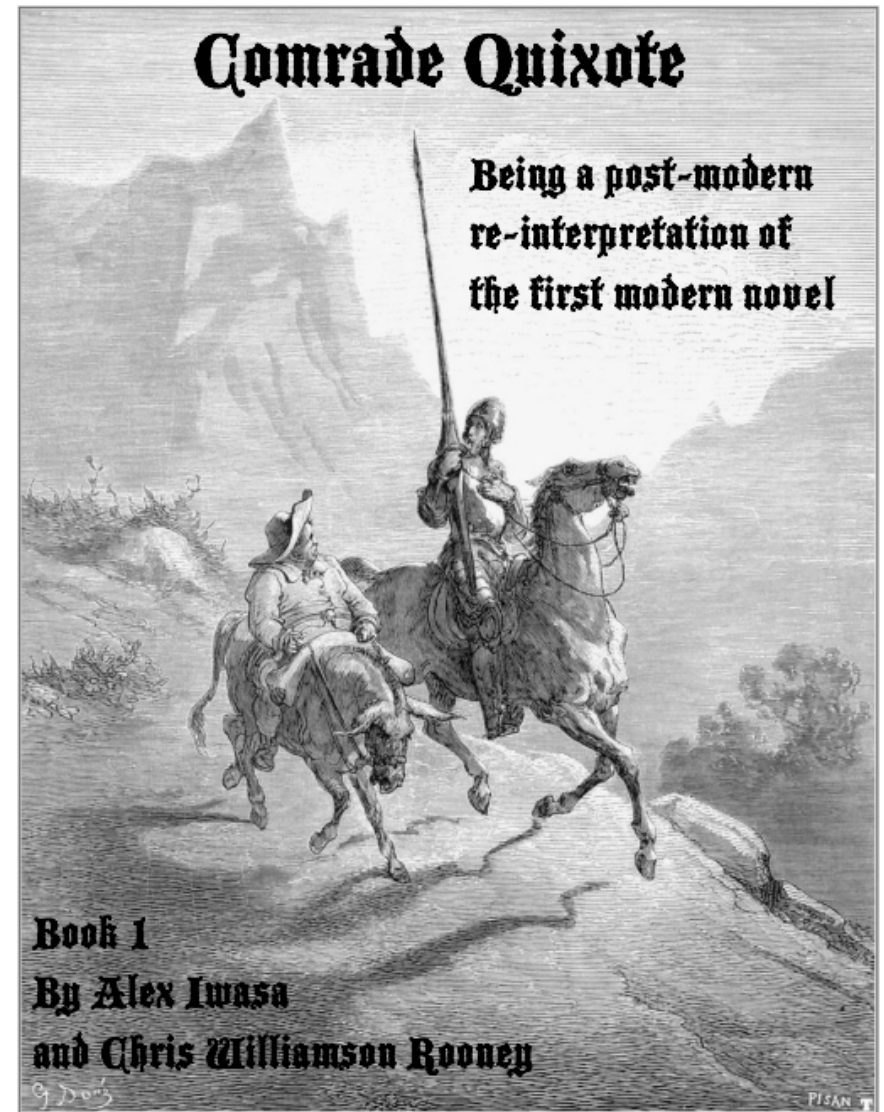
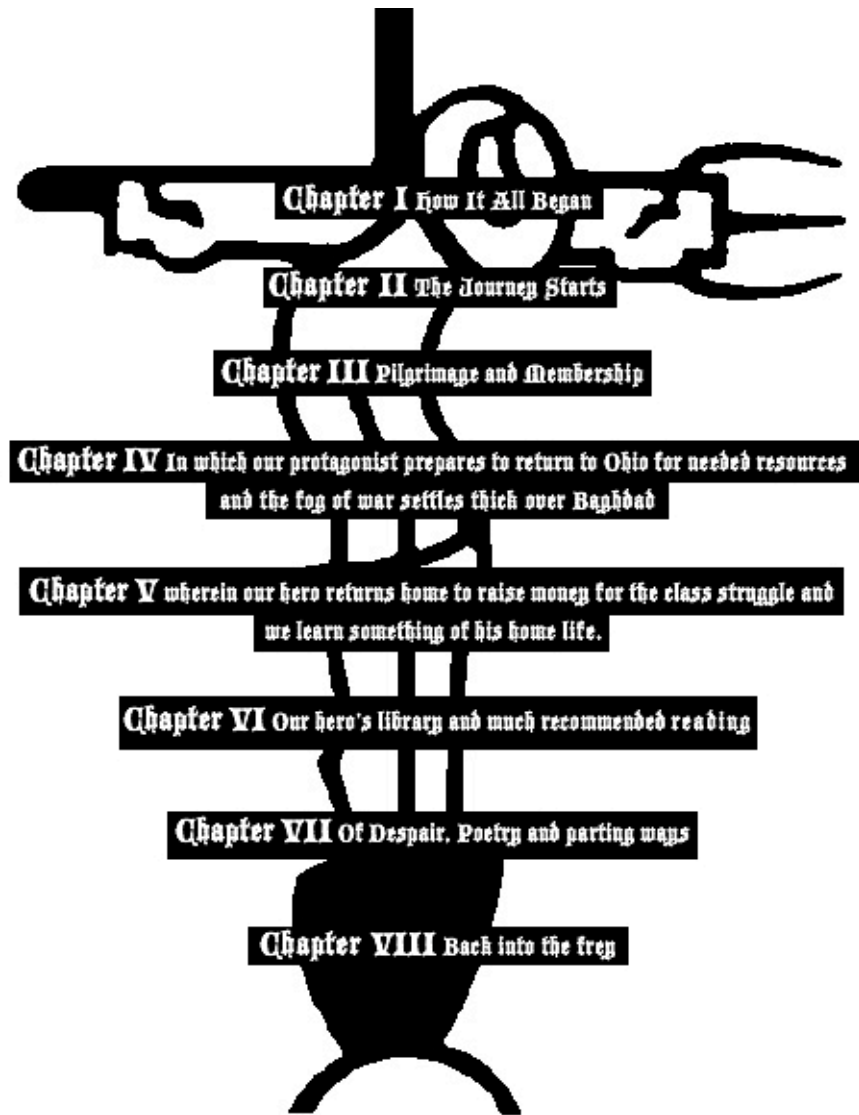


