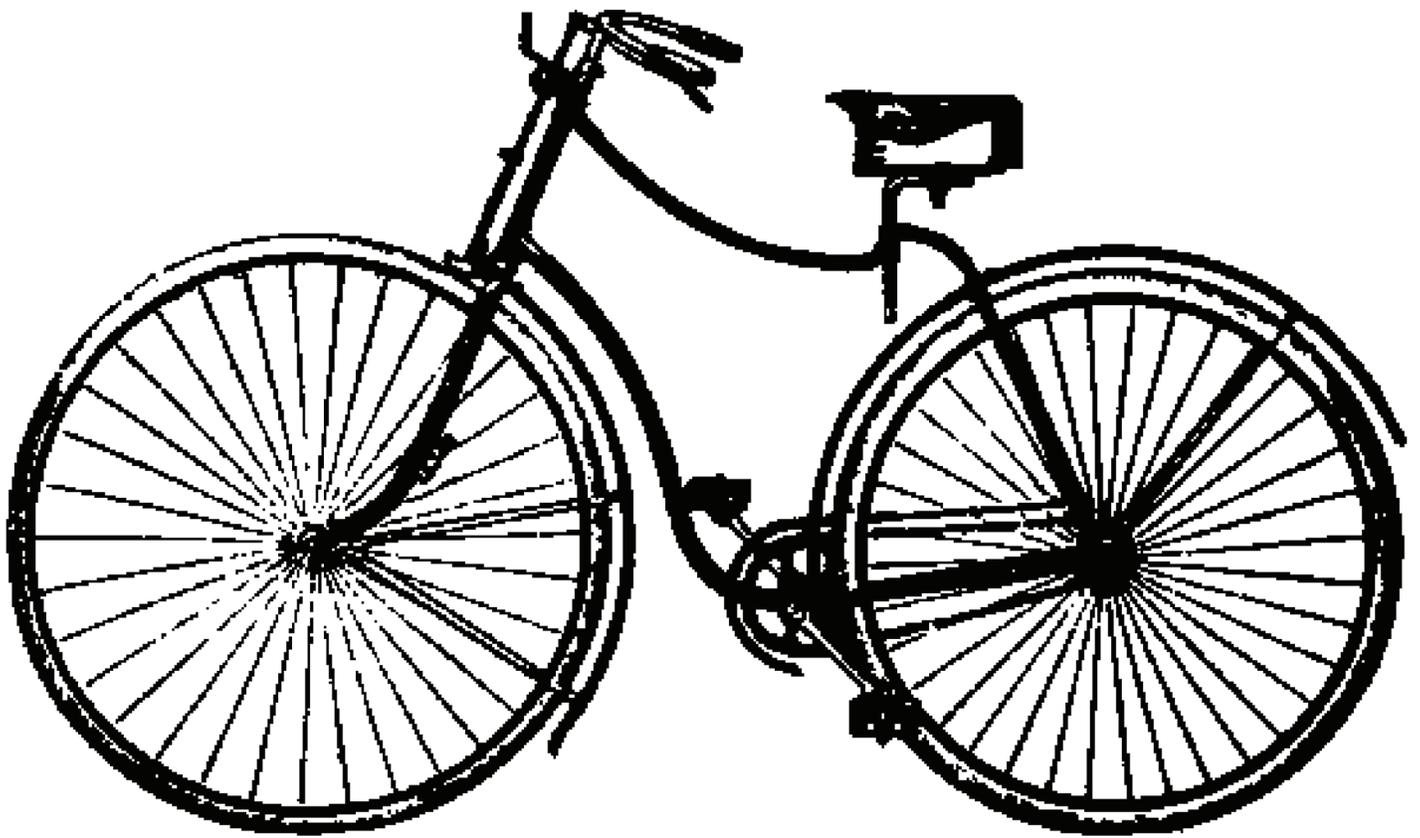
GOVERNMENT

**FREE
PRESS**

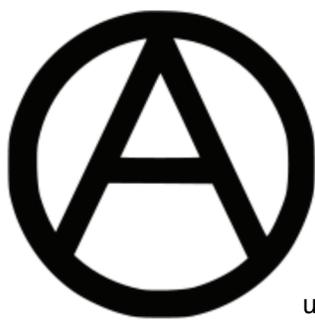
BUDNEY

YOU AND I CANNOT LIVE IN THE SAME LAND





WHEN HUMANS INVENTED THE BICYCLE THEY REACHED THE PEAK OF THEIR ATTAINMENTS. HERE WAS A MACHINE OF PRECISION AND BALANCE FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF HUMANKIND. AND (UNLIKE SUBSEQUENT INVENTIONS FOR HUMANKIND'S CONVENIENCE) THE MORE THEY USED IT, THE FITTER THEIR BODIES BECAME. HERE, FOR ONCE, WAS A PRODUCT OF A PERSONS BRAIN THAT WAS ENTIRELY BENEFICIAL TO THOSE WHO USED IT, AND OF NO HARM OR IRRITATION TO OTHERS. PROGRESS SHOULD HAVE STOPPED WHEN HUMANS INVENTED THE BICYCLE.



