LOST ARTS

#4

Finally, here is another issue of *Lomakatsi*. This issue has been similar to an overdue birth. As the due date approached and passed, our excitement became agitation. Much like a pregnant woman, we just couldn't wait until this thing came out of us. Now that it is here though, our frustration has faded. Part of our delay was due to our disenchantment with the "word". Up until recently our lives had been filled with thoughts and theories, conceptualizations, arguments and counter–arguments. Fortunately, our focus shifted from distant abstractions to the practical realities of everyday life. Compared to dirt under fingernails, ink on a page seemed alienating. We've tried to overcome the chasm of living on the land and living in our heads by devoting much of this issue to alternative modes of expression. The delivery of *Lomakatsi* #4 was quite naturally induced by our intense desire to communicate.

Aside from the many benefits of living more harmoniously with Mother Earth, we've discovered that withdrawing from the system can present its own special set of problems. One of the most frightening things that we've encountered living out in the hills is just how deeply the world of domestication has damaged us. At first we thought living without having to be wage–slaves, growing our own food, creating our own time (or ignoring it altogether), and basically doing whatever we felt like doing would be some sort of dream come true. After awhile we began to acknowledge that we were each, in our own ways, addicted to the hyper–stimulation, structure, and various life-destroying values of the place we were trying to escape. Unknowingly, we brought society with us. We have thus had to spend much of our time dealing with withdrawal symptoms and acting as excavators and healers — going deep into the interior of our beings to try to rid ourselves of our internal destroyers. The schizophrenia that is our culture is harder to shake than we thought. Nonetheless, we're still at it.

With this issue we've decided to change things a bit. For many of you, this issue is the last of your "subscription". Instead of asking you to re–subscribe for another four issues, we've decided to deal with each subsequent magazine on an issue-to-issue basis. We will be sending out postcards to everyone who has expressed an interest in the magazine just before we go to print. We want to move away from the "subscription" format for many reasons. We have definite plans for *Lomakatsi* #5, but don't want to commit beyond that (although there will probably be many more). This project means a lot to us, but so do many other things. When we ultimately put an issue together, we do it out of a passion to connect, not as a business and we don't want to turn it into drudgery by struggling to meet artificial constraints set by obligations to "subscribers". Some people have expressed dismay that *Lomakatsi* is published so irregularly. We don't think of the magazine as a commodity merely to be consumed but rather as a vessel to challenge commonly–held assumptions and stimulate critical thinking. Anything that represses or thwarts these desires must be abandoned. Please enter *Lomakatsi* without expectations and enjoy it as we do ...





Bazia

Remnants of a Conversation

Last summer I had the opportunity to see Rachel Rosenthal perform in Pittsburgh. Her piece "L.O.W. in Gaia" was captivating. Through three different personae — a 40th century monster, not of woman born; Gaia–the Death Crone; and herself as tourist, Rachel spoke of the destruction of the planet, aging, patriarchy, nuclear madness and human relations to the non-human world. My memories of my conversation with her the following day are even more resounding than my impressions from the night before. With great animation and a glistening scalp, Rachel eloquently discussed her dreams and revealed a few of her nightmares. A woman very in tune, at one point Rachel reached for the phone just a split-second before it rang. She grinned as the hair on my arms tingled. She shared many beautiful insights with me; existential flickers that elude description. I couldn't recapture everything, but here is a taste of what I could.

On Women and Nature

> Many women have weathered abuse just as many creatures of the earth, air and water have survived man-made cataclysms. With resilience and regeneration, like weeds and pests that have become immune to chemical poisoning, they have kept their wildness....Women's experience with oppression and abuse, as well as their experience of mothering can make them more sensitive to the oppression and abuse of nature, as well as better situated to remedy it... This means an understanding and sweeping rejection of all behavioral debris that keeps us divided and makes us complicit in our oppression. It means rescuing our wildness and being proud of it. As it concerns nature, it means cleaning up the existing messes we have made through thoughtlessness and greed as well as taking off our shoes before entering the house, the ecosphere of our activities, as if we were entering a sanctuary, for the sheer joy and celebration of it.
>
> — Andrée Collard, *Rape of the Wild*

The co-existent domination of women and nature has been traced back to the rise of patriarchal society with all of its lies and reductions. Yet women were right there while the mega-monster we call modern civilization was gestating. Rachel suggests that the reason women may have been complicit in the making of modern patriarchal society comes from generations of living in fear.



Ancient Hopi pottery design symbolizing the universal journey of human understanding.

"Women are good survivors, they are chameleons, they camouflage themselves, and manage to survive to propagate the race. I think that women have simply survived by being passive because males have used force on them from time immemorial. But women aren't inherently like that. In the beginning women were probably the ones that pushed the species onward. Food-sharing, creating families and the bond of the family were all done by women. I think in the beginning women were very dynamic and they knew what they were about and went about living very forcefully. Over 5000 years ago a new kind of culture emerged, a male dominant culture, a culture that existed based on force, enslavement, and war. Force can't be argued with. Once you start matching force with force you're on the devil's incline. Its a vicious circle and there is no getting out of it."

Rachel recounted a story about a group of sailors who were bored from a long journey and decided to entertain themselves by tying up several crew hands in a circle. They wanted to watch what happened after telling each of the underlings to beat the one in front of him, but only when he was struck and only as hard as he himself was hit from behind. Of course, when you are beaten, you rarely think that the strength of your blows is as painful as the whipping you received. Naturally it started with a little bit of hitting and ended up with the crewmen beating each other to a pulp, because each felt that his own pain was more severe than the pain he inflicted. This is a strong metaphor for what happens when force is met with force. A person generally wants a bigger, stronger, more efficient weapon than the next guy and the violence escalates and escalates until you have what we have today.

On Women and Men

> Men act as if they haven't been adequately loved, as if they had been frustrated and rendered hostile, and becoming aggressive they say that aggressiveness is natural and women are inferior in this respect because they tend to be gentle and unaggressive! But it is precisely in this capacity to love and unaggressiveness that the superiority of women to men is demonstrated, for whether it be natural to be loving and cooperative or not, so far as the human species is concerned, its evolutionary destiny, its very survival is more closely tied to this capacity for love and cooperation than with any other. So unless men learn from women how to be more loving and cooperative they will go on making the kind of mess of the world which they have so effectively achieved thus far.
>
> — Ashley Montagu, "The Natural Superiority of Women"

Like Montagu, others have argued that in a society of women our planet would not be on the brink of extinction. Women are thought to be nurturing, non-violent, cooperative people; non-aggressive because they are not affected by the dreaded testosterone. It has been said that women are thus closer to the Earth, that they are more in tune with her mysteries and cycles. But is there really such a monumental division between the sexes? In her latest piece, which is called "Rachel's Brain", Rachel explores this question by looking at the human brain.

"It seems to me that there is a basic flaw in the brain that is almost structural. The brain evolved very, very fast and it was built up in layers that are horizontal but not vertical. There is very little actual communication between the outer layers of the cortex, which is the latest addition of logic and rational thought, and the deeper layers of the animal. The actions of humans are totally schizoid because on the one hand they operate from emotion and instinct and from self-preservation, really old patterns which worked at other times in history but don't work today. These patterns still exist and create havoc and seem to be totally unconnected to the part of the brain which is capable of thought and logic, that part which can inhibit those instincts and impulses."

If this is the case, then it seems that the workings of our brains and our interactions with other individuals may frequently be in conflict. Rachel thinks "there is no time for a real structural evolution of the brain, so the changes that

must happen have to come from a mind-shift, a shift in consciousness. That shift should not be seen as a substitution of female domination for male domination, it has to be egalitarian. Something has to happen. There has to be an understanding of a new way of existing on the planet which is based on a partnership mode instead of a domination mode, which would then, of course, include the environment as well. So it seems to me that women, even though they shouldn't think in terms of taking over the power, should definitely think in terms of propelling this consciousness shift as quickly as possible."

On Cows

> My mother is a cow! That makes two of us... Two beautiful brown beasts, as the saying goes. All cows, regardless of race, weight, or colour, are castrated young. Why, you ask? Because, with certain rare exceptions, the beautiful brown beasts are nymphomaniacs. The ancestral defect is in my mother as it is in all of us, no matter how much holy water or dishwater she drinks. Cows are at the bottom rung of the ladder of infinity.
>
> — Jorette Marchessault, "Night Cows"

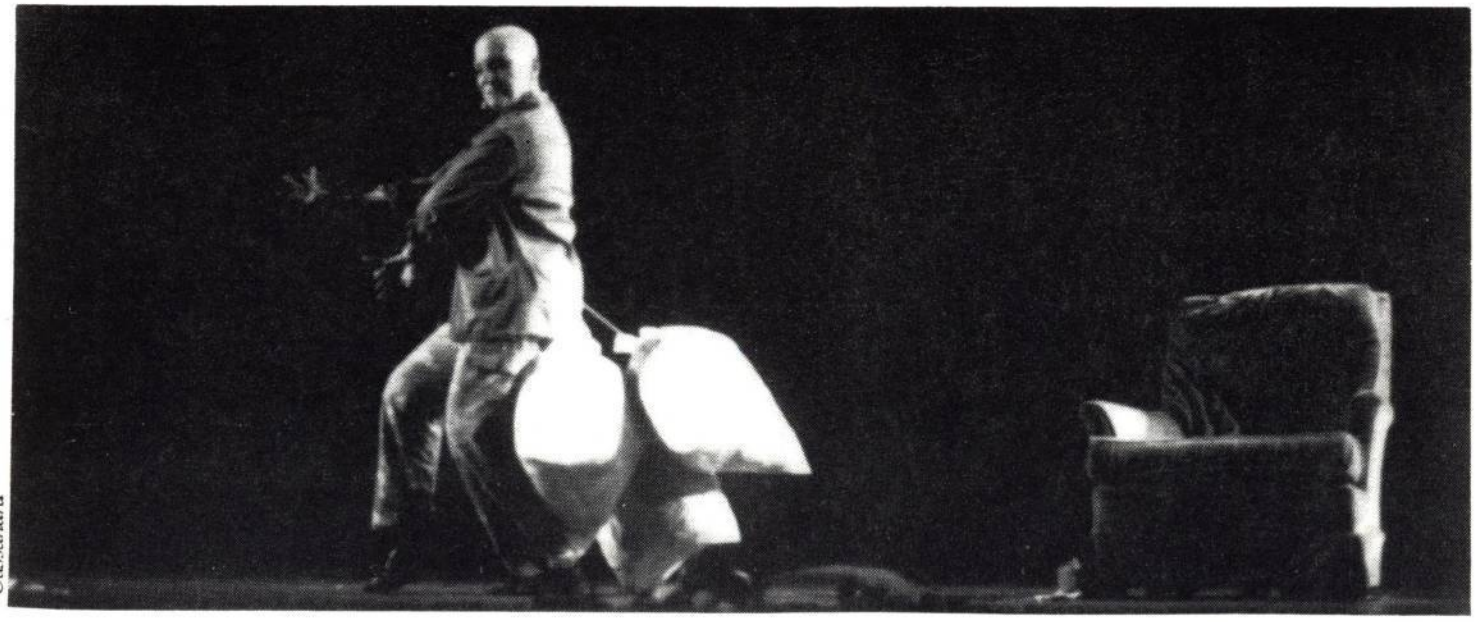
Of all the animals that are exploited for human purposes, the cow receives the most disrespectful treatment. She is manipulated by mass-production and ignored by those that may be able to alleviate her trauma.. She has been reduced to a lactation machine. All that is female about her is taken advantage of and twisted to make her suffer. Her maternity is murdered. Feminists and vegetarians alike discuss protecting the planet, ending the violence against animals and changing society while at the same time unconsciously consuming what has been stolen from the cow's breast. How can women ignore the cries of their bovine sisters?

"It has to do with size, with shape, with speed. All the images of slowness and roundness, the chewing of the cud, is something which is very frightening to people, male identified women as well as males in this culture. We are speed freaks and we are streamlined and we want no fat on our bones, we want to be efficient and we don't want to be bogged down by lactation. The cow is a strong symbol of femaleness, femininity, nature/nurture, the earth. The feel of the cow, her slow movements — standing around eating and birthing and nursing — is antithetical to the dynamic image that we have of the human race, of what its purpose is. So a cow is looked at as an object which lacks intelligence and feeling because it is convenient for humans to see her so. This objectification exactly parallels the age old idea of women being inferior intellectually and passive.

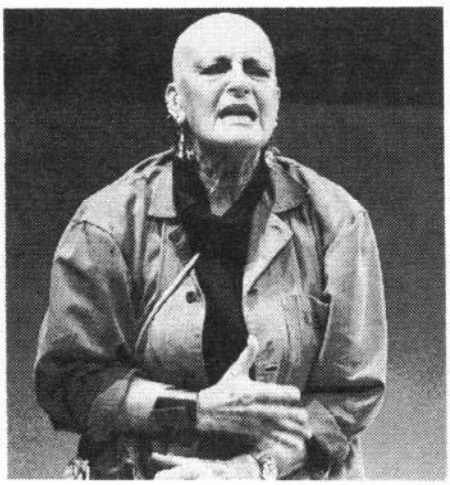
"The idea of saving the planet and fixing it up for human use is similar. The whole idea of leaving it alone is, like the cow, antithetical to human nature. When people see a patch or area that is just left alone, they immediately think of making it into something, a garden or a park or whatever. Many women still conform to the hierarchy of humans on top and work to share that place with men instead of destroying the hierarchy. Cows are at the very bottom. Humans have such a great ability to lie to themselves. No other animal can do it. Humans can separate themselves from themselves. We can separate ourselves from feeling, for the earth, from empathizing with others. We have the ability to create justifications for hypocrisy and we use it."