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elements in the IWW and the independent anti-capitalists in the South Side Crew en masse.

At the end of the march they served Food Not Bombs in the lobby of the building which the RCYB had an apartment, then hung out in the apartment for a while . More people came in and out through the night, including the legendary Black Panther Party leader Fred Hampton's son, Fred Hampton Jr., to talk politics and listen to music, like Ozomatli and the Coup. A picture of Stalin hanging on a wall was extremely unnerving to Jose, but otherwise it was a good close to the day's actions.

That night Jose had trouble sleeping. Anxiety and racing thoughts kept him awake. For all the anticipation he had felt, these were the runaway smallest demonstrations he had participated in there. Mike had come along, but just to help with Food Not Bombs and take pictures. Jose started to think of the tiny handful of people in Ohio he wished would come to Chicago.

As the sleepless night wore on, his thoughts rushed from silly to the outer limits. "Carta al Che" by Carlos Puebla started to play in his head, and he changed the chorus to be about the Zapatistas' Comandante Ramona, Maria's revolutionary namesake. Then "Maria" from the West Side Story started to play in his head, which morphed into the Weathermen's version, about North Korea. Then he started to think of his dream affinity group. The comrades he would go Underground with. How the Hay Market Martyrs' Brigade would be a sweet name for it.

Disgusted by the rightists, and general apathy at JPUSA, he had left for good.

Laying on a couch at the Punk House, still trying to sleep, reflections of his experiences at the commune crowded their way into his mind, with worries and obsessing about his next move. After an Anarchist Film Festival that weekend, he would go back to Uptown, and starting living and volunteering at a Catholic Worker House there, but he had no clue how that would go. He was just about broke again, and entering yet another work and living situation. He tossed and turned while repeatedly thinking of all these things, and many others.

demonstrators in the park. He started to feel like how Bill Ayers from the Weather Underground had written he felt during the first night of the Days of Rage, waiting for more people to come, and feeling joy every time another affinity group would arrive, but then the dread that the numbers they expected weren't showing up. The literature for this action had called for a General Strike.

"That march was like 'Night of the Living Beady-Eyed Sectarians' or something," said a South Sider, starting to walk like a zombie as they left the SP's demonstration for another one called for by the RCYB.

There were even less than half as many people marching against police brutality that Mayday in the RCYB's demonstration. But it was in the Cabrini Green Housing Projects, and many of the tenants came out to hear speeches given over a megaphone at various stops during the march.

"See the police? They're scared!" said an RCYB cadre. Scared of what, wasn't clear, seeing as they were just laughing and smiling while standing around, dozens of feet away from the marchers at any given point, as they guarded the entrances to the high rises. Jose thought they were probably joking about how small the demonstration was, or maybe how the speakers all suffered from delusions of grandeur as they shouted about the Revolution. He started to feel like some sort of bizarre pied piper as a few children joined the march, and started throwing cookies at the cops. He feared for the children's safety, and hoped they'd grow up to be revolutionaries too, trying to imagine being one of them at that moment, in his own childhood.