FACES OF ANARCHY

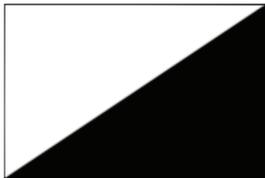
Circle-A represents anarchism and unity, and as Proudhon said it "Anarchy is Order". The @ sign and (A) are commonly used to represent the Circle-A on a computer. The Circle-A was first used by the Federal Council of Spain of the International Workingmen's Association. It was used again in the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939). for more information: http://dwardmac.pitzer.edu/Anarchist_archives/index.html



Anarcha-Feminism - This ideology champions the belief that the patriarchy is a fundamental problem in society. They view patriarchy as one of the first systems of hierarchy in human history. Famous thinkers in this school of thought include: Mary Wallstonecraft, and Emma Goldman. FMI: <http://www.anarcha.org/>



Green Anarchism - This school of thought generally rejects institutionalized civilization. For example; the creation of the state, capitalism, globalization, domestication, patriarchy, and some technology. It believes that these systems are inherently destructive and exploitative. FMI: <http://www.greenanarchy.org/>
<http://www.anarchy.no/green.html>



Anarcho-Pacifism - Mainly associated with religious anarchical groups such as christian and buddhist anarchists. This ideology preaches loving one's neighbor, turning the other cheek, and the idea that class is a burden on the backs of the poor. Important scholars in anarcho-pacifism are: Leo Tolstoy and Mahatma Gandhi, http://www.practicalanarchy.org/fnb_crass.html



Anarcho-Syndicalism - Anarchism focused on the Labor union movement. Principally focused on ending the wage system. Their basic principles are: workers' solidarity, direct action, and self-management. Notable Anarcho-syndicalists: Noam Chomsky, and Pierre-Joseph Proudhon. FMI: <http://www.zmag.org/AWatch/awatch.htm>



Anarcho-Capitalism - These anarchist believe that the government is responsible for the current state of capitalism in which exploitation and corruption are rampant. They believe that the employer-employee relationship can be very beneficial if there is no coercion involved, and both parties sign contracts they are free to refuse. FMI: http://groups.imeem.com/XhtCr-CL.anarchocapitalism_group/



The Anarchist Black Cross organization's primary goal is to eliminate all prisons. It originated in Tzarist Russia as a support organization for political prisoners. Their symbol is a black cross, with the upwards-facing line being replaced with a raised fist, a symbol also associated with anarchism, defiance of authority, and personal empowerment (black power, youth power, women's liberation, American Indian Movement, International Socialist Organization, 'power to the people', etc...). The fist also represents union, as "many weak fingers can come together to create a strong fist" FMI: <http://www.anarchistblackcross.org/>

THE JACK SPARELL CHRONICLES:

ON THE ISLAND, ON THE RUN

Part One: Welcome to the Island

I've never been one to conform to societal norms. I find myself frequently disobeying or breaking rules, orders, policies, laws, dictates, commandments, court orders, and let's not forget common sense. I pride myself on being the exception to the rule, or simply just playing by my own rules. I'm king of my castle; I make the world my own. So when I was approached to write for an anarchocommunicative magazine, I was honored, though admittedly I have no formal idea what that word means. To me it sounds like an inter-reciprocal society founded on principles of self-governance, a paradise dream I can see myself being happy in.

Actually, I think I may already be there. Sadly not staying, just passing through. Not to sound cliché, but I've found paradise swaying to and fro from my canvas hammock sipping rum from a coconut I sliced with my khukuri, listening to crystal blue waves roll in over soft white mud sand, shimmering in the sunlight like fresh powdery snow. I've been to hell and back (not literally of course, though I did actually wake up in Hell once. But that's a different story) searching for my island paradise nestled in the tropics of the Indian Ocean. I arrived here via ship, a boat with conditions comparable to the steerage class... aboard the *Amistad*. It was a forty hour endeavor that made the worst toilet in Dublin from *Trainspotting* look like the Ringling Bros. Happiest Place on Earth. About a day into the voyage, the toilet (and I use the

term "toilet" loosely, really just a hole in the floor) began to overflow and ankle deep brown water flooded the sleeping compartment. I grabbed my backpack and spent the next day hiding in the lifeboat, which seemed to me to be the safest place around... but I digress. I haven't seen another human since I finally hopped off that ship. And I'm a fugitive. Living off the land on a beach. Off the grid on a budget.

And I know what you're thinking. "But Jack, there's no anarchocommunicative to be found on the uninhabited part of a remote island!" I call bullshit on that line of thinking, on two counts. The first, you probably assume that because I'm the only person here, I lack a community. This perspective is a very closed-minded, anthropocentric point of view. You're probably even a little racist too. I'm surrounded by wild dogs, monkeys, frogs, crabs, fish, birds, my pet lobster, palm trees, coconuts, waves... I'm living in the universal community of nature; perhaps you've heard of it?

The other faulty assumption is that I'm disconnected from a society of human creation. I'm only waiting here (stuck here? banished to here? maybe just hiding out here...) as the resulting unwanted pregnancy following an orgy of bureaucratic red tape, headaches, and paperwork bullshittery. My situation may be seen as no more than a product of our modern shortsighted societal disorganization.

Part Two: Logistics of Becoming a Fugitive

You see, I'm currently killing time, soaking up the last few days of a six month stint around Asia, trying to enjoy myself while not stepping on anyone else's toes. It's like the Lama told me, if you can't do great things, do some good. And when you can't do a little good, then just don't do bad.

I like that Lama...

So I asked myself, where could I cause very little trouble, be hassled the least, and relax waiting in limbo for my visa to be processed? My paradise must lie on a tropical island, of course! Ironic if you consider that last month I was looking for Shangri-La up in the Himalayas...

But to get my visa processed, I'd surrendered my passport to the embassy weeks earlier. And upon my arrival to what was supposed to be a break from society and its constraining nature, I was informed my photocopied passport admission ticket that served me fine on the mainland would not suffice here and I was granted 24 hours to get off the islands. Nobody told me this restriction back on the mainland (possibly because I never bought a ticket for the boat. Stowaway, yes, but not entirely my fault either. There were plenty of tickets available, but they wouldn't sell me one because I was a foreigner and they wanted to force me to buy a more expensive ticket. I showed them...) so I was left with 24 hours to remove myself from the government's radar, just temporarily until my visa was processed, at which point I'd return to the mainland, pick up my passport, and be on my merry way.

