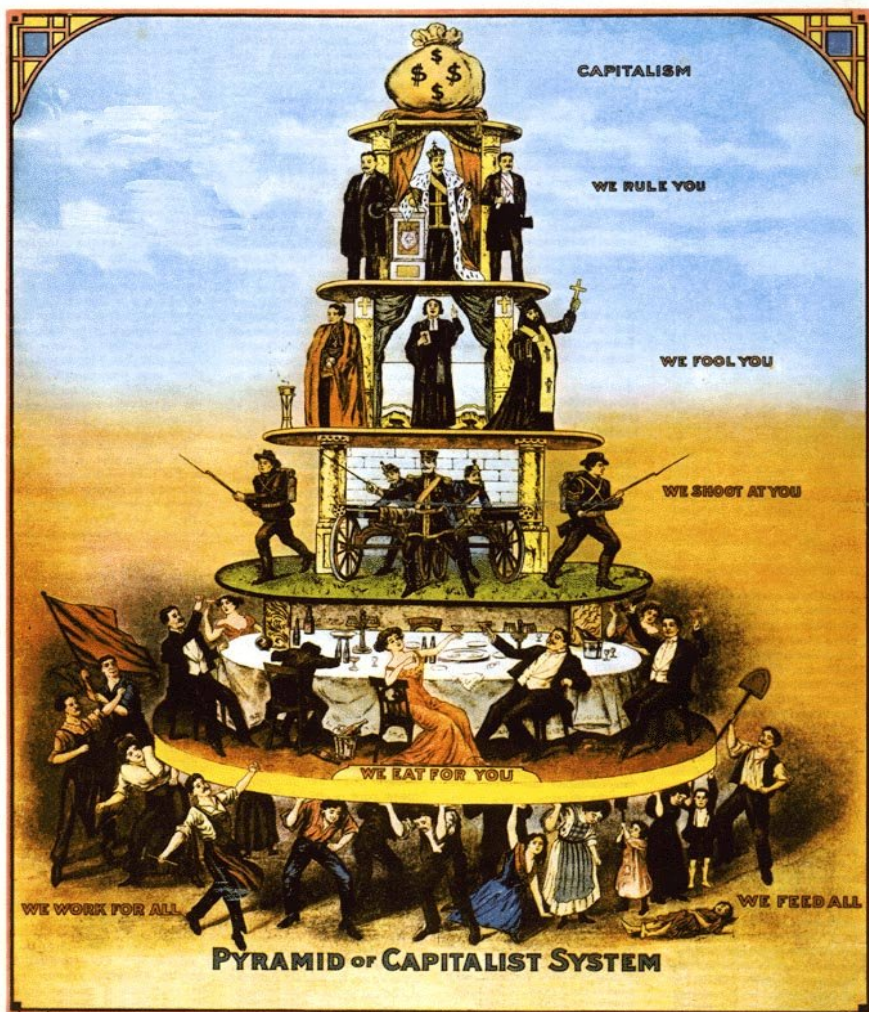


**All submissions, criticism,
questions, letters (love and
hate), and juicy kisses can be**

Burning Bridges #2

An Oklahoma Zine of
Anarchy



**All submissions, criticism, questions, letters (love and hate), and juicy kisses can be sent to
ooosage@gmail.com**

All views expressed in the zine are completely theoretical. DO NOT take any of this serious, just watch more TV and continue to walk the line!

Burning Bridges

#2

An Oklahoma Zine of
 Anarchy

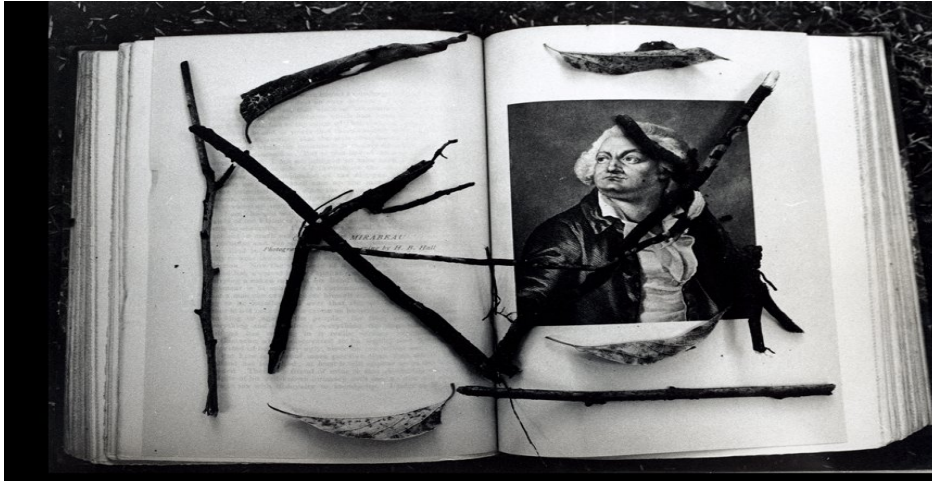


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Burning Bridges

The best time to write is by the light of the burning bridges behind you.



To burn a bridge is to break a connection from someone or something. To burn bridges is to cut ourselves off from this world of boredom. It is to feel the warmth of our own words and the fire in

our hearts as we laugh or cry in the face of the affluence of misery we inhabit. It is the satisfaction of determining our lives in the face of this monotonous world that, though we did not ask for and want gone, we must live within. It is to burn and destroy our connections to alienating capitalistic and state roles of the Worker, of the Student, of the Religious, of the Political, and come back to ourselves. It is a rejection of commodity relations and a rejection of measured social relations. To burn bridges is to start our lives from *ourselves* and *end* with the world. It is to carve out a space for ourselves, to make our time our own. It is a break from the realism that holds the world hostage.

On Being Outrageous!!

Words must be outrageous. They are infinite and they are sterile. They are everything and they are nothing. To some, they have the ability to kill, to confuse, to create prisons in the brain, to create orgasms; to others...they are just ravings of a lunatic.

Definitions, definitions, everyone spews out diatribes full of jargon as if we are expected to know what they mean. Politicians, those looking for constituents, talk about the People, Minorities, the Less Off, about the Workers, about who-the-fuck-cares as if the world is full of concepts for them to hold power over. To them, the "People" is just another nebulous concept for us to accept. Words are rarely defined and that's what makes them so deceptive these days. In such a world as ours, where actions and words are seen as two different things, the result is more rackets, more problems, more shit! We end up fighting with concepts that were mass produced and spewed in our faces. We end up eating this spewed shit and we don't even know why. Throw the shit back.

In a world where words mean shit, it is up to us to judo chop it to pieces, to scream like Bruce Lee after he annihilates those in his path. It is to make ourselves outrageous, to demand nothing from those who deceive us; They are irrelevant to our lives anyway, they are just in the way. We cannot identify with them! It is to act and confuse the fuck out of those we hate, to appear nihilist to 'em, but in our heads have the most intricate plan of attack ever. It is to be deceptive to those who the enemy. No trying to play fair, because they have never been fair. We know what we want and don't care if you know.

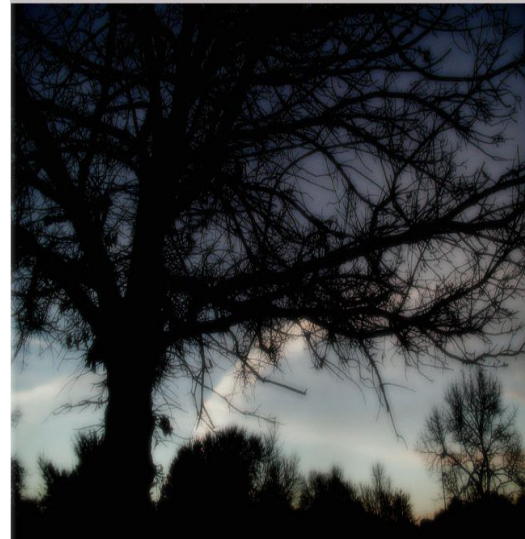
Nana nana boo boo, you can't get us! Just demand everything for ourselves. Our words, as those who hate the prevailing order, are worthless to those with a stake. They are meaningless and anti-political—and they must be! They are *outrageously satirical* and *militant*—even if they are not acted on.

Opening

Ah! So a new issue! This is one of the more exciting things in my life. I have already established a few good connections with others through this zine and I hope to keep them. I think this issue is better than the last one in terms of content and passion. At first, I was a little insecure about the last issue, but people have told me that they really enjoyed it so I'm a bit more confident. I feel like the zine is growing as much as I am, which is to say exponentially. I want to say again that this zine is open to any and all submissions or letters! Also, considering that a few friends in OKC enjoyed the zine, I'm taking away the subtitle ("A *Tulsa* zine of Anarchy") and making it open to *all* regions of Oklahoma.

Summer has come...and I'm all excited. The heat no longer feels like my enemy (as long as I wear my short shorts). The world is vibrant, and I can feel the energy from the

trees, the wind, the clouds and the sun inside of me. I don't feel quite so separate. The leaves on the trees that seemed so boring last year are greener than ever and more interesting than anything on TV or in a book. My friends have graduated from school. We're at the age where we can do what we want for now. We are fighting off the deterministic forces of society that we see so many people give in to and we try and live our lives as we please. We can dance, make faces, we can drink, scream, steal, we can watch the sunset, as well as feel like we are beyond this miserable and boring society, even when we are within its confines. Many of us haven't given in to what is expected,



and never plan on giving in. I feel more and more every day that playful destruction is the only liberating feeling that will end this bullshit. Let's fight for the liberation of our imaginations from those who manage us!

Some projects that are being worked on: Gardening. Cooking. Moving. Travel planning. I am xeroxing some zines/pamphlets I like and putting them up at the Monolith (Admiral and Lewis, east of the light.) They are free to take. They've also established a lending library there that is already pretty killer. If you have any really great anti/political/d.i.y/etc books, put them in the library! Or if you want to help with it, contact them or me. A few others and I are trying to start a radical documentary/reading/presentation discussion group. If you have any interest helping out with this, email me at ooosage@gmail.com.

Musings About the Desert Ecology of Civilization and our Idea of "Nature"

When I was stuck downtown working in a coffee place packing coffee, I always remembered wishing I was outside. My job consisted of sitting in a stool in a corner with no windows for hours on end pressing buttons and folding coffee bags up. But, I got to think and imagine things a lot, because with such jobs your body just becomes an automaton, and your mind is all you have to keep you sane.



I'd imagine that underneath the building were a million worms butting their slimy heads against the foundation trying to break it up. I also pictured grasses breaking through the concrete foundation, breaking up right in between my feet eating the machine I felt enslaved to. But, imagining things like that definitely did not make my

days any better.