Extremely critical of the Eurocentric backstabbers in Cleveland's RCYB, he only sometimes grudgingly worked with the much more Maoist and racially diverse Chicago group. Plus the Chicagoans treated him with respect, which the RCYB used to in Cleveland, until it appeared he was getting a little too close to some Trotskyists from the Oberlin Socialist Alternative group, which promptly resulted in his exclusion from the camaraderie of the RCYB, with whom he had been working closely for half a year. Ironically, at the same time he fell away from the Socialist Alternative group, whose members were critical of his loose affiliation with the RCYB. But he was openly suspicious of the Chicagoans, assuming they were just hoping to recruit him with the communist leaning

## **Chapter 1: How It All Began**

In a white flight suburb of Cleveland, Ohio, not really worth naming, a middle class youth was raised with a rifle on the rack, a family car, a sibling and a pet. His diet included more rice than wheat, but that was mostly a corner, cut to afford suburban life.

After living through years of struggle due to racist violence and humiliation, he became lost in personal studies of religion, history and political theory to the point that he accidentally brainwashed himself into a political cult of one. As an Evangelical Christian he looked at things as purely good or evil, and as a Marxist he also viewed everything as a struggle between the oppressed and their oppressors. Influenced by Lenin, everything was political.

Oppressed as a person of color with a North American lack of connection to his people, and exploited as a worker, he was forced near to the sharp edge of insanity more than once over the years. But in his twenties, ideologically armed with Marxist theories and Christian zeal, and in a half mad, impulsive fervour his racing mind brought him Underground.

Going Underground included much soul searching and varying degrees of triviality. And, as it sometimes happens, one such aspect which seemed the most trivial, also took the most time. Without a sense of irony, after two weeks of heavy contemplation and little sleep, he adopted the name Jose "Che" Quixote. Mixing his Christian namesake St. Joseph in Spanish, who also happened to be a patron saint of workers everywhere, his belief in revolution and passion for art and particularly literature, he picked names from the Spanish speaking world he felt also matched his Brown complexion, which was actually the result of an Asian father and white mother.

After years of studying revolutionaries' lives, and hoboing it whenever he could get away, he opted for traveling light, and decided Chicago was the most strategic starting point. In his mind, whenever he thought of these plans, a comrade in arms to be, was the last detail he would need to take with him from Ohio. There was a Latina who had grown up a mile away from him, she was intelligent and he had been proselytizing her for years. To his mind she seemed

the most logical recruit. He even decided she should be called Maria Ramona Allende much the same way he had picked his name, he also chose hers.

## **Chapter II: The Journey Begins**

With war raging in Afghanistan and another one on the horizon in Iraq, Jose felt the time for study and talk was over. Alone, he set off for Chicago. As the bus pulled past a sign marking Cleveland's boundary, he felt a rush of satisfaction that he was on his way and not to return. But at the next exit the bus pulled off the interstate, and turned around. As the bus drove back into Cleveland he worried about how wrong his feelings were from just a moment ago and he was filled with apprehension. He was also moderately worried if some sort of government agents might be waiting for him back at the bus station.

The bus returned to its station, and he sat in rigid anxiety while a technical problem was solved, finally the bus set back out for Chicago. Trying to ease his mind over being wrong about never returning to Cleveland and in hopes of ignoring the feeling of forshadowing that it happened mere minutes after leaving, he set himself to contemplate the lives of his revolutionary heroes. Che didn't smash capitalism in Argentina, he thought to himself. His mind following Che, going to Guatemala then Mexico also helped him deal with the fact he was unaccompanied by a comrade on this trip.

His attempts at diversion worked, readings and day dreams of Che's and Trotsky's travels and battles consumed him all the way to Chicago. After getting to town, he had to figure out how to get to a Punk House he'd heard of further down on the South Side and he had to do it without directions. No one was answering the phone but he knew it was by Midway Airport so he set out to find the right train.

The Pulaski stop on the Orange Line would have brought him a lot closer to the House than the Midway stop, but he didn't know any better. Slowly meandering to the House on West 67th Place, he couldn't have looked more suspicious than he did with all his gear in a camping backpack and wearing patchwork pants, walking through very residential areas, asking for directions now and then.

"Historical analysis,  
Like a kidney dialysis,  
Striving to see through the lies,  
About all those past lives,  
Of the real revolutionaries,  
Told by the reactionaries,  
And as my knowledge grows,  
The complexity unfolds,  
But feeds into more,  
Modern folklore,  
I can see my place in time,  
Through past lives."