Step one of becoming an island hermit involved preparing a slew of falsified documents to cover my tracks. It's amazing how easily you can change a 24-hour foreigner entry permit to last ten days with a razor blade, some scotch tape, and a Xerox machine (because nobody's taking you deeper into the islands with a day pass). Photocopy the original, and then take the photocopy. Cut out a "1" from somewhere on the photocopy and tape it over the "0" (As in February 08th becomes February 18th) as neatly as possible. Now photocopy the original with new taped number. Voila,

to the naked eye it's flawless, and nobody cross-checks your papers with a computer on the islands, so I was set.

My ferry ticket too, fell into my lap rather serendipitously. My rickshaw driver from the place with the Xerox machine back to the port knew the ticket collector. He obtained a ticket for the (sold out) last ferry off the main island that day, for a small fee of course. The name on my ticket? "Mrs. Karl, age 30."

Before the ferry departed, I rounded up some essential supplies: rum, rope, peanut butter, water, cigarettes, granola, a hammock, lighters, bandana – every outlaw needs a bandana.

Nobody questioned my falsified documents. I traveled from the main port island to a smaller one, partially inhabited, but for the most part, untouched. I rented a motorcycle (flashback to my last time on a bike, flying over the handlebars in Kathmandu Valley, but desperate times require stupid decisions) and rode south down one of the island's two roads until the road ended. And then some. I hid the motorcycle in some bushes in the jungle, made my way to the beach, and walked up the beach away from society for a few hours until stumbling upon the two palms I currently hang between.

Part 3: Nature Life

Coexisting with nature has been challenging at times, but one must remember the golden rule; put out good energy and it will return to you tenfold. I claimed a small clearing under the palms, where the sandy beach met the edge of the jungle. I hung my hammock and built a makeshift teepee out of some branches, my hemp hoodie, and a yak wool blanket. Not that it rained once when I was on the island, but try lighting a cigarette, or anything

else, with that sweet ocean breeze blowing through.

Not six hours after hanging my hammock, I was struck in the ankle by a coconut that fell from the tree. I saw easily fifty fall my whole time on the island, but the first one was the one that hit me. Nature should come with signs, like “Beware of Coconut!” Some might perceive the island equivalent of being struck by lightning to be a bad omen; but once again I disagree. Nobody gave me any lemons, but life did give me a coconut, so I sliced it open (and many more to follow) and poured some rum in it. For my ankle, of course...

Many of my other concerns were more cognizant of my existence than the coconut. But, like the coconut, I studied them and found ways to live with my animal neighbors. I had seen the wild dogs on the island hiking in, but with my giant backpack I was ten times their size; they’d never seen anything like me. Wild dogs are a biological oddity. Wolves are pack animals with a balanced social system. Dogs are the inbred domesticated kissing cousins of wolves, and while they, too, recognize some sort of social order, they give humans more preference. Wild dogs fall somewhere in between.

It’s quite nerve-racking the first time three wild dogs, biting and growling, push each other into you, but I began to notice a pattern. Though at times fighting dogs would accidentally approach me, none did so in a threatening manner. Dogs that came within a ten foot radius of my hammock did so slowly, low to the ground, submissively, as if to say, “I respect you. Now protect me from bigger dogs.”

And it was a mutually beneficial situation. The few dogs that peacefully lived under my hammock kept watch for me. If a threatening dog lurked in the bushes or shadows, my dogs would sense it’s presence

before I would. It was then my turn to step up and throw an empty coconut in their general direction, scaring them off and asserting that this grove was my territory. I was the alpha dog. I also began marking my territory, partially because I believed the dogs would understand this gesture, and partially because I was lazy and there was nobody to impress or offend for miles.

Much like the coconut, there were other island natives that seemed irked by my presence on the island (and this is before the police found me). My third day on the island, I was walking around through waist deep water at low tide, when a sharp pain shot from my left foot up my leg. A brownish mass was hanging from my foot, but through the ripples of the water, I couldn’t make it out. I reached down to grab it, but as I pulled, it pulled my foot. When I lifted my foot from the water, I discovered my assailant to be a lobster, and a pretty big one at that. Being lifted from the water startled him enough to let go of me. I took my neon nylon cord and tied it to his claw.

My pet lobster wandered in the tide pools near my camp. I doubted he was aware that I had the same fate as the coconut in mind for him, until I found the nylon cord cut and tiny claw and cord prints leading down the beach. Like the coconut, I perceived this lobster to be a gift from nature (nature has a tough love gift-giving approach with me apparently) and I planned to harvest my lobster when I found a pot to boil him in. I might not have found him again had he not been trailing a piece of fluorescent plastic rope. But upon finding my lobster for the second time, I felt it was time to rejoin society on the other side of the island.

I’d run out of rum, and more importantly, water. I packed up camp, not

leaving a trace that I'd ever been there, put my lobster in a plastic bag hanging from my backpack, and began hiking back to my bike waiting in shrubbery a few miles away. I was curious to see what (or who) was waiting for me back in the "conventional" society of Havelock Island.

Part 4: The Chase

I returned to the north part of the island four days into my fugitive escapade. My fake foreigner's island permit gained me admission to the Holiday Inn, bearing no resemblance to the major chain available in the rest of the world. Beachside, thatched huts with walls a quarter of an inch thick. If I locked myself out of my room, I could have probably just pushed an entire wall in.

The first guests I met at the hotel

they told me how the police had come to the hotel yesterday checking to see if an American was hiding there. I laughed it off initially, but noted it in my mind. They were close.