Before I read Marx, I was a pretty strict environmentalist. When I read his earlier works (his 1844 manuscripts are much more philosophical and interesting than most of his stuff) it made me realize that before we suppress nature, we must suppress humanity. If we are suppressed to meaningless tasks, the world becomes meaningless—a wallpaper to look at. The world becomes uninspiring and we are alienated from it.

But I soon realized through more study that this was the story of all known civilizations—or city-states: The end of free human potential and of free nature. For the past few thousand years, humans and nature have suffered the wrath of the chief, king, the feudal lord, priest, politician, hoe or the plow. And more recently, for the last few hundred years, each has been put in the service of capital. Humans and the rest of nature are not *subjects* whom are free; they are *objects* to be used for profit. Civilization represses against all authentic life or exploits authentic life for its purposes. The stuff that isn't suppressed is a threat. It is destroyed.

The concrete of western civilization, the millions of miles of road are anti-social. The cops that enforce curfew and order are anti social. The cities that serve as a central location for workers and consumers are anti-social. Workers live in the shitty neighborhoods, and the consumers live in the hollow suburbs. The workers build and serve the material items to the consumers. Because of the profit nature of cities, they expand. They must build more roads and build more stores along those roads to feed the demand. They get their supply for their demand from conquest and death.

Expanding cities do not expand into empty spaces. They expand on real living breathing places. They kill them. Places like forests, prairies, or wetlands. And they also expand and destroy human communities. In the US, according one article I read, we are losing 2 acres of farm land to development every minute.

'You dare take our names, our flag, our borders! You DARE call out our deaths, our children's deaths, YOUR children's deaths; of war...of disgusting war and famine and suffer...and of this sell a god-damn chicken sandwich?!?!'

If patriots you are, take down your flag! Yell not at land you will never see, and face your faceless leaders. Your home will never be yours, your land you will never touch until you fight for what is ours in the belly of the air you breath.'

Indeed, no terrorist act is more atrocious, more humiliating, more TERRIFYING, than that of your own. Buying, Selling, BELIEVING is your criminal act. Strike down, please, those that mean you most harm: the half-eaten sausages, the gnomes, the goblins that rule your streets, cities, states. And above all...do this with their own dollars. Hence: do not let them have it. Your dollars are theirs the instant you have it. Thus, the striking blow shall be to never own such petty design of faux metal and well sorted paper."

A silent night, with Christmas far behind, ate us like oatmeal and gummed my bones for days.

She kissed me like a lamb until we passed the fuck out, finally able to love ourselves without feeling like a Republican.

It never worked out. As the worshipped ball of gas gave light to the west coast, i saw her long enough to tell her to fuck off, as an endearing term, and she replied with

"You have twenty minutes to get to work. Flip the record."

When i woke up, it was 7:40, and "Piano Man" had been on repeat for hours.

There, in the middle of wood and wires, in the middle of the moon and diamonds, we smirked and giggled as children mocking children playing kissing games.

Laying down without introduction, a fold-out couch taught us of each other, and of what we hate, as we shot forth and back with rhymeless lyrics:

"\$ was the dagger far too many times, when we were entertaining ourselves to death. we and they and us and them and everything stuffed in the closets, garages, drawers, boxes, corners, living rooms, bedrooms, dining rooms, family rooms, home offices, attics, basements;

Stacked on entertainment centers, coffee tables, night stands, kitchen tables, counters;
sitting, standing, laying, humming, murmuring, blaring, waiting:
Meaningless, useless, pointless, stagnant, draining, SILENT KILLERS!

Jerking us off with soft, lazy hands! Covering our eyes, teaching us that green and brown and red and blue and yellow and pink and orange are gifts of Pixels and leaves are a curse. Branches are the devils hands! Grass is to be cut down, nipped, before it's bud invades feet of your loved ones. Reclining leather and plastic and glass and copper and rubber is all that can save you from step-mother nature, who wouldn't even flinch at your itchy palms. That bitch."

A pact was made:

"Yes, love is not a night of sweat and thrusts;
it is a handshake, and separate beds in separate rooms."
And thus, we shook hands and embraced in the same bed, because
"Penny-less freegans know love is a hypocrit's game!"

Lyrics darted off the wooden desk and broken laptop, to convince us that she knew my shoulders and i knew her thighs:

"The \$ and cents marched into courts with guns at their waist, and the faces printed on their backs were swelled and moist from their green and silver and copper eyes. Dead presidents weeping, some for more, most for too much.

\ Trees are cut, dirt is dug up, the land is flattened so that houses, malls, skyscrapers can be built. This system is crazy and it is destroying the world, and destroying all who live in this society mentally and physically.

I think amongst a lot of environmentalists, there's a tendency towards human separatism from the "natural" world. To many of them, "nature" is seen as a sort of sacred place we are to marvel at, not *live* in. "No," they say, "we are city-state animals." To them, we must not destroy earth, we must be *stewards* of the earth. But, I have to ask, are we really that more special than any other animal that we can be "stewards" of the earth? Can't the earth and its peoples take care of it self? I think so.

To others of the more extreme, we are all vicious human beings who fuck everything up and we should all die. This group wrongly places blame on all humans for the destruction of the earth, when most of humanity is in chains. The ones destroying the earth are those who have the power to do so—and if you research who, you can find that they all have names and addresses you can find in the phone book (Ex. Jim Inhofe, John Sullivan, or any CEO, politician, or bank).

Humans and the land are one and the same. We are really no different. We are in a relationship. We can be in any type of relationship. We can be abusive, loving, or indifferent. Sometimes, I'm not really sure what the best relationship is. But, to me, the land is not some fragile women for us to treat as a helpless victim, and nor is it a strong man. It is not even a gender. It's chaotic sometimes and it's in balance with us sometimes. And it's definitely not something I romanticize. It's something for me to work with in order to survive. It's an interconnected system that has been in existence for a few billion years. It can take a beating, it can regenerate, and it won't hesitate to kill us off if we don't adapt.

Right now, we and our society are living in a maladaptive way. The world is being torched by a system that sees the earth purely in economic terms, in terms of money. This system can only expand. The earth is being turned into a desert that is devoid of life, just our society is very much devoid of authentic life. We need to destroy this.

Land Attitudes and Oklahoma

The settlement of Oklahoma is a good example of the various types of relations that humans can have with the land. People came here with different motives in mind. Some for cattle ranching, many for farming. Some came for profit, some for subsistence growing, and some for love of the land, some for a job, etc or for all of those.

Oklahoma was once home to many miles of mixed grass prairie, and the prairie is still considered to be one of the most diverse biomes on the planet. Mixed grass prairies are both tall and short. Taller grasses include switch grass, big blue stem, Indian grass all thrive in moister areas; shorter grasses like blue gramas, and buffalo grass thrive in the drier climates.

Before ranching and agriculture, the prairie was definitely not unaffected by humans. To most European settlers, the prairie was a pristine environment, a place that was made solely by the hands of God. It was inconceivable that humans could have any effect on the natural world other than through agriculture, that we could have a part in its beauty. Long before Europeans came, Indians were managing the grasses by starting fires. The ash that was left after the burning was full of important nutrients that rejuvenated the soil and allowed for more healthy grasses to grow. According to James Shaw and Martin Lee, two zoologists from the University of Oklahoma, “without paleo-Indians’ use of fire, there would have been no extensive grasslands across central North America.”

Grazers like bison, elk, mule deer, and pronghorn were a central part of the prairie ecosystem. The Plains Indians would use fires to rejuvenate the grasses and therefore bring in more buffalo, more deer, and more food. And these herbivorous grazers were very numerous. It’s estimated that up to 60 million buffalo once roamed the prairies. So, being that here was once a plentiful supply of grazers, they had a strong effect on the landscape of the prairie.

Attitudes toward the land in Oklahoma and the rest of the West

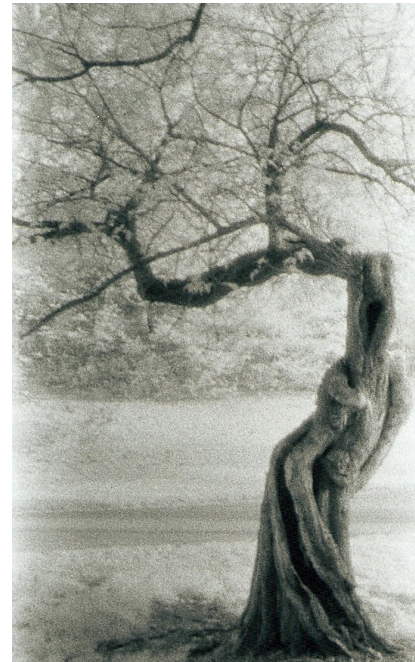
When the first settlers came to Oklahoma and Indian Territory, they marveled at the short and tall grass prairies whose grasses would blow like the rolling ocean in the wind. This ocean of grasses went on for hundreds of miles. Many settlers believed that this beauty was their ticket to a life of independence and plenty. They were told that the soil was rich, that it would grow you rich—in God and in capital.

Such a profit-oriented attitude towards the land had consequences. Instead of actually studying the personalities of the land in Oklahoma and seeing which spots would be better for agriculture, speculators just assumed that this whole land was plentiful; God made it that way for humans. To such a profit-oriented attitude, the whole world is the same or it **must** be made the same; there is nothing distinctively unique in life, other than that some things make more money. In nature, all trees, all soil, all streams, rivers, are dollar bills. Indeed, the land speculators laid down whole West under a grid system that disregarded any variations the land. The primary emphasis was profit. Similarly, the working class, to the ruling classes, are just labor—our measurement in society is how efficient we are and how much work ethic we have. And our bodies become enslaved and categorized, just like nature. To the capitalist, the purpose of our hands are for turning machine screws, or harvesting, or typing; our feet are for lifting commodities, transporting them or nothing, our eyes for looking for defects or watching TV, etc. The purpose of land is much the same.

These Dollars Are Non-Cents By Anon.

If beauty were a chord, she would be an open E.
Her body was a Gibson, and her voice was a Rickenbacker.
We thought together of revolutionary revolution:

"We could; we can; we won't:
the first that civilization has ever seen! A Financial Revolution! Civil
Disobedience the likes of a culinary rash, a bee's sting, an allergic
reaction in the groin of Marketers, Corporate Presidents, and CEO's. If all of
us would put down the chips, walk a
block, break our television, and simply.
stop. buying."