After a whirl wind week in Ohio, Jose and Mike set off, just as much to everyone else's relief or perplexity. Mike didn't even say goodbye to his family, unless you count the Ass Holes. In that case he said goodbye to every single one of them that was still around.

## **Chapter VIII Back into the fray**

Participating in a Mayday demonstration in Chicago, had been a longtime dream of Jose's since first reading of the Hay Market Square Affair. Especially after some 2,000 people had marched on Boeing's headquarters during the TABD protests. As he helped cook for a Mayday Food Not Bombs serving, images of thousands of people marching with red and/or black flags flying above them filled his head. The shock of seeing only about 50 people show up to the Socialist Party's (SP) march, was only outdone by an SP cadre's insistence that it was not only a great turn out, but a sign that the Revolution was here.

"We're like the Bolsheviks marching on the Winter Palace," proclaimed an SP cadre to no one in particular. Jose wondered if they even knew how upwards of 20,000 people had shut down Lake Shore Drive during the first night of the Emergency Response to the Iraq War. Jose felt a little more sane, after having believed they were rocking the very foundation of US imperialism that night.

He uncomfortably looked around. There were easily twice as many cops as

The next day Jose went about selling all of his CDs. This brought him a fair amount of money, which would get him back to Chicago, and easily finance the literature needs for the organizing drive at the commune.

Another goal met, and a highlight of the trip was when he found an old friend from high school and college, whom he had lived with for a while, he was interested in going to Chicago with him. They had an odd sort of arrangement, since he and his friend, Mike, mainly shared interests in music and games, nothing much deeper than that.

Besides the cold home situation, where he had barely spent any time awake since his early teenaged years, and the admittedly futile street activism, and the wasted evening with his old clique, Jose came alive like few in Ohio had seen him before, proselytizing Mike's crew, which he had also been in the Straight Edge faction for a little over a year back in the day. They actually called themselves the Ass Holes, and some of their friends, the All American Burn Outs. They were willing to tolerate his wild ramblings since he would be leaving again soon anyways. "The historical mission of the working class is to seize the means of production, run them democratically, and abolish the wage system!" he thundered at parties and poetry readings. The poetry readings were the best part of the trip for him. He'd hop two buses to get out to another suburb, Lakewood, and half the crowd would be the young anti-war activists he liked in town, and the host, who used to play and sing for Cows in the Graveyard, and was a good friend of his. At his last poetry reading in Ohio, he read his own, "My Place in Time:"

"It's 2003 according to our calenders,  
Do I see my place in time,  
Through past lives?  
Volumes of Trotsky and piles of paper,  
Can I see my place in time,  
Through past lives?  
Biographical records of Debs,  
Theoretical pieces by Marx-Engles-Lenin-De Leon,  
Do I see my place in time,  
Through past lives?"

But then again, this was Chicago, so few people seemed to notice. Seeing this as part of his strategic theory for coming to Chicago to easily go Underground, the walk from the Midway Airport El stop to the South Side Punk House started to confirm his ideas.

After 22 years of suburban life, walking up to the House was like arriving at a revolutionary guerrilla camp. To most people, it was the worst looking house and yard on the block, but not him. Indeed, this was a sort of promised land with which the downfalls of capitalism and imperialism were sure to spread in his eyes and mind.

He smiled, walked up to the front door and knocked. The last time he had called he'd finally gotten through to someone, so at least one person knew he was in town and on his way but no one answered. About twenty minutes later someone else walked up.

"Hi, I'm Jose, the Traveler from Ohio."

"Hey, I'm Alex, is the door locked?"

"I, I don't know."

Alex tried the door, which was unlocked, and walked in. Jose followed and they both walked up to the attic. Much to his shock, it was somewhat crowded with half a dozen people.

Folks he knew from protest hoping on the East Coast greeted him and introduced him to the people he didn't know.

"These are the South Side Girls," one of them said, motioning towards a couple young women. He uncomfortably guessed their ages to be about 16 years old.

"South Side!" one of them shouted, as Jose waved hello.

Afterwards, someone asked if he was hungry.

"A little," he replied. Jose always seemed to be at least a little hungry. There wasn't much to eat besides dumpstered bread, bananas and donuts, but there was

plenty of those three things. Though the food was old, it seemed like a feast to him when in reality he was very hungry and glad to be eating recycled food. While he ate and others talked, someone from the House played guitar. As Jose listened to the intelligent conversation and good music, he felt further vindicated in his choice for Chicago, though he still felt disappointed he'd come alone.