The second day, my first morning at the hotel, I was awoken to a pounding on my door. Initially thinking it was the hangover in my head, I shrugged it off. When I heard my door open, I knew I was not imagining it. A hotel worker informed me there was a police officer waiting outside to talk to me. I groggily stepped out into the sunlight to meet the pig. He told me the immigration office had called and asked to see me, and that I would need to return to the main island immediately. I told him I was planning on going anyways, and that I'd come down to the police post on the island after I grabbed some breakfast

and woke up. He cheerfully smiled and went back to the post. I couldn't believe how easy that was. Police on the island do not work 24 hours a day. They don't even carry guns. Or cell phones or radios even. I had a little trouble taking them seriously.

I got breakfast, and then went to the beach for four hours on the way to the police post. By the time I

finally got there, the last ferry was leaving in fifteen minutes. I still had to return my



were a German couple named Robert and Laurie, hippies volunteering for an NGO on the island. We grabbed some food and

rented motorcycle and check out of my hotel, so there was no way I could leave that day. I told the police I'd come back earlier the next day to buy a ticket and be ready.

My plan for the third day was to go to the port, buy a ticket for the *next* day, and hide on beaches and in bars until then. When I arrived at the port, I was met by a police officer who waited in line to buy a ticket with me, then right before I bought the ticket, he stepped into the ticket booth behind the glass with the ticket counter. I did not specify that I wanted a ticket for the next day, just that I wanted a ticket. Before the cop could get out of the booth, I jumped on my bike and headed south on the island again. I spent the day with Sian and Nari, two Australian girls from my hotel who had made it their mission to save a local island elephant from being sold to a temple back on the mainland where it would be shackled and poorly treated.

When we returned to the hotel that night, the manager asked to see my papers once again. Figuring this would be my last night in the hotel, I decided to show him my real, expired entry visa. He seemed quite upset, and two minutes later he sent an employee to ask me to stay put for five minutes, the police were on their way.

Anyone who's known me for ten minutes knows that that is a horrible way to get me to stay put. Walking out the front gate was not an option, but every hotel (all twelve or so of them) opened onto the beach, so by walking down the sand for a few minutes, I had several alternate escape routes. I went to what had become my favorite restaurant on the island, then met everyone at the Emerald Gecko bar. The Germans, the Australians, a ton of Israeli soldiers who had just finished their service, the American guy who was obsessed with Burning Man, the Canadian girl who was

convinced she knew me from somewhere before, and a nice acoustic band with a bonfireside jam session for all. I had a large following of foreigners tracking my progress on the island, telling me where police were and when they had been looking for me. We'd established our own code of conduct for the island; leave the fugitive be.

But knowing I had to leave the smaller island the next day to catch a plane to the mainland in time, I set myself up. Around three in the morning, I returned to my hotel (where a lock had been placed on my door) and climbed into my hammock I'd hung on the beach. I was awoken around nine by two cops, telling me it was time to go. This time, there was no argument.

Part Five: Protective Custody

After being awoken and arrested from my hammock, I was taken to the port. A ferry to the mainland had been held for 30 minutes to make sure I was on it. Free ride to the ferry, waiting for me, I felt like a celebrity. The police officer followed me onto the boat and made sure I was in a seat before getting off. More police met me at the port when the boat docked.

I spoke with several cops in the police station over the next four hours until I found one I could tolerate. I really did have a plane ticket off that island in about 18 hours, and after explaining "my story" that I was just confused and misinformed and was ready to leave tomorrow, which was all the police were trying to get me to do in the first place, he warmed up to me.

The officer told me he would be following me around until I was on the plane. Apparently being a fugitive for a week makes you a "flight risk." So I took him out for some lunch (buying a cop lunch is a good idea in my opinion, never hurts to have friends in high places, even if you

believe their 'high place' is nothing more than a social construct designed to protect private property and enforce *laws* through the use of overwhelming force) then made him follow me around for an hour going to 8 different stores looking for the perfect pair of pants. He grew tired of following me around, and told me that while I'd have to spend the night in jail, he wouldn't be following me any more.

And when I say spend the night in jail, it may conjure up the wrong picture. The door was never locked, they let me come and go as I please. I could both smoke and listen to music in my cell. I was never charged with a crime, they just wanted to keep an eye on me and I just wanted a free room. So when I asked if I could go out to a bar at about 9pm, they didn't see anything wrong with it.

Two hours and considerably more shots later, I found myself in a crowd of fifty locals dancing behind a truck with speakers and a shrine to the god of education. Two of the dancing locals, Krishna and Azey, offered to smoke me out. As I'd left everything with the hippies back at the hotel in case I was searched by the police (which I never was) this sounded like a promising offer.

That is until Krishna grabbed my wallet and began running off into the night. Azey, who claimed to be a former Indian soldier, proved to be slower. I wrestled him to the ground in the middle of the street until a police car drove up.

Now, the main island was big enough that it had (at least) two police posts. We were taken to a different post than the one I was residing in. Though it took them five hours, I must credit the police as the most effective police force I've ever seen. Not only did they catch Krishna, they took him back out to find my wallet, which was

recovered with everything still inside of it. This was the third time in Asia I'd been robbed (fourth if you count theft of bananas by monkeys) (I don't) but the first time I'd gotten anything back. The police even took me to a hospital to give me a tetanus shot (I'd cut up my arm restraining Azey) which I politely refused. The police offered me a ride back to my hotel, and when I told them where I was staying, they were stunned.

That night in the cell, I was awoken to a belligerent tourist being thrown into the cage next to me (a friend of mine actually, but Irish Danny and the burning bar is a story for another time). The police woke me up with only about 45 minutes until my flight, but were so determined to see me on the plane and off the island they escorted me through almost every check-in line and to the front of security lines. I maintain that procrastination and breaking rules are often times the only way I accomplish anything.