On Ideology

> If before I failed to see that a fear of nature and a fear of creativity must be inextricably associated, it is only because, schooled in my own culture and its paradigms, I have failed to see that nature and creativity share the same origin, are born in the same breath....And now I begin to suspect that all ideology must share a hidden tendency. For beyond a just description of the truth, an ideology holds the promise that one may control reality with the mind, assert the ideal as more real than reality, or place idea as an authority above nature, and even above our sensual experience of nature: what we see, what we hear, what we feel, taste, smell.
>
> — Susan Griffin, "The Way of All Ideology"



Cassandra



"My concern about broader issues, the state of the world, starts, of course, from my very personal self. Who you are and what you make cannot be separated. There is a continuum between life and art. We make up artificial borderlines trying to imprison phenomena into certain categories." Theater is like theory, somehow set apart from daily life. It is removed from the guts of our being.

"I think we are very proud of the artifact we have created of our minds and of the fact that we are capable of severing ourselves from life and creating a completely artificial construct. I think mathematics, and theory making, is an artform in itself, and as such it can be beautiful, and some of it may even have relevance, but that is not its primary aim. When I read that stuff, I am always in awe, it is almost like architecture, you can see the brain at work, you can look at the intricacies and the way the connections are made and you have to marvel. But it is important not to identify that kind of activity with anything that is useful in the world, unless you bridge through an adaptation to some kind of reality. I think that a lot of people stop at the first stage and are dazzled and begin to see it as an end in itself, having a life of its own.

"People begin to identify these things with ideology and as soon as you do that you come into a bind, because ideology is one of the most addictive substances. It can be poisonous if you begin to identify your whole reason for being with it, making it the sole truth, it then becomes religion. And this can often happen with theorizing, to some degree or another. It is once again, the brain snaring itself, it is like a trap, a built in trap. It's amazing, ideology, or theorizing of this nature, is so waterproof, it has such a life of its own, it can function like a culture *in vitro*, it develops its own reality. It is self-generating. There is a mesmerizing quality about it. After a while people start to squeeze the reality of life into their constructed reality in order to make it conform and they end up again completely battering the earth, because nature isn't like that."

On Reconnecting

> As for turning things into objects: isn't that the principle source of violence? The fetishizing of vital contradictory people and processes, within public notifications, until they have rigidified into ready-made parts and stage scenery: dead themselves, killing others.
>
> —Christa Wolf, *Cassandra*

"Some of the new theorizing, which is less narrow, focuses not on object but on relationship and has started to show respect for the planet. Theory that looks at negative space, the identification of the relation between things, can lead to a better understanding of the way things are. There is an aridity in the kind of mind that becomes completely identified with "theoretical" thinking, to the exclusion of trying to use the ability to try to embed us into nature and the earth. Unfortunately, because of the cortical structures which are so superficial and so outside of the whole inner functioning of the body, I think that there is a tendency to create a super world that is disconnected."

Rachel has transcended the limitations of the written word. She recognizes that in order for us to change our consciousness and our social sensibilities there has to be a cultural or aesthetic change as well. She communicates in a different way. Most people are used to dealing with two-dimensional television fictions or constructs of language in a newspaper. With her performances the barriers that are normally erected when people are engaged in a debate are down. The message she conveys during her performances goes right in deep and you feel it, the understanding is not mediated.

"I feel that people are out of touch with their feelings and so am I. I am a product of the age. I have to be willing to make myself vulnerable when I work on a piece. Working on a piece for me is so painful, I don't come to it with any joy, any real delight. When it's done, then I feel accomplishment, but the actual process is painful. I usually shut myself off from everything, I don't go out, I don't do anything but the research for the piece, I go through terrible feelings, dredging up the personal as well as the sad things I read about. To reach people, to rouse them out of their lethargy, you have to reach into them. In order to have people empathize with what I am communicating, I have to make myself vulnerable so that they can go through my personal to reach their personal."

On Change

> The products of necrophilic Apollonian male mating are of course the technological "offspring" which pollute the heavens and the earth... Nuclear reactors and the poisons they produce, stockpiles of atomic bombs, ozone-destroying aerosol spray propellants, oil tankers "designed" to self-destruct in the ocean, iatrogenic medications and carcinogenic food additives, refined sugar, mind pollutants of all kinds — these are the multiple fetuses/feces of stale male-mates in love with a dead world that is ultimately co-equal and consubstantial with themselves... genuinely radical change would involve the fearsome courage to cut through all the masks, facing Nothing.
>
> —Mary Daly, Gyn/Ecology

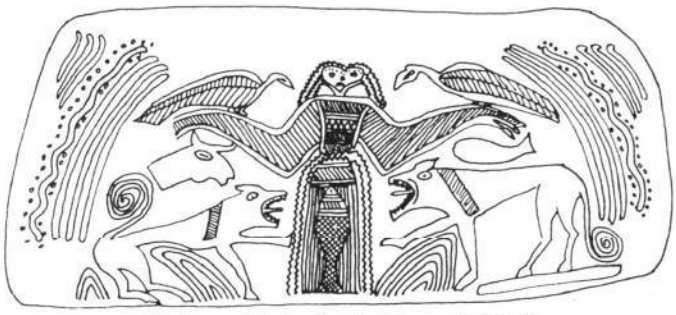
Within the social change milieu, there exists the belief that we must destroy before we create, and thus negative emotions (i.e. hate, anger, guilt, jealousy) are cultivated as weapons of the destruction. People can become very

weighed down in this atmosphere. In the long run, it may be important not to feel like we have a burden, or that we must suffer in order to make things better in the world. Instead of being warriors we can be dancers , positively creating alternatives and feeling good about the connections between things, focusing on the beauty of the ferrets as opposed to the horrors of the laboratory, for example.

"My feeling is that since we are reaching the end of the millennium, it's like reaching the bottom of the barrel and in order to re-create our world, we have to burst the abscess. On the one hand there is that time constraint, a Western construct to be sure, but nonetheless an element to be considered, and on the other we have denial. It feels so bad, we do bask in our bad feelings and we are masochists to a point, but it does feel bad to feel bad. There is just so much depression, and what you call negative feelings, that exist under the threat of ultimate annihilation and ecological disaster. It is not difficult to see why we are being choked by bad feelings.

"In order to block these bad feelings, we placate ourselves with obsessive entertainment needs, obsessive fashion, obsessive food, obsessive relationships, whatever it is, addictions of all sorts. These addictions represent the need to escape , that need to escape takes a very physical form in tourism, which I think is the bane of the earth, and at the same time is a big business. But the need also takes form in entertainment, movies, sex, and so on. So there are these very bad feelings and the need to deny them. It seems to me that neither extreme is good (I am a very wishy-washy person, I believe that harmony comes from balancing this and always moving) . Most people go all the way one way or all the way the other, or alternate between one extreme and the other for certain periods of their lives. It is very unbalanced; it's traumatic for the personal environment as well as the greater environment. All these things which are extremes are traumatic. The extremes are coming at accelerated jolts, the waves of each cycle are getting shorter. Everything is accelerated. There is no time for shock absorption, and when there are great pendulum swings of this nature there is no time to adapt at both a human and environmental level. I think that is one of the big dangers. These traumas are never given the time to re–harmonize and find their middle, because right away they are counteracted by another trauma on the other side. So it is difficult for individuals, and communities and the earth because of the rapidity of shock, lack of recuperation time.





Mistress of the animals. Greece, 700 B.C.

"As individuals we have to fight the prevalent *modis operandi* in order to remain sane. In my case, I am very self protective. I try to stay put a lot, I stay in my home, and I take care of the animals I live with and I do simple things, I try to counteract that frenetic rhythm which is so prevalent particularly in urban centers.

"The use of these negative emotions in my work is magical, it is very important on a magic level, because when these things are felt without being expressed they are virulent and can create havoc. One of the things that used to happen in so-called primitive societies is that there were ceremonies and festivals in which all of these things were allowed to be expressed, there were very frightening masked dances and ceremonies at various periods of one's life where you could exteriorize all these deep, disturbing feelings. But these things don't exist anymore, people go to horror movies to get that. In my work I try to act like a collective lightning rod. I take on a lot of the stupidity and weaknesses and sloth and fear which we all are at times, and then give it form and air it, and put it out. The whole first part of my life was spent trying to protect my secrets, I think that a lot of people do that. There are dreadful dark secrets in every life, well as soon as you put those secrets out you recognize that they are not so unusual, that every body has them and everybody has, more or less, the same ones. When I started to do performance, it was really just an exorcism of secrets. As soon as you air the negative feelings, you take away their ability to harm and they dissolve."

Rachel resonates with the power of the female voice. She speaks with the strength and wisdom of women, past and present. She herself is ageless, though she does have a history. Born of Russian Jews, Rachel's family fled Nazi occupied Paris and ended up in New York. In 1956, Rachel moved to Los Angeles and set up "Instant Theater", a ten year project that involved collective ritual, abstract art, poetry, and dance that had its roots in Zen Buddhism, chance and Theater of Cruelty. Since 1975, Rachel has been doing solo performances that address the world in decay. In addition to "L.O.W. in Gaia" and "Rachel's Brain", she has done a piece on animal liberation entitled "The Others"; "KabbaLAmobile"; a piece on the automobile as cultural icon; and "Was Black" on Chernobyl.

— Cassandra

SOUTH AFRICA

Place: A beach in South Africa
Time: Two million years ago.

SCENE ONE

[PARANTHROPUS GRACILE, *a mature male hominid, is on the beach in front of his villa. His cousin,* PARANTHROPUS ROBUSTUS, *also a mature male hominid, enters stage left, unseen by* GRACILE. ROBUSTUS *watches* GRACILE *fondly.*]

ROBUSTUS [*to himself*]: Ah, Gracile. Yes. Painting yourself with red ochre. Just as we did as children. What are you thinking, I wonder? And how have you evolved since I saw you this time last year?

[GRACILE *takes a bit of the "ochre" — and puts it in his mouth. A look of puzzlement comes over* ROBUSTUS's *face.*]

ROBUSTUS [*to himself*]: Eating ... ochre? [*moves a bit closer, looking alarmed.*] O, no! Surely not ...

[A *look of horror grows on* ROBUSTUS's *face. Finally, clutching his throat, he turns toward the audience — and vomits. Turning toward the sound,* GRACILE *lifts the object that he had been using as paint: it is a small animal, limp, bloody. Seeing* ROBUSTUS, GRACILE *is embarrassed; furtively, he tries to hide the carcass under a bush — and to wipe the blood from his hands and face.*]

GRACILE [*apologetically, as* ROBUSTUS *approaches him*]: It was already dead ...

ROBUSTUS [*also seeming embarrassed, reluctant to speak*]: Yes. I see. But, Gracile ... we spoke of this last year. What will become of us ... if we ... if we let ourselves ...

GRACILE [*somewhat defensively now*]: I was hungry. It was already dead, Robustus!

ROBUSTUS: You know how we are ... when we get a taste for something ... how addicted we become. Think of trying to do without oranges. Or avocados.

GRACILE: I can handle it. I've been at this for a couple of months now. I just do it when I happen to come across a body [*averting his eyes guiltily and changing the subject*] ... Where did you go anyway, Robustus?

ROBUSTUS: Well, it was getting kind of crowded around here. You know. All those fights that were starting last year — about who owned how much beach-front and all. I just decided the beach wasn't that important.

GRACILE: Where did you go?

ROBUSTUS: Inland a bit. Not bad in there, actually.

[GRACILE *looks away, but from the corner of his eye, watches* ROBUSTUS. *There is an awkward silence*]

GRACILE: You always were a little weird, Robustus old sport.

[ROBUSTUS *shrugs, takes a deep breath — then remembers what he has in his hand.*]

ROBUSTUS: Gracile. Look what I found inland.

GRACILE: What ... What in the hell are those?