### **Chapter III Pilgrimage and Membership**

After two days of protests, a party at the Buddy Space in Wicker Park, jail solidarity and a counter conference at the Autonomous Zone Infoshop (A-Zone) in Bucktown, against a TransAtlantic Business Dialogue (TABD) meeting, Jose made his first pilgrimage to the Hay Market Martyrs' Memorial.

It was a somber event, after all the excitement with his first protest in Chicago. One of the other pilgrims was wearing a black shirt with blood red letters IWW over a globe, which upon seeing Jose was filled with a great deal of excitement. This was the organization he felt had put up the best fight against capitalism in the US in the last century, and still offered the best alternative.

He approached the IWW shirt wearer asking, "Are you a Wobbly?"

"Yep," replied the Wobbly.

"I'm very interested in the IWW," said Jose. "What do you all have going on here?"

"We go bowling, have meetings, and do a newsletter," said the Wobbly.

Disappointed but not deterred Jose asked, "How can I join? I've moved here to organize."

"Just come to a meeting, the first Friday of any month at the New World Resource Center," said the Wobbly.

After a labor historian spoke about the Martyrs, and other radicals buried or who had their ashes scattered at the cemetery, Jose went back to the House with

drinking and drugging, and much more importantly fighting for justice, whether it was giving out food or protesting imperialist war.

They met up at the shopping mall they used to be mall rats at, and as if by reflex started to walk back and forth between the the food court and the video game arcade, occasionally stopping to talk with other people, play a game, or step outside so those who wished to smoke could. Eventually they bought some food, a small deviation from the old looking for a handout, and sat down to eat.

Up to then they had mostly caught up on things, but then his old friends launched into what seemed like a good cop, bad cop routine. In this case maybe liberal stoner, reactionary stoner.

All he could think was that this couldn't go on forever, and what good friends they had been. Initially he went toe to toe with them, but then he just started to let them dominate the conversation, in the hopes that they would shut up, or go back to the pleasant banter of just a few minutes ago, which they did after a while.

Lulled into a false sense of security, Jose left with them for one of their places, where everything got worse. He should have known to just split once they stepped out of the mall that last time, when one of them said, "You know I've always said, Once a Super Toker, always a Super Toker." The name had always bothered him, and he tried to write off his bad feeling as the normal reaction to their old clique's silly name, which was always a joke, or at least he had thought it was.

In a small, smoke filled, filthy apartment, they relentlessly browbeat him for hours, stooping to even making things up in order to prove their points.

Sometimes he would agree in hopes they would shut up, or change the subject, but every inch conceded just emboldened their campaign of years old stories, half truths, and total lies. Finally he got up and left, resolving never to return.

Oddly enough, they congratulated themselves, certain they had set him straight, and they expected him to return soon, just like in the old days. For years afterwards they continued to cite the admissions to charges they knew were lies, and blame his last girlfriend for his departure. Whenever someone caught them in their lies, their favorite reply was a hardy chuckle, followed by the statement, "You know I'm just fuckin' around!"

good new one. It's articles and gives examples of struggles all over the world going on now. Plus she's my celebrity crush," said Jose, handing the book over.

"Well, I guess I'll borrow what you've handed me, and try to read it all."

"Keep the Lenin."

"Okay, thanks again. Man. I think you want me to read more than any of my profs do this semester."

"Well, you've got more than 16 weeks in my class," said Jose, then they both laughed. "But really. I can get you a job and a place to stay in Chi. Like nine of my community mates are thinking about taking out red cards. The Revolution is going to start in Chi for sure. But do whatever you have to here first. And study!"

## **Chapter VII Of Despair, Poetry and parting ways**

The next day Jose set off to participate in an anti-war demonstration in downtown Cleveland. There was supposed to be a series of daily demonstrations culminating in a "No Business As Usual" action. Though having been long disillusioned with the majority of the young local activists, especially the people from the lily white, university educated Burning River Anarchist Collective and Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade (RCYB), but he went anyways to leaflet to other people. The demonstration was the usual lesson in futility, given by latently racist, blatantly white supremacist, university educated folks playing revolutionary on their terms. But he hoped the other two token people of color had connections to their communities and the ability to freshly re-inject anti-capitalism and street level activism, into the rich legacy of resistance in their communities of color that have no worthwhile choice but rebellion against this system.

After the demonstration he caught a bus back out to the suburbs, to meet up with a few old friends from his rival high school, where the bulk of his close friends from that time had gone. Unbeknownst to him, they plotted to give him hell for taking his Christian discipleship seriously, which to him meant stopping

someone from the South Side Crew. As they rode, the South Sider casually asked, "Hey Jose, do you think you could pitch in for gas?"

"I'm sorry, I ran out of money yesterday," he replied.