I don't know if I'd recommend my experience to anyone else (though a legitimate, legal visit to the islands is a must) but it definitely served its intended purpose. I wanted an escape from the problems (mainly police and bureaucracy-related) I'd been encountering all around Asia for six months and for many years before that back in the States. And while I was told by the police I had ascended to the rank of Number 1 Most Wanted person on the island for three days, I never even had to run. It was a getaway at a casual saunter, a relaxed pace. So if you can't escape something as universal as law enforcement is today, the best you can do is find the most relaxed, accommodating law enforcement in a comfortable setting.

BO'S ADVENTURE

Being buried in the depths of the Inland Empire had begun to take its toll on me. I could feel my mind being warped, the utter ridiculousness of southern California was becoming something normative. Shortly after taking up Camel's Turkish Gold's in a failed attempt to rationalize living in the omnipresent smog I realized it was finally time to get out. Eric had just flown in from Puerto Rico, so we had obtained a decent stock of rum. As the institution would not require us back for classes for another two weeks, a fair amount of free time lay ahead.

There had been tell of a yard down in Montclair, but after walking the tracks for a couple hours and finding nothing but affordable fellatio, I started to feel that the Empire was resisting our exodus. However we surely weren't going to be deterred so easily. Soon we grabbed a Metrolink to San Bernardino and took off southbound. We arrived in Riverside around 9pm and made our way down to the catch-out spot. Our target was a Union Pacific (UP) line, one of the countless veins supplying America with it's requested supplies, fueling a seemingly never-ending expansion.



We made camp between an overgrown pile of thorns and a palm tree and thus began the tedious process of waiting for a the right train to slow. A bag of wine later no trains had stopped and rather than resorting to rum, which we might need later, we called it a night under the false pretense that if a train did stop, we would probably hear it. I awoke early the next morning to find myself, taste of papa burgundy still lining my mouth, in a ditch among a moist array of trash, cold, hungry and disoriented. Noticing a used condom wrapper not to far from my head I suggested we find another catch-out spot, Eric agreed.

Hopes that hung high the day before had begun to falter, like old balloons hovering listlessly above a party's remnants, I felt helplessly stuck in a limbo. It was not until the morning of the third day that we began to gain buoyancy, missing a train by mere finger tips in the town of Colton, we stumbled across a crew of street kids and rum united us all. They seemed to be a small family united not in blood but in their need for a group to fill some void they had in common. They were ready to take us in as family from the second we said "Hey", I even heard a hint of disappointment when we told them we couldn't join them in their journey to Vegas. Before the conversation had a chance to turn sour our train arrived. We made farewells, hiding our bags and bodies beneath a metal grate covered in soot... next stop...Tuscon?



We rode along with the jarring gritty voices of the rails beneath us, screaming their song like velociraptors on speed. The wind in our hair, we fell towards what we hoped was Tucson, no choice in the matter, the train had us, and what it would do with our fate we would soon see. To the rest of the world, we were traveling vagabonds, making a sly and continuous pass by the zombie-like commuters of I-10.



I would like to say the cover of darkness is everything it is hyped to be but the fuzz has since stepped up their game. Hide-n-go seek is definitely not fair when infrared vision is involved. But cops are lazy and shortly after passing through Yuma we found ourselves across the border and in the desert, miles from the nearest light bulb we share a bottle of rum and fall asleep under the stars.



ANARCHY IN ACTION

The 19th century anarchist geographer, Elisée Reclus once said, “anarchy is the highest form of order.” The anarchy Reclus refers to is much different than what most people think of anarchy today. In the United States, when anarchy is mentioned, people tend to imagine chaos and/or violence. My good friend, Jasper Kosokoff, named this misunderstanding “skateboarder anarchy.” Although the term used by Jasper is a broad generalization, it does a good job of portraying the common perception of anarchy.

This false impression of anarchy is due to the basic societal framework and the education system in the US. The US is a democratically run state whose life-blood is capitalism. The ideologies that accompany these systems are imprinted on us from birth. Citizens in the US are voters and consumers, the two defining cogs in the mechanisms of democracy and capitalism. In the US it is rare to experience any form or adaptation of anarchy. There is no talk of anarchy in the newspapers, there are no advertisements for it on television. It is not surprising that people do not know what it is. Furthermore, there is very little to no discussion of anarchy in the education system up to college. Once in college, even in political studies classes there is still only minimal deliberation over anarchy.

The absence of anarchy in our society is not due to a lack of thought on the subject. Over the past four centuries, there have been many influential anarchists who have worked to further the ideas and actuality of anarchy. The 17th and 18th centuries witnessed the collective works of early

anarchists William Godwin (1756-1836) and Gerard Winstanley (1609-1676). In the 19th century, anarchy developed into a more coherent theory with the help of Max Stirner (1806-1856), Pierre-Joseph Proudhon (1809-1865), Michael Bakunin (1814-1876), Peter Kropotkin (1842-1921), Elisee Reclus (1830-1905) and Emma Goldman (1869-1940). Currently the leading anarchist theorist is Noam Chomsky (1928-present). Although all the named intellectuals preach the same general anarchy, there are different schools with which anarchists identify. One of these schools is anarcho communism, which owes its origins to Elisee Reclus and Peter Kropotkin. In this article, anarcho communism will be the anarchy which is explained and exemplified.

