raggedy an"archy's guide to



vegan baking and the universe

raggedy an"archy collaborates with the muffin man to bring you over 55 all-bad-for-you vegan recipes and her own personal rants on just about everything.

if you read nothing else...

read this.

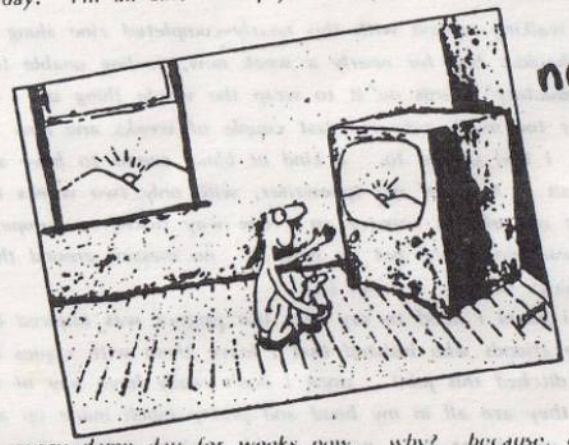
i've been walking around with this nearly-completed zine slung over my shoulder in my shoulder bag for nearly a week now, feeling unable to put these final "introductory" words on it to wrap the whole thing up. i've been working on it far too much over the last couple of weeks and now that it's time to finish it, i feel unable to. a kind of block seems to have swept over me. so here i sit in front of my typewriter, with only two weeks to go before i take off out of this country on a one way ticket to europe, and it's time to write these words and get on with it. no messin' around this time. i've got other things to do. i mean it.

first off, i guess i need to say that this project was inspired by some of my very close friends who insisted that i leave them with copies of my recipes before i ditched this joint. since i don't really have any of my recipes written, rather, they are all in my head and pretty much made up as i go along, i knew it was gonna be a pretty sizable project getting these to them. i figured i might as well pass this stuff on to anyone else who might want it too while i'm at it. in addition, i've been really inspired lately by all the little zines being put out here and there by countless creative and discontented life-lovin' people who, whether they like it or not, i believe are one essential part of creating a lovely revolutionary movement... i can't and don't want to imagine a revolution void of creative expression and constant questioning/evaluation/self-criticism and i think the current zine explosion plays a really vital role in ensuring this does not happen. (but then, i always like to make things bigger than they are!) it's about simple people just like you and me having their say and having a fun time doing it. this is cool. this is fantastic. i didn't want to be left out of it, i thought i might have a thing or two to add to thoughts already being thrown around out there, so all this together makes what you now hold in your hands.

this is also where i think i'm unhappy with this project and perhaps a part of the reason i've been having such a hard time finishing it up. as i've read back through all these things i've written over the last few days, i feel this deep sense that something is greatly lacking in all these thoughts i've spewed to you in these pages. sure, these sentiments are very fine and dandy. but i've realized i don't feel i've really offered anything new, anything challenging, anything to shake things up, encourage thought. i personally get rather tired of the same old flap-trap and now i fear i've fallen into it myself. so if i may, i think i'm going to turn this bit of an introdution over to some of the thoughts that have been consuming me lately and maybe it'll

suffice to fulfill my need to say something. different. or not...

like i said earlier, i'm planning on taking off outta here in just a couple of short weeks. my plane ticket's bought - one way because i'm not sure i'm coming back - my money is saved, i even went and got traveler's checks the other day. i'm all set. i'm psyched. yet i've found myself crying over



leaving every damn day for weeks now. why? because, quite truthfully, i'm scared shitless to go.

i'm 23 years old, a womyn. i've lived in the same town my whole life, have had a stable group of neat-o friends and a fantastic two year old relationship with a man i'm currently madly in love with. life's been good to me. but it's not been enough. i could easily see myself continuing this existence i live in now and for the most part i would probably be relatively content. but it's too easy. i don't feel challenged, and when i look at it truthfully, what i really see is far too much time spent in blah-dom, carrying on in existence mode, instead of time spent really living, feeling, being out in the world experiencing all sorts of different people and ideas, laughing, playing, learning.

i don't think it's any surprise, really, that i've found myself caught in blah-dom and unable to really feel completely **alive/living** as no doubt everything around us/me conspires against this; work/endless recovery from work, ingenuine relationships with family, the grocery clerk, the people we work with, alienation from each other -even our firends, really- and from our own feelings, denial of desires and dreams by external forces and the cops in our very own heads...but this is getting preachy and i don't want to do that.

i guess what it really boils down to the most for me at this moment in my life is this last one though - my own denial of my desires and dreams in exchange for the comfort and stablility of what i have here in sacramento, what i know. but i don't want to live this way anymore. that is, staying with what is comfortable and what i know because i am fearful of anything

else. because i don't think it is actually living. and i've spend nearly 24 years existing and it's time to do something different. to live. i want to take on challenges and most importantly, take risks. i'm coming to the conclusion that life isn't actually possible without great risks.

but i'm scared shitless. i've never been alone, am ashamed to say that this independent-minded womyn has been partnered non-stop since age 15, and i have always had people around me to fall back on if i needed it. perhaps even more scary to me than being alone though is discovering that if i'm going to live a truely free life, a life where i'm real to myself and others and true to my desires, i've got to tear down alot of the shit facades i've built up over years in an effort to project an image to the world, to other anarchists, punks, whatever, to gain acceptance, recognition, assurance of my being and my place in this world.

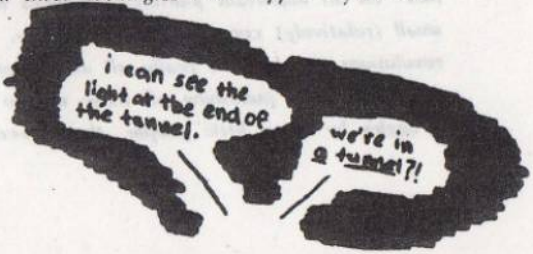
this zine, for instance, is full of such images. all these anarcho-punkey-radical buzzwords throughout, what are they really about? nothing, really, not in the whole realm of life/living. they're just words, while i still haven't a really clue about living a truely alternative, revolutionary, free life.



these words are just to give you the impression i have a clue. (maybe this is my biggest struggle of all? living the up to the words i hold so true and so much enjoy spewing?)

yes, i truely do want to liberate the world, free it from its so many oppressions, but damn-it, i want to liberate myself too! i want to be free, to smash my own oppressions, and i'm not just talking of the oppressions like patriarchy and the state that keep me/all of us down, but my own internal fucking oppression, my need to project certain images, that make me a slave to personality and politics and ideals, that keep me from speaking my true feelings or from doing something i really want to do -arming my desires- because i fear rejection/non-acceptance.

i want to open my mind to everyone and everything, not just people and ideas deemed acceptable by all these ideologies i've trapped myself in.



i'm tired of constantly looking at everything through these damn p.c/anarchistically correct spectacles, judging, comparing. i want to throw off the subtle competative bullshit that consumes me and our community as we calculate who's more anarachist or more committed of a vegan or militant or freer sexually or... i don't have time to live with this. i mean, come on! this is our lives right now. i personally don't feel i have the time to waste it on such petty stuff. (yet i do, day after day.) do you?

look, life ain't no joke. you're in it right now, at this very moment, and every second you spend it consumed by bullshit, by totally faked relations with others, (your peers/friends, family, co-workers, etc.), by caring what others think of you, by not listening to your heart and arming your desires, by putting your life off until next week when it's more convenient because today you've got to go to work or school, you can forget it. once again, existence has won over life. we who talk so much of freedom and not letting anyone or anything control us have been duped again.

so these are the thoughts that have been consuming me. and now i'm jumping off and i am preparing myself to mentally attack all these internal and external forces, the cops in my head and on the streets, trying to steal my life from me. i hope i can. i hate the alternative. that's the scariest thought i can think of.

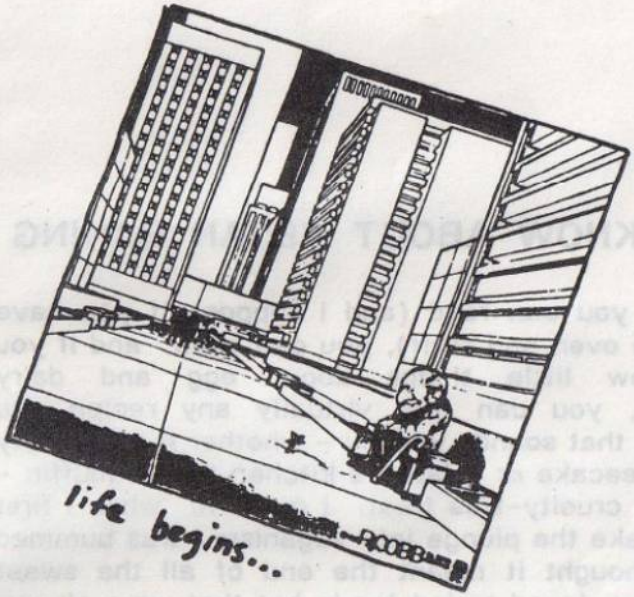
and you?

*so i'll wrap this up cuz i'm sick to death of looking at this book and i want to start my packing. of course thanks to all my friends and all the people and bands and things that have inspired me to absolutely no end and have helped me in my questioning and learning...oh and who have helped me lots with this zine in one way or another. i also want to thank all the people from around europe, anarchists and those who wrote back "no **way** am i an anarchist - you've got me wrong!" who have sent me the coolest letters offering to open their homes and lives and time for me. i've been truely blown away by the coolness and generosity of these folks. whatever they call themselves, it's been fantastic to see the willingness of comrades the world over to give of themselves for a fellow comrade -whom they've never even met- on an important journey. it gives me a really warm feeling about our small (relatively) community of resistance. supporting each other inour own revolutions is what it's really all about anyway, huh? i'm thinking my next project may be publishing all these neat-o letters telling of the resistance and struggles by these little people, these average folks, throughout all of europe.*

this is truely where i get so much of my inspiration. my desire to live and share and experience.

carry on, but not as you are.

write!
raggedy anarchy
c/o 4942 kurz circle
carmichael, ca 95608, usa



ALLS I KNOW ABOUT VEGAN BAKING

hey, if you can read (and i suppose if you have access to an oven and stuff), you can bake. and if you know a few little things about egg and dairy substitutions, you can turn virtually any recipe you come across that sounds yummy - whether it be a betty crocker coffeecake or a laurel's kitchen health muffin - into a tasty, cruelty-free treat. i mean it! when i first decided to take the plunge into veganism i was bummed because i thought it meant the end of all the sweet things i always loved to indulge in but that were always choc full of bad things like eggs and such. but after reading around a bit and experimenting some i found out this was not at all so! get this --- the other day for a friend's birthday we ate - all entirely made from scratch - a brownie hot fudge and hot caramel ice cream sundae, complete with "whipped cream", peanut butter 'n chocolate, "chunky monkey", and mint chocolate chip ice creams, an awesome fudgie brownie, nuts, marachino cherries, and of course, both sauces. mmmmm. so it totally can be done. you bet. now here's a few things i've figured out that maybe you can use so that you can make whatever you want to, too.

first of all, let's look at why things like milk,

butter and eggs are used in baked things anyway. let's start with milk.

milk (light cream) is used in baked products to give moisture, sometimes flavor, and color (it'll make baked things a kind of more golden color). buttermilk is often called for in recipes and this is to provide a different kind of flavor and also sometimes to serve as the acid that activates the baking soda in the recipe so your thing will rise.

in the case of regular milk, there is no problem with substituting soymilk. you can do this one for one and it will provide the same results as if you used cow's milk. sometimes it's even just fine to substitute water for the milk. it's really your call. in recipes calling for light cream, make your own by combining one cup minus one tablespoon of soymilk with one tablespoon melted vegan margarine for one cup of light cream. now, with buttermilk, the solution is also a simple one, and again you've got to do a little ingredients combining. that is, for every one cup of buttermilk a recipe calls for measure one cup of soymilk minus one tablespoon, and add one tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar, letting the mixture sit for five minutes or so. wa-la. there's your buttermilk. simple. oh, and in recipes calling for scorched milk, make sure you also scorch your soymilk 'cuz somehow this process changes the protein structure which is necessary for some recipes to turn out right.

as with this butter stuff, well, butter is often called for instead of margarine probably because of some dairy industry plot that bought off all cookbook manufacturers and made them print "butter". there's no problem with substituting margarine one for one (make sure there's no whey in it.) BUT, don't substitute products labeled "spreads" for butter or margarine cuz they've got a completely different fat make-up/content, and you won't end up with the same baked thing that you had really hoped you would. kay?

finally we've got these slimy egg things that can sometimes give me a really big headache when i'm looking for good substitutes. eggs are used in recipes for any number of reasons. one big one that i've finally figured out is that they're sometimes just used because tradition dictates so. you know, it's not a real cake

unless you've got some eggs in it. bullshit! forget it. sometimes you can leave out the eggs and add no substitute and your baked thing works out just fine.

the three main reasons eggs are in baked things tho is to add liquid to the recipe and keep things moist, to leaven the baked goods (make 'em rise), and to bind the ingredients together so your brownie doesn't just turn out a pile of crumbs. now, replacing the liquid of an egg in a recipe is easy -- you can just substitute about 2 1/2 tablespoons of any kind of liquid for each egg the recipe calls for. keeping the products moist is another story tho, and i've found very few great vegan cakes that have that same moist texture as the old egg-y cakes had. one way you can do it (and in this case, ignore the 2 1/2 tbs. bit) is by substituting 1/2 a mashed banana or 1/4 c applesauce or other fruit puree per egg. of course, a slight banana or apple flavor in your chocolate cake may seem a bit weird though. the best one i've found is blending about two ounces of mashed tofu with the liquid in the recipe for each egg called for. tofu really doesn't have much flavor and i think does the best job of moisturizing.

the leavening aspect of eggs is a weird one because some recipes rely soley on beaten egg whites (like angel cakes) for their rising power and in these cases little can be done to substitute. just give it up. most other things work just fine tho if you only add an extra 1/2 tsp of baking powder per egg. easy.

finally, for the binding property of eggs, both the banana and tofu methods mentioned above do well. but you can also mix together 1 tbs cornstarch or arrowroot powder with two tablespoons of water for each egg, or a combination of 2 tbs. flour, 1/2 tbs veg shortening, 2 tbs water and 1/2 tsp baking powder (one egg). a friend uses a mixture of mashed potato flakes and water as a substitute, but i'm not exactly sure how this works. experiment. mess around. this is the fun of cooking anyway.

so there you've got it. it doesn't answer everything but it'll at least get you started. you need not be a deprived vegan junk food junkie!!! now go to your kitchen!

type-o disclaimer - i ♥ type-o's.

sugar disclaimer

yep, the rumors you've heard are true. white processed sugar (at least in the u.s.) in **not truely vegan.** i gave the 'ol C & H processing plant a call a while back and they confirmed for me that animal bones are used when turning the sugar from it's natural goldenish-brown color into a nice, refined white product. big, huge bummer. this renders powdered and brown sugars impure also. ay! the things us compassionate people have to suffer through! life's really not fair.

in any case, i would have loved to have produced this booklet sugar-free, but i just don't have enough experience with sugarless baking yet. another project for another time, i suppose. anyway, as jack or joel - those dang old hippycore folks - said, veganism is a process, with total animal-product freeness a near impossibility in this modern, high tech world. so all you can really ask is that we all do the best we can and anyway, if people know they can still eat yummy desserts even if they give up eggs and dairy, then maybe there'd be a lot more people trying veganism. that would be cool, huh?

what i've got here below is some information on sugar substitutes if you decide you want to become purer than you already are and avoid even more of the animal stuff. (oh, a good friend of mine threw the sugar stuff out the window years ago based on information he read about how sugar really fucks with you emotionally and physically, so there's more reasons to quit the stuff if you want/can.) be forewarned though, i haven't tried these substitutions much myself so i really don't know how well thing'll turn out if you use any of them. write and let me know, o.k.?

first off, there's your liquid sugar substitutes. these are things like maple syrup (which comes from sugar maple trees), corn syrup, barley malt syrup (which tastes like molasses and is made from germinated and fermented barley - mmm), rice syrup

(made from, uh, rice), and sweet fruit juice concentrates such as apple or pineapple concentrate. for most of these, you've got to use about 1 1/2-2 times the amount of sugar called for in a recipe. at the same time, you need to cut out about 1/4 of a cup of the amount of liquid called for in a recipe for eack cup of liquid sweetener you use. so like, if a recipe calls for a cup of sugar and 3/4 of a cup of water, you'd put in two cups of corn syrup and take the water down to 1/4 of a cup. got it? this is because the mix would be way too watery otherwise.

for dry substitutes there's sucanat (which is sugar before it's refined), date sugar (nothing more than ground, dried dates and good as a brown sugar substitute but expensive as hell), fuctose (an extremely refined sugar product found in fruits and corn - and honey, too - careful to not get this), and fruitsource (which is a combo of dried grape juice and rice syrup). substitute sucanat in equal amounts for sugar, use about 1 1/2 cups of date sugar for each one cup of regular sugar, likewise with fruitsource, and use only 3/4 as much fructose as sugar called for.

try all these things. experiment. please let me know what happens!

banana flops disclaimer

a person in the totally awesome-ist anarcho-punk vegan cookbook soy not oi! submitted a recipe to the zine for something called banana flops. i've never tried "helium"'s recipe so i don't know what it's like, but the rant that came along with it i feel is absolutely right on and worth note in this book. dang, after re-reading it i feel that helium person said it way better than i ever could so i'm just going to reprint it here. (hope soy not oi! doesn't sue for copyright infringements.) pay attention:

Banana Flops, by helium

"So what kind of vegan are you, having to read a book to cook or prepare food! You are a pitiful person. You have been socialized. You think that 1/2 cup less of this or 1/2 cup more of that will render your dish inedible. You think that a written recipe is the optimum balance of ingredients...you

are bummed...Different combinations bring different tastes and different textures; a wonderful array of tastebud experiences that will bring you joyful, romantic, painful, funny, gratifying and humiliating memories...the merging of the soul and palate."