Laughs were ours pills as sighs took over, both of us knowing none of it had a hand of humor. Chuckles arose when reality succumbed to reality shows, the ridiculous concept of a half-truth. What could we do but laugh?

The Peacock and the Fox need no "I Do";
Only a Digital handshake, a click, a silent gun to a silent head.

We met in comfort and would exploit it to blanket our discontent. She crossed the bridge to see the river, and I crossed the river to see the bridge. Our eyes never met and there was never a quarter note of music....perhaps a snare, but a quiet one. Instead, our hands danced as strangers and the lights got old: we could feel their growing pains and thanked them. Neither of us two took risks, nor should we have. Instead we ran head-on to the only body we could find walking the spine between two abdomens of dirt.

Class and Patriarchy

Patriarchy is real and something that must be destroyed. But, to me, all of society is the issue. Patriarchy is part of an exploitive social and economic system. Patriarchy results from how this society is set up. In our society, there is a suppression of most any kind of authentic communication and a lot of communication is mediated by technologies or the buying and selling of commodities (capitalism), which often causes wars of words, bombs, guns, and fists, i.e., competition.

Communication is either mediated through the rigid social or economic identities (like Boss, Woman, Man, Politician, Nation, Race, etc) we make or those imposed on us (or both). Patriarchy plays right in to this in that its motives are to create power structures and institutions that separate, deny, mystify, fuck up communication between both “female” and “male,” thus keeping us from living truly autonomous lives. It is a system that separates the sexes based on arbitrary identities/roles, which nowadays translates into male wages being four times as much than women on average, or men having more of a say in the sway of society, or women being seen as solely baby machines, or one out of every four women being raped.

It is also a system that mystifies us from what I feel is the true enemy: capitalism. Capitalism is a social and economic system that is about seeing everything that is living or dead as a means to profit, not an end. The end is an inhuman world based on commodities, more capital. Therefore, women, since they give men—who long have been turned into unsatisfied and stressed out workers—pleasure are seen as sex objects, not humans. Plus women create babies, who will someday become workers. Arguing with each other based on gender, race, sex, allows this system to go unchallenged. It mystifies us from the real problems. Instead of uniting against it and changing things, things are blamed on women, or race, or immigrants, etc—often these ideas are purposely promoted by those with sway in society.

It’s real and insidious, but the idea that we must have power over others is the problem that creates this problem. Patriarchy is one actor on this stage; Because even within a patriarchy, men are exploited in factories, the agriculture fields, in manual labor, and women of different economic classes are treated and act completely different (though sexism still remains regardless) from each other. To follow the liberal idea that everyone is socially equal and claim that all woman or men regardless of class have the same interests (that they are all perpetrators or all victims) because they are “human” and humans want the same things, or because they all live in a patriarchy would be fallacious. For instance, an upper class “woman” or a “black” man may become president, but that really doesn’t change the system whatsoever—their class interests are still the same. To me, this does not diminish the need to destroy patriarchy; it strengthens that need and gives it a wider perspective, namely one of *class*.

Cattle

From 1867 to 1887, Oklahoma was right in the middle of major cattle trails. Longhorn cattle soon replaced Bison as the major ungulate in the prairie. In these two decades, west-central Oklahoma was intensively grazed by hundreds of thousands of Longhorns as they followed major trails for Kansas or Texas. In these two decades, more than 10 million longhorn cattle made their way through Oklahoma, leaving in their path a series of drastic ecological changes. Cattle trailing not only destroyed the prairie, it also introduced exotic plants, suppressed fires, eroded stream beds, and the cattle drovers consumed large quantities of wood for camp fires.

Agrarianism

During the westward expansion, which includes agricultural settlement of Oklahoma in the 1890s, one of the dominant philosophies was agrarianism. Agrarianism is a philosophy (most often a patriarchal one) that believes that a society based on the use of agriculture leads to a happy life. This philosophy was promoted very strongly by Thomas Jefferson, and thus had an all-American appeal. To those who followed it, cultivation of the land was something that kept people close to the land and close to God. It also makes a



morally virtuous person. The farmer has a sense of purpose in life, and unlike the modern cities were there is sin and vice, he is self sufficient and independent of strict government control. Agrarianism has been the set of affairs for most civilizations. It’s silly to sugar coat it with the belief that it has always been of a positive connotation. And it has been shown by the trail of deserts that this prime emphasis on agriculture can lead to horrible results—famine, drought,

plague. Every settled continent in the world has seen the negative effects of agriculture—famine, desertification, drought, population growth, and social stratification (Daniel Quinn). Of course, this is by no means an inevitable fact of growing food. It’s often just what happens when you have a whole society based on agriculture, and not a diversity of ways to get food.

Traditional agriculture causes erosion because the soil is exposed the wind and the water. It often takes more nutrients out of the soil than are put back in, thus depleting it. But these days, pesticides and herbicides cover the lack of nutrients. This agriculture also imposes its will onto the land, destroying wild and free places. In the much of the Midwest, crops are intensely irrigated using water from the Ogallala aquifer and some scientists estimate that it could dry up in as little as 25 years. Also, much of the problem has to do with those who you pay rent to—the feudal lord, the king, the government, the bank, etc. It encourages you to treat the land as a resource, because you need it to get by.

This philosophy usually sees the land as something to be tamed. The natural contours of the land are plowed and leveled to suit human needs. There is nothing particularly

wrong with using the land to suit human needs, but things often go bad when your method of agriculture disregards the natural surroundings—which are how things have been going with humans for awhile. In that time (1890s), most people equated the land with agriculture. God made the earth for humans and humans only. In the bible, Eve sinned and ate from the tree of knowledge and we were forced to struggle in the fields for the rest of our existences so that the sin of knowledge can be paid off.

But in more modern times, the importance of the individual farmer has greatly diminished. No longer can a small farmer make much of a living (I don't really think they have ever been too rich), with increasing suburbanization of the US, as well as big corporations that have enslaved farmers to their seeds or pesticides in exchange for a stable income. Farmers are more likely to use pesticides or accept seeds from big corporations (which is a sort of proletarianization, meaning they are at the whims of these corporations just to get by) just to keep their farms. Farmers may be property owners, but they are usually under constant threat of losing their land from a market that has been taken control of by big massive food or seed industries.

During the so called “farm crisis” of the 90s, there was a considerable slump in the US farm economy, many farmers were in danger of losing their land to the banks, some



farmers went to the extent of “accidentally” killing themselves to get insurance for their families. They would have rather died than sell their land. Or they joined racist or religious militias that played on their desperation and blamed things on sin, on Jews, or the “illegals.” Or they found their true oppressors: the banks, the corporations that profited from their misery and the government that pro-

tections them both.

What Happens: The Dust Bowl

The Dust Bowl happened during much of the 1930s, and the areas that were hit the hardest were northeast New Mexico, southeast Colorado, the whole western half of Kansas, and the entire Oklahoma panhandle. It is usually assumed that all of Oklahoma was just one big dust bowl, but Oklahoma is home to many different ecosystems. The panhandle is especially prone to drought, receiving only 20 inches of rain a year, while places like Green Country get much more rain. In fact, the whole region where the most of the Dust Bowl happened was at one point considered the Great American Desert, and was home to short grass prairies.

Because of the lack of rain, much of this Great American Desert was considered unsuitable for settlement and agriculture. However, after the passage of the Homestead

Act, it's still being dependent on capitalism for your life. It doesn't really challenge much of anything; it's just a way of being a parasite. There's nothing wrong with that. I'm all about being a parasite that eats the stinking flesh of capitalism. I will always exploit the excess of consumer capitalism. I still eat dumpster/wasted food.

So there is really nothing revolutionary about eating dumpster food and we should not delude ourselves that it is. It does make a statement against the excesses of consumerist capitalism. But, I'm sure most stores budget their waste in. But, capitalism is not just about excess, it's about turning our lives and the world into measurable commodities that buy and sell each other. And, I'm sure many of the stores we dumpster could start composting their “waste,” but that doesn't make it any less of an enemy to me. Food in the store is not grown in the best of working conditions, working in grocery stores sucks beyond comparison, and businesses still see (regardless of your boss's personal philosophy) the world as *for* capital, not life. If anything, we should be looting these stores because then they will lose money. Or growing gardens everywhere that challenge all these box stores that sell us expensive overpriced organic “earth-friendly” food at the expense of the workers and the earth.



The Shortcomings of Dumpster Diving. Livin' like a Prince, Not Depending on Capitalism

I used to dumpster dive all the time. Back in the golden age, like two years ago when there weren't any trash compactors at the good places, my family pretty much lived off the "waste" of grocery stores. The (extremely expensive) waste we ate: organic strawberries, blackberries, blueberries, potatoes, tomatoes, pizza, yogurt (!!!!), and everything *good*. One time the freezers malfunctioned and dozens upon dozens of organic pizzas, berries, yogurt, juice, and everything imaginable was thrown out. My friends caught it and we ate that food for months. We quietly and joyfully lived like kings and queens off this "waste" while we watched the yuppies continue to shop for the same things. Often these stores would sell that they were about helping the planet.

Then the trash compactor came and it all stopped.

Things go to waste because most people (and the health department who probably helps promote it) are squeamish when they see a dent in their banana or their apple. Everything must look new and presentable, otherwise it's not going to sell. Food to the bourgeoisie is a *commodity*, not really something that gives energy. Think of all the food shows we watch, about how to make presentable food. Food that just eats itself! Think about how much that has an effect on people's attitudes towards food. Because of this, food must look pleasing and artificial, not real and changeable. Food must *sell* itself! A dent won't sell, it's defected! So when a banana changes to brown and gets squishy, it's thrown away. But this is when bananas are the healthiest!

Some people dumpster dive to make a statement about society, but waste is really just a fact of consumer capitalism. It's great if you are poor and want to eat good food, but

Act, there was more interest in settlement. The Homestead Act allowed US citizens the chance to gain free title to 160 acres of land in designated areas of made hungry landless the west. This act and the fact the desert was experiencing an unreasonably wet period settlers more interested in settling the area.

It was also assumed that with the tillage of soil, more rain would come. Many climate "scientists" at the time believed that "rain follows the plow." It was said that human settlement—meaning agricultural settlement—resulted in increased rainfall. Again, this belief seems to come from the idea that agriculture is the destiny of humanity and that a God created a world that is at the whim of our actions. Thus, this belief in destiny was one of the major factors for the cause of the dust bowl. Mixed with a sense of dominion over of the land and "science," settlers mistakenly believing that they were causing more rain plowed the soil deep and left the land it exposed. Soon enough, there was a drought.