There are several ideas which make up the basic framework of the anarcho communism ideology. Most of these ideas overlap with the general theory of anarchy and will serve as a good introduction to general anarchy as well as anarcho communism. The goal of anarcho communism is an egalitarian society absent of hierarchy and authority. Within this society there is no state or controlling body, and racism, classism and the patriarchal family are eliminated. There are no laws imposed from above, which allows individuals to be morally autonomous and responsible. There is a deep respect for nature oriented around the idea humans are nature becoming self conscious. Fundamental to this idea is the notion humans are just one piece of larger natural organism, the earth, and need to live within their environment instead of on top of it. Living within nature, people should improve and maintain the environment instead of degrading it. There is collaboration at all levels of society; from the family to the whole population. People work together

to survive instead of competing with each other. Value is placed on need rather than want. People strive to interact with each other in a peaceful, loving and harmonious way. The above stated ideas are a rudimentary introduction which require more explanation to give an accurate portrayal of anarcho communism. Due to the complexity of the presented ideas, it will take more than one article to fully explain and understand anarcho communism and anarchy in general. In subsequent articles or other mediums of presentation, different ideas from the philosophy stated above will be explained in more detail. The rest of this article will be devoted to going into more depth about the importance of collaboration and communism within communities.

All of the ideas presented as the foundation of anarcho communism seem pretty idealistic, which they are. In the near future, it is highly unlikely that anarchy will prevail on the large scale. However there are many examples of different aspects of anarcho communism being accomplished on the small scale. One of these is the Green Bike Program (GBP) at Pitzer College in Claremont, California. Pitzer College is one of the five Claremont Colleges. The Green Bike Program was founded in 2001 by students, Joey Haber, Gus Porter and Fritz Rice at Pitzer College. The purpose of the GBP is to provide free environmentally friendly transportation to the students at Pitzer. The GBP accomplishes this by collecting and fixing bikes abandoned on Pitzer's campus at the end of the semester and distributing them to the students through a raffle. There is a bike shop portion to the GBP where students, faculty and staff from all of the five colleges can come and have their bikes repaired for free. The only thing that students would potentially have

to pay for is parts needed to fix their bikes - the labor is free. The GBP bike shop is staffed by volunteers and students who have work study. Work study is a portion of the financial aid package which allows students to pay off part of their tuition by working for different organizations like the GBP on Pitzer's campus. The structure to the GBP is not hierarchical and un-authoritarian. All of the workers of the GBP are equal and work collaboratively to provide a service to the larger community of Pitzer College. Some of the more experienced workers give direction to the people who are still learning how to fix bikes, but nobody is the boss. The purpose and structure of the GBP correlate to some of the fundamental aspects of anarchy. The purpose of the GBP is to provide through collaborative means a service to the community, which is beneficial to the community and the environment around it. Working collaboratively within a community and improving the environment are a large part of anarchy. Anarchy also stresses the need for no hierarchy and authority at all scales of society. The structure of the GBP accomplishes both of these ideals. The GBP shows anarchy is alive in the world.

We Find Ourselves.

Determined not to be talked of,
I always wear pants and open my knees,
cross my arms like my father, ordering me a drink
in acceptance of the unacceptable, unbreakable habits.

And they follow me
like our eyes follow the sound
of high, clicking heels.
The woman in short, gold second skin
bright as mirrors.

He and I, we are a pair of fault finders.
Disgusted, reflected
in the subject of self-portraits
constructed by others.

RECUPERATED FACTORIES IN ARGENTINA

Most of us remember the disastrous 2001 economic collapse in Argentina which shook all of Latin America, and the reverberations of which reached most every corner of the world. The collapse was the result of a long history of economic and political instability and was at least in part exacerbated by the Argentinean government following neoliberal IMF Structural Adjustment Policies from the late seventies up through the period of the crisis. The results of the collapse were various and disastrous, but in particular many foreign corporations closed operations in the country, due to the instability and declining profits. They did so by forcing their own Argentinean operations bankrupt, so as to escape any responsibility for their workers and facilities. The owners and the bosses just up and walked away. Thousands lost their jobs.

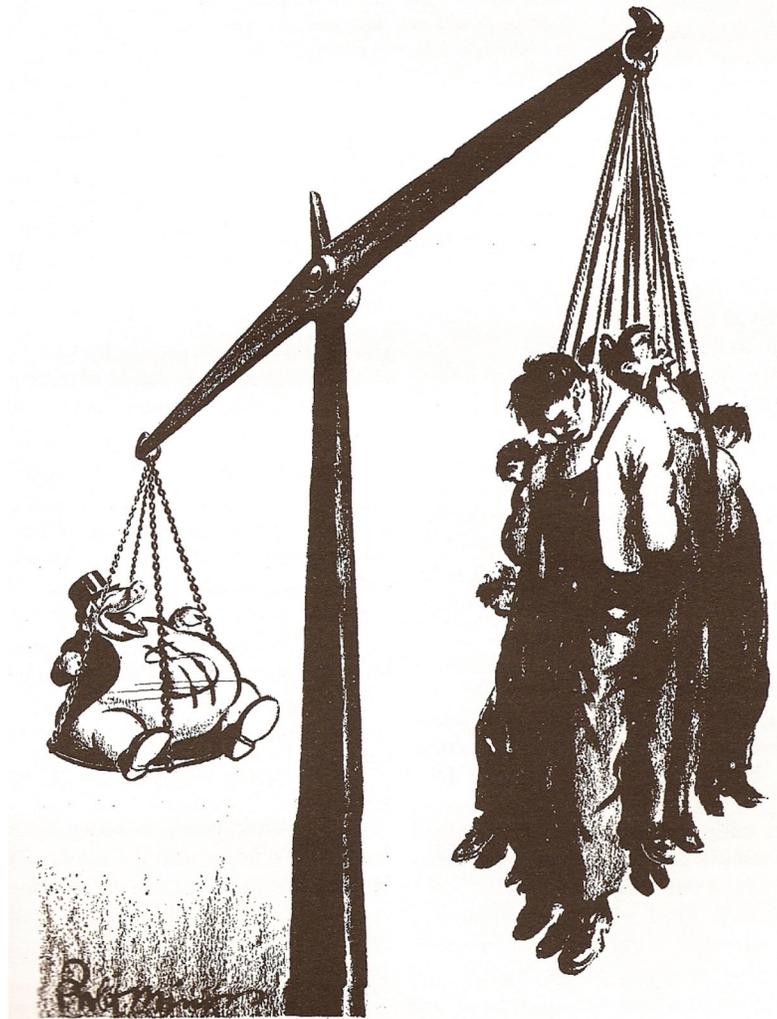
What many of us may not remember is the recuperated factory movement which spontaneously arose out of this disaster. Instead of just quietly going home, unemployed and resigned to their fate, many of the workers who lost their jobs like this decided to organize and occupy these now closed-down factories. They cut the locks, moved in and set up worker owned and operated businesses in place of the old corporate operations which had fled. They “recuperated” the factories.