"So my friend, break free from the rigid limit of your food habits and turn your kitchen into a playground of creativity...Welcome to the Banana Flop philosophy."

the training wheels:

around 1 c of whole wheat flour
around 1/2 c corn meal
around 3 tablespoons baking powder
some salt...maybe
some soymilk
approximately 3 bananas
aroung 2 tbs oil (it doesn't matter what kind, goddamnit!)

"Here's how I do it:

Mix flour, corn meal, baking powder and some salt...maybe, then add some soyt milk and mix well. I like to get the batter as consistent as...well, you know, you'll feel when it's right. Then add some oil. Chop up the bananas into discs or any other shape you may like, and mix them with a small amound of nbatter in a small (or big) bowl, just enough so that each piece of banana is covered with batter.

Now get yourself a cool heavy frying pan and place it on a real hot surface. Lightly grease the bottom with oil and pour the batter on the hot fucker...yes, it's like pancakes.

While it's cooking place some bananas on top and when you feel it's the right time, flip it over. Or don't flip it at all; it's up to you.

It's all up to you."

so there you have it. listen to helium's wise words and do whatever the hell you want with any of the recipes in this book. these recipes are just *my* best conclusions at the time, but what do i know? so if you don't have this or that ingredient or you want to try using something different or a different amount of something, DO IT. and if your cake ends up more like a pudding type thang or if your cookie turns out more like a teething biscuit, great! so what! write down what you did and make your own fucking cookbook. the most important thing for you to do tho, is make sure that whatever you're doing, you're having fun. so there.

CAKES

– about cakes – if your cake is course, you didn't mix together the sugar and the fat well enough or your oven temp was too low. if it is heavy and compact, you need to sift and measure your ingredients (like flour and baking powder) better. if it's dry, you may have overbaked it.

Carrot Cake



in a largish bowl combine

3 c flour
3 c sugar
1 tbs baking soda
1 tbs cinnamon
1 1/2 tsp salt

then add to it

4 good-sized grated carrots
3/4 c chopped nuts
1 1/2 c veg oil
1 tbs vanilla
1/2 c cornstarch mixed w/ 1/2 c water
about 1 c canned crushed pineapple

stir everything well, then pour into two greased and floured 8" round pans. bake at 350° for about 45 minutes or until a toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. cool in their pans for 10 or so minutes then cool the rest of the way out of their pans. good with "cream cheese" frosting (see frostings).

Oatmeal Spice Cake with Coconut Topping

turn on your oven to **350°** and grease and flour a 9 x 13 pan. then into a big, big bowl measure all of these things –

1 1/2 c flour
1 c oats
1 c brown sugar
1/2 c sugar
1 3/4 tsp soda
2 tsp cinnamon
1/2 tsp nutmeg
1/2 c shortening
3/4 c & 2 tsp water
1 large, ripe mashed banana
2 tbs molasses



beat this all with an electric mixer for about half a minute on low speed, being sure to get all flour and stuff off edges of bowl. then mix it on a very high speed for about three minutes, which is time for it to have lots of air incorporated into and help it rise in the oven. pour it into the pan and plop it into the oven for about 35–40 minutes or until a toothpick stuck into the middle comes out clean. cool slightly. meanwhile have the topping mixed together, which is

1/4 c melted vegan margarine
2/3 c brown sugar
1/2 c coconut
1/2 c chopped nuts
3 tbs soymilk

while cake is still warm, spread topping over cake and put in the top of your oven at 550° (that's no type-o) for 2–3 minutes or until topping is brown.

Basic Chocolate Cake

mix together in a nice sized bowl

3 c flour
2 c sugar

2/3 c cocoa
2 tsp soda
1 tsp salt



then in another bowl combine
2 c cold water
1/2 c + 2 tbs veg oil
2 tsp vanilla
2 tbs lemon juice or vinegar

add the wet ingredients to the dry and mix with a whisk or something until the lumps are out. pour into two 8" or 9" round pans that are lightly greased and floured. hold each pan about a half a foot above the floor and drop onto floor a couple of times. no, i'm serious, this gets out the excess bubbles in the batter. put them in the oven at 350° for about 25 min to a half an hour (or until you can lightly press in the top and it'll bounce back.)

cool for ten minutes, then turn out of pan to cool the rest of the way.

Mocha cake

do the same as above but use 2 c strong, cold coffee instead of the 2 c water.

Chocolate mint cake

add 1 tsp mint extract to basic chocolate mix. frost with the mint frosting under fluffy white frosting recipe.

Basic White Cake

this cake is pretty similar to the basic chocolate cake. you wouldn't believe how long it's taken me to figure out a recipe for a decent white cake. i tried and failed about 20 times, no kidding. this is because most white cakes rely on egg whites to rise and hold together and every variation i tried using egg replacers would turn out flat as a pancake. anyway, if any of you have a different good, fluffy white cake recipe, send it to me because i'm still not in love with this one.

start by mixing into a large sized bowl
3 c flour
2 c sugar
2/3 c cornstarch

1 tsp baking soda
1 tbs baking powder
1/2 tsp salt
then in another bowl combine
2 c cold water
1/2 c + 2 tbs veg oil
2 tbs lemon juice or vinegar
1 1/2 tsp vanilla
at this point turn your oven on to 350°. this batter's pretty sensitive so i think it's best to have your oven pre-heated for this one. also have your two 8 or 9" round pans already greased and floured and ready to go.
dig a well into the center of your dry ingredients and pour in the wet. ever so gently, stir the two together. when it looks like they are pretty much combined pour the mix through a strainer and scrape the remaining lumps through.
dump batter into prepared pans and place in oven. check them after 25 or so minutes (no less) and be careful not to jostle them or the oven much when checking. this can cause the cakes to fall. (so will loud noises, believe it or not.)
the cake is done when a toothpick inserted into it's center comes out clean, anywhere from 25-40 minutes of baking. cool in pans for 10 minutes, then dump out of pans for cooling the rest of the way.

Almond White Cake



into a medium size mixing bowl combine
1 c soymilk sitting in 1 tbs lemon juice
2 c flour
1 c sugar
1/4 c melted veg shortening
1 tsp salt
1/2 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp almond extract
with an electric mixer, beat everything on medium speed for 30 seconds, scraping the sides of the bowl constantly. then beat everything on high speed for 3 minutes. pour batter into a greased and floured 9 x 9"

square pan and sprinkle with
1/3 c slivered almonds
bake at **350°** for 30-35 minutes, until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. immediately sprinkle with
2 tbs sugar
2 tbs almond flavored liquer
remove from pan after 10 minutes.

Applesauce Cupcakes

in a large bowl combine
3 1/3 c flour
2 c packed brown sugar
1 1/2 tsp allspice
2 tsp cinnamon
1/4 tsp nutmeg
2 tsp baking soda
1 tsp salt
stir together until well mixed, then add
1 c applesauce
1 c water
2/3 c veg oil
2 tsp vinegar
after all is thoroughly stirred together, pour into cupcake paper-lined cupcake tins until each is 2/3 full. bake at **350°** for about 20 minutes, until cupcakes bounce back when lightly touched in the middle.
good with pinuche frosting!
makes 24

Fresh Apple or Pear Cake

in a large bowl combine
3 c flour
3 c sugar
1 tbs soda – baking, that is
1 tsp salt
1 tbs cinnamon





1 tsp cloves
1/4 tsp nutmeg
then add
1 1/2 c oil
3 large apples or pears, chopped
3/4 c chopped walnuts
1/3 c cornstarch that has been mixed w/ 1/3 c h2o
1 tbs vanilla
mix well. pour into greased and floured 9 x 13 pan. bake about 50 minutes at 350° or until knive inserted in middle comes out clean.

Pineapple Upside-down Cake

this cake dries out kind of quickly so it's best to eat it immediately out of the oven or reheat it to soften it if you're going to eat it later.
with an electric mixer cream until fluffy (a couple of minutes)
1/2 c vegan margarine
1/2 c sugar
1/2 ripe mashed banana
in a separate bowl combine
2 c flour
1 tbs + 1 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp salt
add this to the creamed mixture (with a spoon, not an electric mixer) alternately with
3/4 c soymilk mixed with 1 tsp vanilla
stir everything just until mixed, then set it aside. into the bottom of a 9 x 9' pan melt by placing in a heated oven
3 tbs vegan margarine
1/4 c brown sugar, packed
arrange over this
9 pineapple rings with
9 marachino cherries in each and
1/2 c chopped nuts sprinkled around
spread on batter. place in a 375° oven and bake 30-35 minutes. remove from oven and immediately flip it upside-down and keep pan over it for at least 10 minutes. eat now!!!

Double Chololate Cake

measure into one large bowl

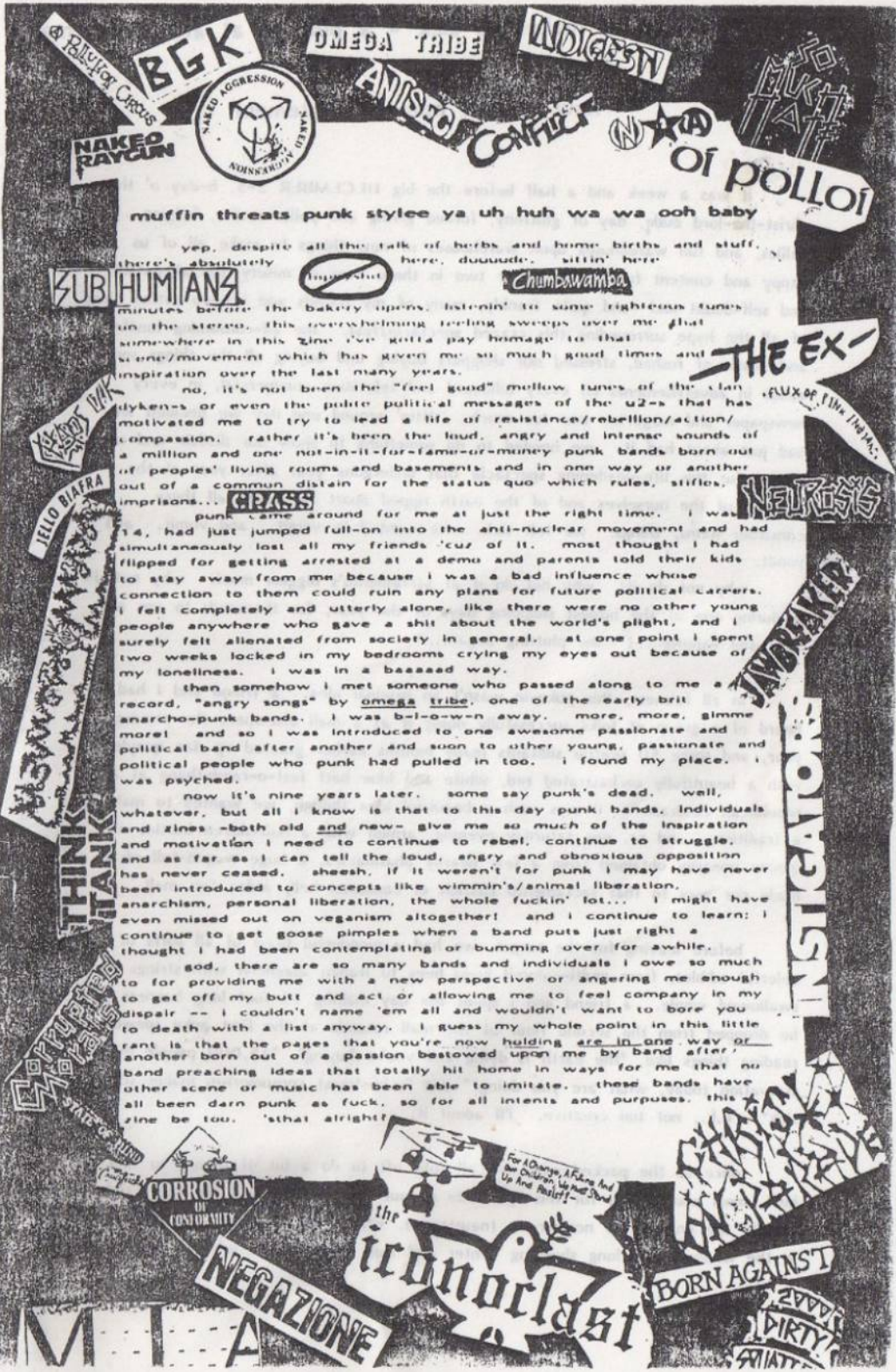
2 1/4 c flour
1 3/4 c sugar
1/2 c shortening
1 1/2 c soymilk + 4 1/2 tsp lemon juice, combined
1 1/2 tsp baking soda
1 tsp salt
1 tsp vanilla
2 oz melted, unsweetened chocolate
1/4 c cornstarch mixed with 1/4 c water

mix with electric mixer on medium speed 30 seconds, scraping bowl constantly. then mix on high speed for 2 minutes. then gently fold in

1 c mini dark chocolate chips, or reg size, chopped

pour into two greased and floured 8" or 9" round pans. bake at **350°** 35-40 minutes, or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. cool 10 minutes in pans, then remove from pans to cool the rest of the way.