This wet period ended in 1930, during which the traditional drought period started. The drought, along with the history of cattle trailing and destructive agriculture caused farmers crops to fail, leaving soil of these flat lands completely exposed to the wind and rain. Before, the soil was firmly held down the by the long roots of the prairie grasses, now they were just held down by corn, wheat or alfalfa; all of which need heavy watering and are all short rooted compared to prairie grasses.

Books I got much of this info from:

Dust Bowl USA

Red Earth: Ecology, Race, Agriculture in Oklahoma

Wikipedia

NICEISM

By John Zerzan

Nice-ism n. tendency, more or less socially codified, to approach reality in terms of whether others behave cordially; tyranny of decorum which disallows thinking or acting for oneself; mode of interaction based upon the above absence of critical judgment or autonomy.

All of us prefer what is friendly, sincere, pleasant—nice. But in an immiserated world of pervasive and real crisis, which should be causing all of us to radically reassess everything, the nice can be the false.

The face of domination is often a smiling one, a cultured one. Auschwitz comes to mind, with its managers who enjoyed their Goethe and Mozart. Similarly, it was not evil-looking monsters who built the A-bomb but nice liberal intellectuals. Ditto regarding those who are computerizing life and those who in other ways are the mainstays of participation in this rotting order, just as it is the nice businessperson (self-managed or otherwise) who is the backbone of a cruel work-and-shop existence by concealing its real horrors.

Cases of niceism include the peaceniks, whose ethic of niceness puts them—again and again and again—in stupid ritualized, no-win situations, those Earth First!ers who refuse to confront the thoroughly reprehensible ideology at the top of "their" organization, and



Fifth Estate, whose highly important contributions now seem to be in danger of an eclipse by liberalism. All the single-issue causes, from ecologism to feminism, and all the militancy in their service, are only ways of evading the necessity of a qualitative break with more than just the excesses of the system.

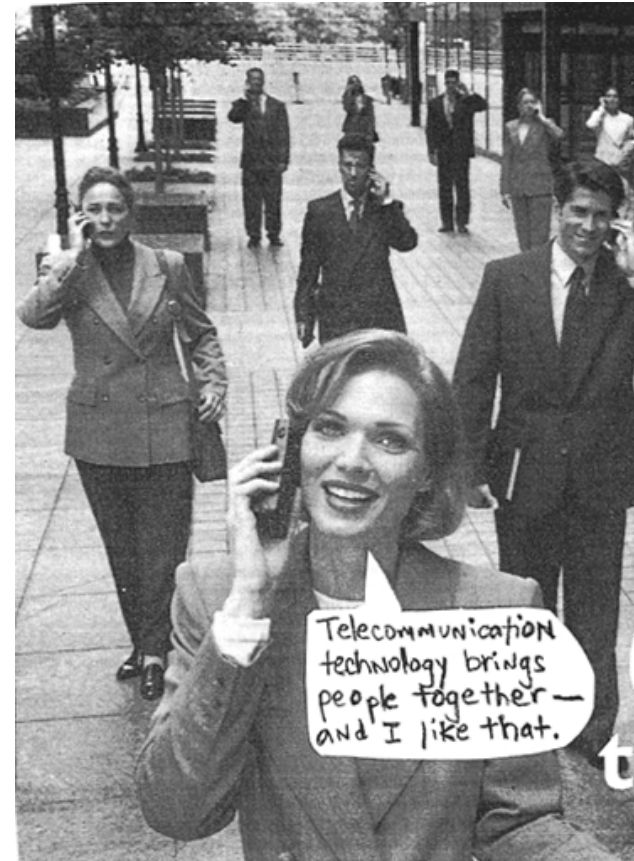
The nice as the perfect enemy of tactical or analytical thinking: Be agreeable; don't let having radical ideas make waves in your personal behavior. Accept the pre-packaged methods and limits of the daily strangulation. Ingrained deference, the conditioned response to "play by the rules"—authority's rules—this is the real Fifth Column, the one within us.

In the context of a mauled social life that demands the drastic as a minimum response toward health, niceism becomes more and more infantile, conformist and dangerous. It cannot grant joy, only more routine and isolation. The pleasure of authenticity exists only against the grain of society. Niceism keeps us all in our places, confusedly reproducing all that we supposedly abhor. Let's stop being nice to this nightmare and all who would keep us in it.

Detournement

I watched a man downtown who could not stop spouting out ads. He would walk around the fountain during lunch hour advertising cell phones, insurance, Onstar, etc. He was homeless and therefore no one listened to him. But I watched him, thinking him as a walking social criticism, and wondered how the ads had taken him over, how they came to possess him like a parasite looking to reproduce. I pictured invisible parasites coming out of his mouth and infecting possessing us with its urge. I didn't think that the business people around were any saner. In fact, they were probably more insane. I wondered what they thought. If they thought he was crazy. And I wondered if they would listen to this man who was in sweat pants and a wind breaker if he had a suit on. Don't they already listen to the ones on TV?

Detournement is a concept created by the Situationists in 1970s. It takes an already established ad and manipulates it so that it turns out to be a radical critique of society or the ad. To my romantic mind, I felt like this man was doing such a thing. He was negating, making fun of us, criticizing us for our warm acceptance of this world of spectacles and commodities.



the consumer class of the so-called first world or the rich who build the factories (or they are, can you guess? Marxist!!).

In truth, industry has disconnected us from the earth. Its factories, its machines, have made the world become impersonal. They have accelerated all the environmental problems of the world. The ruling class has used industry to “proleterianized” (that is, made someone into a worker) those who were once hunter/gatherers, artisans, or agriculturalists. It has created a common production system the world over, and therefore wiped out other cultures that subsisted in much different ways. Uniting us all with common misery. It has helped capitalism commodify the world, destroying and using every inch for profit. It is a secular version of Christianity, but it sees the world as for capital, not just a small minority of humans.

Those who live in this society and want to see an end to the misery of the current social order, must have a historical understanding of Industry and what it is. It is not the end all and be all of humanity. It is not universally accepted. It is not the *only* method of living and being fed. It is true that I can benefit from industry when I eat, or get cancer, or get run over by a car. But, often industry has created these very problems, not helped them.* We cannot take control of this method of production like many Marxists want, because it has never been ours. It has only been a tool of the ruling class to destroy all uniqueness so as to make the world more orderly and efficient (which is a nicer way of saying that it’s turned the world into one big monoculture) for the smooth operation of the market.

*My spinach comes from huge agricultural fields in the California valleys; These valleys that were once deserts, but are now able to grow food because of oil and irrigation. Irrigation which is only possible from the Hoover Dam that is hundreds of miles away. This doesn’t even take into account the slave labor that is used in the fields. What happens when oil runs out and the machines can’t run? More corn so we can turn it into biodiesel? Besides, why not grow it yourself and not be dependent on all this shit?

How would I get cancer without asbestos, second hand smoke, or pesticides in my air and water? How do I get run over by a car with out cars?

Work: Nice or Mean, Big or Small—Burn It All

Never Work! – Graffiti on the walls of Paris ‘68

I have never enjoyed people telling me what to do, and I’m sure most people don’t much enjoy it either. When I’m at work I especially hate being told what to do. But, I also hate the shallowness of work. There is no free play, no time that is actually mine.

In work, the fact that I am forced to be there because I need money is enough for me. I am there for the benefit of someone else, someone on top of me who exploits me. Those on top usually have no idea what is really going on, being that they are whipped up in their power or their bureaucratic tasks, like getting loans, grants, or trying to expand their influence in the market. The workers are a mere means to their ends. And often unions are in cahoots with these people.

But, the popular idea of the conditions of work or school having to be outright strict and outright authoritarian is, I think, a myth. If things were *outright* strict, work wouldn’t be so efficient. Factories would be burnt to the ground from anger. False promises of wage increases work better; running people into debt through medical bills helps much better in quelling any action in the workplace; and bureaucracy makes problems harder to be solved. No, to me, much of the tyranny of work is its forced niceness, its alienating features, and its extreme sense of accountability! I want more irresponsibility in the work place!

Most of the places I’ve worked in have been in the small business/service industry and I’ve usually worked with young professionals who are very liberal as a boss; liberal in that they acted like they cared for us, like we were all equal individuals in a team. True, I’ve had one or two abusive and oppressive bosses who I wanted to punch when I first saw them, but the liberal bosses I’ve had, I often feel like doing the same.

These people, in my observations, hate telling people what to do or accusing people of wrong doing. They are afraid of their employees, afraid of appearing to rash us. They want us to feel like we are all equal, even if our social and economic status is distinctly different. They want to hear our opinions, so they won’t seem so oppressive, but our opinions are never really taken to heart. And, often behind our back, they are timing our work. Seeing how efficient we are working. This way if you are too slow, they can just cite numbers, not personal opinion. It’s nothing personal, it’s just efficiency!

Such liberal bosses want to seem cool and hip to our needs as workers, but in the end, the workers just get more annoyed by them. We get annoyed because s/he is so fake nice when the institution of Work is not nice; we get annoyed because we are *treated* as equals, when we are not *objectively*; we get annoyed because even though we hate working for this fucking scum, we have to insincerely respond in kind to his/her niceness, his/her fakeness, his/her lack of understanding. We will get annoyed because the reason most of us work is not to be social (I want to be social at work, because I’m a social being, but work is anti-social—not me!) or because we feel equal, no, the reason we work is be told what to do so we can get our money

The boss and I have different interests. I would rather have a boss that realizes his/her role as the manager of my life, than one who acts as if I am friend or part of his team (even when I make less money and do all his shit work). Or I'd rather not have a boss at all...

Of course, if I had my way, I'd never work. But right now I don't.

When revolting against work, I rarely question how nice or mean the boss is to me; that's irrelevant for the most part. The truth is that conditions of work (the boss, the things you do, etc) are not what I rail against. What I rail against is the very institution of Work. It's just the same with school or politics. I could care less about the morality of those who are running the school or who is running the country, I only rail against the fact that these are alienated means of power and its objectives are inherently for a minority of people—the ruling classes, the capitalists. So Work is alienating. The actions I partake in at work are not for my benefit.

To me, a revolution is not about a positive project that affirms Work or the proletariat, like those on the Left or Right seem to hold dear. It is not the self-management of factories, of banks, of restaurants. No, it is a *negative project*. It is a negation of Work, of industry and production and of the proletariat. It is the destruction of a society, a civilization and capitalism based on class stratification. A proletariat is someone who mans the

mass production of capital and who is part of the excluded class. Therefore this class role and the ruling class must be negated, not romanticized or affirmed, if we desire a world free from capitalism. Only then can something positive come. So, fuck liberal or leftist bosses, fuck conservative bosses, fuck them all, as well as all the other managers of our lives!