"What?!" the South Sider asked. "I'd never hit the road with less than \$1,000.00 if I was trying to move. Dude, what's up with that?"

"I was reading in the Bible about sometime Jesus sent the Apostles out before him, and told 'em to only bring what they can carry, with no extra cash. So that's pretty much what I've done," replied Jose.

"That's just weird dude," replied the South Sider. "I don't mean to dis you for Jesus stuff, but still. I guess you've gotta just start working soon."

After getting back to the House, the South Sider talked with everyone else who was around about Jose. "I'm fairly sure he isn't a pig. I don't think he's crazy in a dangerous way, but just so you all know I do think he's a little nuts."

As the day became night, more and more people started showing up at the House. Many of them were drinking, and some were already drunk when a local hardcore band, No Slogan, showed up. Their bassist had only walked in, grabbed a beer then sat down when a South Sider taking a swing at someone else missed completely and punched the bassist in the face.

"I haven't even been here five minutes!" the bassist shouted in disbelief, holding their face as the two fighters took it outside.

"Sorry about that, want another beer?" the South Sider asked the bassist upon re-entering the House, triumphantly. Several people stood in the doorway as the stranger staggered back towards the House. "Whoa, they look like one of the zombies from Thriller," said one South Sider, then started singing loudly, "Thriller! Thriller!" which quickly became the stranger's name around the House.

Amidst all this chaos, Jose contemplated what his next move should be. The next day he went to Uptown, and started working and living in a Christian

Commune called JPUSA, which stood for Jesus People USA. He saved his daily pop money, until he had enough for union dues. When the next first Friday of a month came up, he set off for the New World Resource Center.

The New World was a collectively run, non-partisan, leftist bookstore in Humboldt Park. "I'm here for the IWW meeting," he said upon entering to a person behind the counter. "They're in the back," they replied, pointing towards the door. There were a few people sitting around in a small room.

"I'm here for the meeting," said Jose when the others quietly looked at him.

"Great, do you want to join?" one of them asked, right off the bat.

Startled by the lack of procedure, Jose stuttered when he replied, "Ye... yes." After a few quick questions, he was admitted into union membership as a cook. Everyone he talked with was friendly, and by the end of the meetings he made commitments to write for the newsletter, and help start a Forum Committee.

"Greetings Fellow Workers!" he said cheerily to the first people he saw upon his return to JPUSA.

"Fellow workers?" they both asked, looking at each other out of the corners of their eyes.

"Well, you know, work is the tie that binds us here," he said somewhat surprised by their lack of class consciousness.

"Um, yeah," one said, still looking at the other community mate and coworker, as they both frowned. "Actually no. This is a Christian community. You know, a lot of people here are critical of you, always talking about communism and junk like that," the other community mate said.

"This is a commune," said Jose.

"I guess you can call it that if you want, but I think you're just here to promote an agenda, and it isn't Jesus's. You spend more time reading about Greek





Luxemburg was also a participant in the Russian Revolution of 1905 and wrote this 'Mass Strike' and here! The New World has copies of Lenin's 'Imperialism' for a dollar so I've got like seven copies at the commune. It's great for understanding how globalization won't prevent war. Did you know that's an old adage? Globalization isn't new, and he clearly outlines the global economy in the lead up to World War I," said Jose, handing over the pamphlet.

"Thanks."

"Mao's 'Red Book' is seminal. It's practically poetry," said Jose stepping back to the books, pointing out the pocket sized book sitting on its own off to the side. "All of these books about the Spanish Civil War are super important, especially Orwell's, Thomas', and oddly enough Murry Bookchin's about the Spanish Anarchists before the war might be better than the rest," he said, pointing everything out as he talked.

"I can't resist pointing out another from the New Left. There's this one," he said pulling a thin worn pamphlet out of the shelves. "It's called 'The Reproduction of Daily Life' by Freddy Perlman and also there's 'Fugitive Days' it's the memoir of a Weather Underground Cadre who teaches at UIC now!" Jose chuckled as he handed the book over. "We need to know how the last wave of radicals failed, and what we're up against. Here's 'Cointelpro,' a book about the FBI's Counter Intelligence Program against the New Left," he said, handing over another book. "'Fire in the Mountains' by Omar Cabases is the memoir of a Sandanista. It's great. 'The Wretched of the Earth' was required reading for the Panthers' political education. It's a little dry, but the good parts make it worth reading. Fanon was pretty much the Algerian Revolution's spokesperson. And here, Father Camilo Torres was a Liberation Theologian in theory and practice. He was in Colombia's Army of National Liberation which maybe hasn't won, but they are still at it, and then one of my favourites 'My Life for my Friends' the Guerilla Journal of Nestor Paz," he said, continuing to point out books as he talked.