BGK
OMEGA TRIBE
NAKED AGGRESSION
NAKED RAYGUN
ANTISECT
CONFLICT
of POLLOI
muffin threats punk stylee ya uh huh wa wa ooh baby
yep, despite all the talk of herbs and home births and stuff,
there's absolutely here, duuuude. sittin' here
SUBHUMANS
Chumbawamba
minutes before the bakery opens, listenin' to some righteous tunes
on the stereo, this overwhelming feeling sweeps over me that
somewhere in this zine i've gotta pay homage to that
scene/movement which has given me so much good times and
inspiration over the last many years.
THE EX
no, it's not been the "feel good" mellow tunes of the clan
dykens-s or even the polite political messages of the u2-s that has
motivated me to try to lead a life of resistance/rebellion/action/
compassion. rather it's been the loud, angry and intense sounds of
a million and one not-in-it-for-fame-or-money punk bands born out
of peoples' living rooms and basements and in one way or another
out of a common distain for the status quo which rules, stifles,
imprisons...
CRASS
punk came around for me at just the right time. i was
14, had just jumped full-on into the anti-nuclear movement and had
simultaneously lost all my friends 'cuz of it. most thought i had
flipped for getting arrested at a demo and parents told their kids
to stay away from me because i was a bad influence whose
connection to them could ruin any plans for future political careers.
i felt completely and utterly alone, like there were no other young
people anywhere who gave a shit about the world's plight, and i
surely felt alienated from society in general. at one point i spent
two weeks locked in my bedrooms crying my eyes out because of
my loneliness. i was in a baaaaad way.
then somehow i met someone who passed along to me a
record, "angry songs" by omega tribe, one of the early brit
anarcho-punk bands. i was b-l-o-w-n away. more, more, gimme
more! and so i was introduced to one awesome passionate and
political band after another and soon to other young, passionate and
political people who punk had pulled in too. i found my place. i
was psyched.
now it's nine years later. some say punk's dead. well,
whatever, but all i know is that to this day punk bands, individuals
and zines -both old and new- give me so much of the inspiration
and motivation i need to continue to rebel, continue to struggle,
and as far as i can tell the loud, angry and obnoxious opposition
has never ceased. sheesh, if it weren't for punk i may have never
been introduced to concepts like wimmin's/animal liberation,
anarchism, personal liberation, the whole fuckin' lot... i might have
even missed out on veganism altogether! and i continue to learn; i
continue to get goose pimples when a band puts just right a
thought i had been contemplating or bumming over for awhile.
god, there are so many bands and individuals i owe so much
to for providing me with a new perspective or angering me enough
to get off my butt and act or allowing me to feel company in my
dispair -- i couldn't name 'em all and wouldn't want to bore you
to death with a list anyway. i guess my whole point in this little
rant is that the pages that you're now holding are in one way or
another born out of a passion bestowed upon me by band after
band preaching ideas that totally hit home in ways for me that no
other scene or music has been able to imitate. these bands have
all been darn punk as fuck, so for all intents and purposes, this
zine be too. 'sthat alright?
FLUX OF PINK INDIANS
JELLO BIAFRA
NEUROSIS
JAWBREAKER
INSTIGATORS
THINK TANK
CORROSION OF CONFORMITY
NEGAZIONE
the ironorlast
BORN AGAINST
DIRTY

your consumerism makes us sick - a puke-in at arden fair mall

-or-

how not to make a statement

it was a week and a half before the big DECEMBER 2-5, b-day o' the christ-the-lord dude, day of gluttony, forced giving and polite smiles, bulging bellies, and full warehouses upon warehouses of new **things** to make all of us happy and content for a moment or two in these lives of misery and alienation and self-doubt and -and quite frankly, many of my friends and i were rather tired of all the hype surrounding this crazed spectacle/fest. the all-consuming hustle and bustle of rushed, stressed out shoppers buying and buying all the **things** spewed about in advertisements on every billboard and television commercial, in every newspaper and magazine was too much. sittin' around one day we decided we had just about had it. we needed to do something to show our disdain and utter disgust for this life-deadening spectacle that undergone year after year at the expense of the ourselves and of the earth ripped apart to create all these consumer items, **things**. we felt sick. we wanted to vomit. and vomit. and vomit.

why not do it? why not do it at sacramento's biggest maul? why not do it during one of the busiest shopping days of the year, for thousands to see and hear and experience? the plotting began...

in all fairness, this puke-in wasn't an original idea. a friend and i had heard of a group of folks successfully doing it at a mall elsewhere the previous year, and some 50 seattle sillitants many months earlier greeted vp dan quayle with a beautifully orchastrated red, white and blue barf fest-o-rama-thang at a republican fundraiser. it was such a beautiful idea though, we wanted to make it a tradition. and so, one saturday evening, armed with a half-dozen bottles of ipecac uneasily obtained from a few nearby pharmacies, a huge wagon-full of us made our way to that sacramento bastion of consumer-hell, arden fair mall.

before leaving for the target, we had a wonderful feast of all sorts of colorful edibles, from multi-colored ju-ju bees to italian spaghetti with strings swallowed whole. a friend and i spent the day making 15-foot long banners to be dropped from the second floor of the mall rotunda as the first puke spewed reading things like, "the earth is dying and you're buying", "45,000 people died of starvation today, what are you doing?" and "(christmas) consumerism makes us sick". o.k.. not too creative. i'll admit it.

once at the packed mall, we all split off to do a bit of recon, to find the best, most visible spot for this spectacle of our own. we found the spot, right outside the entance to nordstroms (naustroms), which was the most trafficed area in the whole blocks-long shopping center and was conveniently right in the center

of the rotunda. gathered up again outside the building, ipecac bottles were all whipped out -a bottle per every two pukers- and after a bit of nervous hesitation, recommended dosages went down the hatch.

the four of us non-puker, support people quickly made our way to the second floor with our banners carefully rolled up and semi-concealed in our coats. we strategically placed ourselves around the edges of the huge railing overlooking the bottom floor and tried to act as natural as possible around the roaming security guards as we quietly attached our still-rolled banners to the rail. looking bored and tired, we kept a watchful eye on our friends below, pacing inconspicuously among the shopping masses, waiting for the medicine to take effect and the puke to start spewing so we could unfurl our signs. we waited, and waited, and waited. and damn, we waited some more.

according to the instructions on the ipecac bottle, vomiting was suppose to occur within 10-15 minutes of ipecac ingestion. *at least* that much time had already passed. what went wrong? we were getting uncomfortable as security began acting a bit suspicious and there was still no sign of sickness down below. (actually, there were plenty signs of sickness down below, but none of it was my friends'.) if we were uncomfortable, just imagine how those downstairs felt, knowing puking was imminent but not yet experiencing it. the hope was for all to throw up simultaneously, in-between gurgled screaming rants on the sickness of consumerism. the thought was that maybe this might even set some shoppers off puking, getting them to realize too how staying home and having a simple, nice laid-back time with friends and loved ones might just be a nicer way to celebrate a holiday. but noooo, plans such as these never seem to go as they're suppose to.

i'd have to say about forty-five minutes passed before the first puker, chucky babe, stepped up to a mall attendent and asked with a totally white face where he might find a restroom, QUICK! then "blahgggrrggoouuugghhhbbllaa. fuck your consumeristic blllluuuuurrrrrgggggaaaa!!!" our banners quickly dropped and those of us on the second floor were out of there lickedy split. way quick-like. we assumed the others were on their way to sicksville now too and we wanted to be downstairs for them to help them make a quick getaway after their sickening statements were made.

but again, noooo. chuck was the only sick one of the lot. and as hard as he tried, only a few shoppers around him even seemed to notice him vomiting everywhere. i'm not even sure they made the connection between the vomiting and the signs hanging above. bummer BIG time. we waited around with the others who were by now quite distressed and bored. some decided to walk off to other parts of the mall, thinking maybe they could directly hit some of the items of consumerism if the throw-up ever started to come. already the night had proved a disaster. this was not like the accounts craig and i had heard of about previous puke-ins.

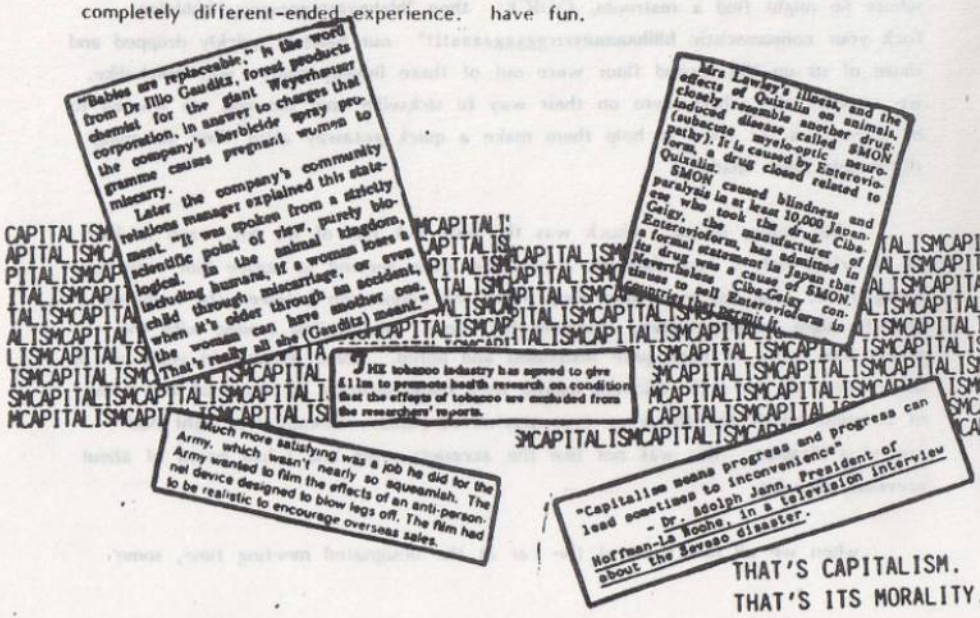
when we all met back at the car at the designated meeting time, some

had some good stories to tell. one in the group found himself in the wimmin's clothing section of weinstocks when his stomach decided to reject his dinner. and reject it did, much to the horror of some store employees, all over a "beautiful" christmas display of wool sweaters. good job terrell melinda was just outside one of the busiest shops when her whole, unchewed spaghetti noodles came up all over the wall, creating a sticky display any modern artist would be proud of. yes, the shoppers were horrified. (but still, probably no political-statement connection was made.)

unfortunately, many didn't see their first puke until there in the parking lot. and much more unfortunately, many of these continued to see their puke about every 15 minutes for the next several hours; on the way home, at home, on a walk after arriving home... was not a fun night for lots of these people.

for the next several days our mall adventure was the talk all around our little community of friends. those of us involved spent lots of time trying to figure out what went wrong with the ipecac -double the recommended dose was actually consumed by each- and the pukers pretty much were set on never ever doing it again. (some resented me in a big way cuz i didn't have to undergo the night of throwing up! sorry, but puking freaks me out!!!) in the end we figured that ipecac is usually taken on empty stomachs and those comrades were pretty much stuffed to the max with food, which probably diluted the medicine quite a bit.

so, no, the event wasn't exactly a success, but it makes a great story and it taught us a thing or two so that the next time might work better. (if there ever is a next time.) if any of you ever decided to do it - and i still think it's a disgusting and hilarious way to make a statement on any number of issues - i guess my main recommendation is to be sure and have a relatively empty stomach and to take at least a double-dose. or instead try heavy duty laxatives for a completely different-ended experience. have fun.



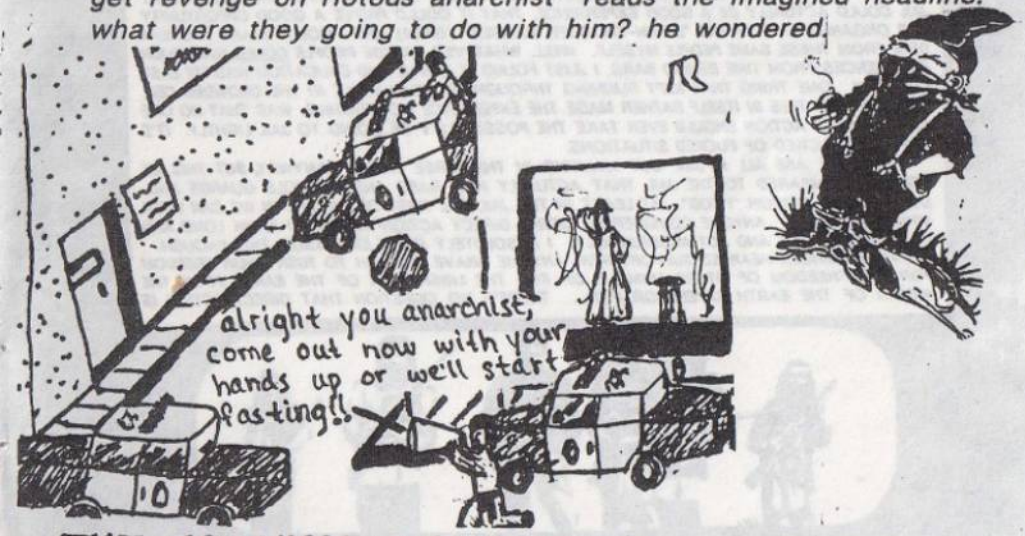
a true story #1

picture 100 wild anarchist militants, all covered from head to toe in black, light black, and yes, dark black, running, scattering blindly, down steep hills and winding streets in san francisco. the occasion: angry militants' demonstration at the 500 year anniversary commemoration of the european invasion of the amerikkkas.

we run, dozens of riot cops hot on our tails, trying to nab the oh-so-obvious person (dressed entirely in black - a dead giveaway, right?) who minutes before had thrown a burning molotov cocktail into the back of a police car.

picture one in the bunch making a quick, last minute get-away into a dark, out-of-the-way doorway. picture this young man finding himself falling into a noisy, crowded and dark asian immigrants' bar. this in fact, is where one guy in the group found himself.

only seconds after happening into this bar, completely and totally out of breath, the entrance door slammed behind him and a silence fell over the entire smoke-filled room. all eyes turned upon this brother, whose only visible body parts were his own eyes and his hands, all the rest carefully concealed to ensure his anonimity in a large group of other black block-ers. his heart nearly stopped as he contemplated his fate - "bar patrons get revenge on riotous anarchist" reads the imagined headline. what were they going to do with him? he wondered.



THE NON-VIOLENT POLICE FORCE

then, all of a sudden, one man sitting at the bar raised his fist and shouted a deep and seemingly heartfelt "revolution!"

"ya, ya! revolution!" shouted all the others, and some minutes later the brother was sent off back onto the now-copless street with more raised fists of solidarity and a few reported pats on the back. --- pretty hilarious if you ask me.

I'VE BEEN STUCK PLAYING THE D.C STATE OF THE UNION COMP OVER AND OVER AGAIN AT WORK LATELY AND ON IT IS THIS ONE SONG - I THINK IT'S CALLED "STONES OF A WALL" BY MARGINAL MAN - THAT GIVES ME GOOSEBUMPS EVERYTIME I HEAR IT. IT'S AN INCREDIBLY MOVING ANTHEM (WELL, TO ME AT LEAST) ON POLITICAL PRISONERS AND IT REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING THAT STRUCK ME REALLY HARD A WHILE BACK WHEN I WAS UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE SPENT A DAY AND AN OVERNIGHT IN A SMALL HICKTOWN JAIL...THAT POLITICAL PRISONERS (AND PRISONERS IN GENERAL) ARE MUCH TOO IGNORED AS AN ISSUE AND WE OUGHT TO DO LOTS MORE TO FREE THOSE BEHIND BARS (INCLUDING OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS IN ZOOS AND LABS) AND BURN THE PRISONS TO THE GROUND.

THO MY VISIT TO THE JAIL WAS ADMITTEDLY BRIEF, IT WAS LONG ENOUGH TO PROVE AN INCREDIBLY EYE-OPENING EXPERIENCE. I WAS POPPED WITH ABOUT 15 OTHERS AFTER A DAY-LONG CROSS COUNTRY CHASE BY COPS AND LOGGERS THROUGH THE HEADWATERS FOREST IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. WE HAD BEEN ON A DIRECT ACTION MISSION TO THWART THE LOGGING OF SOME OF THE LAST OLD GROWTH REDWOODS IN THE WORLD AND DESPITE THE FACT THAT WE HAD THE ACTION WELL PLANNED OUT - THAT FIVE OF US HAD BEEN IN THE FOREST FOR THE PRECEDING SEVERAL DAYS DOING RECONNISANCE AND THAT THE OTHERS WERE IN MEETINGS FOR DAYS ORGANIZING THE SHIN-DIG - THINGS WENT TERRIBLY AWRAY, WE LEARNED A LESSON THE HARD WAY THAT THERE'S NEVER SUCH A THING AS BEING TOO PREPARED FOR AN AN ACTION.

C'JR ACTION WAS SCHEDULED TO GO DOWN AT ABOUT 4AM BUT DIDN'T ACTUALLY GET UNDE IWAY UNTIL ABOUT 6AM AND BY 8AM WE WERE HOT-FOOTIN' IT THROUGH THICK FOREST, BUM ', SLIPPERY CLEARCUTS AND SMALL STREAMS AWAYS FROM COPS YELLING AT US SUCH STU.) THINGS AS "HEY STOP, I'M A SHERIFF, YOU KNOW?!" ("HA, HA, HA," WE LAUGHED AND BOOKED OUR BOODIES...) (ADMITTEDLY THIS EXHAUSTING CHASE WAS ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF MY LIFE - MORE FUN THAN YOU COULD EVER IMAGINE - BUT THEN AGAIN, I KNEW IF I WAS CAUGHT MY PUNISHMENT WOULDN'T BE TOO SEVERE.) ANYWAY, OUR ARREST FINALLY TOOK PLACE THAT NIGHT AT AROUND 10, JUST AS WE EXITED THE FOREST AND WERE SURE WE HAD FINALLY OUT-DONE THE COPPERS. NOPE, TO JAIL IT WAS AS THEY MADE SURE TO "PUNISH" US EXTRA-HARSHLY BY THROWING US ALL IN WITH THE "GENERAL POPULATION". (USUALLY THEY KEEP THE POLITICAL TYPES TOGETHER IN ONE CELL.) OOOOOH, SCARY.