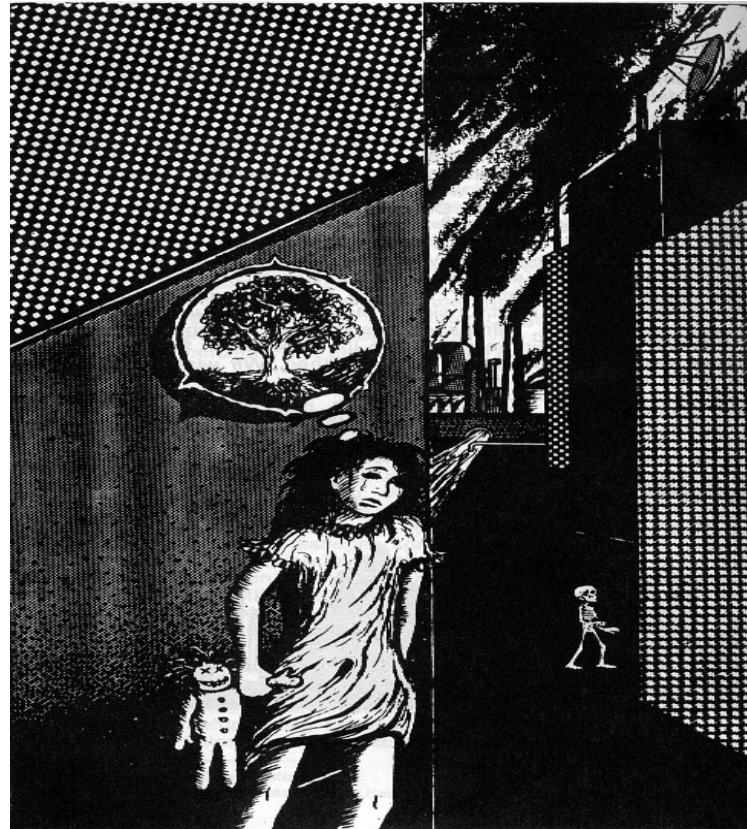
Industrialism and Progress

Industrialism is seen as progress (progress to what?!), as a cure for all social ills. It has taken the place of the religious missionary. It supposedly has lifted us out of our caves, out of early death, and anyone who questions it is either a primitivist or a crazy Luddite (hey... that's almost right!). To most, the primitivist or Luddite is seen as a romantic reactionary who is making a moral rejection industry by harking back to the "old days," instead of offering a better way. Even though many do make moral arguments, there are certainly strong arguments against industry.

Industrial society is characterized by mass production. Much of the US is a post-industrial as well as a consumerist society, meaning that industry has been moved to other

nations or that it is only within small concentrated areas of the US. The products (the dead labor) that industry produces is all we see; never the workplace, never the factory. But, that does not make it any less real. Industrialism has fueled and still fuels much of the misery we see today. It has built the roads, the cars, the guns, the plows, the steel, and all the nuts and bolts of our world that are fueling global warming, genocides, and class struggle.

Of course, those who praise it do not live in the crowded, polluted, poor places where much of industry is. Nor have they read



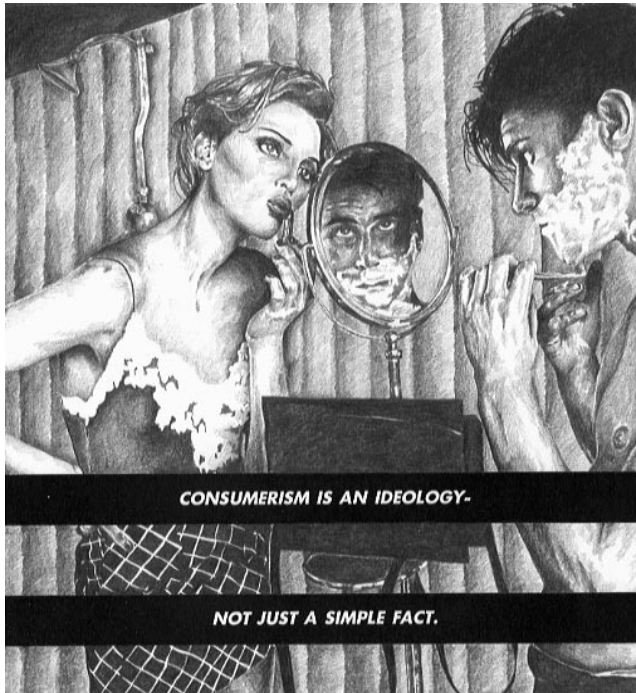
their history. Industry has rarely ever been welcomed with open arms, be it from the Luddites in England or the Indigenous of North and South America. Nor do they see the strikes where factories are burned (Textile factories in Bangladesh come to mind) because of the shitty life one is forced to live, with its horrible pay and work. Nor do they make the connection that industrialism has accelerated environmental destruction and increased the divide of the rich and the poor to astronomical proportions. Most of those who praise industrialism do not actually work in industry (or they are Marxists who believe that machines are our friend; it's apparently just the bosses that are the problem...). Most of those who call it progress are those who directly benefit from it (or...they are Marxist!), whether it's

have been true many decades ago before mass media and production, capitalism has adapted to this. Recently social constructs like gender, ethnicity, race or age have been being used more and more in advertisements, television shows, etc, all in effort to mystify the problems of the world. Ex. Conflicts between people become “ethnic” or “racial” conflicts.

It is true those who are proles (those who are objectively in the position to stop capitalism. E.g. Truck drivers, factory workers, office workers, etc) or the excluded have a common essential condition, namely that of being dispossessed of the means to create their own lives, but any “movement” that does not seek to transcend the capitalist and state identities of the worker, the nation, race, gender, etc, but rather fights *for* them, is digging its own grave. They are engaging in identity politics, which is a way of flattening the uniqueness of people without regard to economic or social conditions. Often people who express their angst this way are just looking for power, not liberation. However, just because these are in fact social constructs of capitalism does not make them any less real or irrelevant; it only makes them necessary for us to destroy and transcend.

What we need is a new way of relating.

This is not to say that we should all become the same and enslave ourselves to the struggle for complete utter unity. It only means that any struggle that looks to impose an ideological identity on to some supposed mass will end in slavery. Anarchy and communism are about liberating ourselves and others and creating a life based on our needs and desires, not the static, homogenous way of living that we already inhabit.



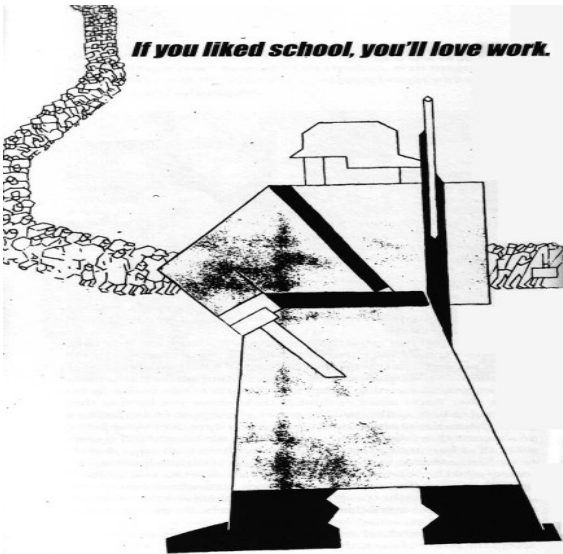
Like most kids, I’ve never liked schools. I’ve had mean, nice, lazy, and passionate teachers, but that never actually made me want to learn anything in school. To me, being in school was enough to hate it; especially when I had to sit in windowless classrooms while the sun shined brightly outside. Sure, I appreciated having a teacher that never made us do anything, but I didn’t appreciate just sitting in that class doing nothing. I would rather be outside than in a boring class where a teacher let us be lazy. But, I suppose that’s what school is for most of us: an institution that teaches us to be lazy and passive. In school, I literally never did anything challenging or exciting. I never did my homework, never really even tried in class. And the fact that I never was challenged in school just reinforced my apathy towards it; which in turn meant I was in the super easy and boring classes. I was being trained to be a bored and repressed worker-automaton. And that’s actually one of the main purposes of school.

After my freshmen year of high school, having been inspired by a book called *The Teenage Liberation Handbook*, I dropped out. At first, a lot of people could not get it in their heads that I was quitting because I *wanted* to, not because I had had a baby and needed a job or something. And I was quitting from a “good” school. They said I wouldn’t do anything, that I’d be a fuck up, etc. One of the worst and laziest teachers I had even said that I was incapable of making decisions for myself since I was so young (forgot his name, but he is big and fat and is the tennis coach at BTW). To these detractors, I was just expressing typical infantile teenage rebellion. I just wasn’t being rational. They told me to try street school, or do some kind of educational program that was sponsored by the state, because otherwise I’d be a fuck up. But, I hated school and it was adding to my misery and I was tired of sacrificing my time to something so meaningless. When in school, I’d rather be somewhere else. When I wasn’t in school, I dreaded going back. When I quit, I really didn’t know what to do. First, I had no friends, all of them locked up in school. So what little social life I had at the time turned into nothing. Second, I was lazy and did nothing for a long while. I’d just sit at home and watch TV. I blame that lazy period on my 12 years of school, where I was never taught to fend for myself, never challenged, never inspired.

Eventually, I started exploring Tulsa. I’d go to the river. I’d go downtown to the library. I’d people watch and meet people. And inevitably, when you interact with the world, combined with your natural urge to understand your surroundings, you see

something you like and then you explore it more in depth. Like for instance, anti-civilization anarchism, psychology, gardening, biking, or environmentalism. Schools can never allow that!

To me, schooling substitutes or prioritizes Education *over* experience. In school, you are locked up in a building away from the living and breathing world; you rarely experience it. It's seen as a separate sphere that you must be educated about before you can experience it. But even that doesn't happen. Instead, most of the time you are taught something that you will never experience or use. You are taught facts and figures, dates and formulas, but they are rarely ever applied to the "real" world. You are also taught to accept the



conditions of the world, never to be discontent or at least taught to never understand your discontent. And a lot of people come out of school completely stupid, even those who get straight As, because they have no practical understand of how to get by in the world—we've been spoon fed shit all our lives. Essentially, school alienates us from the world, ourselves and our power to determine lives.