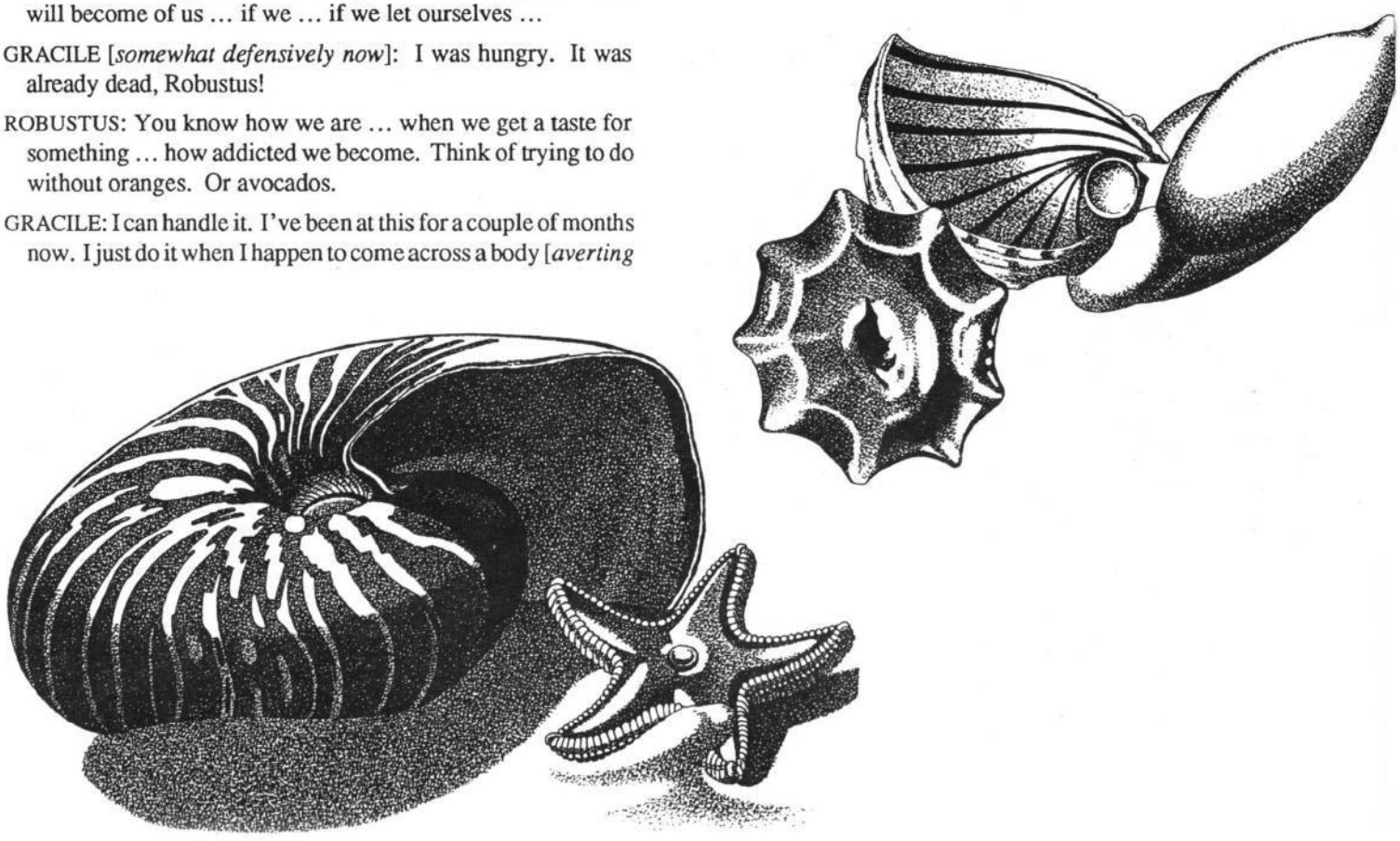
ROBUSTUS [*laughing*]: Look carefully.

GRACILE: Pebbles. [*Looks away ... then it dawns on him and he seizes* ROBUSTUS*s hand excitedly.*] Pebbles ... like the ones that the Old Ones left with us. I'll be damned! Where did you find those, Robustus?

ROBUSTUS: There's a lake up there right at the foot of an amazing mountain, the mountain where the rain-clouds are born. The pebbles are on the shore of that lake.

GRACILE: Pebbles ...

ROBUSTUS: When the sun rises behind the mountain, just as the first rays strike the lake, these pebble come alive ...



GRACILE: Our mothers never could figure where those pebbles came from. Remember? They used to wonder why the Old Ones had gone to all the trouble to bring them here.

ROBUSTUS [*laughing*]: Yes. Our fathers always told them to mind their own business and not go poking into matters that didn't concern them. "If we were meant to know, we'd know," our fathers said. Remember how disgusted our mothers would look at them?

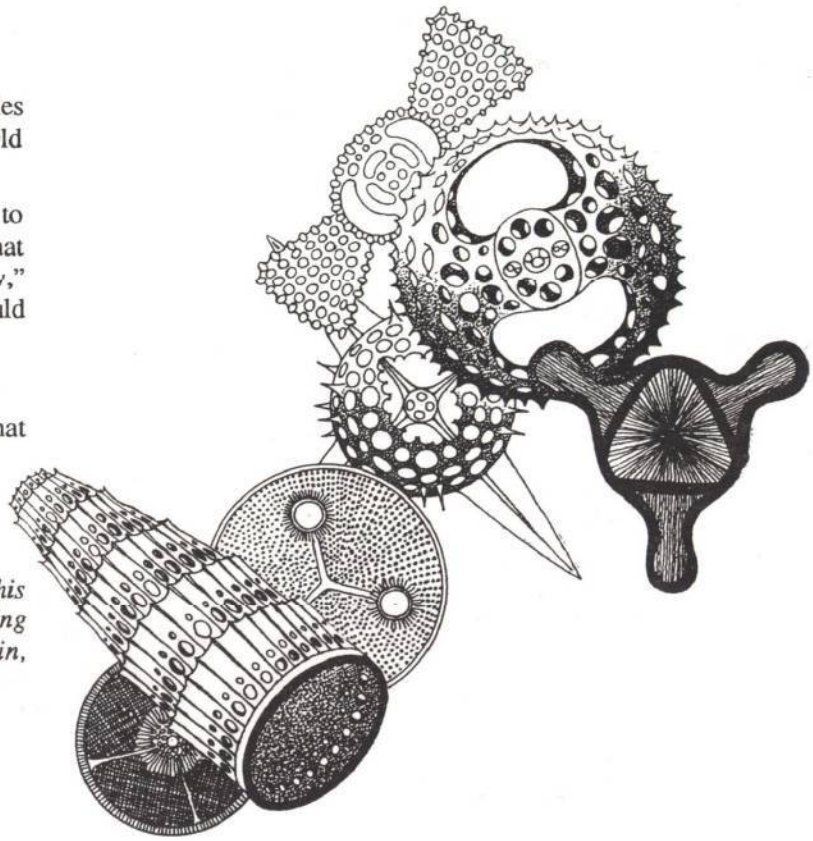
[GRACILE *nods ... but is losing interest.*]

ROBUSTUS: What did the pebbles mean to the Old Ones? What do you think, Gracile? Respect? Wonder?

[*Long pause.*]

ROBUSTUS: I think I'll walk on the beach ...

[ROBUSTUS *exits, pondering the pebbles, rolling them in his hand.* GRACILE *watches him for quite awhile. Then, shaking his head, he walks back to the bush, takes the carcass out again, sniffs it, takes a bite, chews mechanically.*]





SCENE TWO

[*Again* ROBUSTUS *is approaching, stage left. Suddenly he stops in the jungle shadows, unseen by* GRACILE *who is looking around nervously, from one side to the other, as if he doesn't want to be seen. There is a small animal struggling to get away from him — but he has it firmly by the neck. It squeals, struggles frantically — and then with a swift determined move,* GRACILE *raises the animal up in both hands and twists its neck until it breaks. Wide-eyed, mouth twitching, he looks around again — and then his gaze comes back to the animal, limp now.* GRACILE *raises it to his mouth — and bites its neck until the head is severed from the body. Blood pours down his chin and he drops the body on the ground, looking into his open hands, into the fresh blood — and slowly as if hypnotized, he brings his fingers up to his nose and then pulls them down across his cheeks, making long parallel red lines, down, down his cheeks, and — lifting his face in ecstasy and horror now —* GRACILE *continues dragging his bloody fingers down his neck, his shoulders, his chest — ending on his stomach, holding his hands there mesmerized ...*]

ROBUSTUS [*coming into the open*]: It's over, Gracile.

GRACILE: Yes ...

ROBUSTUS: It's over ...

GRACILE: We will expand. Thrive. The hunt will sharpen our minds.

ROBUSTUS: In what way? At what price? Where will the killing end?

[GRACILE *looks at* ROBUSTUS *with hatred ... and* ROBUSTUS *shivers.*]

ROBUSTUS: It is so clear. Yes. You will kill me and my kind. You will live.

[GRACILE *sneers at* ROBUSTUS — *and picks up a club. But* ROBUSTUS *continues.*]

ROBUSTUS : I see killing without end. Two million years of merciless abuse and killing of our animal sisters and brothers. And you might gain a kind of power through your killing. But then ... a day will come, the Day of Great Contempt, when you will so loathe yourself that you will have to kill yourself too — perhaps taking the whole world with you in your rage and utter self-contempt ...

[ROBUSTUS *pauses, looking out to sea — as* GRACILE *slowly approaches him.*]

ROBUSTUS: There is a man in a loin-cloth. Not a hero. A small, frail, rather neurotic little man. But he has a dream. He has a will to change, to reverse the tide of two million years. "Ahimsa," he whispers — even as you shoot him down.

— B. Wardlaw



THE FIRST SPECIESIST
or
Question & Answer Period

(question)
The earth has never cried for blood
nor the seas for sacrifice.
The skies send winds with
or without
propitiation.

(answer)
Thirsty god–masks
mask man's thirst
for blood as he dances 'round his sacrificial fires
his cooking fires
his Bunson burners
his microwaves.

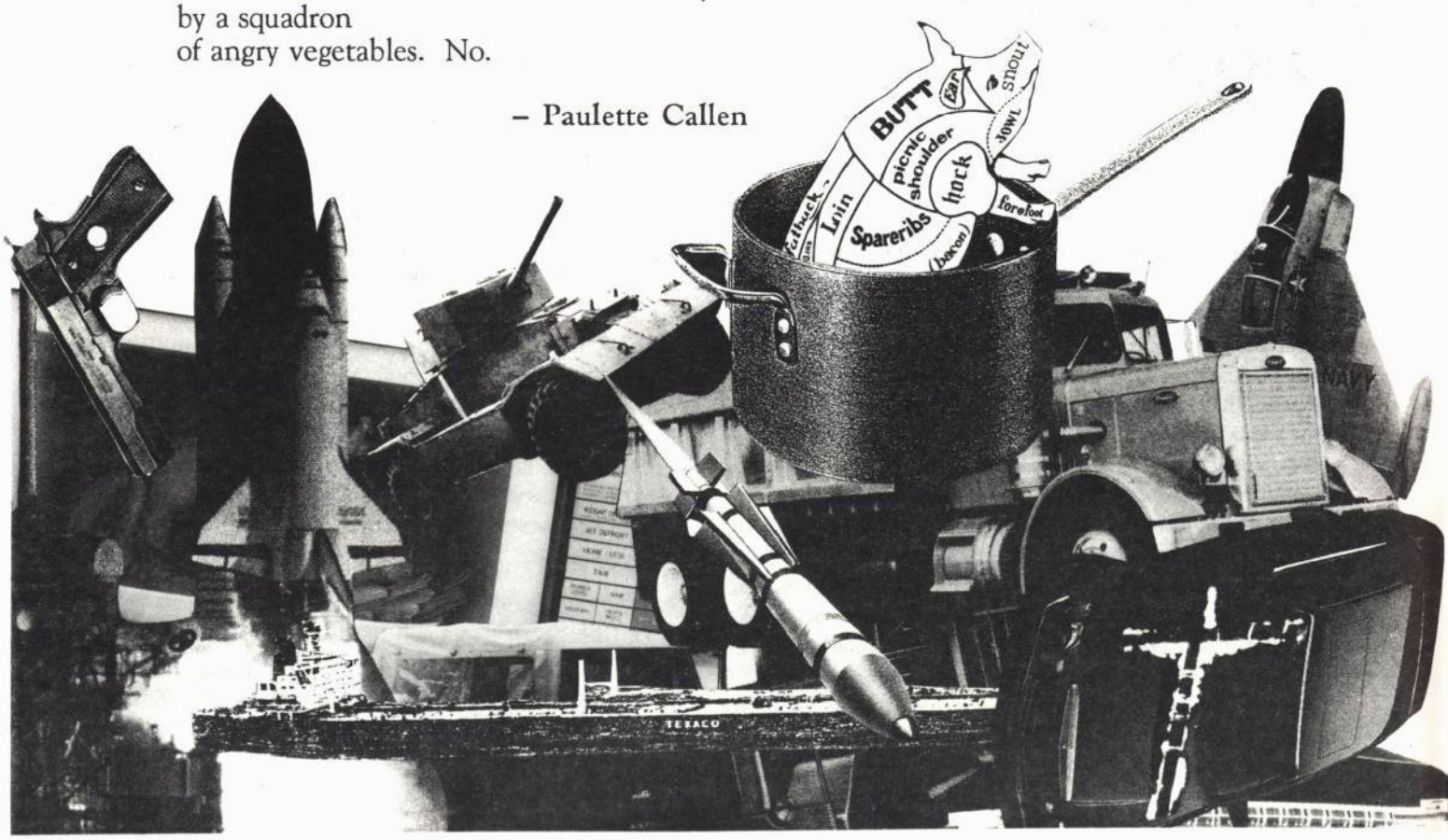
(question)
For whom does he dance?

(answer)
PROMETHEUS
(Prometheus loved only man.)

(argument)
The same fire that cooks the goose ...
cooks the lentil.

(resolution)
But Prometheus is not attacked each day
by a squadron
of angry vegetables. No.