I WISH I COULD IDENTIFY WHAT IT WAS THAT WAS SO ABSOLUTELY MISERABLE TO ME ABOUT THIS LITTLE TIME IN JAIL, BUT I CAN'T. (I WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE BEEN THROWN IN WITH A BUNCH OF REALLY NICE WIMMIN WHO ACTUALLY MADE GOING AWAY CARDS FOR MY FRIEND AND I WHEN WE WERE RELEASED. OTHERS WERE N'T SO LUCKY.) ALL I DO KNOW WAS THAT MY SPIRIT FOR THAT SHORT TIME WAS DEAD, ABSOLUTELY DEAD, AND BECAUSE WE WERE DOING JAIL SOLIDARITY - REFUSING TO GIVE NAMES OR BE RELEASED UNTIL ALL WERE RELEASED AND TREATED EQUALLY - I KNEW MY STAY COULD LAST AWHILE AND I COULD THINK OF NOTHING MORE DISHEARTENING. NOW, I HAD ALWAYS FANTASIZED THAT JAIL COULD ACTUALLY BE A GOOD EXPERIENCE, THAT IT COULD PROVE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR ORGANIZING WITH THE "DOWN-TRODDEN MASSES" (GAG!) AND I COULD LEARN A GREAT DEAL FROM THESE SAME PEOPLE MYSELF. WELL, WHATEVER, MAYBE PEOPLE COULD GAIN SUCH EXPERIENCES FROM TIME BEHIND BARS. I JUST FOUND IT AWFUL AND EDUCATION WAS MY LAST CONCERN. ONE THING THAT KEPT RUNNING THROUGH MY HEAD WHILE IN THE CROWDED CELL THOUGH, AND THIS IN ITSELF RATHER MADE THE EXPERIENCE WORTHWHILE, WAS THAT NO ONE DOING DIRECT ACTION SHOULD EVER TAKE THE POSSIBLILITY OF GOING TO JAIL LIGHTLY. IT'S THE MOST FUCKED OF FUCKED SITUATIONS.

YES, WE ARE ALL IN JAIL OUT WALKING IN THE "FREE WORLD" ANYWAY, BUT THIS BE NOTHING COMPARED TO THE JAIL THAT ACTUALLY HAS BARS AND ASSHOLE GUARDS AND, DOG-FORBID, PRISON "FOOD". AT LEAST IN THE JAIL THE REST OF US ARE IN WE CAN WALK WHERE WE WANT. ANYONE CONSIDERING DOING DIRECT ACTION NEEDS TO THINK LONG AND HARD ABOUT THIS AND ACT ACCORDINGLY. I ABSOLUTELY CAN'T EMPHASIZE THIS ENOUGH. I GIVE MY WHOLE-HEARTED SUPPORT FOR ANYONE BRAVE ENOUGH TO RISK THEIR FREEDOM FOR THE FREEDOM OF OTHER ANIMALS OR FOR THE LIBERATION OF THE EARTH FROM THE WRATH OF THE EARTH RAPERS OR FOR... THERE'S NO QUESTION THAT DIRECT ACTION IS



WHAT IT WILL TAKE TO END HUMAN'S DOMINATION OVER OTHERS AND THE EARTH. (YET I'M NOT BRAVE ENOUGH TO DO IT MYSELF.)

SO ANYWAY, I BRING THIS RANT AROUND TO SOME HELPFUL HINTS I PULLED FROM THE LAST CHAPTER OF ECO-DEFENCE, A FIELD GUIDE TO MONKEYWRENCHING. IT'S AN ENTIRE 63 PAGES DEVOTED STRICTLY TO SECURITY WHEN ENGAGING IN SABOTAGE OR DIRECT ACTION. THE STUFF I PULLED IS OBVIOUSLY ONLY A LITTLE OF THE INFORMATION PUBLISHED IN THE CHAPTER AND I WOULD HIGHLY RECOMMEND GETTING A COPY OF THE BOOK FOR MORE METICULOUS STUDY. THE REST OF THE BOOK HAS SOME GOOD INFORMATION IN TO TOO, RANGING FROM HOW TO ALTER BILLBOARDS TO COMPUTER SABOTAGE TO... IT IS EDITED BY DAVE FOREMAN AND BILL HAYWARD AND IS PUBLISHED BY NED LUDD BOOKS. (I'M NOT SURE IT'S VERY EASY TO GET ANYMORE. TRY ALTERNATIVE BOOKSTORES.)

TAKE CARE.

-- KNOW LAYOUT OF TARGET IN BOTH DAYLIGHT AND NIGHT (IF ACTION'S TO BE AT NIGHT), INCLUDING LAYOUT OF ALL SURROUNDING ROADS OR TRAILS. KNOWING NIGHT LAYOUT IS IMPORTANT BECAUSE NOT ALL LANDMARKS ARE VISIBLE IN THE DARK AND NIGHTTIME SECURITY OR LIGHTING PRESENT.

-- ALWAYS FULLY BURN AND CRUSH ASHES OF ANY NOTES OR MAPS YOU HAVE PERTAINING TO THE ACTION. FLUSH ASHES DOWN THE TOILET.

-- WHEN SELECTING PEOPLE TO DO DIRECT ACTION WITH, BE SMART AND USE YOUR GOOD JUDGEMENT. CLOSE FRIENDS WITH SIMILAR VALUES ARE IDEAL. EXCESSIVELY PARANOID OR NOT-QUITE-THOROUGHLY COMMITTED = DISASTER PARTNERS.

-- SMALLER GROUP = BETTER (LESS CHANCE OF NARCS, ETC.)

-- TOUGH-TALKING ACQUAINTENCES COULD BE BAD NEWS re PROVOCATEURS. AVOID THEM.

-- GROUP MEMBERS OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO OPENLY AND DIRECTLY DECLARE THEIR WILLINGNESS TO PROTECT ONE ANOTHER IN THE POSSIBILITY OF QUESTIONING/ARREST.

-- IF CONSIDERING TAKING SOMEONE ONTO A DIRECT ACTION TEAM, START BY PASSIVELY ASKING ONE'S OPINION OF DIRECT ACTION. IF KOSHER, ANOTHER TIME SUGGEST MINOR ACTION LIKE SPRAYPAINTING OR SOMETHING (NEVER ADMIT TO HAVING DONE IT BEFORE!) ONE WHO RESPONDS WITH EXCITEMENT AND ENTHUSIASM TO THE PROSPECTS OF D.A. = GOOD POTENTIAL PARTNER.

-- DROP-OFF/PICK-UP VEHICLE NEED BE INCONSPICUOUS. NEVER STOP IN FRONT OF OR PASS FREQUENTLY IN FRONT OF TARGET. NIGHT ACTIONS ARE BEST FOR URBAN AREAS, BUT DRIVING AFTER DARK MAY BE TOO OBVIOUS FOR RURAL OR SPARSELY POPULATED AREAS SO OTHER TIMES MAY BE BEST. CONCEAL CAR BY PARKING IN WOODS OR ON SMALL JEEP TRAILS. PARKING PLACES SELECTED MUCH BEFORE HAND.

-- ON DROP-OFFS/PICK-UPS, DON'T SPEED

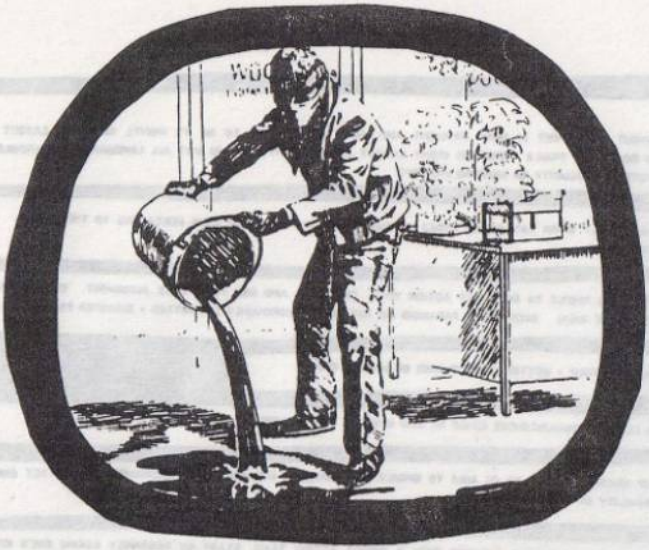
-- PICK-UP SHOULD BE AT DIFFERENT PLACE THAN DROP-OFF IN CASE DROP-OFF WAS NOTED. SPECIFIC TIME SHOULD BE SET AND STUCK TO WITH CONTINGENCY TIMES UNDERSTOOD IN CASE SOMETHING INTERFERES WITH PLAN.

-- IF COPS ARE IN AREA AROUND PICK-UP, SABOTEURS SHOULD HIDE TOOLS FOR LATER RECOVERY AND KEEP ALL INCRIMINATING ITEMS OUT OF SIGHT.

-- AVOID USING DIRT ROADS THAT WILL LEAVE TIRE OR HUMAN TRACKS, OR BRUSH TRACKS WITH A BROOM OR BRANCHES.

-- DON'T CARRY ANYTHING UNNECESSARY. ESP ID, WALLETS, CHANGE OR ANYTHING THAT CAN IDENTIFY YOU OR MAKE NOISE (re COINS).





-- NEVER DISCUSS ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES OVER THE PHONE EVEN PAY PHONES

-- AVOID STORING ACTION TOOLS CLOTHES PAINT DOCUMENTS IN YOUR HOME

-- DESTROY POTENTIALLY INCRIMINATING MATERIALS - TOOLS DUMP IN DUMPSTERS BURY IN RURAL LOCATIONS, PAPERS BURN PAINT AND RAGS DUMP IN DUMPSTERS CLOTHES ESP SHOES BURY BURN OR DUMP

-- ALWAYS METICULOUSLY CLEAN JOB VEHICLE THROWING AWAY VACUUM BAG AFTERWARD

-- ALWAYS HAVE SHORT AND SIMPLE STORY PREPARED BEFORE ACTION IN CASE YOU'RE STOPPED BY COPS IN TARGET AREA

-- DON'T KEEP A DIARY OF YOUR ACTIONS

-- DON'T BRAG ABOUT YOUR ACTIONS.

-- IF YOU'RE INVOLVED IN REALLY SERIOUS SABOTAGE, AVOID OVERT POLITICAL ACTIVISM - WITH SERIOUS ACTIVISTS IS WHERE THE FBI'LL START THEIR SEARCH FOR SUSPECTS (and don't do something like write an article on security & direct action!)

-- GO TO THE LIBRARY AND STUDY POLICE INVESTIGATIVE TECHNIQUES

-- AVOID PATTERNS (NO, NOT PLAID!) KEEP ACTIONS RANDOM PERIODICALLY LAY LOW FOR AWHILE TO AVOID FALLING INTO A POLICE TRAP.

-- CAMOUFLAGE - DARK CLOTHES AT NIGHT, MILITARY-TYPE CAMOUFLAGE IN THE WILD. CURRENT CLOTHING TREND IN CROWDED SCENE TO AVOID LOOKING UNUSUAL

-- NYLON CLOTHES. BAD TOO LOUD

-- IF WEARING EXPENSIVE BOOTS ON ACTION THAT YOU DON'T WANT TO DUMP, WEAR SOCKS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THEM AND DISPOSE OF THE SOCKS, METICULOUSLY WASH BOOTS TO GET FIBERS OFF

-- GLOVES - ALWAYS WEAR THEM, ALWAYS DUMP THEM

-- TIE UP LONG HAIR AND TUCK INTO SHIRT. HATS ARE GOOD

-- MAKE SURE ACTION AUTO IS FULLY REGISTERED AND THAT DRIVER'S LICENCE AND VEHICLE IDENTIFICATION # ARE LEGAL. BLINKERS, BRAKE LIGHTS, ETC SHOULD ALL BE IN GOOD CONDITION SO THERE'S NO CAUSE FOR BEING STOPPED BY COPS.

-- TOOLS FOR ACTIONS SHOULD BE MINIMAL AND OF QUIET USE (NOT HAMMERS!) ATTACH TOOLS WITH CORD OR WHATNOT TO YOUR CLOTHES/BODY SO YOU WON'T ACCIDENTALLYL LEAVE THEM BEHIND.

-- PURCHASE OF MATERIALS SHOULD BE MADE WITH FALSE NAMES (NO CHECKS CREDIT CARDS), PREFERABLE IN LARGE RETAIL OUTLETS WHERE THEY'RE NOT LIKELY TO REMEMBER YOUR FACE.

-- BEFORE ACTION, WEAR GLOVES AND WIPE DOWN ANY AND ALL FINGERPRINTS THAT MEY BE,ON EQUIPMENT.

-- REFER TO ECO-DEFENCE, A FIELD GUIDE TO MONKEYWRENCHING FOR INFORMATION ON RADIO EQUIPMENT AND POLICE BAND RADIOS/SCANNERS (TOO MUCH AND TOO CONFUSING TO PRINT HERE)

-- IF USING FLASHLIGHTS IN ACTION, COVER LENS WITH BLUE-TINT CELLOPHANE AND SEVERAL LAYERS OF ELECTRIC TAPE WITH SMALL SLIT CUT DOWN CENTER TO MINIMIZE LIGHT EMMISION. IMPORTANT FOR KEEPING A LOW PROFILE.

-- IF YOU NEED TO RUN FROM SECURITY (BEST DEFENCE WHEN DEALING WITH LOW-PAID LOT) AT NIGHT, KEEP ARMS EXTENDED AND LIFT LEGS HIGH TO AVOID BUMPING INTO SOMETHING OR TRIPPING. (PRACTICE THIS.) NEVER LEAD PURSUER TO YOUR PICK-UP POINT!

-- MINI-BATTERY POWERED STROBE LIGHTS FLASHED AT PURSUER AT NIGHT CAN TEMPORARILY BLIND THEM AND GIVE YOU TIME TO GET AWAY IF YOU DON'T WATCH IT YOURSELF!!

-- IF ARRESTED, REMAIN CALM AND COLLECTED AND DON'T BE INTIMIDATED. SOME SAY POLITENESS ON YOUR PART CAN HELP YOUR CAUSE. DON'T TALK TO COPS BEFORE TALKING TO A LAWYER. D-O-N-T.

-- NEVER WRITE COMMUNIQUES BY HAND. TYPE INCONSPICUOUSLY ON RENTED TYPEWRITER IN PRINT SHOP OR LIBRARIES. CUT OUT LETTERS FROM NEWSPAPERS/MAGAZINES. (THEN BURN LEFTOVERS!)

-- DON'T USE COPY MACHINES NEAR HOME OR WORK OR USE THE SAME ONE REGULARLY.

-- DON'T DELIVER ORIGINAL COMMUNIQUE - TOUCH COPIES ONLY WITH GLOVED HANDS OR MAKE LARGE STACK AND ONLY TOUCH OUTSIDE TWO COPIES TIL YOU CAN GET HOME AND GET GLOVES ON TO HANDLE THE REST.

-- DON'T LEAVE YOUR ORIGINAL!!!

-- IF MAILING, DON'T LICK STAMP OR ENVELOPE, USE A SPONGE. CARRY ENVELOPE WITH GLOVES, MAIL FROM A MAILBOX IN A HIGHLY POPULATED AREA (NOT A RURAL TOWN.)

-- YOU CAN LEAVE COMMUNIQUE SOMEWHERE, LIKE TAPED TO THE BOTTOM OF A TRASH CAN, AND CALL IN DIRECTIONS FOR THE MEDIA.

-- PHONE CALLS JUST AREN'T BRIGHT, BUT IF NEED BE, USE PAY PHONE AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.

if all these hints fail and you find yourself in the can, use this it only works once.



FROSTINGS



– about frosting – before frosting a cake, the cakes needs to be fully cooled or else the frosting will drip right off it. if the frosting becomes too thick to spread easily, add a few drops of water. one way to frost a cake without crumbs getting all in the frosting is to first cover the cake with a thin, thin layer of frosting, letting it sit for awhile to "dry", then dousing on the frosting.