Educating oneself through the use of books or other media is very fulfilling and I have a strong desire to learn, but I don't think that it is the only key to the world. The world can never been pinned down or

changed solely through education. To many people of the liberal-leftist persuasion, the world will only change when every one is educated. But history seems to show that change does not come from this idea of education. Education is power, yes, but often, people who rebel against the conditions of today (calling in sick, sabotaging your workplace so you can have a break, rioting, stealing, striking, etc) are not doing it because they are educated in Marxist, anarchist, or capitalist jargon; they rebel because they *experience* discontent; their actions often precede a consciousness of how fucked this system is. They experience the fucked-up-ness.

Anyway. School sucks. Drop out if you can and work at McDonalds to fund your drug habits, because once you quit, you are socially determined to do something like that. Sorry. You'll only get away from this if you have a piece of paper from your insignificant school!

**A good book for clearing up any questions about dropping out of school is *The Teenage Liberation Handbook*. They have it at the library. There are also a few crimethinc pamphlets that I put up at the Monolith distro.



Capitalism as a Social Relation

With the advent of mass culture, like newspapers, TV, or computers, capital began to impose more of its will on *social* life. Instead of the market and life being separate, the market became more and more imposed in all facets of social life. In such a consumerist society as ours, our bodies and minds have become commodities themselves. Our misery, our happiness, our race, our gender, has become something to bank on.

In times like the 1920-1930s, when the US was more industrial, most people seemed worried about *being* or *having* (having lots of or enough money), but now it seems like the emphasis is *appearance*, especially outside appearance. Present day capitalism uses the mass media as a way of creating identities. It de-individualizes us by producing a series of spectacles like celebrities, wars, politics, race, gender. What was real (like an emotion like misery or happiness) becomes democratized and recuperated and sucked into the Spectacle and then spat out at us in a different form—now in a form where these identities are in the service of capital.

Superficial examples that are consumed by the young include “emoism,” “punk,” hip hop. All of these were at one point authentic, non-commodified ways of relating. Punk was at one point a subculture based on d.i.y ethics and listening to loud music (I think...). And now clothing, hair dye, and record companies mass produce this identity for the disaffected masses. What was once rebellious is now completely comfortable with the present state of things, and any remnants of rebellion are unintelligible or lost in the sea. Now lots of “punks” I’ve seen are just “rebels” who like to throw beer cans on the ground at shows and break stuff. The same goes with “emoism” and hip hop.

I go on about this because often capitalism is seen as a purely an economic system based on the acquirement of massive wealth at the expense of others. This is true. Or it is seen in a purely moral way (capital is greedy, unjust, etc) and therefore something that is just a character flaw. Many of the Marxist persuasion see class as purely economical and therefore all we need to do is expropriate wealth from the ruling classes and change the *economic* system. This is because there is a mass of proletariats who all experience the same conditions and are therefore all determined to want the same thing. While this *may*

Downtown is a central hub for commerce, for banks, for oil companies, and the courts. Many of the institutions that hold authority or are funding destruction of people and the earth are stationed in downtowns. No one ever riots in a downtown because those who are likely to riot are those who can't afford to live downtown. And they are usually well secured. For instance, in places like France, there have been a lot of riots in the last few years, but they always occur in the outer immigrant suburbs miles away, not the in the streets leading to the Eiffel Tower, not where the banks or the corporations are. French history is full of riots in the city, but only recently has industry and cheap housing purposely moved away from the center of the city, where damage can be done to those who oppress. And doesn't it make sense? Downtown is about protecting capitalist and state institutions of oppression, it's about protecting your capital from those who labor for you.

That night on our bikes we had no purpose but to create joy for *ourselves*. This city became our playground. The fountain I always wanted to swim in became real; the building we always wanted to break in was ours. What was once private and anti-social becomes something different altogether. The night landscape, free of business, of cops, and especially free of cameras (at least in Tulsa) allowed us a certain sense of freedom.

As the night ended, we went up on a roof top and watched the sun rise and watching as a storm came in. The clouds surrounded the horizon and the world looked so big, so impossible and full of infinite possibilities. We heard and saw the rest of the world wake from their sleep.

A EULOGY TO OPINION

by
Alfredo M. Bonanno

Opinion is a vast merchandise that everyone possesses and uses. Its production involves a large portion of the economy, and its consumption takes up much of people's time. Its main characteristic is clarity.

We hasten to point out that there is no such thing as an unclear opinion. Everything is either yes or no. Different levels of thought or doubt, contradiction and painful confessions of uncertainty are foreign to it. Hence the great strength that opinion gives to those who use it and consume it in making decisions or impose it on the decisions of others.

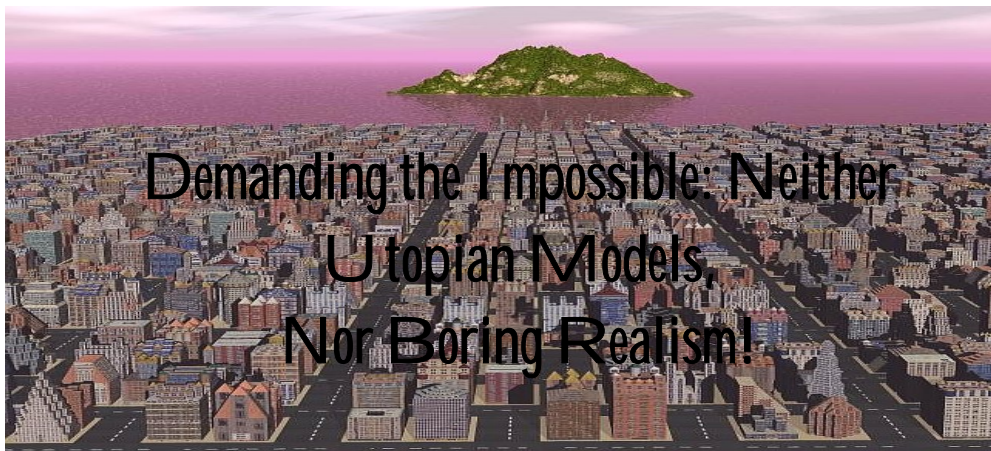
In a world that is moving at high speed toward positive/negative binary logic, from red button to black, this reduction is an important factor in the development of civil cohabitation itself. What would become of our future if we were to continue to support ourselves on the unresolved cruelty of doubt? How could we be used? How could we produce?

Clarity emerges when the possibility of real choice is reduced. Only those with clear ideas know what to do. But ideas are never clear, so there are those on the scene who clarify them for us, by supplying simple comprehensible instruments: not arguments but quizzes, not studies but alternative binaries. Simply day and night, no sunset or dawn. Thus they solicit us to pronounce ourselves in favor of this or that. They do not show us the various facets of the problem, merely a highly simplified construction. It is a simple affair to pronounce ourselves in favor of a yes or no, but this simplicity hides complexity instead of attempting to understand and explain it. No complexity, correctly comprehended, can in fact be explained except by referring to other complexities. There is no such thing as a solution to be encountered. Joys of the intellect and of the heart are cancelled by binary propositions, and are replaced with the utility of "correct" decisions.

But no one is stupid enough to believe that the world rests on two logical positive and negative binaries. Surely there is a place for understanding, a place where ideas again take over and knowledge regains lost ground. Therefore, the desire arises to delegate this all to others who seem to hold the answers to the elaboration of complexity because they suggest simple solutions to us. They portray this elaboration as something that has taken place elsewhere and therefore represent themselves as witnesses and depositories of science.

....In reality, there is no good on the one side or bad on the other. Rather there is a whole range of conditions, cases, situations, theories and practices which only a capacity to understand can grasp, a capacity to use the intellect with the necessary presence of sensibility and intuition. Culture is not a mass of information, but a living and often contradictory system, through which we gain knowledge of the world and ourselves. This is a process which is at times painful and hardly ever satisfying, with which we realize the relationships which constitute our life and our capacity to live.

Opinion provides us with certainty on the one hand, but on the other it impoverishes us and deprives us of the capacity to struggle, because we end up convinced that the world is simpler than it is. This is totally in the interest of those who control us. A mass of satisfied subjects convinced that science is on their side, that is what they need in order to realize the projects of domination in the future.



Models of the world never get it right, especially utopian models. There is no way to categorize and pin down our world into some rational paradise. Often, emotions that can cut through models of social organization are forgotten—on purpose or not. Something is always missing. Models are as brittle as tissue paper and we should cover them in our snot!

Zealous believers of utopia who follow models have paper tigers in their mouths. They are working for a world they will never see, because the world is not based on a linear model. Life is an ongoing process of creation and destruction, and there is no end in sight. Zealous utopians have given up their bodies and their minds in exchange for enslavement to a model; they are at the whim of an idea, of a Form. The world is not theirs anymore.

In general, I do find the idea of a utopia inspiring, but I have no *model* of it. I have a pretty clear understanding of what I want, but not a concrete model of how to get there. I'm not even sure if I want to fully get there. I'd rather just keep going and going, never finishing until I die.

On the other side of the plane, there are the so-called realists who accept things as they are. I am tired of the stagnant and cold realism of our society and the unquestionable acceptance of our social conditions. I am tired of those who settle for the lowest possibilities—be it leftists struggling to reinforce the capitalist role of the working class, instead of negating it, or promoting fair trade, small businesses, or environmentalism; or rightists who accept society as it is because they are winning. These are mere band aids that let this system that is ravaging the planet go on. They are reformist, and I have little respect for them. I am tired of the splintering of issues into ideological camps and checklists to be fixed one by one (feminism, ecology, anti-racism), instead of seeing the totality of society and how these issues are not *THE singular* problem (they *are* problems, yes), but symptoms of a *society* based on the exploitation and commoditization of the living and dead.

I refuse to give in to or *accept* the lowest possibilities, but I do not always refuse to exploit or take part in them. For instance, getting a pay raise or stopping a deforester, though “reformist” is still a great thing! But there must be a realization that these are band aids. The question is not exactly revolution or reform; it is not allowing ourselves to be recuperated by capital and the state.

For lack of a better word, “revolution” cannot be based on the rational logic of the present social order, revolution is its anti-thesis. So it cannot be based on the cold calculations or ideas of stale politicians who follow ideological models of social change. In relation to our times, revolution demands the *impossible*, and that's what

The Drunk Derive—or Why I Want to Expropriate this World!