– Paulette Callen



SPECIESISM

Humans think the only relationships we have are the ones we know about. We can't see the other animals or the environment as being part of the whole.

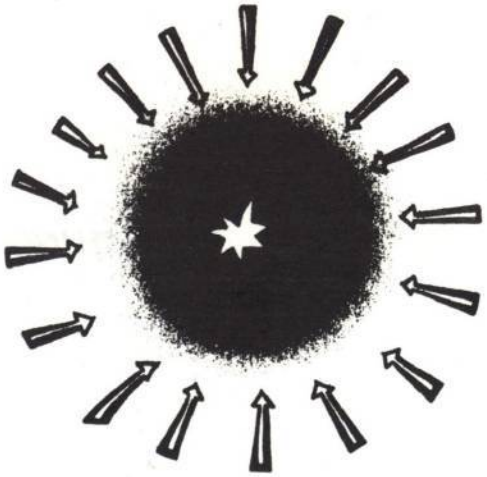


FROM "YOUTH IN ASIA" 1988 STEPHANIE Miller

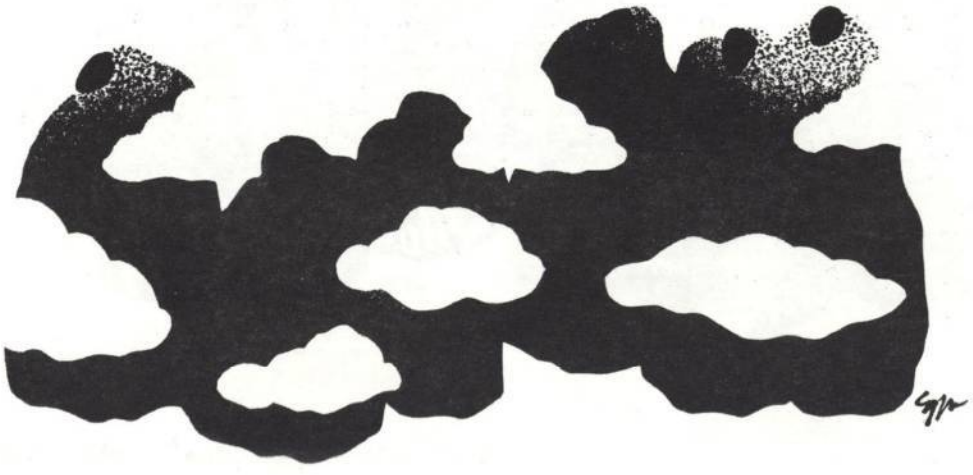


FACING CHANGE
THE COMMUNITY BONDS.

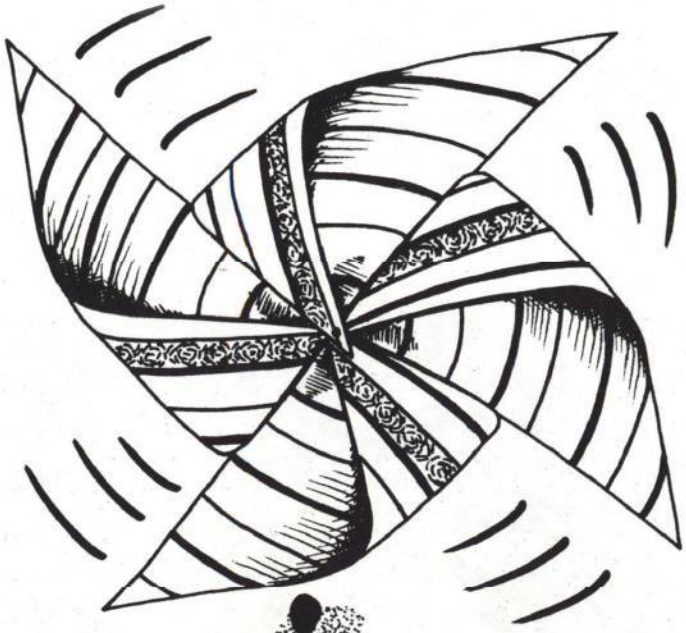




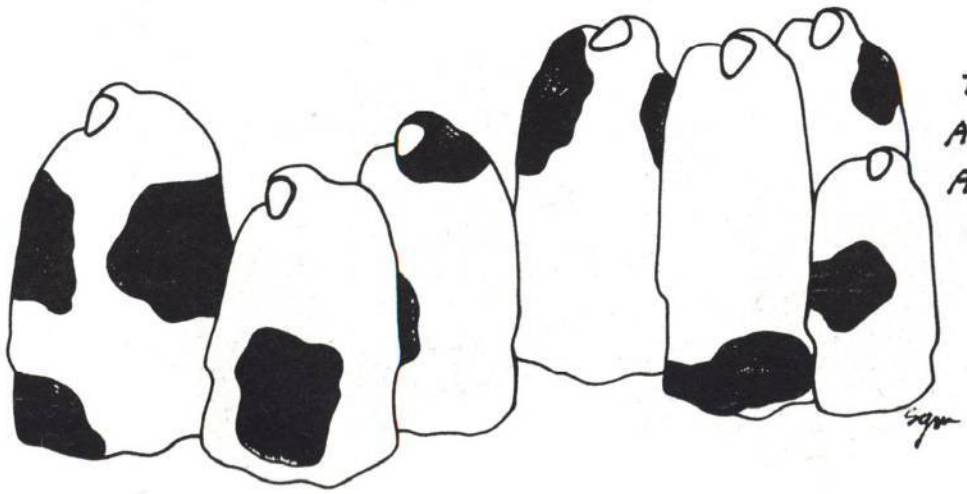
TOGETHER THEY IGNORE
WHAT IS HAPPENING.



THE WINDS ARE AFFECTED, BUT THEY NEED WEATHERMEN TO TELL THEM WHICH WAY THE WIND IS BLOWING.

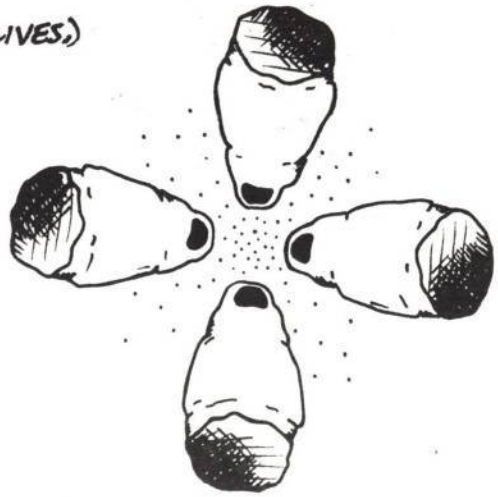




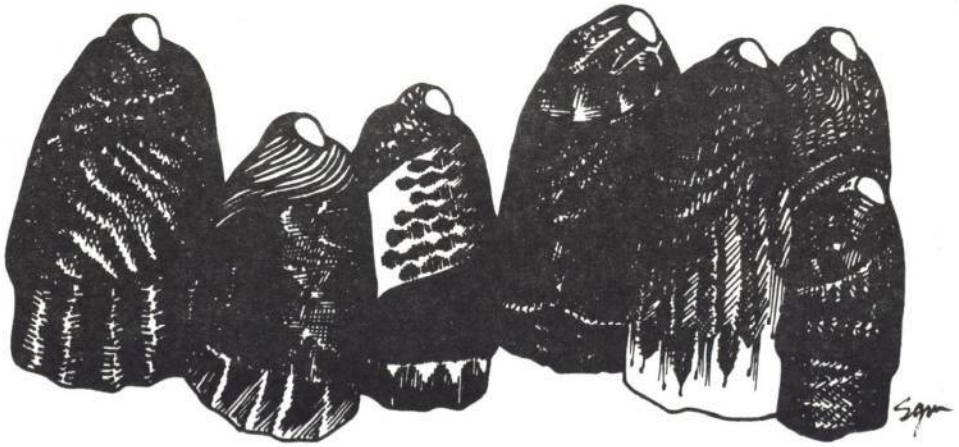


THE ANIMALS ARE AFFECTED, BUT THEY ARE NOT COMPASSIONATE. (THEY GO TO THERAPISTS TO LEARN TO FEEL.)

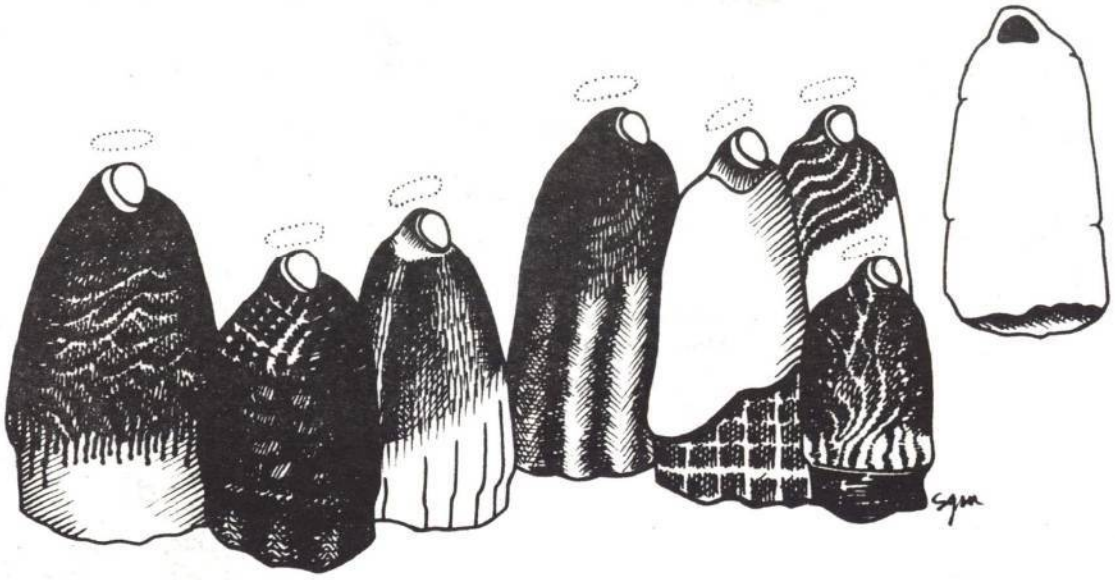
EXTINCTION OCCURS, THEY ARE NOT TOUCHED.
(THEY ONLY MOURN THE EMPTINESS OF THEIR OWN LIVES.)



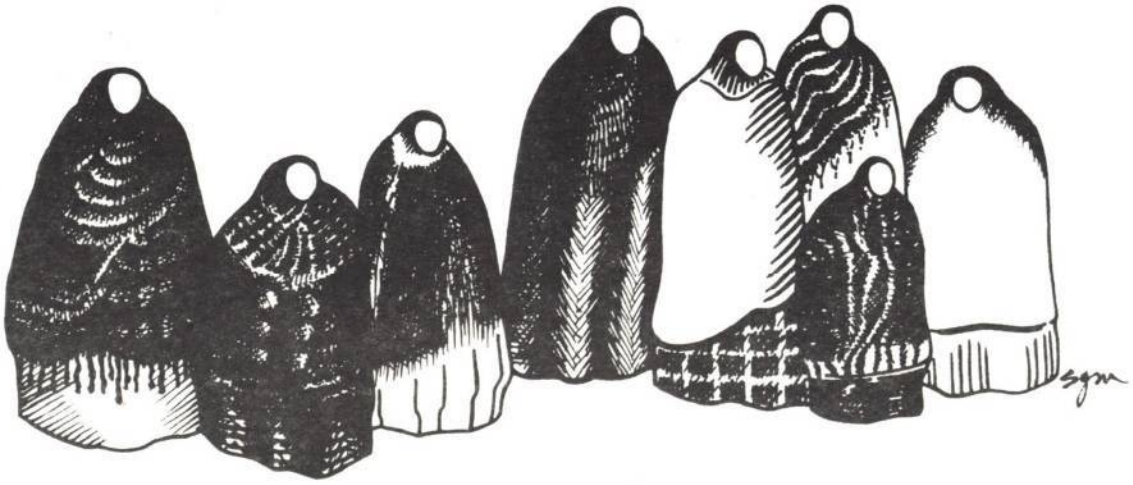
CHANGE OCCURS TO A HUMAN.
IT IS NOW VERY IMPORTANT.



THEY CALL THIS CHANGE RELIGION.



THEY STILL KNOW NOTHING.



Spiritual Materialism and Vegetarian Renunciation

There are many good, compelling reasons to become a vegetarian. Since most of these reasons have been ably discussed and argued elsewhere, I shall not dwell on them here, except to say that, at a certain stage of development, it is right — even necessary — to impel oneself toward vegetarianism for ethical, spiritual, economic, or health reasons. They become a kind of raft or vessel on which to launch a vegetarian journey.

But vegetarianism does not end with these reasons, however compelling they may be. One leaves a raft at the shore and proceeds on foot or by some other means of land transportation. So, too, with vegetarianism. My travels would be hampered, indeed, if I were to carry my raft or canoe — my reasons for becoming a vegetarian — into the back country.

What's the alternative? Do I simply abandon the reasons for which I became a vegetarian? How would I explain why I don't eat meat, why I don't wear fur or leather?