The recuperated factory movement spread from factories to include hotels, restaurants, slaughterhouses. Every new business set up was characterized by one important thing: wages and decision-making were perfectly horizontal. These businesses, usually recuperated by an entirely illiterate, spontaneously self-organized working class, succeeded where their capitalist counterparts

had failed, maintaining and even increasing profits in the face of the economic crisis.

So what is a recuperated factory, and what is a worker owned and operated enterprise? To understand that, it is important to understand what they are not.

Imagine a situation in which a group of people needs a product, bread lets say. Imagine that another group of people, the producers, decides to produce that product, and sell it to the first group, the consumers. Sounds right?



THE GOLDEN RULE

Now imagine another situation. There are four groups, instead of two. On top of the people who produce the bread, and the people who consume the bread, there are separate groups of owners and managers. The managers tell the producers, now called employees, what and how to produce, and decide how their

economic lives will be run, how they will be compensated, and if they are allowed to work.

The managers set their own salaries.

The owners, called investors, are of two different types: average people buying stock, and a floating international class of business investors. This is the hardest concept to grasp. These people, the people who own the business in question, have no real connection to the business, and will probably only “own” their bit of the business for a few months, until they shift their assets elsewhere. These “owners” are a third-party group of people feeding off the economic activities of producers and consumers alike, completely outside of the simple, natural exchange of goods between people. Worst of all, the business is run by the managers with the sole purpose of increasing the profits of this third-party group of owner-investors.

So where do we find ourselves at this point?

Instead of a group of people starting to produce something to fulfill the desire of another group (or their own desire) for that product, we have a new and unnatural entity: the public corporation. We have a group of people making a product, a group of people running the first group’s activities so as to satisfy the demands and increase the profits of yet another group, the investors, and finally a group of consumers buying the product. This system neglects both important parties of the basic economic exchange, namely the producer (employee) and the consumer. Managers will attempt whenever possible to compromise the quality of the product and lower the wages of the employees so as to increase the profit margins of their business, and in turn the profits of the owners, the investors. In other words, the consumers and the employees are left out, while the managers, and ultimately, the investors run things and profit. This is the modern corporate system, much simplified.

The answer to this misguided and corrupted version of production is the worker owned and operated enterprise. This removes the unnecessary and damaging managerial and owner/investor groups. Or, rather, the workers

reclaim their native status as their own managers and owners/investors. The owners of a business are the ones who profit from the business’ success, the managers are the ones who steer the business towards success, and the workers/producers are the ones who ultimately create the basis of that success. It only makes sense to have the three groups as one. If the people who organize the labor effort of production are the laborers, and the people who profit from that labor are the laborers, the system of incentives is naturally perfect. People will be motivated to run their business well, and work well and hard, if they are directly responsible for, and directly profit from, their own business’ success. On top of that, the consumers benefit from this model: the new worker/manager/owner group answers only to itself and the end consumer of the product. For this reason, they will try their best to produce the best and highest quality product for the consumer, who will directly reward them monetarily for this increase in quality.

This is not just the stuff of wage-worker fantasies. Not only has the worker-owned and -operated enterprise (in one form or another) historically been the norm, but today in the world there are scores of such businesses all over the world, not just Argentina.

The corporate capitalism of managers and investors is but a recent and ill-fated development in economic organization. Worker-owned and -operated economic activity is the past, and it is the future. But we should never forget that, in more places than one, it is the present as well.

PERSONAL STATEMENT ON ANARCHY ET CETERA

Some would say Anarchy means organic, natural order. Freedom of the individual from authority as a forum for true human nature to thrive. We don't need to design anarchy. That's the beauty of it. It will show itself once we embrace a real value of personal freedoms. Once authority is gone, freedom of the individual reigns, compassion reigns. Real human connections are the building blocks of natural order. Love and peace might spread as merely a reflection of our natural human inclination. I believe the simple positive orientation of a moral self is restricted only by social systems designed to marginalize individual power, our great strengths drained to benefit the machines that be.

Life need not be so complicated. One day my ancestors will live in a place where there don't have to be great theorists to imagine a good world. My ancestors will be living in that good world.

Anarchy is simple, Anarchy is democratic. Love and anarchy are intertwined, one and the same. Love of Brother and Sister, Love of Life, Love of Freedom and Creativity. This inexplicable form, Love, is nature's guide. Realize the extent of your love. Realize that your compassion knows no boundaries. Realize that we all have mothers fathers sisters and brothers.

Anarchy allows us the *personal freedom to grow towards whatever we choose*. Anarchy allows us to provide a child real independence of creativity. Provide real love and creative freedom and you will witness the true nature of a self thrive. The more unbound by social-paths, -structures, and -judgments, the more creativity becomes an unrestricted flow of ideas manifesting into reality. The ways of the cosmos can be apparent only when liberty and inspirational creativity are unrestricted.