*In a *dérive* one or more persons during a certain period drop their relations, their work and leisure activities, and all their other usual motives for movement and action, and let themselves be drawn by the attractions of the terrain and the encounters they find there. Chance is a less important factor in this activity than one might think: from a *dérive* point of view, cities have psychogeographical contours, with constant currents, fixed points and vortexes that strongly discourage entry into or exit from certain zones.* – Guy Debord

*“to *dérive* [is] to notice the way in which certain areas, streets, or buildings resonate with states of mind, inclinations, and desires, and to seek out reasons for movement other than those for which an environment was designed. It was very much a matter of using an environment for one's own ends, seeking not only the marvelous beloved by surrealism but bringing an inverted perspective to bear on the entirety of the spectacular world.”* - Sadie Plant

We rode our bikes through the night, drunk and full of false energy. We (or at least I) wanted an adventure in a society that tries to outlaw all free adventure with private property, churches, schools, and work! We wanted one that lasted all night and into the dawn. One that was *ours*.



In the night, I feel like everything is possible. In certain areas, we can do and get away with anything. We can tag the streets with our voices, we can climb fire escapes and crawl our way to the roof of tall buildings, and we can swim where we aren't supposed to swim. We can do all sorts of unmentionable things!

The landscape around us, the concrete, the tall skyscrapers where floors and floors of dead labor and dead humans wage war on themselves from 9

to 5, is for commerce and that only. Social life and the city are pretty much contradictions, especially in Tulsa with its sprawling suburbs and miles and miles of roads. All this is for the movement and benefit of money, not people. Most anytime people are moving, they are doing it for a purpose, whether buying something or going to work. Or they are on their cell phone conducting a business call or just talking to someone miles away. Downtowns can be social, but only if it stays in the realm of capital and property (like going to a coffee shop where you are expected to buy coffee), which is not truly a real social environment. It is dictated by the market. There are no longer any spontaneous festivals, no rioting, loitering is discouraged, and plazas are all but disappearing. Downtowns have become places of tourism and profit, but I think that was their basis all along. It's just gotten more intense.

GOD IS DEAD

They drink
until
all is bearable,
all is permissible.

What is left unspoken:
God has died,
he was killed
so long ago.
We blew up the hill he sat upon be-
cause the dollar took over,
we ripped his obnoxious golden tongue
from his mouth,
because we fell in love with technique..
We watched him cry, saying we could
never live without him.
Some cried with him. Some laughed
with joy.
But, most of us were not ready.

Most of us have killed ourselves,
because we are scared of lacking
meaning,
lacking purpose,
lacking goals,
lacking a desire to live.

We, the rational, the wise, wise human,
the civilized,
know of no other way to live
with out some higher purpose.
We are codependents, and
we have savagely killed our dependent,
and now we must kill ourselves.
We like to think the Great Spirit
and the prophet he sent are around to
guide us, but we have waited long
enough
that we are cynical, that we have be-
come
scared nihilists.
God is fake, a fraud, a con man,
a scam artist, a pimp to our guilt,
this God cares nothing for us.

But, we still find ways to resurrect him from
the dead.

Rage flies from dying mouths like
the rage of locusts eating corn crops.
They demand a full scale
investigation into the death of god.
They blow each other up in the name of God,
because God has been murdered
and the modern world
does not
seem to care.
They blow each other
up because they are pissed at this godless
world.

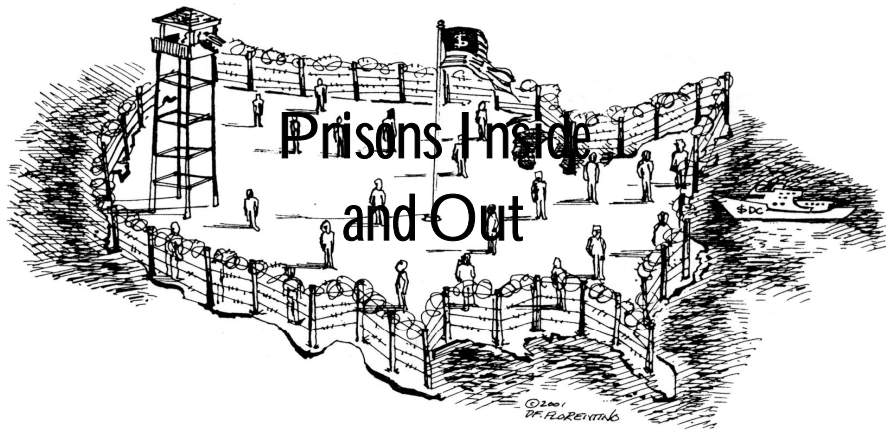
For others, those who consider themselves
"well adjusted" to the death, the gods of
technology and science suffice.
"We can make paradise on earth, for we har-
ness the powers that God once had. We can
control
the earth, the wind, the rain, everything we
want. We are free."
Now, the religious secularists can drop their
bombs in peace and build their toxic mother-
boards with efficiency,
knowing that they have a worldly reason for
this terror.

So, we drink because we secretly
can't stand each other, can't bear to know
that
we have to make our *own lives*,
that god is dead.
We hate our faces, so we put on masks.
We hate our voices, so without confidence,
we mumble..
We hate our jobs, so we deny them.
We hate everything.

We love that that does not teach us,
but that that holds us tight,
Not ourselves.

.makes it so exciting: The "revolution" or utopia is for-human, not for a model. It is the
liberation of our desires from those who have been holding them hostage. To me, it is also
the persistent refusal of all stagnation in ideas or actions, which means a rejection of all
ideologies and moralities. Nothing is sacred.





Prisons and Oklahoma

In the land of the “Free,” the US of A, 1 in 100 people are in jail or prison. Over 7.2 million people in the US are either on parole, probation or behind bars. Overall, the USA has the highest incarceration rate in the world, far surpassing China, Russia and even South Africa during apartheid. One out of nine black men aged 20 to 34 are behind bars.

Oklahoma has the 3rd highest incarceration rate in the nation. More people go to prison than leave it. And the majority of the offenses are related to drugs. This state locks up more women than any other state, over two and half times greater than the average. Every year the number of prisoners goes up.

Pigs in the head

Prisons express most clearly the character of our society: slavery, oppression (racist and classist) and conformity. They epitomize the full development of the State and capitalism. In prison, the guns and batons are always visible, authority’s iron hand is no longer wrapped up in a velvet glove, and since prisoners of the State are *legally* recognized as slaves by the 13th Amendment*, Work is no longer about survival and the racket of wages, but its original Ideal: servitude; and social isolation is more profound. If you are sent to a private for profit prison, your phone privileges are maintained by AT&T or Verizon who jack up the prices 5x the amount on the outside, and you slave-wage while sewing clothes, being a telemarketer, or working in agriculture. Prison is a place where one goes if they do not conform to social standards—if they are black or poor, rebellious, if they are caught doing or selling drugs, if they are robbers, or killers. Most people in prison are there for non-violent offenses.

In daily life, the guns, batons, the authorities, are outright in certain areas, and subtle in others. But they are there in the security cameras, in the cop, and if you do not follow them, you are likely to go to jail. In fact, many people do. 1 out of 100. Prisons are seen as a place of reform for the individual. Because of this, they perfectly express bourgeois liberal values. These values hold that individuals are entirely responsible for their actions, not the society that creates monetary poverty, hates drugs, valorizes war, or values private property. The state is seen as the collective conscious of the people and it is what rights wrongs. Like the preacher on the pulpit who says we are all sinners, the bourgeoisie tries to convince us all that prisoners must be reformed in a cell since they are all sick, sick individuals who have no regard for human life—when it’s the bourgeoisie

Some Definitions to Take into Consideration when Reading This zine (or at least the articles by me)

Capitalism: The commodization of Life. Everything is buyable and sellable, even your beliefs. A market society based on the buying and selling of commodities, and competition between capitalists. Creates a class of laborers who make the products for the bourgeoisie. Wage workers have no capital and therefore depend on a wage from those who have capital (the Bourgeoisie). They own nothing and are excluded from their own power to determine their lives, being that they are at the whim of the Economy.

The State: Crystallized and rigid authority in the form of an institution; alienated power (something that is outside of us and controls us. In this case, through a constitution, wealth. Etc.; not power that comes from us). Maintains private property and the divide between the rich and the poor. Claims to be the collective conscious of the “People,” which translates into those who are seen as citizens and those who chose to speak its language.. I.e. those who own the means of production, or have power in politics. Workers, barbarians, immigrants, people of color and pretty much anyone else: not included. Expansionist, maintains its power through war abroad and repression at home. Not necessarily a capitalist institution. Leftists have always been for a formal State, but they will tell you like any statist scum would, that it is for the “working people” after they murder the anarchists or the rebels workers. Political Power, and therefore state power, is alienated power, no matter the form.

politics: the control over or apportioning of power-over or alienated power. We have been dispossessed of our power to create; it has been alienated from us and instituted in the state form. Much of the left plays the role of fighting for a share in alienated power by claiming to be the legitimate representative of a constituency; in other words, it is thoroughly political. We want to end the reign of alienated power, by taking back our power to create our lives.

Commodity: A product, anything bought and sold. A person’s labor time can be bought by a capitalist and so their creative power becomes a commodity like sliced bread.

Ideology: The thought of power - ideas in the service of power. Ideology is frozen thought but not all frozen thoughts are ideology. The ideologist develops empty rhetoric whose real appeal is to a person’s unstated (and often unconscious) interest in maintaining their immediate material conditions - their part in capitalism. “Everyone’s got to work, it’s only fair” might make those forced to work 60 hour weeks feel slightly better.

Recuperate: to put spontaneous or revolutionary elements back into the language of the dominant culture and thereby trivialize them and negate their creative or revolutionary power.

Wage labor: when a person sells their activity for money. This seemingly simple operation is the basis of our society’s power, growth and decay. One person paying another to work is an apparently simple relationship that hides how the workers’ own power to create becomes something that confronts them as a commodity, something external, outside their control.

get to the bottom of things. Because of the lack of communication, people often resort to games that make it even harder to address problems or be honest. Often, when both people play these games the relationship lasts a little longer. In one game, each side of the relationship collects problems they have of other into a savings account. Once the time was right (like when they get really mad), they unleash these problems on each other because they want the other to feel super horrible. Or someone, most often the girl, says that just by the way she is acting, I should know what I did wrong. Well, why not tell me so I can learn not to do it or I can argue about why it's not wrong?

With others, these fights often get into the realm of gender. For instance, observing my women co-workers when they talk about their husbands, they always portray themselves as unselfish and caring towards their men, while the men are seen as selfish, oblivious idiots who never listen. And, stereotypically, I'm sure their husbands see them as nagging "bitches." That all sounds like slavery! I wonder we bother sometimes. Regardless of whether any of these claims are true, the real problem is that we haven't learned how to talk to each other without resulting to bullshit games and role playing. People attach themselves to roles (Caring Woman, Selfish Man, etc) because they are repressed and it allows them to never challenge those roles—it keeps the relationship in a sort of fake stableness. We get in relationships expecting the ideal, expecting everything to be peachy, and when that ideal is broken we either freak out or cope with it with by playing games.