These questions are legitimate and I wish to treat the concern that lies behind them with respect. Being a vegetarian means having a particular identity. "I am a vegetarian; I don't eat meat." This identity as a vegetarian takes on substance and form as reasons are given for one's vegetarianism. Thus, a vegetarian for health reasons mainly has a somewhat different identity than a vegetarian for ethical or religious reasons, and so on.

An identity, in short, is a way of organizing the self, a way of knowing that I exist. But who is this "I" that knows it exists?

When one looks closely at one's self, studies his or her identity, something astonishing occurs. It's like looking under a microscope, one begins to see all kinds of particles and smaller organisms. The stronger the microscope, the more one sees and differentiates.

When we closely scrutinize our individual identity, we see that it is composed of smaller and smaller parts. The vegetarian's identity consists of values, and these are composed of reason's which are made up, in turn, of thoughts. Identity doesn't end with free-floating, dynamic thoughts, however. For thoughts are charged — just like particles of matter — and these charges derive from emotions: anger, fear, sadness, joy.

Charged thoughts collide with one another in such a way that molecules of thoughts, filled with emotion, constellate. This constellation is one's identity.

But what, really is all this? Any high-school physics student knows the answer: energy. Energy is the essence of identity.

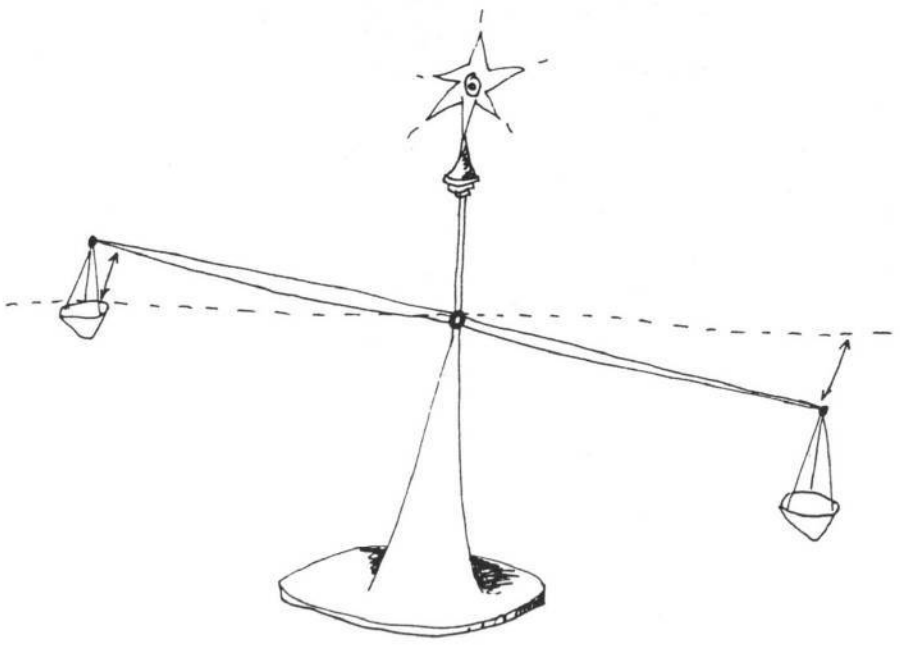
Who cares? What in the world does energy have to do with vegetarianism?

The answer is not obvious. In an admittedly roundabout way, I am gently trying to suggest that, ultimately, any form of identity — whether ethical, health, or economic vegetarian — is at best temporary and misguided. That is, when it comes to vegetarianism, one ought to remain as close to the original properties of energy as possible.

Identity is like building blocks set one on top of the other, heading higher and higher into the sky. A skyscraper *looks* as if it is touching the sky, but to be high up does not mean to be in heaven. Those inside on the top floor are very far from the earth; they are not grounded. It is a hard fall from the top floor to the ground level. Architects of skyscrapers become easily obsessed with making skyscrapers. They build and build and build, knocking down other structures and desecrating the landscape. When the interest in developing a vegetarian identity becomes a preoccupation, it can be a very destructive force.

This is especially true for those dedicated to spiritual growth. These are spiritual developers, the counterpart to housing developers. Regarding the hazards of spiritual

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'when man is weighed on God's scales, he is found wanting.' There is something weighing humanity down (heavy heartedness?) that leaves it less elevated than 'God's Hope.' That something is me.

identity building, Chogyam Trungpa has observed:

> The problem is that ego can convert anything to its own use, even spirituality. Ego is constantly attempting to acquire and apply the teachings of spirituality (or vegetarianism) for its own benefit. The teachings are treated as an external thing, external to "me," a philosophy which we try to imitate... We go through the motions, make the appropriate gestures, but we really do not want to sacrifice any part of our way of life.

When read for the first time by ardent pursuers of a spiritual path, the above quoted passage outrages, offends. "How dare anyone suggest that my spiritual or vegetarian practice is a sham! I most certainly am not a fake!" Following indignation and self–defence, an imperceptible sense of demoralization often comes. "It's true: I really am a fake, pretending all along to be following a truly selfless path. I'm just a bundle of egocentric drives after all." Both of these reactions are perfectly understandable and completely beside the point. Or rather, they are grist to be worked with in becoming more conscious of what Tungpa, a Tibetan Buddhist, has called *spiritual materialism*.

What is spiritual materialism? Trungpa has defined spiritual materialism in the following way:

> Whenever we begin to evaluate, deciding that we should or should not do this or that, then we have already associated our practice or our knowledge with categories, one pitted against the other, and that is spiritual materialism...

Anticipating the challenge to the above quoted passage, Trungpa continues:

> If we ask ourselves, "What is wrong with evaluating, with taking sides?", the answer is that, when we formulate a secondary judgement, "I should be doing this and should avoid doing that," then we have achieved a level of complication which takes us a long way from the basic simplicity of what we are... If anything more than this is laid onto our psychology, then it becomes a very heavy, thick mask, a suit of armor.

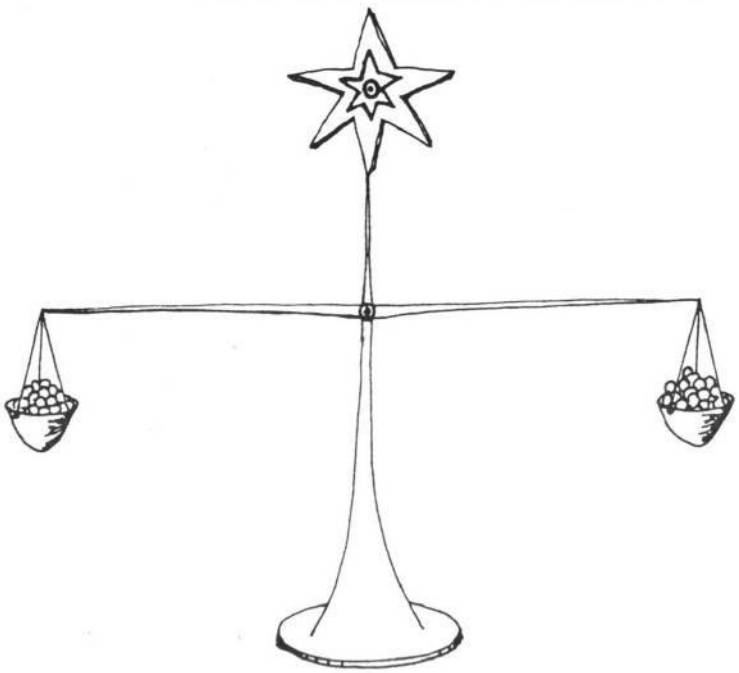
Vegetarian beliefs and practices which look, at first glance, to be spiritual are in actuality imitations, the product of spiritual materialism. This is hard to say, and not just from an intellectual point of view. Recognizing that some of my most cherished beliefs about vegetarianism only served to fatten my ego is personally painful. Writing about pain, and the concomitant loss, is healing.

For more than ten years, the notion of renunciation has been the foundation of my vegetarianism. Essentially, the belief has been that my spiritual advancement is predicated on the degree to which I could, by force of will, renounce or foreswear meat, fish, and fowl. Not only this: I compelled myself to actively resist, through consciousness and conviction, all temptation, to buy or consume animal products such as leather as well as products like soaps and shampoos which contain ingredients of animal origin.

Renunciation was an act of transcendence from an animal or instinctive existence to a higher or spiritual plane. For years, this view had seemed intuitively — indeed, self-evidently — correct. It had been a view, an assumption that, until recently, I did not even think to question.

I didn't think to question it, because I was too busy congratulating myself for practicing it. That is, every time I walked past an ice cream store or turned away from an attractive pair of leather boots, I applauded myself for my discipline, my strength of character. Friends and family — meat-eaters — would express respect for my self-restraint: "I admire your discipline; I could never be so disciplined."

This was precisely what I wanted to hear and secretly delighted in feeling moral and spiritual rectitude. A total



I am ready to jump overboard. I am ready to take my weights off the scale.

vegetarian for ten years, I was racking up the chips which surely I would be able to cash in for nirvana or eternal peace and enlightenment when the time came.

Where was the spiritual growth in this grand vegetarian identity I had forged for myself? Was this renunciation or spiritual self-indulgence? As a spiritual materialist, I was accumulating a vast wealth of shiny vegetarian medals, all under the guise of renunciation, and I didn't even know it.

This, of course, is the horror of spiritual materialism: one daydreams about being awake and humble. But a daydream is not reality. It is not an accurate perception of what really is.

Lest one mistakenly conclude that I am critical of vegetarian renunciation, I hasten to add that it appears to be a necessary and inevitable step to spiritual growth in vegetarianism. Indeed, Tolstoy's classic article in defense of vegetarianism is entitled, "The First Step," and the heart of his thesis is renunciation.

I agree: renunciation is indeed the first step, but it is not the last step. Renunciation is critical in that, at some point, one wakes up to the question: "Who is it that is renouncing meat or dairy or leather?"

Now, if I do not treat this as a rhetorical question and respond to it in a perfunctory way, I am left with a kind of Zen *koan* or riddle. It becomes a burning question, a hot iron ball in my belly, which I must grapple with. I soon come to the realization that renunciation, by its very nature, implies a split, a self-division. One part of me wants to eat meat; another part — presumably the better, more spiritual part — wants to renounce meat. The lower self is forced to renounce for the good of the higher self.

How can there be any reconciliation between the two parts of myself which are forced into conflict by renunciation? Reconciliation can only be accomplished by resignation or repression. Resignation is the result of psychological violence to oneself; repression is its engineer.

I discovered that renunciation could work quite well if I repressed any and all thoughts that kindled desires for meat. I could accomplish this repression by cajoling — "Oh, you don't want any meat, just think how much tastier some tofu would be" — or, if that didn't work, by intimidating: "You obviously don't care how many animals are slaughtered for their flesh every day. Go ahead, be like the other millions of mindless people who eat meat without ever giving it a second thought."

Renunciation meant being "good" and being "different." And not just this but: *better*. In short the belief in and practice of vegetarian renunciation was under the management and control of my *ego*.

When I realized this I was overcome by a sense of powerlessness. How could I undo this reprehensible narcissism? I felt like I was on the edge of a precipice. I thought: "Well, I'll simply renounce renunciation." This idea would have been like jumping off the cliff; it was out of the question. Yet I couldn't go back: I saw too clearly that what I was calling "renunciation" was only serving to fatten a psuedo-spiritual sense of self. I was desperate.

So I flew. I didn't even decide to fly. I would have had to *think* in order to decide and there wasn't time to think.

How did I fly? I flew by letting go of my identity as a spiritual vegetarian. Without an identity one becomes light as a feather and the wind picks you up and does the rest.

I am a vegetarian because I'm a vegetarian. That is all. It's exhilarating, too, to be a vegetarian for no reason at all. Why does an eagle or robin or pelican fly? No one knows. Oh, yes, we do: birds fly to beautify the sky. They fly to inspire us and our young.