Fluffy White Frosting (w/ choc and mint variations)

measure into a pretty good sized bowl

4 c powdered sugar (one standard sized box)

1/2 c vegan margarine (soft, or you'll be mixing forever to get all the lumps out)

1/2 c shortening

1 tsp salt

mix all together. then add and beat in

1 tsp vanilla*

2-4 tbs water, added *one at a time*, until desired consistency is reached.

wa-la. that's it. but if you want, you can make

Chocolate frosting

by adding

3/4 c cocoa

and enough h2o teaspoon at a time to make desired consistency. or you can make

Mint frosting

by simply leaving out the vanilla and using in it's place

1 tsp mint extract

these recipes ought to fill and frost a double-decker 8" cake, or a 9 x 13 cake, or about 24 cupcakes.

Penuche Frosting

(this one goes particularly well with fruity cakes such as apple or banana or something. extremely sweet!)

melt in a saucepan
3/4 c vegan margarine
stir in
1 1/2 c brown sugar
and bring to a boil. reduce heat and simmer 2 minutes, stirring constantly. then add
1/4 c and 2 tbs soy milk
and return to boil, again stirring constantly. remove it from heat and let it cool. then gradually beat in about
3 c powdered sugar
until you've got it where you want it.
frosts the standard 8" double decker, 9 x 13, etc..

Coffee Cream Frosting



stir until desolved
2 tbs instant powdered coffee
3 tbs water
in a large bowl place
5 1/3 c powdered sugar
2/3 c vegan margarine
add coffee mixture and beat till smooth and of good spreading consistency. add extra water a teaspoon at a time if frosting is too thick.

Peanut Butter Frosting

measure into one big bowl
4 c powdered sugar
1/2 c (creamy) peanut butter
1/4 c shortening
1/3 c soymilk or water
beat until smooth and add extra liquid a teaspoon at a time if frosting isn't thin enough to spread well.
frosts 8" layer cake, 9 x 13 cake, 24 cupcakes.

Lemon Frosting



measure into a BIG bowl

3 1/2 c powdered sugar
2/3 c flour
1/2 c vegan margarine
1/4 tsp salt
1 tsp finely shredded lemon peel
2 tbs lemon juice
2 tbs water
1 tbs light corn syrup

beat this all up until you've got it all mixed together. you can add extra liquid a teaspoon at a time if the frosting is too stiff to spread.
frosts and fills the standard cake thangs.

Real Fudge Frosting

measure into a medium sized saucepan

3 c sugar
1 1/2 c soymilk
1/4 c cocoa
1/2 tsp salt

stir this well and cook slowly over medium heat until it comes to a boil. continue boiling until soft ball stage is reached. this is a candy-making term that means when a drop of the cooking mixture is added to a cup of cold water it will create a ball that will kind of lose it's shape when you squish it between your fingertips. this may take about 15 minutes to reach and you know it's getting close when the mixture thickens and drips slowly from a spoon. watch it carefully. if it surpasses soft ball stage you'll wind up with a kind of chewy caramel-fudge type thing. anyway, when you've achieved soft ball stage, remove from heat and mix in

2 tsp vanilla
2 tsp vegan margarine

beat all with a spoon until spreading consistency is reached. this'll take about 15 minutes of hard labor.
does the standard cake thang, 9 x 13, 8" layer, etc..

Cream Cheese Frosting

blend in blender until smooth and creamy
- **5 oz tofu**
- **2 tsp vanilla**
- **2 tbs lemon juice**
- **1/2 tsp salt**
- **1 tbs soymilk or water**

put this all in a big bowl and with an electric mixer or vigorous stir, beat in until thoroughly mixed and creamy
- **1/3 c softened vegan margarine**
- **4 1/2 c powdered**

your frosting's done and will frost just about any kind of normal size cake. it's really good on carrot cakes and such. be careful to refridgerate anything you put this frosting on tho because i gave myself food poisoning recently because i didn't refridgerate this one. ugh!

Chocolate Glaze *for top and sides of 8" round or 9 x 13 or a bunch of petits fours or...*

measure into smallish saucepan
- **1 c dark chocolate chips**
- **1/4 c vegan margarine**
- **2 tbs corn syrup**

heat over low heat stirring absolutely constantly until the chips are melted. cool slightly. spoon over cake.



hey! the following fourteen pages contain a semi-reprint of one of a few fantastic pamphlets that i came across at bound together bookstore in s.f. a couple of years ago. it is from a series called "spectacular times" and was written by a neat guy from the u.k., larry law, who unfortunately, i have learned died at a pretty young age a couple of years back. i don't usually like when re-prints are published, but i guess some ideas and thoughts are so right-on or provakative that they are worth prolonged and widespread thought. i think these ideas are among those. i didn't agree with everything in this pamphlet (of course not!), but so much of it really hit home for me - it was like the author was putting onto paper the ideas i have long had in my head but have never been able to articulate. so anywayz, read on and if you want to get a hold of the whole pamphlet or the others by him (just as good), hopefully the address printed at the end is still distributing them - or try your nearest anarchist book seller!

Toxteth riots, England 1981. During a lull in the action a leftist militant climbs on to a box and addresses the crowd on the subject of the coming socialist utopia. Her promise that there will be jobs for all is met with derisory laughter from a group of young rioters. As the speaker details other reforms, the group begins a mocking chant, "Bigger cages, longer chains! Bigger cages, longer chains!"

Bigger Cages, Longer Chains...

there is a system of interrogation known to police forces the world over. it is called "mr. hard and mister soft". it works like this: mr. hard comes into your cell. he is loud, threatening and abusive. maybe he slaps you around a bit, punches or kicks you. finally he leaves with a threat to 'throw the book at you.' then in comes mr. soft. he calms you, offers you a cigarette, sends out for a cup of tea or coffee. he listens to your complaint and sympathizes, but stresses his own powerlessness to do anything about it. eventually he suggests a conspiracy. if you tell him <u>everything</u> you know, perhaps he can prevent mr. hard coming back.

in bourgeois democracies the political roles of mr. hard and mr. soft are

☐ I would like to join the Labour Party
☐ I would like to join Labour's Supporters Bingo scheme
Name _____
Address _____
_____

played by the parties of the right and parties of the left. the worse the right behaves, the more attractive the left appears. this illusion is as dangerous in politics as it is in the jail cell. when things get out of hand and provoke rebellion, the labour party will save capitalism by pretending to be socialist.

LABOUR GOVERNMENTS?

Do you remember Labour governments?
Now don't misunderstand us; vote Labour
if you want, we can't stop you but.....
Do you remember Labour governments?
Do you remember Notting Hill?
Do you remember Lewisham?
Do you remember Southall and the murder
of Blair Peach?
Go ahead, vote Labour if you have to but..
Do you remember Grunwicks?
Do you remember who set up the Special
Patrol Group?

In yesterday's Guardian Mr Neil Kinnock was reported as advocating the isolation of South Africa as a means of pursuing "the possibility of a non violent revolution." This should have read "non violent revolution". This error in transcription is regretted.

Do you think that if Kinnock was in power during the miners strike he would have treated them any different from the Tories?
Do you think that truncheons and plastic bullets will taste nicer under a Labour government?
Do you really believe that the capitalist elite will allow themselves to be peacefully voted out of existence by some poxy Labour Party, just like that, without a fight?

Labour is the party of the working people, and Labour is the party that will get people back to work.

Thames Valley Anarchists

A LABOUR councillor has accused the Conservatives of discriminating against the dead.

Leisure spokesman, Mr Graham Rush, said the Torys were encouraging rich people to get the "best" spots in a Reading cemetery by charging different rates for different locations.

there are some things that just can't be done gradually...

WE WANT
REVOLUTION
NOT
REVOLUTION

VOTE
LABOUR

the bolsheviks - that is the marxists, the leninists, the marxist-leninists, the maoists and the 57 varieties of trotskyism - appear to many people to be a symbol of what it means to rebel against capitalism.

TURNING
LEFT

A POLITICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

is revolution as spectacle, as an image, created by the few to be watched by the many.

There were more casualties during the making of the 'storming of the Winter Palace' scene in Eisensteins famous film, than in the actual event.

"There will be no drinking, no bad language, no slacking, no unofficial tea breaks, no wandering in and out at any old hour. We'll carry on working just as if the bosses were still here."

Jimmy Reid
Communist Shop Steward
UCS occupation



"We had a Communist on the council many years ago. He always wore a tie," said Mayor Hormen. "Furthermore, he was an atheist who always went to church, and a vegetarian who ate meat. The sort of person I really admire."



I would like further details of the Communist Party's Democratic Policing Strategy.



TO COMMEMORATE the Marx centenary a 22-year-old Shanghai textile worker has inscribed the text of the *Communist Manifesto* — 50,000 Chinese characters — on a piece of ivory the size of a matchbox.



The Revolutionary Workers Party also have the best single dotty belief. As Pseudites, a Trotskyite splinter group, they think that flying saucers are emissaries from another, socialist galaxy.

Cuba sun, sea, sand and... socialism!

12 Bottle Cases Delivered To Your Door

Marxism Today Wine – Crisp dry Loire white, AC Montlouis **£35.88**

The life and work of Karl Marx, who died in London in March 1883, has inspired the production of this handsome, gold-rimmed English china centenary plate. Packed and sent to you for only £17.50 in UK, incs. p. and p.

"Radical chic harmonizes perfectly with a society that can sell Watney's Red Barrel beer under the slogan 'The Red Revolution is coming'."

Raoul Vaneigem

"No question, now, what had happened to the faces of the pigs. The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which."

George Orwell
'Animal Farm'

Peking: More than 7,000 customers a day have been queuing to get into Peking's first supermarket since its opening one week ago. Customers said they came out of curiosity and for convenience.

"It is one of the first signs the Government is trying to improve the daily lives of intellectuals," said one customer who asked not to be identified. "Instead of waiting in 10 different lines for different things, I now wait in one checkout line."

To prevent shoplifting, all customers are required to check their bags before entering.—AP.

☐ The trendies, united, will never be defeated. Next month Marxism Today is holding a symposium, 50 years after his death, on the Italian Marxist thinker Gramsci, and its marketing subsidiary, Central Committee Outfitters, is offering readers the appropriate T-shirt, which sports an early 20th century Italian hammer and sickle. Designer socialists can also buy a Marxism Today duvet cover (limited run of 100 by a leading fabric designer), or leaf through the magazine's Consumer Choice section in search of a futon or a guide to Tuscany. The absolute dernier cri on the stylish left, though, is a pair of Soviet armed forces boxer shorts or jogging trousers, decorated with hammer and sickle and available at Collet's in Charing Cross Road, London.

the only choice we are presented with is the choice between the spectacle of domination and the spectacle of opposition.

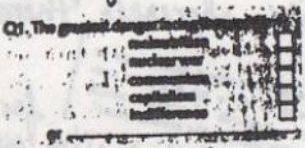
The ballot box is a powerful way to show our anger and frustration at Government policies and neglect of students and young people.

"Fifty percent of the people in this country don't vote. They simply don't want to be implicated in organized society. With, in most cases, a kind of animal instinct, they know that they cannot really do anything about it, that the participation offered them is a hoax.....they know that if they don't participate they aren't implicated, at least not voluntarily."

K. Rexroth

DON'T VOTE

in the society of the spectacle we are not all expected to hold the same views. indeed we are encouraged to have strong opinions about this or that particular issue. all that is required is that we remain passively receptive to the overall design.



single-issue politics is another way of diverting and recuperating opposition which threatens the spectacle. it does this in a number of ways. first it deals with the issue or problem in isolation. when one problem is separated from all the other problems, a solution really is impossible. the more campaigning on an issue there is, the narrower its perspectives become.

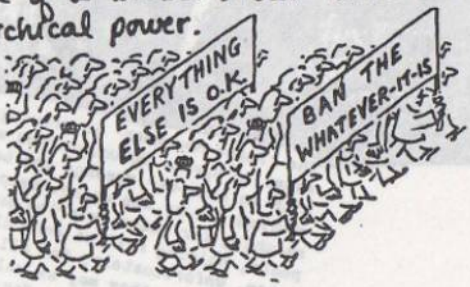
some people are active on two or three issues. as the perspective of each issue narrows, the contradictions turn into absurdities. followers who point out these contradictions will be told to "decide on your priorities" or gently advised that "we can't change everything."

Whilst everyone draws themselves up, allying themselves with this detail or that, the totality slips by, unheeded.

Raoul Vaneigem

what single-issue politics does is attend to "symptoms" but not attack the "disease" itself. it presents such issues as nuclear war, racial and sexual discrimination, poverty, starvation, pornography, etc. as if they are aberrations or faults in the system. in reality such problems are the inevitable consequence of a social order based on exploitation and hierarchical power.

single-issue campaigns are at their best when they begin. their propaganda, in exposing the problem, educates and sometimes changes public attitudes. unfortunately

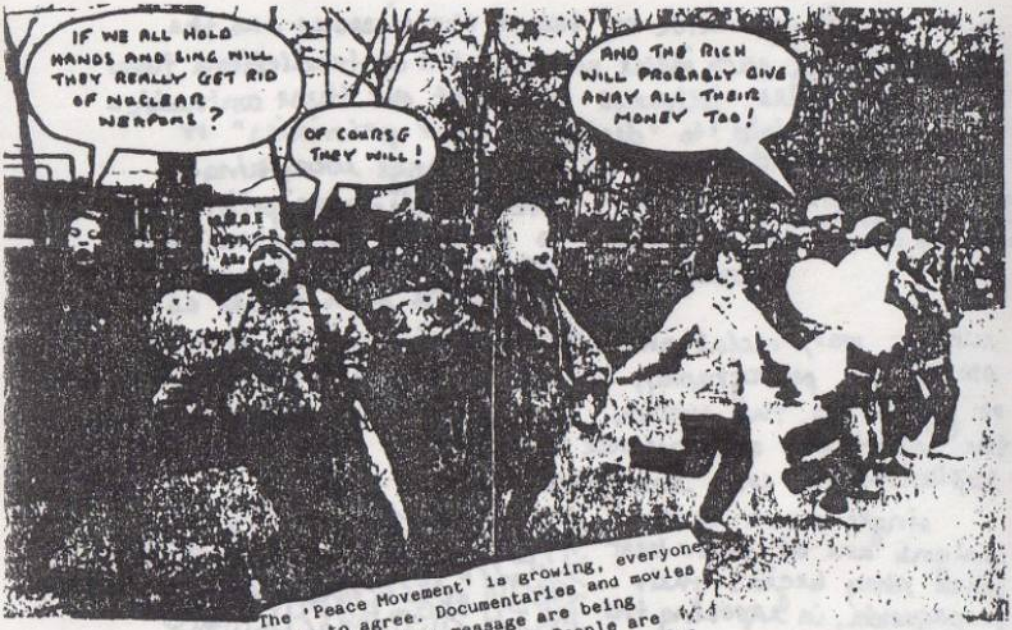


the only use such campaigns have for those they convince is to try to turn them into "supporters" this stage army is then organized into 'showing its strength' at protest rallies or by signing petitions. this 'strength' is used to add weight to a request for a change in the law or a change in policy by those in power. as such, single-issue campaigners lay their appeal for relief at the feet of the very system which oppresses them.

"Complain all you want - but do as you are told!"
Frederick the Great of Prussia

There is currently a conference in Geneva to draw up a treaty outlawing methods of warfare which severely damage the environment'.

far from damaging the system they actually legitimize it. by their petitioning they acknowledge the right of those in power to exercise that power as they choose.



The 'Peace Movement' is growing, everyone seems to agree. Documentaries and movies with an anti-war message are being churned out by the score. People are marching for peace, wearing buttons for peace, holding rallies and 'die-ins' for peace. Unfortunately, for all the good it will do them, they may as well stick their foot up their arse for peace.
'Treason', Australia.

THE PEACE SWEATER £29.99

A MONEYSPINNER FOR PEACE GROUPS

At hundreds of places all over Britain, people will be making money ~~for~~ out of peace

THE PEACE SHOP

SHOW A LEG FOR PEACE

CND LEG WARMERS

single-issue campaigns fragment the struggle for a sane, free world by containing each problem within its own isolated campaign. dedication to the campaign is what is required. to concentrate energy - which otherwise might be expended in activities which really would change



"But I've been protesting against nuclear weapons for years, Justin — and not once have I been tempted to steal a colour television."