"Oh man, there's so much to read and I'm still in school."

"Readers are good in that case. It usually doesn't matter as much when you start and stop working on them. This one 'Fences and Windows' by Naomi Klein is a

mythology than out of the Bible. So are you Pagan or Christian?"

"Give me a break. I've read the New Testament again and again. And like it wasn't influenced by Greek ideology," said Jose before storming off.

## **Chapter IV our protagonist prepares to return to Ohio for needed resources and the fog of war settles thick over Baghdad**

Getting up one Sunday morning, Jose sat on his bed looking at his blood red IWW membership card, smiling a toothy grin. After church he was going back to Ohio to sell his beloved CD collection, gather up his revolutionary library, then come back. Some Travelers from Toledo, Ohio had offered to drive him all the way to Cleveland, where they wanted to visit the Catholic Worker Community anyways.

His stay a JPUSA had been rocky yet productive. Seventeen people from the community had marched in the first United For Peace and Justice demonstration, which had been the high point so far. There was no particular low point, but there was daily bickering with right wingers who wanted the impending war with Iraq to happen. To make matters worse, many of them were starting to make personal attacks against the left wingers which could have led to expulsion from the theocratic commune.

Th political and personal arguments were sometimes degenerating into shouting matches, which the leftists were usually blamed for. Some people didn't even think Jose was coming back. But this was his job and home, and there were more leftists than rightists, especially when you factored in the non-ideological peaceniks. Recruiting people to the left was imperative to him, and some more literature and money would help an organizing drive.

Every argument wasn't just with the rightists, but sometimes to show the undecided and the uncommitted that the left's line was the correct one. He thought with some self satisfaction that living at the commune was daring to struggle and daring to win.

Shortly before leaving for Ohio, the war with Iraq had started. Jose almost immediately left the commune, not only because he was in no mood to deal with

the rightists, but because he knew there was already some sort of anti-war action going on in Federal Plaza. Walking up from the Jackson Red Line stop, his roommate, Franor, who was an Anarchist he had met during the TABD protests, was walking down the stairs.

They greeted each other and talked for a few minutes about the day's action and the start of the war. Franor didn't know the war had started, but he'd had it for the day. It was already too late for the Emergency Response to the war to go into effect that day, so he was headed back to the commune. Jose felt the angst and apprehension he usually did when approaching a demonstration or a meeting. It was a sense of foreboding that he was part of the resistance to true evil, like of the French Resistance against the Nazi Occupation or a member of Germany's White Rose or the Red Army Faction. At this point he had to wonder why didn't the majority of his Christian community mates feel this way too? As he walked alone towards the Plaza, he could hear someone blasting Rage Against the Machine.

Just as he was walking up to the demonstration someone got a call on their cellphone and made the announcement the war had started. Someone swore as a bolt lightening flashed and it started to rain.



## **Chapter VI Our hero's library and much recommended reading**

"So this is my revolutionary library," said Jose proudly standing in front of his non-fiction library. "What do you think about it?"

"It, it's revolutionary."

"Yep. So these books about the Zapatistas and these about the Black Panther Party have been the biggest influence on me," said Jose, pointing out either section. "Feel free to borrow anything. I'm going to carry what I can back to Chitown, so really, borrow anything."

"So which books in particular are the best?"

"Well, about the Zapatistas, this reader 'Rebellion in Chiapas' is. It gets really into the pre-1994 roots of the uprising better than the rest, all the way back to colonial times. It also explains more about the church's role. As a Liberation Theologian and Communist this is practically the blue print for what I think in theory and practice. And the Panthers. I guess it's be a toss up between 'Seize the Time' and 'The War Against the Panthers' which are by the either of the co-founders of the Party."

"Um, how about something with a little more hindsight or success."

"These books about Cuba," Jose motioned another section. "They're all great. 'Che Speaks' is a collection of speeches, and they're all great. 'Che Guevara: Politics and Economics in the Transition to Socialism' takes it a step forward. It's by a Cuban economist explaining how Che's ideas worked out. 'Fidel and Religion' by Frei Betto is another good one. '1905' by Trotsky over here is about that Russian Revolution which he also participated in. Some say it was the greatest general strike ever, so it's particularly important to us Wobblies. Plus it's way shorter than his 'History of the Russian Revolution.' I also liked 'Pedagogy of the Oppressed' by Paulo Friere, it's a must read. The Landless Workers Movement of Brazil uses it for the basis for their schools."

Taking several steps over to a few piles of pamphlets Jose said, "Rosa



## Chapter V wherein our hero returns home to raise money for the class struggle and we learn something of his home life.