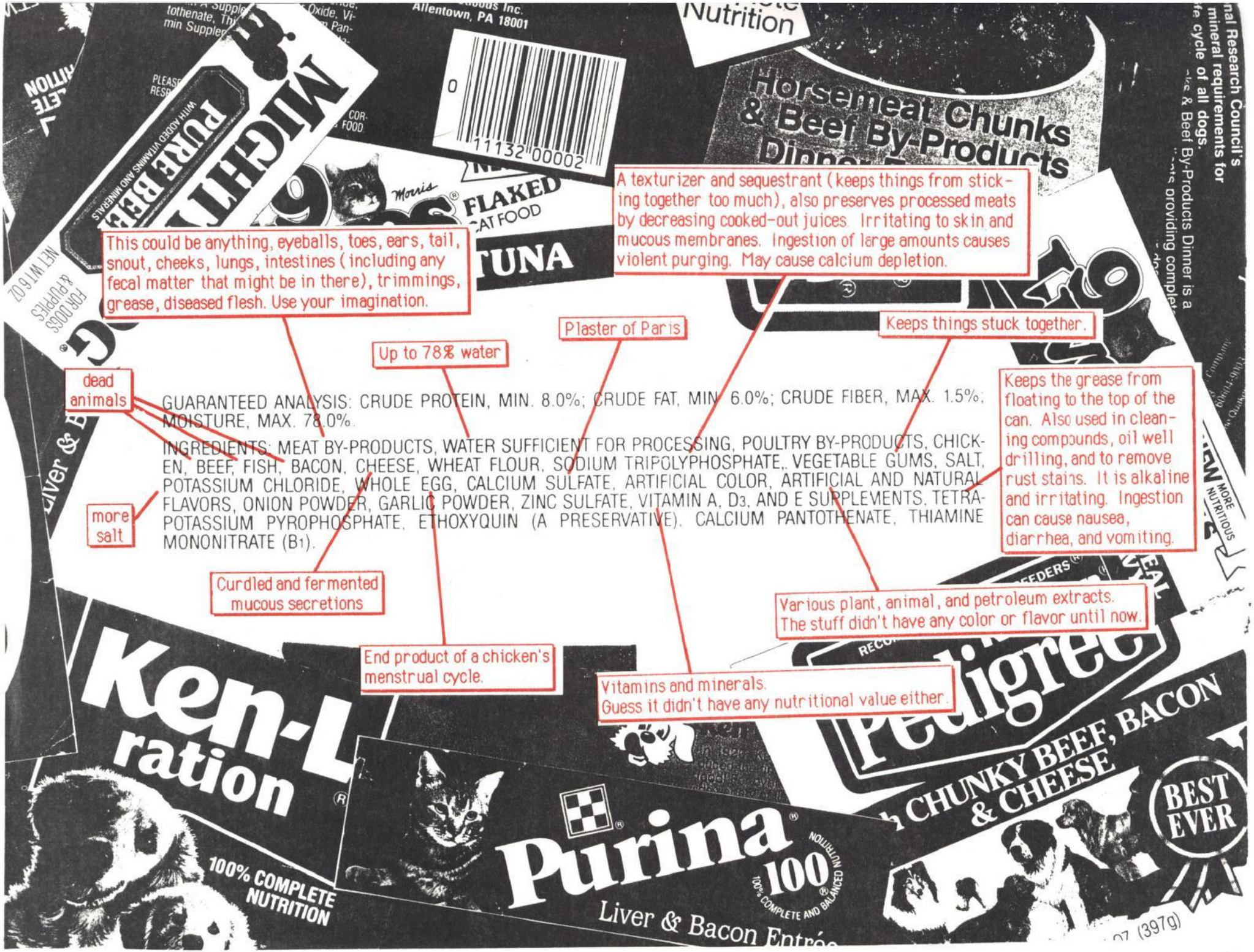
Vegetarians are vegetarians to beautify the world, to inspire others and generations to come. But these are not "reasons" for vegetarianism. They are simply *lived* facts, like birds in flight.

- Robert Epstein



I spread my marbles like seeds. a jubilant arm is raised. The sky's mouth will then open into a smile.

Pete


Allentown, PA 18001
Nutrition
Horsemeat Chunks & Beef By-Products
PURE BEEF
WITH ADDED VITAMINS AND MINERALS
MIGHTY
FLAKED
CAT FOOD
TUNA
This could be anything, eyeballs, toes, ears, tail, snout, cheeks, lungs, intestines (including any fecal matter that might be in there), trimmings, grease, diseased flesh. Use your imagination.
A texturizer and sequestrant (keeps things from sticking together too much), also preserves processed meats by decreasing cooked-out juices. Irritating to skin and mucous membranes. Ingestion of large amounts causes violent purging. May cause calcium depletion.
Plaster of Paris
Up to 78% water
Keeps things stuck together.
dead animals
GUARANTEED ANALYSIS: CRUDE PROTEIN, MIN. 8.0%; CRUDE FAT, MIN. 6.0%; CRUDE FIBER, MAX. 1.5%; MOISTURE, MAX. 78.0%.
INGREDIENTS: MEAT BY-PRODUCTS, WATER SUFFICIENT FOR PROCESSING, POULTRY BY-PRODUCTS, CHICKEN, BEEF, FISH, BACON, CHEESE, WHEAT FLOUR, SODIUM TRIPOLYPHOSPHATE, VEGETABLE GUMS, SALT, POTASSIUM CHLORIDE, WHOLE EGG, CALCIUM SULFATE, ARTIFICIAL COLOR, ARTIFICIAL AND NATURAL FLAVORS, ONION POWDER, GARLIC POWDER, ZINC SULFATE, VITAMIN A, D3, AND E SUPPLEMENTS, TETRAPOTASSIUM PYROPHOSPHATE, ETHOXYQUIN (A PRESERVATIVE), CALCIUM PANTOTHENATE, THIAMINE MONONITRATE (B1).
Keeps the grease from floating to the top of the can. Also used in cleaning compounds, oil well drilling, and to remove rust stains. It is alkaline and irritating. Ingestion can cause nausea, diarrhea, and vomiting.
more salt
Curdled and fermented mucous secretions
Various plant, animal, and petroleum extracts. The stuff didn't have any color or flavor until now.
End product of a chicken's menstrual cycle.
Vitamins and minerals. Guess it didn't have any nutritional value either.
Ken-L ration
100% COMPLETE NUTRITION
Purina 100
100% COMPLETE AND BALANCED NUTRITION
Liver & Bacon Entrée
Pedigree
CHUNKY BEEF, BACON & CHEESE
BEST EVER
MORE NUTRITIOUS
Allentown, PA 18001
11132 00002
Nutritional Research Council's mineral requirements for
cycle of all dogs.
07 (397g)

AVANT-GARDENING



In a recent issue of *Earth First!*, a preposterously possessive writer proposed that gardeners and homesteaders not sell their surplus produce to city folks. (Let them eat Twinkies!) He pleads for the abundance to be composted rather than to nourish an undeserving consumer mob. Economic deprivations and nutritional deficiencies notwithstanding, the writer blunders logically. City folks should be encouraged to stay exactly where they are — in the city. Like bait affixed to the tip of a hook, fresh local produce in plentiful supply from nearby farms indeed lures city dwellers into believing that they can have their cancer and eat their cake too. Deprived of fresh produce, many might flee the city and seek residence among the gardeners and homesteaders. One sprawling suburb.

City folks deserve appreciation, not condemnation. If they all did not live *there*, instead they would spread everywhere, including *here*. Where, then, would our friend the radical composter live? Levittown, Montana.

Some of my best friends are city folks. Most animal activists, for instance, live in cities. That's not surprising, since most people live in cities. What is surprising is that activists seldom experience personal contact with the animals whose lives they work so hard to defend. This removal exists because most farm and wild animals live where few or no people live, on farms (which unfortunately get bigger) and in wilderness (which unfortunately gets smaller).

Much of this country's original prairies and forests have been plundered and plowed into fields for farming and grazing. Remaining woodlands grow as islands in farmlands. Hunted or starved close to extinction by human animals, the larger non–human animals are now absent from the previously teeming forests. A tame and Disneyland atmosphere currently prevails in even national wildlife refuges, many of which have just recently been opened to hunters. As microcosm to macrocosm, typical American suburban homes are adorned by grassy lawns, some which host little islands of gardens. Wild animals are banished even from these gardens, which are far from approximating that of Eden. If just one squirrel samples a tomato or a single rabbit nibbles on lettuce, suburbanites alert the National Guard.

The time is ripe for the old regime to be overthrown by the new. The Avant-Gardener.

Being a vegetarian is fine and good. While friends grill hot dogs on fires and brimstones of summer barbecues you can be very happy (and very healthy) roasting corn–on–the–cob (and having a heart rather than a heart attack). But abstaining from meat and dairy products does not necessarily exonerate one from animal pain and death. The produce seller shouts the price of corn but never whispers stories of the raccoon hunt the month before. In one night by a full moon, three hunters and their thirty dogs stalked forty raccoons up six trees, and within a month the raccoons became hats and coats. All because raccoons eat corn too.

As yet, few people have addressed the issue of animal slaughter on vegetable farms. And, until we do, we may have little idea of the total carnage. Here I report only my query of nearby gardeners on how they resolved their territorial disputes with the other local inhabitants. The wildlife.

"It was them or us," proclaimed Gardener A, "them" being a family of eight woodchucks. He recounted the story with tears in his eyes. Two days and eight shotgun shells later, it was no longer them.

"A barbed wire fence six feet high to keep out the coons," explained Gardener B, "And two feet deep to keep out the chucks." A small garden maybe, with no creeping vines. And maybe after ten autumn harvests the fence will pay for itself.

"No fence alone keeps out raccoons," advised Gardener C, who electrified his. "I hear them let out yelps in the middle of the night." Now we're talking Dachau.

"I gave up," admitted Gardener D. "It's much easier to buy my vegetables from the produce store than to wage war against them critters. Now I grow just flowers." Flower power. Let the farmers do the dirty work.

"One plot of corn for the raccoons. One plot of soybeans for the woodchucks," Gardener E counted out. "And one plot of everything else for me." Solution and redemption. Sometimes I ask questions of people not because I hope to hear what they want to answer, but because I want them to answer what I hope to hear.

An old story recounts a dispute between two

neighbors over a parcel of land that separated their two properties. Each claimed the parcel as his own. The case was brought to the community's old wise man. He carefully listened to each side. Then he bent down and laid his ear upon the ground. He stood up. "The land says it belongs to neither one of you," he said, as he bent down again. He listened to the land a while longer. He stood up again, then deliberated in silence. Finally he spoke. "The land says you both belong to the land."

Hence a new definition for the word "landlord." The Land is the Lord. Call it ancient Paganism, or contemporary ecology, or common sense — as evident as the land you are standing on.

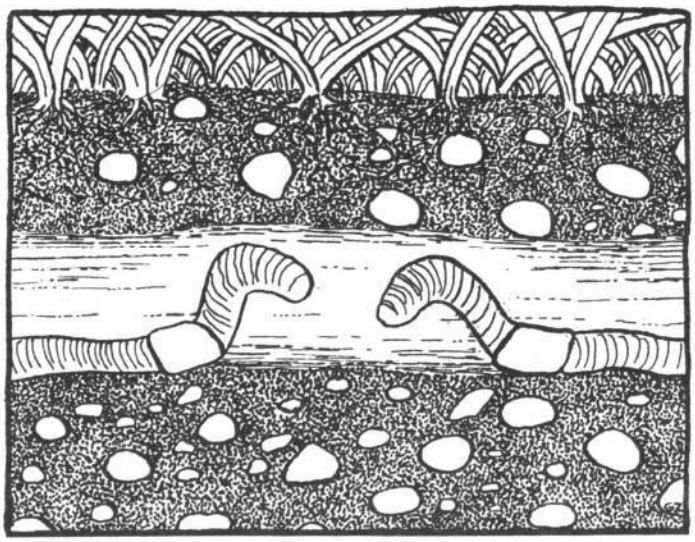
The land was there first. The coons and chucks were there second. I was there long after the coons and chucks. The coons and chucks belong to the land more than do I. And the land belongs to the coons and chucks more than to me. So I share my crops with the land. Composting. And with the land's other tenants. Sharecropping.

Starting with the insects. We need only look upon the insects as friends rather than as enemies, and they will appear as beautiful as any bird. We would be thankful for their presence among us. And under and above us. And sometime, unavoidably, inside us too. Which would you choose to eat with your lettuce and tomato sandwich? Insects or insecticides?

In the absence of insecticides will survive those few species of garden insects that will eat your crops. But so also will survive the other ninety percent that don't, half of which eat other insects. The many species of plant– and insect–eating insects will attract insect–eating reptiles and insect– and reptile–eating birds. The birds will attract bird–eating birds and bird–eating mammals, and all the other birds and mammals too.

So why settle for just a garden of eating when you can have a Garden of Eden?

- **Mark Braunstein** (a refugee from Manhattan who lives in a wildlife refuge where he shares his garden with many visitors.)



I BET YOU, MY WRIGGLY FRIEND, DAT YOU WUZ A GARDENER IN YOU PREVIOUS LIFETIME, AN' DAT IS WHY YOUSE KEEPS GETTIN' CUT IN HALF BY DA SHOVEL.

UH-OH

Birds decide to give up their wings
because flying indulges in an ego trip.
Hermit crabs decide they have to pay rent
on their shells.
Snakes invent banks where they can invest
their sloughed off skins.
Beavers vote to build highrise lodges
above their ponds.
Squirrels expect a minimum wage
for storing nuts in secret.
Earthworm expressways install periodic tollbooths
to help defray construction costs.
Lions build cages, lock themselves in
and charge admission to see them.
Butterflies get rich from fee to see
emergence from chrysalis.
Termite Thoreau goes to live by a dew drop for awhile
before returning to the termite mound.
The turnip and parsnip form a partnership.
Celery wants a salary.
Cows demand humans make their own milk
from their own tits
and eat their own sawn muscles.
Trees agree to sprout money instead of leaves
as long as they can make newspapers
out of human corpses
to print tree-news.
Dust motes go on strike
for safer floating conditions.
One raindrop says to another raindrop —
"I don't believe in clouds
or that we're falling."
Plankton plot how to conquer the ocean.
Seahorses form cavalries and charge
to periwinkle bugle calls.
Mayflies scheme to be more famous as poets
than other mayflies.
Mountains want to get away from it all too,
tired of carrying the world on their shoulders.
Roses make x-rated videos of rosebuds opening.
Sloths realize they better change their lazy ways
or else.
Spiders decide not to spin webs
unless they're displayed in art museums.
Crickets refuse to cricket
unless haikus take notice.
Whales grow back their arms and legs
so they can return to land and work
in our factories.
Flowers want to work in factories too.
They feel funny just sitting around
doing nothing but being beautiful
and smelling good.
Penguins decide to take off their tuxedos
and wear their bum-clothes for a change.