> "....the new oppression in the rejection of the old. For though it denounces the morbid nature of repression it is only to encourage the sort of release which proves twice as profitable. It relieves the tension and fits you back in, at a profit.
>
> Raoul Vaneigem

society - into campaigns for specific issues. once confronted with concrete, moderate and 'realistic' demands, the state can grant them, partially grant them or stall indefinately. single-issue campaigns take the politics out of politics.

Summer 1982: At the CND rally in Hyde Park the organizers gave the police permission to secretly film the demonstrators from the stage.

One protester, Jane Coker said: "They are taking advantage of the fact that we are non-violent to herd us up in metal pens and take our photographs against our will. They are infringing our civil liberties because they know we will not resist."

He said that CND was extremely sorry that - as a result of an accident a policeman was injured and we shall be sending a message of sympathy." Another get well message came from Mrs Gladys Kinnock, who was among the demonstrators at Greenham on Sunday, and her husband Mr Neil Kinnock, the Labour Party leader. The policeman, Inspector Michael Page, was said to be comfortable in hospital.

once a single-issue campaign has established itself it assumes the exclusive right to speak on the issue. what it says represents the lowest common denominator of opposition opinion. during its developing stage it tells its members that the campaign is nothing without them. once it has assumed the right to represent the movement, it tells its individual members that they are nothing without it. no analysis of activity outside of the legal pursuit of narrow, moderate

goals is possible tolerated. from being a medium for the expression of dissent, the campaign becomes an institution for the regulation and control of dissent.

Apartheid to Hell!
Botha's fascists to Hell!
Release all our leaders
'Cos they lead us so well!

- "The police spokesman said: 'We have excellent relations with the CND leaders, who have been appalled by these fringe groups hiding behind their banner'.

- "Yes, it was all a jolly good experience. Everyone has committed themselves to paying a fine. And it was all achieved without the use of violence." - Bruce Kent on the arrest of 750 CND members.

Amsterdam, 1980. During the riots against the Royal Wedding, a group of pacifists protected riot cops who had been thrown from their horses from being attacked by those they had just beaten with their riot sticks. With such help the cops were able to re-mount and ride off to beat up other people.

over the past 20 years more and more people have become interested in "alternatives"... alternative medicine, alternative technology, alternative lifestyles – and how the new alternatives are being "discovered" as fast as the spectacle can produce them.

the problem for the opposition is what to offer as an alternative

Note to Advertisers: Reaching the "Aware Generation"

The largest "segmented" market of the 1980's is the 18-36 age group. These are the people, youth and young adults, who comprise the readership of the alternative press. We call them the "Aware Generation."

we would not wish here to decry the achievements of those who exposed the dirty truth of modern capitalist production, or made propaganda-by-deed in demonstrating, or making readily available, viable alternatives. they presented the spectacle with an argument that is difficult to defeat – it is presumably difficult to convince ordinary people that they should be in favour of eating poisoned food, breathing polluted air or being crippled by a new wonder drug. instead of being confronted, this threat to the status quo was recuperated – the pioneering individuals and collectives becoming modern capitalism's new merchant adventurers. taking all the risks, they sought out new commodities, did all the product education groundwork, and created the new markets. then along came jones...

For instance, Booker McConnell, who have interests in factory poultry farms and sugar and tobacco processing, own the Holland and Barrett health shop chain as well as Prewetts, the wholewheat flour millers and manufacturers of fast-food vegetarian dishes. And the New Era range of vitamin pills, dietary supplements and herbal remedies, available in health food shops everywhere, is made by none other than the Imperial Group, better know as the manufacturers of Embassy and John Player cigarettes.

self-managed collectives have attempted to reform the spectacle at the point of production. individuals

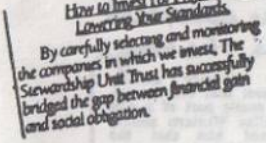
tired of wage slavery or the dole have formed workers' co-operatives and workers-collectives. who could be against such enterprises? it enhanced the life of a few individuals and gave them the experience of working co-llectively



but there is potential for social change indeed - with the first bank loan it reintegrated itself into the capitalist economy. the problem with workers' cooperatives within capitalism is that they never left the market place - because they couldn't. capitalism cannot be reformed piecel by tiney piece. surely it is not our intention to take out bank loans to buy back our world from capitalism. neither is it our intention to help capitalism run more efficiently.



—AND FOR THE ALTERNATIVE CAPITALIST...—



72% Clear Profit.
100% Clear Conscience.

religion, like all ideologies, saves people a clear set of rules to live by, thus relieving them of the burden of thinking for themselves. it explains and sanctifies a world based on greed, oppression, exploitation and power.

"If God exists, it will be necessary to abolish him."
Bakunin

"...as a technique for liberation, it liberates one above all from the need to attack the social organization."
Raoul Vaneigem

the world we live in is relegated to a kind of spiritual waiting room and proving ground. the theme of all ideologies - religious or secular - is 'jam tomorrow'.



ON HIS TRIP to Salvador, the Pope visited the grave of Oscar Romero, Archbishop of San Salvador murdered by the death squads.

Immediately after that he popped in to shake hands with Roberto D'Aubuisson, leader of the National Assembly, who ordered Romero's death.

religions pacify, not by changing their followers circumstances, but by teaching them ways to tolerate the intolerable, and giving them some meaning to their suffering. All our doubts, fears and repressed desires are fuel for religion. there is no point in revolutionaries shouting "think for yourselves" at people who have suffered decades of being told that this is precisely what they are incapable of doing. we are dealing with generations whose whole education and upbringing has been a training for incompetence. if we, not surprisingly, lack confidence and belief in our own abilities, we will find religion confirming our doubts. far from offering encouragement or therapy, religion will rope us in by making a virtue of our dysfunction.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
He made them high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

popular Christian hymn

"How can I receive Christ?" I was astounded to find out how simple it is—confess my sins and my total inability to do anything right, and ask Christ to take over my life. I did it.

I felt that I had found the Christian life I was seeking when I received Christ—a life filled and shaped by experiencing Christ in everything, a life where He is in charge and I am no longer my own.

Now I experience Christ in *my* daily life and also enjoy others' experiences when we come together. More and more, He is becoming my life, as well as my long-sought reason for living.

—and now it is peddled on every street corner along with all the other anodynes. everywhere the spectacle organises our passivity while selling us the image of revolt.

Interior Ministry officials told Mr Biot that they considered pop music part of a plot to destabilise Western society and warned him that the Beatles and Mick Jagger were dangerous revolutionaries.



the world of 'pop' music and fashion appears like a diction through the spectacle and its spurious opposition. all the elements are there — primarily as a show for passive consumption...

"The composer Stockhausen complained that his performance at the Holland Festival was 'disrupted' by members of the audience and other composers who joined in with the singing and then wanted to come up on to the stage and discuss the music."

..... offering release, not in real rebellion. it takes the desire for real revolt, contains it, and sells back its image.

Last time I heard Roger Daltrey singing it was as muzak on a tape loop as I stood in front of the petfood counter at a local hypermarket. I think it was called, "Don't get fooled again".

"There isn't much difference between rock'n roll and teaching. It's the same job. You're entertaining delinquents for an hour."

Sting (The Police)

the spectacle scours proletarian history for symbols of revolt and resistance in order to drain them of all meaning and power. only then can they be sold back to us as wholesome food. it is a mark of our alienation from our own history — the history of people fighting to win back their lives — that we do not find it absurd, or even offensive, that groups of multinational record company musicians call themselves such names as 'the communards' or 'the durruti column'. no matter how 'radical' their songs, or 'innovative' their music, we should roll them in manure for their pretentiousness.

Mr McCartney's Sussex farmhouse was even more tightly-guarded than usual yesterday, with half-a-dozen men and dogs on guard at the gate.

Mr McCartney, who is said to earn £40 a minute from royalties and record sales, tries to live a normal life despite his wealth.

©King Kurt pop singer Ozzy Thomas—known as Smeggy—was left homeless when his Brixton home was burned to the ground by rioters at the weekend.

BIZARRE pop star Pete Burns last night vowed to leave his Liverpool home after he and his wife Lynne were pelted and attacked by rioters in Toxteth.

Still shaken, Pete told me: "It was dreadful- we were in a taxi coming home when we were surrounded by a mob

"They were trying to roll the car over, and screaming all sorts of obscenities," said Pete, whose group Dead Or Alive are racing up the charts with My Heart Goes Bang

gigs, t.v shows and pop videos are the shop windows for the warehouses full of images of revolution. capitalism has turned revolt into a fancy dress party — where appearance is a substitute for being.

"You must move with the times - the motto of those who make a profit if you do."

"If funny clothes and hairstyles could make a revolution, your hippy parents would not deserve your disdain."

Bob Black



Raoul Vaneigem

all governments are based on violence and force - from their nuclear missiles to the cop on the corner. they are armed to the teeth, some with enough weaponry to destroy all life on earth many times over. when it comes to the calculated slaughter of innocent people no one comes near to the records set by governments. yet, at the first sign of retaliation on the part of the victims, at the first molotov thrown, at the first bullet fired back, the state screams 'terrorists'.

"Everybody's got a uniform except me."

"terrorism" is a word which applies to a particular form of action. however, it is in the interests of the state to apply this term to any form of armed resistance and many examples of direct action. with sublime hypocrisy, governments — the most violent and heavily armed organisations on earth — always applaud non-violence

in their opponents.
terrorism is the violent disruption of daily life designed to destabilize society, create panic and bring about a situation where the terrorists can replace the existing ruling class with themselves.

NO CASES OR PARCELS WILL BE ACCEPTED DURING THE PRESENT EXPLODING DEVICE SITUATION BY ORDER

it almost invariably takes the form of placing bombs in public places such as railway or bus stations, bars, airports or busy streets. it is a method employed by authoritarian groups of the left and right, who reveal their contempt for ordinary people by using these people as pawns in the struggle for power.

But one of the most interesting things to emerge in the courtrooms from Genoa to Naples, where disaffected terrorists have been revealing the inner workings of their organisations, is the way in which the women often ended up serving in the lower ranks of the movements as messengers, cooks, or administrative assistants. The structure of the Red Brigades and Prima Linea (Front Line) — two of the most notorious groups — sounds remarkably similar to that of the bourgeois society they were trying to destroy.

terrorist organisations are would-be governments. their bombs come in cars and bags because they don't yet have and air force. like all governments they claim to act in the interests of the people, at the same time as they murder them. because such terrorism really does threaten ordinary people with random death or maiming, the government can readily cast itself in the role of public protector. terrorism plays into the hands of the state. random bombings in italy a few years ago led to the rounding-up of leftists and anarchists, and the disruption of the statis opposition. it later had transpired that the bombs had been placed by fascists

"In some ways she was more acute than Winston, and far less susceptible to party propaganda. Once when he happened in some connection to mention the war... she startled him by saying casually that in her opinion the war was not happening. The rocket bombs which fell daily on London were probably fired by the government itself, 'just to keep people frightened'. This was an idea that had literally never occurred to him...."

George Orwell
"1984"

terrorism - which is counter-revolutionary - should not be confused with guerilla actions which arise from popular resistance movements. such actions are not random but precisely targeted against members of the ruling class or the physical structure of capitalism or the state. recent examples include actions of animal rights activists against animal exploiters, and the arson attacks on police and company property during the miners and wapping strikes. these groups arise from within the movement itself; they do not seek to become an elite or vanguard and, after the action, melt back into the movement. they perform the task of the militant. in any

movement not everyone has the same degree of foresight, inspiration or courage. the militant demonstrates by example what is possible. not by creating an elite unit which operates on behalf of the people, but by saying and doing things that can be done by everyone. in any situation the militant works to push the revolutionary project just one step further. even when all the ingredients for a riot are present, it still needs someone to throw the first stone.

we cannot leave this topic without returning to the biggest terrorists of them all - governments. governments hold each others civilian populations hostage. with modern long-range weapons it is not even necessary to hold the hostages in physical captivity. but the message of terrorism is the same everywhere — if you cross us, the innocent will suffer.

—ALL STATES ARE TERRORIST—
—WE ARE ALL HOSTAGES—

(here in the pamphlet the author goes into a ~~gross~~ tyrade against charity as an entity which "actively supports the capitalist states quo and thereby perpetuates the very cause of the suffering which it claims to want to alleviate." unfortunately it's a few too many pages for me to reprint. i also don't have space to print his rant that came next on



1 What kind of child would you like to help?
☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either

2 What geographical area are you interested in?

☐ Check here for general information about our unique programs for aiding impoverished children.

U.S. INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE.

racism / sexism / speciesism really being just a struggle against hierarchy. it's good stuff tho'! get the whole pamphlet to read more...)

---

during the 1960's the group known as the 'situationist international' produced the most profound and wide-ranging critique of modern society for over a hundred years... a critique, the importance of which has yet to be realized fully. after 1968 the frustration of being revolutionaries sans revolution led to expulsions and resignations and the

establishment of an hierarchy of intellect under the guise of a quest for coherence. their belief that "these ideas are in everyones' heads" ignored the difference between knowing something to be true and feeling it to be true. their belief that, once freed from the chains of ideology, the true revolution would spring from nowhere, disregards the years of effort put in by thousands of nameless working class revolutionaries.

the opposition of the anarchists to money identifies them as one of the few genuine opponents of capitalism. but divided by historical, theoretical and personal difference the anarchists, at a time of unprecedented interest in anarchist ideas, find themselves almost incapable of contributing to the building of a revolutionary movement capable of overthrowing capitalism. it is of little consolation that the rest of the left is in an even worse state.

we don't exclude ourselves from this criticism - but we do believe that a recognition of what is wrong is the first step to putting it right.

theory begins at home. it is a cliché that many non-anarchist feminists groups operate in a more anarchistic way than many anarchist groups. the most powerful propaganda is example. we must start to build the world we want right now, as best we can.

All pleasure is creative if it avoids exchange. Loving what pleases me, I have to build a space in life as little exposed as possible to pollution by business, or I will not find the strength to bring the old world down, and the fungus among us will rot my dreams.

Raoul Vaneigem

there are no millenniums. revolutions are created, they don't 'just happen.' even with the best of preparation they develop unevenly, sometimes accelerating dramatically,

[illegible] A revolution cannot take place without revolutionary ideas, and revolutionary ideas do not emerge automatically from reformist and defensive struggles, however massive or bitterly contested. The revolutionary idea is a recognition that revolutionary change is worth pursuing, even when revolution itself may seem so far away, or what lies beyond it so hard to imagine, that to believe in it is practically an act of faith. All the same, it is a cliche that when revolutions happen, the professional revolutionaries are the least surprised; rarely do our notions of revolution match up to the reality. The revolutionary idea does not in itself help us to get from here to the revolution we desire to see; moreover, the possession of such an idea is worse than useless if we do not constantly test it against our own and others' experiences of struggle - for then it becomes mere ideology, a barrier to understanding and effective action.

often falling apart at the first reversal. we need a theory of how we are to start building the world we really want, and not let the new world slip from our hands at the same moment as we grasp it.

> There's no future in believing something can't be done. The future is in making it happen.

the world is full of ideologies that claim to offer freedom, but in reality simply offer us bigger cages and longer chains. the demand for an end to cages and chains may seem idealistic to some people, but the real idealists are those who think we can carry on as we are.

Today, the whole of our truth, our friendships, our critiques, our desires, our loves, are at stake. Today, it is either All or the Nothingness of accepting our fate, and the lying apologies that go with that acceptance.

N.B. 'The Misery of Unions'



"We shall celebrate with such fierce dancing the death of your institutions."

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PIES & COBBLERS

– about pies – slits in the top crust of a pie are to let steam out so the crust doesn't get too soggy. top crusts can be made prettier by brushing with soymilk and sprinkling on sugar. placing a cookie sheet underneath a pie can catch any filling that might spill over. for the best flavor and so the pie won't fall apart, wait 3-4 hours before cutting and serving. dull metal or glass pie pans work best because they cook hotter and ensure a non-soggy bottom crust (as you may get if you use a shiny metal pan.) also make sure your oven temperature is right. if you've got to use a disposable pie pan, use a disposable cake pan instead cuz disposable pie tins are smaller that normal pies and you'll have too much filling.