Where do these ideas come from? Not even a man who has created a child knows how or why, but he knows the child is beautiful. He knows it is love. This is what matters. We can only chase beauty, love, and justice. We cannot transform these ideas into words. We cannot define beauty. We cannot mandate love. We cannot write justice. We must merely recognize the organic manifestations of these divine forms and chase them. Anarchy provides for this freedom of every individual.

Just as you cannot fully explain to someone what feelings you know, you cannot spell out why beauty feels so right and good. You may only create sounds ('words') that conjure similar ideas of how you feel in another individual. So why. Why would you let another dictate your ideas. Your Life. Your vision. Don't let anyone step on you. Don't let it be said that your idea is bad or ugly. Or rather, when they do say these things, don't let it get to you. Only you know! We are equal to you. All men and women are equal to you, young and old. Don't be intimidated by your professor! You are both human (and therefor fallable). A life of education may merit respect but it does not create an authority.

It's in your head. Just let it out! Those ideas are worth something. Don't let a collective slavery hold your words back. What would he think? What would she think? Oh no I can't say that, I'll sound WEIRD! These thoughts might cross our mind everyday. And yet, the very person you are afraid to be judged by is afraid to be judged by you and others. It's a vicious cycle of collective enslavement. Break the chains! Act weird! Let your voice be heard! Your time is now. Your space is here. Gandhi once said happiness is when what you think, what you say, and what you do are in harmony. Bring yourself together. *Find peace in yourself before trying to bring it to others.*

Don't let yourself get distracted. You are alive now, this is just one step in the road, this is not the only you there ever was, or ever will be. Think big. Take a step back. Look at the bigger picture. Our time is small. Don't make it smaller. What are you waiting for? Is your routine is putting you to sleep? Will you recognize it when your time comes? Oh. Oh... there it went. And... and again, it just went again. Now is upon us!

In school? Stop studying. Stop worrying! You see something worth your time, I know you do. Chase it. Do it. Contrary to popular assumption there is no revolutionary transformation of self at graduation. Just another step in the road. You Are Powerful Now.

Anarchy is organization, a different kind of organization. Its true. But come to think of it, what exactly is organization? A line of people? A circle? A system of votes? A group of people cooperating? What if they weren't cooperating? Would there still be organization? Would the absence of governmental authority necessarily precipitate complete disorder and confusion? For some reason I think not. Maybe its too much for us too handle, maybe we would get anxious if we didn't know that someone was *in charge*, but still it seems we wouldn't be able to resist organization of some sort. Humans are cooperative beings after all.

There is organization to the universe. One can't escape it. But for thousands of years it seems humans have desperately attempted to stray from a natural, harmonious, organization. Organize organize organized.

My mother organizes our house when her mind is feeling scattered. Does it help? I don't know but to me it looks like a desperate attempt to make sense of her life, while in her head she can't make any. It is an exercise of control over something tangible. Our modern physical and social organization seems to represent some insecurity with the potential of an unrestricted mind, an unrestricted individual. If only we could just accept life for what it is, without judging. We have to realize, we don't have control over the 'highest' structure that is the all-encompassing. We must identify with cluelessness, embrace our confusion. How can one say what is right for another? Find comfort in the ultimate unknown. We are all lost, trying to make sense of the world. We were created, now we create, that's all we know how to do. Why I am I here? Why is it like this? What the fuck is going on? None of these questions are worth asking, there are no answers within our immediate grasp, at least none that can be put into words. We must accept nature, accept the framework, follow it. This is our duty. To be a part of the harmonious system, to make it complete, just as a seed or grain of sand holds the whole puzzle together. Our path is laid out. Eat the vegetation, breathe the air, soak up the sun. It's so beautiful, and it's all here for us to enjoy.

Why have we fucked it up? What happened? Why has humanity strayed? Isn't nature perfect or something? What's with unhappiness and badness and evilness? Shouldn't they just not exist? Or maybe that's part of it. It is part of it. It has to be there, like each grain of sand, it just has to be there. Otherwise all of my thoughts would be unfounded. Otherwise what would I think about? If the world was completely and utterly harmonious... I would just *be*. There wouldn't be anything to think about. Things would just be as they are and we would just bathe in its tranquility. Oh wouldn't that be nice. We would never even consider what is or what could be. Be. Be. Being. That's what we do. What are you doing? I'm being. I'm a human *being*. Well what if, what if what if. None of that matters. What matters is what *is*. This is what is. You see it. I see it. We all see the same thing really. This is life. This is consciousness. I'll do my part, you do yours, because that's just what we do.

Well Anarchy. Yes anarchy. It is not the destination, just the path. No, not even the path, just the light that allows us to follow the path.

Create.

Act.

Be.

You are a *BEING*, follow your self *somewhere*.

Anarchism - a condition of lawlessness or political disorder brought about by the absence of governmental authority (CIA website definition).

Anarchism - the philosophy of a social order based on liberty, unrestricted by man-made laws upheld through force; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

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Sat. April 12, 2008 Pomona CA

Meet. Share. Learn.

- 9:00am: Tour of The Lyle Center for Regenerative Studies at Cal Poly Pomona**
- 10:30am: Travel from LCRS to Regen Co-op**
- 11:00am: Tour of The Regenerative Cooperative of Pomona**
- Noon-1:15pm: Potluck Lunch**
- 1:30-2:10: Urban Gardening for Lazy People**
- 2:30-3:10: Biodiesel For Dummies by Dummies**
- 3:20-4:00: An Urban Planning Exorcism**
- 4:10-4:50: Solar Power**
- 5:00-5:40: Toxic Tides: Marine Wildlife Rescue**
- 5:50-6:30: Permaculture for Sustainable Communities**
- 6:30-Onwards: Dinner & Party**

Hard work today for a better tomorrow

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