- Antler

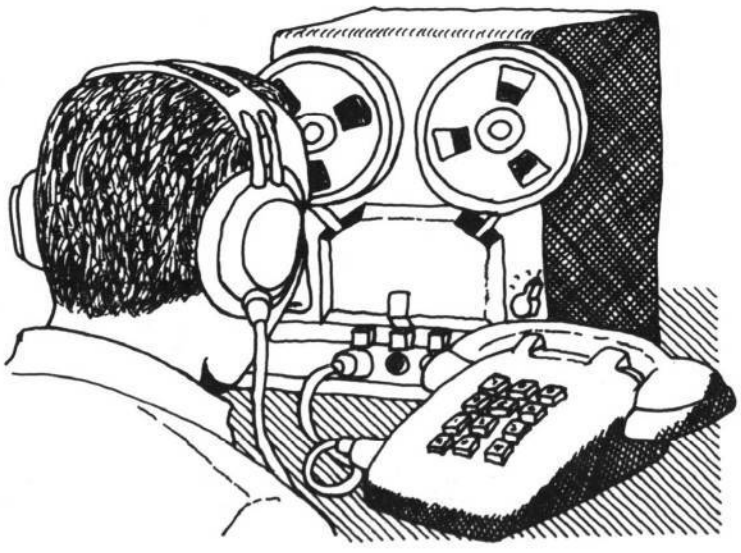


SHHHHH...

It has come to light, via the Fran Trutt case, that the animal rights movement has been successfully infiltrated. This sort of occurrence can lead to exaggerated suspicion. In fact, the opposition not only benefits by obtaining inside information and by setting people up for a fall, they also benefit by breaking down our trust in each other. When an agent provocateur is exposed within the folds of any political grouping, people naturally get confused and start to doubt one another. Energy is then focused away from radical thought and activity and is instead devoted to fear and mistrust. By making this analysis we don't want to fan the fires of needless paranoia, but to reiterate what can never be said enough.

• Certain information is very easy for the opposition to get. Other information is far less accessible. Strategies, covert activities, the real name of the person behind the pen name, certain "special" addresses like safe-houses, who is involved in publishing subversive literature, rescuing animals, and spiking trees, and other important bits of information can usually only be obtained by word of mouth. If *you* don't say anything *they* would never be able to find out.

• When thinking about security, one of the first things to consider is the level of "sensitivity" of your statements. If you have information (or speculations) about something that you think should remain secure, err on the side of safety and keep it to yourself. Think about what possible purpose would be served by telling someone and remember that whoever you are talking to will probably talk to others. In the U.S., where there is the grand jury system, just knowing something can land you in jail. By telling someone something, you may actually be putting them in jeopardy. Protect yourself, your companions, and the person you might consider telling something to and keep your lips-locked. Despite the fact that the "need to know" philosophy often can come off as elitist and authoritarian, it is absolutely essential to successful sabotage.



• Real security at larger gatherings is impossible. Connections between people are so vague. We are always amazed at how loose people can get when they are surrounded by large numbers of people they think are like-minded. Mary Lou Sapone, the informant who set up Fran Trutt, has been to the Earth First! Rendezvous and was rubbing elbows with all sorts at the Toronto gathering. Anyone can call themselves an anarchist, even a cop.

• Telephones, even pay telephones, are not secure. According to **Without a Trace**, a very useful book on all aspects of security:

> ...telephone company computers automatically record the time at which every call is made, its duration, the telephone number from which it was made, and the telephone number called.... In essence, what this does is give the police almost instantaneous access to records of every telephone communication made. By merely making a polite and informal request of the telephone company, they can discover a whole network of communications and relationships among certain communities of whose activities they do not approve. This gives them vast intelligence gathering resources which are as potentially damaging to comrades involved in legal activities as those using more secretive means. Thus, for example, the police can now determine that during a particular political crisis, Activist A immediately made lengthy calls to Activist B, C, and D, as well as shorter ones to Activist E, F, G, and H. Or conceivably, following a bombing in which a telephoned threat was made, the police may be able to determine the pay booth from which the warning was made. On the basis of this instantaneous information, they may be able to rush to the booth, and collect more specific traces of the caller, such as fingerprints, hair and textile fibers, and so on. They might even run a check on adjacent booths, and find out that immediately after calling in the warning, the caller switched to another booth, in order to verify having made the call to another comrade involved in the action.



All this without even hearing the conversation. In addition to the standard method of listening to conversations, i.e. phone tapping, there are other more sophisticated eavesdropping techniques. One is picking up the microwave transmission from all long distance phone calls and possibly some local calls. Talking long distance is never secure, it is like broadcasting over a radio; anyone with the proper equipment can tune in. The same is true of mobile phones. Conversations can also be listened in on with highly sensitive microphones directed at the house or phone booth by a person in a van near by.

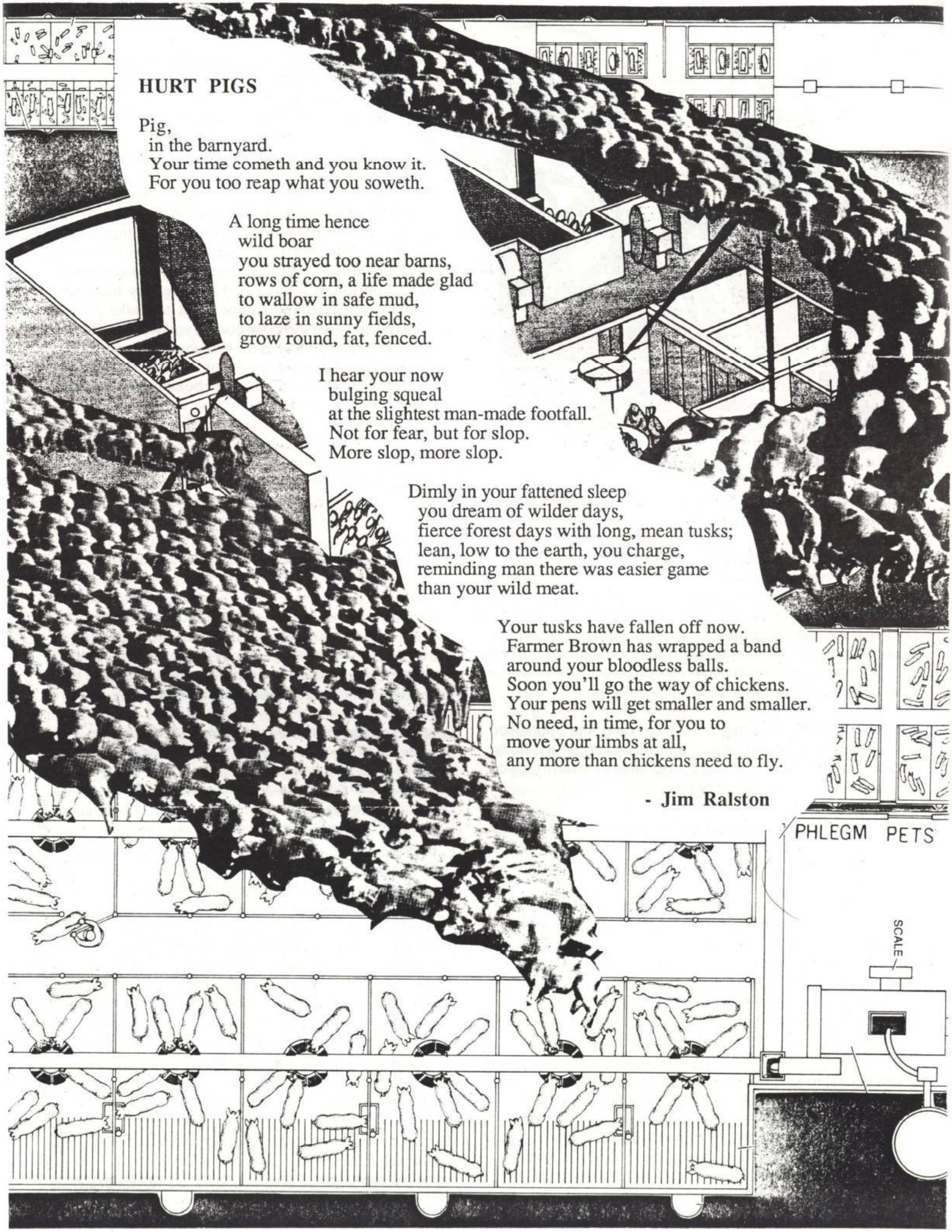
• Anything tricky you might think of doing, the opposition would also think of. Whenever there is a struggle, it is never a good idea to underestimate the opponents, even if they do have doughnut crumbs for brains.

When common sense security fails and you find yourself confronted by the "law", there are certain things that might be useful to keep in mind. As Avi Naftel suggests:

> The best bet is to avoid giving the police cooperation. Now I know there are those who will think that it is safer and will not rouse suspicion to comply with the police request - but this is a myth. The more you cooperate with a policeman who is harassing you, the more trouble you'll get in. If you get busted, your behavior following the arrest is important to concentrate on. While in police custody many tricks will be used against you. The first is to get you to talk. It is never good to talk with police. Anything you say can and will be used against you. The act of denying that you did anything may sound plausible to you, but to the police it's interpreted differently. When you deny something, you admit that you know something happened; if you know it happened you must be involved. This is how the police think, no matter how reasonable the questioning may seem. A nice cop is a devious cop who will lead you down the path of trust and deals, only to drop you into the pit of hell when he's through with you. Never talk to police! When arrested, keep your mouth shut.
>
> The police are not authorized to make a deal with you. They may promise you a light sentence or immunity or other plea bargain benefits for your cooperation. Don't fall for this ruse. The only one able to make a deal with you is the prosecuting attorney. If you do take a deal, make sure it's in writing and accepted by the court prior to cooperating. If you want to make a deal whereby you give someone else up you will not only be a scumbag [not worthy of the shit you are made of], but you will also be at the mercy of whatever the police want, since they know you won't be safe in the general population of the jail. No one respects a snitch, especially the police. If you make a deal without it being in writing and witnessed by your attorney, it's probably going to screw you up. This is one of the ways the police get you to admit to doing something when they don't have a solid case to take to the prosecutor.
>
> It's all a game to get you to buckle under. In circumstances involving two or more accused, the police will lie and tell you your partner gave up all the information they seek on you so it's best for you to cooperate. This is one of the best games they play. Don't fall for it. Arrange in advance with your partners that no one will fold under any circumstance, and hold to that trust. If you can't trust your partners to that degree, don't join them in any 'illegal' activity.

And if you don't know a person well enough to know whether they can be trusted — Think before you speak.

On November 11, 1988, Fran Trutt was arrested for allegedly planting a pipe bomb in the parking space of the President of U.S. Surgical Corporation, known for stapling dogs. She is being held on attempted murder charges with a $500,000 bond. It has since been revealed that Trutt was convinced to plant the bomb by a supposedly close friend, Mary Lou Sapone, and was aided by another, Mark Mead. Both Mead and Sapone were hired by a company supporting animal exploitation, Perceptions International (which shares its office with Perceptions Publishing, a group of industry spies and FBI snitches that currently publish a newsletter reporting on information they collect from the mainstream press and by their paid informants within the animal liberation movement.) For a more detailed account of the Trutt case and updates contact: Ecomedia, P.O. Box 915, Station F, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M4Y 2N9.



HURT PIGS

Pig,
in the barnyard.
Your time cometh and you know it.
For you too reap what you soweth.

A long time hence
wild boar
you strayed too near barns,
rows of corn, a life made glad
to wallow in safe mud,
to laze in sunny fields,
grow round, fat, fenced.

I hear your now
bulging squeal
at the slightest man-made footfall.
Not for fear, but for slop.
More slop, more slop.

Dimly in your fattened sleep
you dream of wilder days,
fierce forest days with long, mean tusks;
lean, low to the earth, you charge,
reminding man there was easier game
than your wild meat.

Your tusks have fallen off now.
Farmer Brown has wrapped a band
around your bloodless balls.
Soon you'll go the way of chickens.
Your pens will get smaller and smaller.
No need, in time, for you to
move your limbs at all,
any more than chickens need to fly.

- Jim Ralston

LETTERS

I'm writing in response to the #3 issue of *Lomakatsi*, which in my opinion is a great literary pursuit, very informative with an edge of humor that eludes the casual eye...

However, upon reading the article titled "Supermarket Sabotage," I came into a conflict of interests in the paragraph subtitled "Engage in Olfactory Warfare;" it states:

"... Engage the senses of shoppers by creating a real stench. This can be accomplished by hiding fresh meat and other perishable products on the backs of shelves, behind paper towels, rolls of toilet paper, cat litter and similar large items. After a few days the goods will go bad and begin to smell... and whenever possible, to tear part of the wrapper to expedite spoilage..."

To fully understand the implications of this "suggestion" let's illustrate a fictional account and observe a potential outcome;

Granny Gumphrey picks up a package of meat (alias: dead animal) with a ripped wrapper which she doesn't notice, since she looks out of bifocals as thick as Coke bottles, drops it in the basket/cart, drives home and feeds it to her grandchildren who are mysteriously afflicted with food poisoning after a "good hearty meal."