Generic Pie Crust

the following is for a single crust pie, but you can just double everything for double crust pies and cut the dough in 1/2 before rolling.
measure into a smallish bowl

1 c flour
1/4 tsp salt

mix well, then cut in with a pastry cutter or two knives until of pea size

1/3 c vegetable shortening

then using about a total of 2-3 1/2* tablespoons of water, sprinkle one tablespoon of water at a time over part of the mixture while gently tossing mixture at the same time. push moistened part to the side of the bowl and repeat, tablespoon at a time till all is moistened. form dough into a ball, and flatten it slightly, then place on a floured surface larger than the size of the pie pan turned upside down. roll from center to edges, making a 12" circle. be careful not to stretch the

dough, only roll it, because it will shrink awkwardly if it is stretched at any point. fold one half of the dough to the other side, and carefully lift it off the rolling surface and into the pan. fold under the excess crust hanging off the rim and make a cool edge design with your fingers or a fork or something.
if you're doing a double crust, after placing the top crust on, cut edges of top crust so there's only 1/2" hanging over the bottom crust, fold this top crust under rim of bottom crust, and create your pretty edge. there.



French/crumb Topping

if you want a really yummy topping on your pie instead of just another pie crust, try this. it's awesome. don't try to use it on really juicy pies though because it won't work. this mainly applies to berry pies, whose juice just makes this topping a soggy mess.
stir together

1 c flour
1/2 c sugar
1 tsp cinnamon

cut in with a pastry cutter or two knives until crumbly

1/2 c vegan margarine

sprinkle on top of pie and cover loosely with aluminum foil. bake pie as usual, taking off foil during last 15 minutes of cooking.

Blueberry, Raspberry or Blackberry Pie

have ready an uncooked and rolled double recipe of

pie crust dough

stir together in a large bowl

3/4 c sugar
1/4 c + 2 tbs flour
1/2 tsp finely grated lemon peel

add and toss lightly

5 c berry of choice

pour into a pastry lined pie tin of the 8, 9" variety. dot with

1 tbs vegan margarine, cut into small pieces

top with second crust, sealing edges of bottom and top crusts, and cut a design in the top crust for an air hole (oi polloi suggests a big circle A.) place aluminum foil loosely on top and bake for 30 minutes at 400°. remove foil and bake another 15 minutes or until top crust is golden brown. cool completely before serving.

Apple Pie

have ready and rolled either a double recipe
pie crust
or a single recipe plus a single recipe of
crumb topping
into a very large bowl slice into about 12 slices each
8 soft variety peeled apples (golden delicious are good)
toss with
2 tbs lemon juice
add and stir until well combined
3/4 c sugar
1/3 c flour
1 tsp cinnamon
3/4 tsp salt
and as an option some or all of the following:
1/2 c raisins
1/2 c chopped walnuts
3/4 c cranberries



dump all into pastry lined pie pan (of standard size) and top either with second crust or with crumb topping. if topping with second crust, seal edges of both crusts, and cut air holes into top crust. cover loosely with aluminum foil and put in a 400° oven for about 35 minutes. remove foil and bake another 15 minutes or until crust turns a golden brown. cool before serving

Sour Cream Peach Pie

have ready one rolled recipe
single pie crust
and one recipe
crumb topping

then make your sour cream by blending in blender til smooth and creamy

4 oz tofu (firm)
2 tbs veg oil
1 tbs lemon juice
1/2 tsp sugar
1/2 tsp salt

place into large bowl and gently mix

5 c fresh or frozen peeled and sliced peaches
3/4 c sugar
1/3 c flour
1/2 tsp nutmeg

stir in tofu sour cream, and pour into a pastry lined pie tin. sprinkle with the crumb topping and cover loosely with aluminum foil. place in a **400°** oven and bake for 25 minutes. remove foil and bake another 15 minutes, or until crumb topping is golden brown in color. cool before cutting.



Old fashioned Raisin Pie

have ready and rolled a double recipe of

pie crust

in a medium saucepan stir together

2/3 c packed brown sugar
2 tbs cornstarch

stir in

2 c raisins
2 tsp finely grated orange peel
1/2 c orange juice
2 tbs lemon juice

cook and stir over medium heat until thick and bubbly, and then remove from heat and stir in

2/3 c chopped walnuts or pecans

cool. then pour into a pastry lined 9" pie tin and place second crust on top, making sure to cut in slits for air holes. seal edges and cover loosely with aluminum foil. bake at **375°** for 25 minutes, then remove the foil and bake another 20-25 minutes, until top is golden brown. cool before serving.

Pumpkin Pie

have prepared and rolled a recipe for a
single pie crust
crumble into a large bowl
1 lb firm tofu
add and stir until well mixed
1 16 oz can cooked pumpkin
1 1/4 c packed brown sugar
3 tbs veg oil



1 tbs cinnamon
1 tsp ginger
1/4 tsp nutmeg
1 tsp salt
pour about 1/2 of this into a blender and blend until it's absolutely smooth. pour this into a pastry lined 9" pie tin.. do the same with the other 1/2 of the tofu mix. bake for one hour at **350°** cool before cutting, then refridgerate leftovers.

Chocolate Cream Pie

single pie crust
(do this by placing crust in pan with edges fluted or whatever, pricking the sides and bottom a million times with a fork so no bubbles form, and baking in a 350° oven for about 15 minutes or until the crust is golden brown. be sure to not stretch the dough when you're rolling it or it will shrink in the pan when it cooks.)
then into a large bowl squish up
3 c tofu
stir in
1 c melted vegan margarine
1 2/3 c sugar
1 c cocoa
1 tbs vanilla
1/4 tsp salt
1/2 c water
when well mixed, put about 1/2 of it in a blender and blend until it's smooth and creamy. then pour this into the cooled pie crust and do the same with the other 1/2 of the tofu gunk. refridgerate the pie until it's chilled

and firm. eat. yummmm.
you can make this a cocoa mint pie by mixing in 3/4 tsp mint extract in the place of the vanilla.

– about cobblers – as stated in the recipes, make sure that your filling is hot when you put it in the pan or else your doughs won't bake properly. also, the filling sometimes wants to bubble over when it's baking, so putting a cookie sheet on the rack underneath is helpful. so is using the right size baking dish. to test if a cobbler is done you put a toothpick into a center biscuit without sticking it in far enough to touch the filling and if it comes out clean, you're in good shape.



Apple-nut Cobbler

first make the cobbler biscuit batter by combining in a large bowl

2 c flour
3 tbs sugar
1 tbs baking powder
1/2 tsp salt

then cut in until resembling course crumbs

1/2 c vegan margarine

finally add, stirring only until moistened

3/4 c soymilk

then work on the filling by combining in another bowl and setting aside –

1 c sugar
3 tbs flour
1 1/2 tsp cinnamon
1/2 tsp nutmeg

finally, in a large pot combine

8 c apples, peeled, cored and sliced
1/3 c water

bring to a boil, cover and turn the heat down. cook about 6 or so minutes until apples are soft (stir oft). then add, while continuing to cook and stir til thick and bubbly. finally stir in sugar/spice mix and

3/4 c chopped nuts

turn heat off, and working fast, blop about 1/2 of the biscuit mix over the bottom of a 9 x 13" pan, no worry about spreading too evenly, then spread on all of the apple mix. (this mix must still be hot if the biscuit part is to fully cook in the oven.) finally blop in the rest of the biscuit mix. bake at **400°** for about 25-30 minutes or until the topping looks a good golden brown. cool some before serving.

Berry Cobbler

follow the recipe for the biscuit part of the previous recipe all the way through (ignore the part from the apples on.) then in a big saucepan combine

1 1/2 c sugar
3 tbs cornstarch
6 c fresh or frozen blueberries, raspberries, strawberries, etc.
1 tsp cinnamon
3/4 tsp salt

cook, stirring often until slightly thick and bubbly. then stir in

2 tbs vegan margarine

reduce heat and keep hot. meanwhile, plop about 1/2 of the biscuit mix onto the bottom of a 9 x 13" pan. quickly spread on the hot berry mix (must be hot if the biscuit part is to cook fully) and finally the last of the biscuit part. (this can also be blopped on, not spread.) bake in a **400°** oven for about 25-30 minutes or until biscuit top is a good golden brown. remove from oven and cool a little while before serving.



hunt sabbin' at the kofa, kofa-kabana

the horn from tom's brand spankin' new mini-van lets out three successive blaring honks announcing "we're he'ere!" to the two of us watching videos in the warmth of my parents' living room. we quickly throw together our meticulously carried packs and run out to meet our pals on the dark street.

"hey, give us a hand loading the food into the car," I say. a week's worth of food for 20. all laboriously obtained through pleading phone calls to every damn natural foods distributor in northern california. twenty pounds of lentils, an equal amount of rice, thirty pounds of apples and grapefruit, three cases of soy milk, four (!) pounds of preferred nutritional yeast flakes, a couple of boxes of hippy granola. mostly vegan faire for a motley crew of anarchists, radical environmentalists, and animal liberationists known for this week as the "hunt saboteurs".

squished tightly into the van, the five of us make ourselves comfortable among the piles of sleeping bags, tents, packs and boxes of food and we begin our fourteen hour journey to the humble and magnificent desert of arizona. there, thirteen unsuspecting desert bighorn sheep are slated for death. they are destined to fall under the bullets of a handful of warped people, hunters "lucky" enough to have won the opportunity to kill this incredible creature through pick of their lottery numbers by the arizona department of game and squish (game and fish). all supposedly in the name of "population control" right. this animal on the verge of certifiable endangerment!

as saboteurs our mission is to find these bastard hunters and sab their sick notion of fun, ensuring a continued life of roaming and mating and playing for this large, graceful and beautiful animal.

the night of driving is fitful and physically excruciating for our stiff, squished bodies but the evening is saved by a gracious gift from allah (not!) - a mid-night pit stop in burbank that lands us right smack next to a vegan, yes vegan, donut shop. too good to be true. mmmmm.

our mid-morning arrival to the saba' hotel room in a seedy, small arizona town is punctuated by hugs all around with those who have already arrived. we come from oregon, california, new mexico and montana and many haven't seen each other since the last sab in shasta or even since the cache creek sab many months previous.

the day in the hotel room is time for reuniting and strategizing, talking about our latest vaginal infections, and organizing a media blitz with the corporate media by phone. (even saboteurs will sometimes sink to such lows.) late afternoon brings another long jostling drive - this time by caravan and over miles and miles of bumpy dirt roads - to the heart of the kofa national wildlife refuge. we all stop to stretch for a few moments and to listen to the police reports blasting over our handy scanner. we laugh at the false reports the cops are sending to each other about the sabs and our whereabouts. as usual, they have long since been made privy to our intention to descent upon the murder game out in the desert.





by nightfall, everyone dusty and grumpy, we pull into a spot among scraggely tumbleweed and tall, stately cacti. we'll call this home for the next many days. tents quickly set up and campfire ablaze, we gather for the first of our nightly campfire meetings to discuss the day's activities and plan for the next. this meeting is void of the usual joking and playing and laughter as we are all tired from the hours of driving and are focused instead on sleep. sab partner picked. I head to my tent for a few short hours of shut-eye.

"wake up, wake up, wake up everyone! it's already 6.15! we're late!" ugh, the wake up person has spoken. everyone moans and groans in unison as we pull on our desert camos in the stark, dark cool and emerge from our tents one by one, flashlights bobbing in the black morning. fruit and juice and granola bars and pb & j sandwitches are thrown into our packs and some lucky enough to have a few spare moments munch bowls of cereal. still half asleep, we all huddle around the two large drop-off vehicles, flashlights focused on the detailed maps of the kofa area. after briefly going back over the details of who goes where, we pass around a bag of airhorns - a saboteur's good friend and weapon - and we're off. sab teams packed into the cars bumping and dipping and twisting for miles along the dusty desert floor.

"car lights ahead!" someone shouts. ours quickly go off and we sit for several moments watching the bobbing lights disappearing into the distance. cops? mom and squish? hunters? virtually no one else ventures into these parts. we head on our way again, maintaining a safe distance but keeping a watchful eye on their whereabouts.

according to our topo maps, the coming range, ridges barely outlined by the starlit sky, are my partner's and my designated lookout area for the day. we ready ourselves for a speedy escape from the car and are out within seconds of our driver's jerky halt. immediately we scramble our way up the first mountain of the range. we rely solely on the light coming down on us from the stars; flashlights in such places can be a dead give-away to those you don't care to happen across.

not a minute passes when another set of headlights, perhaps only a mile behind, become suddenly apparent in the darkness. shit! it can't be one of us. can only be hunters or rangers and either way we're in trouble if we're seen. unless camos gear is infallible or unless we can make our way up over the first small ridge in a minute or less, we'll surely be seen. the ridge it is and my partner drags me up after I fall hands first directly onto the most prickly of small cacti in this part of the desert. it's a minor bloody surgery many hours later to remove all the damn needles.

we make it up over the top with nary a foot in a rattler's den and we hunker down behind one of many huge rock formations. peering around the corner, the headlights are no longer in sight. where could they have gone? there's only a single desert dirt "road" for miles and miles and one can see much of it even without binoculars.

we continue to watch for any other lights that could be a hunter's because if they park in our vast lookout area we must track them down and quietly follow them to ensure that it's an airhorn and not a gun that causes any bighorn to scatter.



shortly the sun begins ever-so-slightly lighting the sky to the east, though 's still a good hour before it makes its way over the horizon. (those desert arriges are later spoken of with awe by saboteurs blown away by their absolute ghtsaoutar-ness.) this is the hunter's favorite hunting time, a time when the nted are often making their way to drinking holes after a drinking fast of many urs. they become easy targets if they're in groups - as they often are - or if hunter knows of a recently frequented waterhole to stake out. as sabs we always trying to learn of the hunters' whereabouts and their water frequents stay a step ahead of the hunter, because what we see a hunter can too and s can be deadly.

in the quickly brightening sky we hide ourselves in a large patch of brush and on the ridges and valleys with our binoculars looking for sheep or hunter. we o compare the landscape with what's on our topos to try to get a bearing on our cement.

as my partner and I debate which direction we should begin to hike - in a y's work we should scour many miles of countryside - unbeknownst to us and m two hunters are making their way up our mountain and directly toward us. onds before they appear around our pile of brush we hear them and with no ce to scramble and hide we prepare ourselves for confrontation. I want to piss pants because there's no telling those hunters won't use their deadly weapons inst us. they have before and there have been recent threats to do it again.

they turn the corner and there we are. face to face. this has not happened either of us newcomers to hunt saboteige before! shock and fear spread across r faces - I forgot that they too have an impression of us being scary. 'dorous anarchists (they got that right!) who are just as likely to shoot them as y are us. I feel them sizing us up and checking out our artillery when I let out most forced and intimidating "good morning" as this small, 5'2" wommyn can.

without discussing it we have decided to undertake sab strategy #142-878a -hee): intimidate and harrass until hunters give up and high-tail outta there. would not be an option had we felt these men were likely to attack us but nothing in their mannerisms and frightened expressions told me this was unlikely appen.