Jose had a hard time motivating himself to get up the next morning. After all the protesting, especially the 10 million person strong global February 15 United For Peace and Justice action, many people were really demoralized by the launch of the war. Plus having to face a full work day of arguing with rightists, there almost didn't even seem to be one reason to get out of bed. A South Sider at the demonstration the night before had asked indignantly why he wasn't coming straight downtown the next morning since many people had planned to do civil disobedience. News was starting to come in through Indymedia of mass civil disobedience in San Francisco, California and full on rioting in Greece. He took heart, bit the bullet, and grudgingly fulfilled his work obligations at the commune the next two days before participating in mass demonstrations with thousands of other people against the war. Eight other people from the commune also marched in the demonstrations, four of which were arrested the first night. The furthest right winger from the commune couldn't even find one other person to counter-demonstrate for the war.

The next Sunday, standing in front of the 35th and Archer Orange Line stop, waiting for his ride to Cleveland, Jose heard some one shout, "Cyril!" and he turned around without even thinking how he was blowing his cover. Twenty-two years of going by one name is a hard habit to break.

"Hey," he said to an old friend from high school, awkwardly looking around for anyone who might know his as Jose. "I've been wondering where all you kids who moved here for college might be lurking." The old friend laughed, then said, "Well I graduated last year so I've been working to pay off my student loans. Work and bills, you know, the real world. What are you doing in town?"

What am I doing in town? Jose thought to himself, then uncomfortably looked around again. No one seemed to be listening. People's suspicions that the Chicago Police Red Squad had been reactivated in 2002 during the lead up to the TABD were later confirmed in 2004. Specific activist groups were targeted, and infiltrated, so the cops and/or Federal Agents who seemed to be doing the same thing in Clevo probably would have already known who Jose was, but this was all speculation at the time. And after all the meetings and demonstrations he had been to in town, his cover might have already been blown. "I came here

to organize," said Jose.

"Organize what?"

"All workers into One Big Union."

"In other words, communist organizing."

"Ye, yeah," Jose stuttered, surprised by the glare and frankness of his old friend.

"So," now his old friend also looked uncomfortable, "you aren't Christian anymore, huh?" "Wha, what? Christian communism is totally Biblical. It's actually imperative. I live with the Jesus People."

His old friend looked relieved, and remembering Jose's eccentricity, he started to write him off like he always had then said, "That's cool. Maybe I'll visit you there sometime. I'm moving soon, but we should hang out."

"Yeah, I'm going back to Ohio for a week but then it'll be back to the commune. Come by for dinner sometime."

"Sure thing, take care."

"Likewise."

They shook hands and went their separate ways for good.

The trip back to Ohio was uneventful. Upon arriving in Cleveland, Jose found a bus to take out to the suburbs. He ran into another old friend from high school. Now there was no point in pretending to be some sort of secret agent. That would surely ruin his alias if word started to get around Ohio.

They caught up on things that had happened to each other since last time they had crossed paths for a while before Jose decided to tell them what he was up to in Chicago. This was a trustworthy old friend who remained a potential recruit.

"Would you like to swing by my mom's place and look at some of the literature we've been talking about?" asked Jose.

"Sure," they replied.

As they walked up to his mother's house, they could hear her angrily talking, "I have no clue where he went. I'd been telling him for years his idiosyncrasies would ruin his life. When he told me he was thinking about joining the Socialist Labor Party, that, that was the last straw.

Can you really blame me for taking away his college money? Even if his grandfather earned it, he would spin in his grave if he knew about all this stuff.

How much of it do you think would have just ended up in the hands of some fringe Third Party, or worse yet the poor? He's missed the boat. Do you know how much I've made on the stock market with that money? Now that was a worth while investment, considering how Cyril was squandering his education writing all those papers on Russia and Free Trade. No, it wasn't gambling. Teri told me her company's stock was about to go way up and invest then, so I did.

This is truly the worst Cyril has ever been. Worse than when he was on drugs, shooting laser tag and talking about shooting up the school. I've been telling him for years if he thinks he's got it bad, he should just be glad he's not Black."

Jose's friend, hearing his mother rant, maybe for the first time realized how his messed up family situation was probably a strong basis for whatever other problems he developed. Jose's companion finally understood what his problems' root was, but he couldn't take the tension of knowing anymore. He started knocking on the door to announce their arrival.

"You. Maybe you don't know how much you've hurt me these last four and a half months," Jose's mother said upon seeing him.

"Like you've never hurt me," he replied rolling his eyes.

Aware that her phone conversation may have been heard, she silently glared as they walked by, going to Jose's old room.