So hey, I don't advocate the spreading of a malady from some revolutionary vegetarian who pulls pranks of this demeanor on the unsuspecting public; and it doesn't prove anything to hide a package of dead animals behind the kitty litter to rot pointlessly for days on end... Granted it's a gruesome burial for domestic animals that is labelled "OK" by the indiscriminate carnivorous mob, but let's stick with the stickers and leave it at that. —**Julian Hamilton**, San Jose, CA

"Supermarket Sabotage" evoked an array of responses, ranging from vague visions to cosmic condemnation. We try to avoid being particularly judgmental about the many different "paths" one can take, leaving the decision and the responsibility for that decision up to the individual. Most of the time, we like to keep our tongue fairly close to our cheek. As for Granny, what was she doing looking for dinner behind the kitty litter? —**LC**

A crucial aspect of food consumption that can't be ignored is the packaging of items. Most cans contain aluminum and lead, slow-acting poisons. There is also the recent trend toward packaging food in plastic and/or styrofoam, products which give off toxins in every phase of their production and disposal. Plastic isn't the most stable material, and the longer anything sits in it, the more the molecules mix — I'm sure everyone has "tasted" plastic. Plus these items aren't biodegradable. Glass is heavier (probably why it's use is being de-emphasized — you can buy more shit if it's lighter), but also recyclable, and doesn't interfere with the flavor of the food stored in it. While it's true that plastic bags can be re-used (and we at Post Urban Digs re-use them until they fall apart), the point is that they don't need to be made: linen, straw, even paper are better since all these products are biodegradable.

Many packaging companies are tied to the food producing companies — or other cash crop companies like RJ Reynolds-Nabisco (tobacco crackers wrapped in aluminum (Alzheimer's) foil — yummy!).

Loved the short piece on farts. The only problem was the statement that merely soaking beans in water for three hours will reduce flatulence-causing ingredients: this doesn't work very effectively. The best way we've found is to soak the little devils overnight; drain; cook for an hour with half an onion; remove the onion; drain; then cook again with the other half of the onion. While it's true that some of the nutrients will be removed, it's made up for by having a lack of offensive odors. The onion is a neat little bulb: it has the capacity to remove toxins from whatever it comes in contact with.

The article "Eat it Raw" contains elements of absolutist dogma, which always makes me uncomfortable, even if I happen to agree with most of the points.

The short mention of maple syrup confused me when it's referred to as "too whole." What does that mean? And while I understand the main point about eating raw food, what's the problem with the process of boiling down? Most of the nutrients remain in the finished concentrated item (including cane syrup). We enjoy eating jams and using tomato paste, and each can't be made without removing a lot of moisture from the fruits and tomatos.

Concerning onions, garlic, and peppers, the points are well taken, however as was the case with the rest of this issue of the magazine, certain aspects of food have been completely overlooked. One is packaging the other is the medicinal qualities of herbs and other plants. Onions (as previously mentioned) have the capacity for removing toxins, and garlic can be used for almost anything from curing a sore throat at the first sign of symptoms (by eating a fresh, raw, whole clove) to aiding in the treatment of hemorrhoids (you take a fresh, raw, whole clove and stick it where the sun don't shine!) And don't worry about the lingering odors — just munch a handful of raw fresh parsley at the same time (it also relaxes muscles and helps reduce the discomfort of menstrual cramps).

The reasons for not eating meat because it's not raw, whole, and fresh is a refreshingly new approach. However, as with the ignored medicinal qualities of plants, an important aspect of animal products is overlooked. Animals are not just potential food (and the point about having to eat the disgusting sounding and looking parts like the eyes, brains, genitals, etc. in order for it to be whole is dishonest, since these parts are in fact used in hot dogs, sausages, bologna, and head cheese — excuse me while I go get some); even in this culture of waste, all parts of the slaughtered beasts are used: hides for leather, hooves and bones for glue, bones for fertilizer, ugly meat for pet food, etc. To do otherwise makes no sense under the domination of Capital. Not thinking about the non–food uses of dead animals is one of the serious

shortcomings of vegan and vegetarian theory. This is generally a result of a *philosophical* basis for not eating our four–legged, winged, and swimming siblings (the sentient being argument, the horrors of factory farming argument, the unsanitary/hormones/antibiotics argument, etc.) The reasons *we* (P.U.D.ers)don't eat meat are more practical: it makes us physically ill, the amount of food it takes to raise a cow can be used to feed many more people, and there is no more alienated product around that is consumed on a daily basis (by "alienated" we mean that each step in the process of getting meat on a plate in front of a face is a separation of contact: the animal is raised and cared for, is then slaughtered, then packaged, then distributed, then bought and prepared — a long process. As such we have no objections to people killing their food themselves. Plant foods are generally harvested by the same people who grow them, then transported and purchased; less steps, less alienation. Try to perform some task by yourself to determine how much alienation goes into it before a product reaches you.) If it didn't make us sick, we still wouldn't eat meat. However, if it didn't make us sick and we decided that raising or hunting animals was the way to go, we wouldn't waste parts of the animal generally considered to be inedible. Seeing only potential food when looking at an animal is the view of an ethnocentric person who is alienated from real life and its dynamics. —**blueberry**, Nehalem, OR

Thanks for your insights and for filling in the blanks. It is impossible to present all of the aspects of any particular issue, and we don't presume to be able to. So, we look forward to the thoughtful input of others. —**LC**

I was quite impressed by the depth and intelligence and humor of the pieces in *Lomakatsi*. I especially enjoyed the daring anti-puritanism and good humor of "Consuming Passions."

There are a few areas though where I think your critique could go further. Before going into that I want to clarify that I eat a predominantly raw, frugivorous vegan diet, which I find very pleasurable and invigorating. So what I am about to say is not an attempt to put down veganism. It is an attempt to show that the issue of how we eat is a complex issue that encompasses more than simply opting for a vegan. I get the impression that you are all quite aware of this, but feel that you haven't dealt with some questions adequately.

While there is no question that organic produce is far less poisonous than non–organic produce, it is far from perfect. Not only are there permissible organic poisons (at least in the Oregon and California organic codes), but large-scale organic farms, from which most of the organic produce in grocery stores comes, are extremely oppressive places to work. I know because I worked at one for a few days of the slow seasons. Even at that time, the days were long, the work was back breaking and the pay was low. We were supposed to be enthused because we were producing healthier food to make some rich hippy richer, ignoring the fact that we were damaging our backs and generally damaging our health by daily exhausting ourselves. I also noticed that the owner did most of his work on a tractor which had to be putting exhaust fumes into the soil and so into the plants. But even more astounding was what I experienced in 1985 in Oregon. At that time there was a massive genocidal campaign against the Gypsy moth. The state of Oregon used an insecticide that was permitted for use on organic produce, a bacteria that killed the moth by making it incapable of either digesting food or eliminating waste. This bacteria did not just affect the Gypsy moth. My sinuses — the weakest part of my body — became clogged every time they sprayed. I know other people who suffered from severe constipation, nausea, severe headaches and similar problems. Cats, dogs, and goats are reported to have shat and spit up blood. And this from an organic insecticide. My point in all this is not to encourage people to eat non-organic food — clearly, organic is less poisonous. But, as long as we are dependent on the work–and–pay civilization for our food, we can't be sure of what we're consuming. Since pollution affects even wild plants, while it's wise to make our diets as healthy as possible, we won't be able to have a completely healthy diet until civilization is eradicated.

I also think that it's important to recognize that the domestication of plants, like the domestication of animals, is an oppressive relationship that very much intertwines with human domestication. Macauley points out that the domestication of animals deforms their lives and their sexuality. The same is true of the domestication of plants. Some modern scientific experimentation (for what it's worth) is beginning to confirm the claims of primitive peoples (whose active participation as part of wild nature gives their views of its beings more validity than any scientist's) that plants are feeling beings. The equivalent of castration occurs in the domestication of plants, as does forced breeding and artificial insemination. Plants are forced to grow in an utterly unnatural monoculture environment which makes them more susceptible to disease and insects and are forcefed unnatural chemicals to make them grow over–large. Considering the attack on a plant's vibrancy that domestication involves, it's no surprise that while I find forests and wild meadows sexually arousing, I find fields of domesticated plants disgusting.

There is a very direct relationship between the domestication of plants and the intensity of human domestication. Growing crops requires an intense awareness of time and extensive planning for the future. It also requires intensive labor. The lives of gatherer/hunters are mostly lives of play, feasting, and resting. The lives of farmers are mostly spent in tending the fields — i.e. in working. Pleasure and play have to be repressed to guarantee that the crops succeed.

Ultimately, any liberatory movement has to confront the domination and domestication of plants, as well as that of animals, since it too is a part of the totality of the domination and domestication that is civilization. It is in this light that I

LETTERS

choose to understand what John Zerzan says toward the end of his piece on agriculture: "With the abolition of private property, there might be a casual, perhaps transitional, propagation of species á la Johnny Appleseed, who planted thousands of apple trees in the Ohio Valley, with no regard for extorting production from the land via fences and plows, much less industrial poisons and machine harvesting." Why wait for the abolition of private property? If we don't respect that institution, what better way to defy it than scattering seeds of plants that will be able to grow wildly and in the process maybe help in small ways to break down civilization. We've all seen the damage that growing plants can do to cement sidewalks and foundations. In a small way, this is a step toward the re–creation of wilderness in even the most civilized of areas, areas in which domestication can begin to break down. Feral gardens will appear, capable, if left to themselves, of spreading over and destroying the ugly monuments of civilization. If we wish to go wild ourselves — and I know I do — we will need such feral gardens to give us food. When we can all live as wild beings — plants and animals (including humans) — then we will truly be free.

For a free, wild, life, — **Feral Faun**, Eugene, OR

We don't really follow your notion of how "a completely healthy diet" is **only** possible when civilization is eradicated. You seem to suggest that all food is contaminated by the waste of civilization and that we can only be free of these contaminants when the whole system crumbles into one big heap. Many toxic wastes will be around long after the demise of civilization as we know it. Modern patriarchal society is indeed the root of many of our problems, but we believe we are capable of living healthy lives before the monolith collapses, and we feel it is essential to try. Focusing so much energy on society as such, letting it control us by either conforming or blaming it for all of our problems gives it more power than it deserves. There are many reasons why the end of "civilization" as we know it would be a wonderfully liberatory thing, but we think we can be very healthy and maybe even happy, while it is being demolished.

Many people have tried to argue that plants are "feeling beings". In the first issue of *Lomakatsi* we even raised the issue. However it seems to us that this is just another insidious anthropomorphism. Plants have a variety and exquisite beauty that we can only just begin to comprehend. Clearly, as John Zerzan and others have suggested, their domestication is offensive. But to suggest that this is because it doesn't respect their feelings is patronizing. Who knows if they feel or don't and what difference does it make? What we do to them, or better still, what we don't do to them, should come from a recognition that they are ecologically and spiritually connected to other life (this is probably a better characterization of what primitive people believed, not that plants have "feelings".) We share your conclusion, but for different reasons.

Finally, your suggestion about spreading the seeds of wild plants is wonderful. Kudzu would probably do a great number on the Trump Towers! One of our favorite things to photograph is the triumph of nature over "culture" — grass growing through sidewalks and roads, vines clinging to the skeleton of a building, etc. If anyone has similar aesthetic tastes, we would love to see your pictures. Maybe they'll fit in the next issue. — **LC**

Next Time...

Lomakatsi is a continually changing collective project. Each issue of the magazine has a different tone and feel to it. The word "lomakatsi" is Hopi Indian and means "the good life" or "life in balance" — harmony among humans, animals and the rest of nature. It is the opposite of "koyaanisqatsi". Through the magazine we strive to create a balance, carefully adjusting theory and practice, thought and action. *Lomakatsi*, in some ways, reflects our inner struggle toward balance. We attempt to honestly reveal ourselves in an effort to share our ideas and visions with you.

The fifth issue of *Lomakatsi* will be loosely devoted to the ways in which **technology** has affected our perception of the world and our planet's prospects for a future. We hope to include a detailed discussion of alternative ways to live in a decaying culture. Some of the ideas we would like to include are:

- Alternatives to Agriculture
  - Permaculture
  - Natural Farming
  - foraging, etc.
- Herbal medicine
- A critique of the management mentality
- The implications of a computer culture
- An examination of alternative living space
- Reproductive technology
- Activism in the age of high–tech
- Information control
- Ideas for action
- Fact sheets



Lomakatsi was originally conceived to provide a forum for discussion. The input we have received since the beginning has been a vital part of the magazine. We encourage you to send in your comments and ideas in words or graphix. This list is by no means complete. If you would like to contribute articles or artwork on any of these or related topics, please mail them to:

Lomakatsi
Box 633, 1377 K Street N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

Lomakatsi is an anti-profit publication. Feel free to copy and distribute any information provided in the magazine.

In this issue:

- Spiritual Materialism and Vegetarian Renunciation
- Avant-Gardening
- South Africa (two million years ago)
- Speciesism
- Pet Food
- Remnants of a Conversation (with Rachel Rosenthal)
- cartoons, poems, and more