And it seems like the failure of both sexes to communicate what they want is a symptom of a (patriarchal) society that values identity and images more than *reality*. Identities are rigid and fragile like card castles. Rigid in that they are straight and vainly hold their ground, fragile in the sense that any perfectly refreshing breeze tears the silly charade to pieces. You see these identities on TV, or in political and religious ideologies; identities are those inhuman stereotypically "slutty" celebrities that many follow in vain, they are advertisements that people fall for—all these are just commodities for us to buy into.

In such a world where community is lacking, our lives are secretly boring and shallow, and a bit of empty air can hold us just a little: transcendental identities can help. So many people are forced to or voluntarily follow an identity that is comes from above (from media, school, work, religious morality, politics), instead of from them. It seems like lots of womanly and manly identities come from this.

Thus, maybe, girls are said to be irrationally emotional and expressive, while men are seen as authority figures that are rational. Men may buff up not because they want muscles to use, but because it's manly. Women shave or don't because it's social or it pleases their man, not because they want it. Men may act like women are stupid and we know everything, even when we don't. Maybe it's because every leader, every knowledgeable person who is recognized is usually a man.

Meh. Either way, it seems like a bunch of bullshit and I am tired of it

that feels that way.

Those with cops in their head like to maintain the ideal of the US as being the freest nation-state in the world. We live in a democracy, where our "opinions" (or rather just our votes) matter. The State has our interests at heart and there's always that free-market. We are so lucky that we don't live in dead communist Russia, or communist China or racist South Africa, or some other place where we cannot express our meaningless and powerless opinions—even if their incarceration rates are much lower than the US.

Not only is this mostly illusionary when we look at how these ideals are really played out (like looking at incarceration rates or at the very distinct class inequalities with in the US), it also disregards the fact that nation-states do not exist on their own. If anything, "We" have considerable "freedom" in the US because capital and the state are the best at exploiting other nations of their resources and human labor. The State comes in to other places and infuses its democracy, which clears the way for capital. But who cares,

it's the same game the world over. So why measure the worth of where you live by such bad standards, especially when it's really not even true? Why accept the realities of the state and capitalism? Both the state and capital, regardless of their nationality are authoritarian structures and they both turn the world into a racket of battles for power and they destroy us all through war and work.

This mythos is something to get us to shut up when we feel the boredom of school, of work, or the humiliation of the welfare check. It's a political ploy there to blind us from the international struggle for survival. Blinding us from the inherent economic antagonisms of the proletariat and the capitalists. The world is being burned to pieces; we are forced to watch, while we work, pay rent, medical bills, our debt, to make others rich, all in order to survive. Those who are rich continue to destroy the

world, all the while telling us that they are doing it for own good, for democracy, and if we want to complain, we should just place our faith in the vote or send them a polite and manicured letter or fax. Or go to prison. Besides, to them, using other methods for getting what we want, like stealing or rioting is wrong and anti-social, meaning it hurts the economy and questions their power (and you go to jail or get beaten with a pig's baton)

In such a police culture, the political issues are no longer the issues, *daily life is the issue*. All the freedom of expression in the world cannot negate the fact that we live in a world that is for capital and power, not Life. It cannot negate private property, the police, the ad companies that own our desires, or the surveillance cameras that watch us. For now, the freedom we have is private, not social. We have the freedom to believe what we want, just never act on it, otherwise you'll be a prisoner of the state (or killed). Like prisoners in cells, we live like atoms in the cells we call "home," or "cubicles," and there we spend the rest of our lives. There is no real community, no real vibrant life

In our surrogate of a social life, there is concrete, there are bells and clocks that tell us when to come and go. What is real and non-commodified is quickly softened and recuperated by capitalism. We no longer have the power to determine the very world we live in, we can only do this to a very limited extent in private; that is,

Until all are free



we are all imprisoned

away from the cameras, away from the bosses and managers that make and determine the our social and economic world. Our histories are being held hostage by the clock, the gun, the dollar. So kill the slave-masters and burn the prisons outside of us and inside of us.

** Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a **punishment for crime** whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.*

Musings on the Horrible Communication between Men and Women.

I am a boy, I guess. I am young and full of raging sexual hormones. I'm stubborn and hold my ground. I'm extremely emotional. I have a penis. I am very emotional and expressive and have lots of attributes that would qualify as "female" according to other men or women. I like to listen and solve my relationship problems, which I've been told is not so male, but "female." I really do not know that that means, because to me, I just want friends and solving problems seems natural. I could care less about what's male or female, or rather, I rarely think about it. But, I am recognized in a patriarchal society as male just by the very fact that I have a penis and have more testosterone than females, which for some reason, means I have privileges I didn't ask for. That said I'm not really sure what the innate "differences" between women and men are, but I think there are definitely some. And I think our society exploits those differences and pits them against each other like it does everything else—thus creating patriarchy, class, etc. I digress.

I do like girls a lot. Sometimes I have obsessions with guys, I suppose, but I'm not "bi" or "gay" (ugh, more buzzwords!) or whatever, I'm just very sexually curious. But mostly, my genes tell me that girls are beautiful and my brain has its thoughts on them rather often. I've had a few girlfriends and I've learned a lot about my young self and what I want. I do not regret any of the experiences I had in those relationships, even if they sucked.

However, sadly, I've become a little jaded about the lack of communication; the lack of creativity, and all the meaningless fluff each side of the relationship often creates to cover up their real motives (sex, neediness, passive aggression, etc). And in *my* experience, it goes both ways and each others gender was never really the primary problem, though I'm sure it was there. It was usually that one of us fucked up, was too needy or uncaring, or we both or one of us got tired of seeing other.

I've learned that there are many types of people, and with in the topic of this essay, there are lots of different girls. There are strong willed girls, passive ones, mean-mean-mean ones, indecisive ones. But, that's humanity, regardless of sex. Before I started in the world of dating people, I had some pretty naïve notions of myself and of women. Prior to all that, I had been either misreading or accurately reading some leftist feminist theory, which gave me the idea that I was somehow guilty of all the oppressions of the world since I was a straight-white-middle class male (oh god, what a lot of buzzwords) and therefore I should think all women were victims and therefore precious, weak, people who did no harm—and if they did, they were just retaliating against stupid males and therefore I should just take it. Only I did harm, since I was a "man." Well, I *very* quickly learned that women are people too and that they can be assholes like the rest of us. And that I was doing more harm to myself and others when I thought in silly stereotypes. I was dehumanizing women under the masquerade that I was caring about them. Looking back, it's embarrassing how silly I was! Oh well, live and learn.

But the primary problem within all of this was that we never talk freely about our problems. The issues that come from this (sexism, racism, etc) are merely *symptoms* of a society that values property over people and a society where we are mediated through the vessels of work and school. We don't want to hurt each others feelings, we'd rather resort to ignorant and fleeting gossip or just denial. For me it's always been a struggle to get to the bottom of things.

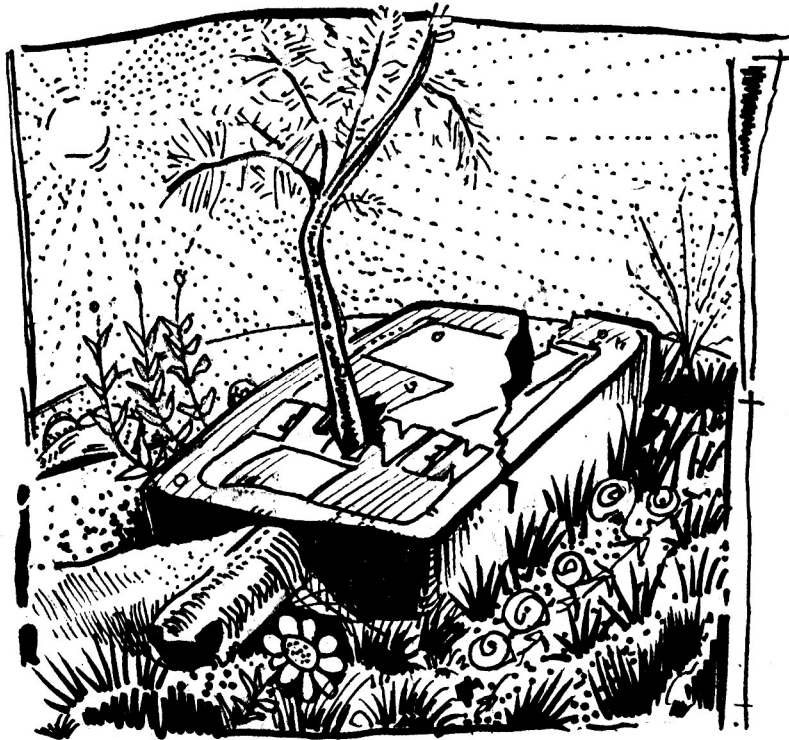
Poems...

The only perfectly healthy people are
dead people.

Lying in the dirt,
acting as nutrients for various bugs,
decaying to dirt for seeds to grow in,
until they are something else.

Humans are in a flux,
flowing,
sucked in to a chaos that
never dies.
Living cyclical, for ever and
ever,
like the flapping of hummingbird wings,
we start and end and start
and end...
start and end,
until there is no distinction,
until it all comes to one.
An endless cycle of
life...life...life...
death... death... death...

I stare at the ground and it
stares back at me,
I touch a tree and it touches
me back,
I scrap my knee, I cry, I sing
and I feel my throat vibrate with noise,
I yell and the birds become flushed and fly away,
Therefore I am.



I was walking the river rocks,
looking for dinosaur bones,
beaver chewed sticks for walking sticks,
and all I found was a dead fuck toy,
and a pocket that used to belong to a pair of someone's
pants.
As I basked in the evening sun, no was I longer watching
life, but being part of it.
It's hard,
hard, to even do something of this sort
in this world.

I felt autonomous, like I could go anywhere,
break any rules, or do nothing
or everything.

I feel like I am full of everything
and nothing at once.
I am dust, I am chemicals in my brain,
I am an atom in space, I am on an atom in space,
I am everything, and then I change form.
I am not static Form,
I am everything
and nothing.
I am not a mold that sticks or dries,
Not one that can be hardened by
the fires of a kiln.
I feel like I am
in a game:
a game of life.
A complex game.
A whole game dedicated to the process of life,
that never ends,
no leaders,

no ultimate winners, no ultimate losers,
no real rules
other than those I create for myself.