"um, hello," they gruffly said.

climb, slide, jump, we imitated their every move as we carefully followed n, just yards behind. they lift their binoculars to look for sheep, we lift our culars to look for sheep. they try to shoot, we blast our airhorns. (the latter not happen.) they finally leave, fed up, and head back to their cars in the fully lit morning. best hunting time of the day already slipping away, they off to find a hunting spot far from us. for the first time that morning I der about my fellow saboteurs and how the morning has treated them.

we head off toward the other unprotected ridges.

the rest of the day, by, the rest of the week, is spent climbing and hiding oops and spying and descending and running and napping (only while partner's bakout!)...

that particular day the two of us spotted perhaps ten more hunters and for a ile we watched a group of them through our binocs as they sat idle, shootin' breeze with each other down along side the main desert dirt "road". at one nt, feeling braver than my partner (no, more bored is the word), I decided to k down the hill to where the hunters sat, hoping to cop a listen to their nversation and maybe extracting some clue as to their next plan of action.

almost within earshot of the slime I slipped, sending a rock crashing down, landing too close to their cars. they stopped, slowly sat up and scanned the dusty mountainside where I lay motionless under a bush. by then they'd probably have loved to get their hands on a saboteur and I didn't want to be their target of many frustration and machismo. I lay there unmoving for what seemed like hours until they finally went back to their discussion and I felt comfortable quietly making my way back to my partner. I decided not to try that again. (the one sab motto is 'do the daring - you'll always regret it if you don't' good motto appy this to life daily.)

at sunset my partner and I begin making our way to our designated pick-up spot, hoping our topo maps wouldn't fail us then. it is dark as we hide behind a large rock watching a car slowly make it's way toward us. we looked for headlights to blocked out with tape signifying a comrade's and not a copper's vehicle. this it, we jump out, wave our arms wildly to get the driver's attention and quickly hop into the just opened door. other sabbers are inside, having been picked up miles before and we excitedly exchange stories of our day's findings out in the killing fields.

back at the evening campfire munching on tofu and pasta prepared for us by the folks who stayed in that day, we go around, team by team, reporting all we say, heard or did that day. only a few actually spotted sheep. one team barely missed a sab and instead watched a poor sheep die. a collective sigh of sadness is shared all around and I hoped the team didn't take on the death of the sheep as their fault. a couple of teams had run-ins with cops who I did and harrassed them to no end. at other sabs such run-ins whould have meant immediate arrest due to hunts being held on private land and sabs trespassing. but here we had to be caught in the act of sabbing to be arrested, grounds being breaking of an absurd "anti-hunter harrassment" law.

by and large most report days similar to ours. the best information we gain is sightings of lots of fresh sheep shit in a concentrated area meaning recent sheep presence and good sab stakeout locations for the following day. after all is said and plotted we choose our new partners for the next day and prepare ourselves for sheep.

the rest of the week produces more of the same. the "authorities" found our camp and regularly sent out a harrassment-force, and mom and squishers spent hours at a time at the camp tagging our faces with their video cameras as we ate, played catch... we had some fun giving them shit. one morning as we were just given our wake-up call, one by one strong halogen headlights blinked on, shining directly into our camp from all directions. the assholes had us surrounded and were going to follow us to all our drop off spots and arrest any of us caught sabbing. this threw us off almost a half a day. more of us saw more sheep and hunters, but rarely at the same place at the same time. I got a good look at a hunter's behind through my binoculars as he was taking a dump that was worth the trip alone.

by the end of our stay there in the magnificent, seemingly endless arizona desert that by some sick human manipulation had temporarily been turned into a war-ground between the warped, the innocent and the lovers of earth and life, three sheep had been killed. as always we pondered whether this was a victory or a tragedy. it's impossible to say if the ten who were spared even had any owing to our presence. still, few doubt whether or not it was worth our effort. the sabs continue...

reading back through the previous pages, I've realized that I've excluded mentioning one of the most important parts for me of the sabs I participated in; this being the intense sense of unity and camaraderie I have felt so strongly when around the other saboteurs on a sab. from what this newcomer to the sab scene has been told (and experienced), it's a rare moment that anyone gets to feel the empowerment of having just sabbed a kill. so empowerment and strength comes mostly from each other - from a sense of shared dreams and desires. dreams for a world without suffering and pain and exploitation, not just for humans but for all life. desires to live free and run wild and laugh and play. the sabs try hard to create this in our own little world when together -jesus, making music, playing silly games around the campfire, eating good food, falling in and out of love, plotting... I'm totally happy I was exposed to these people and encourage others to do what I did and just jump in and get involved. let there be life and love in direct action everywhere!

HUNT SABOTEURS

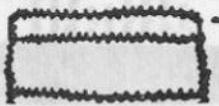
write!
hunt saboteurs
p.o. box 136
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92075

★ INSTRUCTIONS – KIND OF – TO MAKE YOOR OWN MENSTRAL PADS ★

guess what? i recently figured that a typical western ♀ will dispose of about 7,200 plastic-coated, dioxin bleached tampons & pads into the already over-stuffed and polluted landfills & sewage systems in her menstruating lifetime. now multiply that by the # of menstruating ♀ in the western world, consider the number of trees downed for all this sanitary "protection" (protection from fucking what?!?), and what you got ain't pretty. it's actually very screwed, especially when you consider how much these products – with their nice little plastic baggies for clean disposal & long slender applicators for insertion without bloodied hands – alienate us wimmin so from our monthly bleed/shedding. sad, sad i say. but lately i've been trying to counter all this by instead using my old diaphram and home-made cloth menstral pads when i'm on my period, and both have worked really well. so here's a rough pattern for you for menstral pads – if you're a guy make some for some friends – and if you're the type who likes an internal menstral fluid-catcher, try sea sponges with a string wrapped around for easy extraction. it feels righteous & it's good for the earth. so do it.

* use flannel material so pads won't slip in your underwear. baby material sections of yardage shops have lots of this in too-cute patterns!

* cut two pieces of material to 14½" x 9". cut one more piece to 14½" x 5". lay the skimpy 14½" x 5" piece down the center of one of the 14½" x 9" pieces. lay the other big one on top and pin all around the edges & in the middle to hold all 3 pieces together evenly. stitch around the entire edge many times so edge won't unravel, then stitch around edge of the middle layer so it won't move around inside the two big ones. fold up however fit best fits in your underwear & you're set. easy as pie.



– all mmmm's are stitches. fold so it looks something like this:

play damn-it

play. play! we all need to play, damn-it! lighten up a bit. have fun. let go some. throw off the loads of shit piled on our backs from day in and day out of external and internal oppression. laugh a bit at our bosses and the cops in our heads. dance, sing, giggle, roll in the mud, masturbate, use food, make love with abandon, tickle, flirt, hop, run, joke, laugh...PLAY!!! my god, i can't imagine my life without play! without the nights of Monster in the park with a bunch of punks after a great gig, without hokey-pokeying with dozens of others before arrest in the recruiting center during the war, without jumping out and screaming "boo!" at a friend, without having fabulous sex for hours on end with myself and with paul, (i like to fantasize about sex during the revolution, walls, institutions crumbling around me. i think that's so sexual - i finally understand my friend who tells me he gets serious erections every time he goes out on a fuck shit up rampage!)

games are one form of play i love alot. the first time i played a game as an adult -after years of non-play 'cuz i was too damn grown up for that- was at a day-of-action meeting at the '89 Intl. @ gathering in san francisco. the workshop was facilitated by this drop-dead gorgeous guy from scotland and the first thing he had us all do was play this rediculous choo-choo train game to lighten us up and get us to meet each other (we were from all over the world.) sigh. he had my heart. he also had me hooked on games, and now i'm always eager to learn new games and get a group of people to start one up. i've got alot of great, fun games stored in my memory and i've also got a really good book with zillions of non-competative games called playfair by matt weinstein and joel goodman (1980, impact publishers) that i would recommend everyone get. oh, and for the activist, I've noticed as others have that games during those long tedious organizing meetings can really liven things up and can difuse lots of tension that might be present. so put on your sneakers and...play!

here's a couple of games i really love to start you off on your lifelong quest for fun and humor and lightheartedness and revolution:

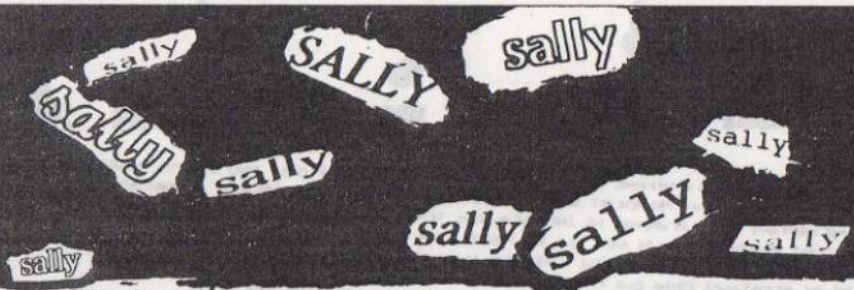
brussel sprouts - (you need at least about 12 people for this one to be really fun - hundreds would work.) brussel sprouts is a tag game that starts out in slow motion. if i'm "it", and i'm chasing steve ingnorant in slow motion and i catch him, instead of the "it" passing from me to him, we link up arms and we are "it" together. and the next person we capture, say, andi thatcher on acid, also links up arms with us. the "it" gets larger and larger until it encompasses everyone, and that's the end of the game.

now, at any time any of the players can call out "lima bean - blech!". that changes the speed of the game from slow motion to fast motion, or from fast motion back to slow. at any time anyone can also call out "brussel sprouts, mmm!" and that has no effect on the game whatsoever.

any of the people who are linked together to form the "it" can call out at any time the word "carrots!" and this means that the people in the "it" unlink arms, jump up in the air, spin around, and link up again in the opposit direction. that's it! hellasiously fun.

animals game - this one is also best played with at least a dozen people and up to thousands (though i've never done it with more than about 50!) start off in a big circle and ask the group to come up with three animals whose sounds can be easily imitated, such as a cow ("moooo"), a cat ("meeeow"), etc.. once i was playing this with a group of zany anarchists and we decided the pig sound was "up against the wall with your hands up asshole!" and the sheep sound was "okay officer". do whatever you want, but be sure to practice the sounds aloud with the group a couple of times before starting in on the game. when everyone's got the sounds down pat, it's time for all to close their eyes. make sure you are all spread out and are in a big area so that no one will trip over things. now, everyone should choose one of the three animals picked that they will represent, perhaps the animal they most identify with. at the count of three, all are to start making the sound of that animal at the top of their lungs and scoot around to try to find all the others making the same animal sound as they are. once they've found each other they link arms and continue making the sound until it sounds like all three groups are entirely linked up. now you can open uyour eyes. (we once did this as cows, pigs and sheep in the meat department of a huge grocery store, only our sounds were what these animals might sound like getting slaughtered in a slaughterhouse. creative, fun theater!)

doctor, doctor, we need help! - this one works for groups of about seven or more. the groups chooses one person to be the doctor and sends her out of the room or has her close her eyes. the rest stand in a circle with both arms extended and when ready everyone takes a hold of anyone else's hands in the circle, trying to hold the hand of a person across from them, and two people down from them, or whatever - but trying not to hold the hand of a person next to them. now they are in a tangled mess and in need of surgery to untangle themselves. so they yell, "doctor, doctor, we need help!" the person chosen as doctor then comes back in and tries to return everyone back to their initial circular state without ever unlatching any two hands. believe it or not this is possible, but requires lots of ingenuity and patience. expect it to take 5-15 minutes. the "patients" can help the doctor out with hints too. it's great fun!



sally is cool. i met sally at the street mailbox shortly after my parents and i moved into suburban hell carmichael when i was 17. sally was radical feminist. i was exploring feminism. sally was busted at political actions here and there. i had been busted at political actions here and there. sally was a socialist. i was an anarchist, but sally eventually said she was probably one too. cool. i found a friend.

some other cool things about sally: sally was (is) a grandmother. she lived in an extended family and was known to kids and grandkids alike as "sally" - not as some all-important authoritarian title like "mother". when her kids were growing up she told them to study her signature so that she wouldn't keep getting called into the principle's office to be shown all her kids' forged excuse notes. sally is a lesbian. sally is a radical historian who worked for over 15 years on the biography of a 19th century anarchist/feminist womyn who was all but written out of HIStory. sally had a blast at the gilman street punk gig i took her to. sally fell in love with the yeastie girlz and did an interview with them for maximum rock and roll. sally had a big vulva halloween costume which she ended up giving to gilman street for a prop for an all-women gig.

[redacted] sally used to be a professor and she once got fired from a university for showing wimmin in one of her classes how to do cervical self-exams. sally used a book on liberating masturbation for a text. she burned the constitution in class, which seriously bummed out a few students. before she quit teaching, she wrote some chumbawamba lyrics i showed her on the board for her students. sally writes books on native amerikkkan history with native amerikkkans, not as just some white person "telling it like it is." she once tried to set up a dialog between animal liberation activists and native americans to work out some differences the groups were having and find common ground. sally supports the work of the ALF.

[redacted] sally thinks boogers are cool and loved our "christmas consumerism makes us sick" puke-in at arden fair mall. sally preached that is was cool to steal from the corporations, but make sure you "never steal from the people'". sally had a neat-o fbi file. sally supported our wild youth activist paper when almost no other local leftist would because it was too scary for them. sally didn't judge anyone. she was the most honest and accepting person i've ever met. sally started her adult life in a normal bad marriage with normal bad interests and a normal bad lifestyle. sally changed a lot. i haven't seen sally in many years, but i'm sure she's spreading goodness and radicalism wherever she is. when i grow up, i want to be like sally.

DEEP SHIT - THOSE EMOTIONS THANGS

WE HAD BEEN MEETING TOGETHER ALMOST WEEKLY NOW FOR OVER TWO MONTHS. A GROUP OF ABOUT 15 OF US ALL PREVIOUSLY STRANGERS FOR THE MOST PART, TO ORGANIZE A MORE YOUTHFUL AND MILITANT LOCAL RESPONSE TO THE ESCALATING TENSIONS IN THE MIDDLE EAST. SOME OF US HAD ACTIVIST HISTORIES. OTHERS NOT. BUT WE FOUND EACH OTHER SOMEHOW, RESPONDING TO A COMMON DEEPFELT NEED TO MAKE SURE THE IMPENDING SLAUGHTER ON IRAQ DIDN'T HAPPEN WITHOUT AT LEAST A BIT OF RESISTANCE FROM OUR PARTS.

OUR MEETINGS WERE OFTEN LONG AND TEDIOUS, BUT WERE PUNCTUATED BY A HEALTHY DOSAGE OF GOOD HUMOR AND PLAY. AS A GROUP OF UNACQUAINT-EDS, WE MANAGED TO PUT UP A COMPARITIVELY STRONG SHOW LOCALLY OF UTTER DISGUST AND REPULSION OVER THE U.S.' ACTIONS OF THE TIME.

SO AFTER MONTHS OF MEETINGS IT OCCURED TO ME ONE NIGHT AS FOLKS WERE ARRIVING FOR YET ANOTHER ORGANIZING-JAM SESSION, THAT IN ALL THE TIME WE WERE SPENDING TOGETHER, NOT ONE OF US HAD REALLY EXPRESSED HOW THIS IMPENDING WAR FELT DEEP INSIDE, ON A RAW EMOTIONAL LEVEL. THIS STRUCK ME AS LUDICROUS AS I KNEW THAT I, PERSONALLY, WAS BEING RIPPED APART BY THE FEAR, ANGER AND DESPAIR I WAS FEELING OVER THE REALITY THAT ANY DAY NOW THE NATION THAT IS CALLED MY OWN WAS ABOUT TO COMMIT ONE OF HISTORIES GREATEST ATROCITIES, KILLING UNKNOWN MASSES OF HUMANS AND OTHER ANIMALS AND RENDERING THE EARTH AN EVEN WORSE MESS THAN IT ALREADY WAS.

MY EMOTIONAL UPHEAVAL OF THE TIME WAS EFFECTING ME IN EVERY ASPECT OF MY EXISTENCE - MY LOVE LIFE, MY JOB
MY "FREE TIME" (WHAT A CROSS CONCEPT, HUH!), ETC.. I FELT COMPLETLEY OUT OF BALANCE AND WOULD CRY ALMOST AT THE DROP OF A HAT. EITHER THAT, OR I WOULD FEEL ODDLY DETATCHED, REMOVED FROM ANY EMOTIONS, UNABLE TO FEEL ANYTHING AT ALL. IT SUCKED, YET I REALLY COULDN'T TALK TO ANYONE ABOUT IT. WE WERE ALL TOO BUSY ORGANIZING THE NEXT ACTION OR WHATNOT AND THERE JUST WASN'T TIME TO TALK ABOUT *FEELINGS*.

SO ANYWAY, AS PEOPLE WERE ARRIVING TO THIS MEETING I JUST FELT LIKE I COULDN'T KEEP MY FEELINGS TO MYSELF ANY LONGER. I NEEDED TO GET THEM OUT AND FIND OUT IF ANY OTHERS WERE FEELING SIMILAR THINGS. AS WE WERE SETTING THE AGENDA, I ASKED IF WE COULD ADD "DEEP SHIT" - VERY MYSTERIOUS SOUNDING - TO THE END.

WHEN IT CAME AROUND, IT WAS ALREADY QUITE LATE, AND EVERYONE LOOKED AT ME. THERE WAS SILENCE. I OPENED MY MOUTH AND SAID "WELL, WHAT THIS 'DEEP SHIT' STUFF IS ABOUT IS THAT I KNOW I'VE BEEN EXPERIENCING A LOT OF STRONG EMOTIONAL SHIT SURROUNDING THIS WAR THING AND I WAS WONDERING IF ANYONE ELSE HAS BEEN TOO." THEN I STARTED CRYING, SERIOUSLY BAWLING (AS I AM NOW). AND WHILE THERE WAS A MOMENT OR TWO OF UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE, SLOWLY, ONE BY ONE OTHERS BEGAN TO SPEAK QUIETLY ABOUT ALL THEIR OWN PERSONAL TRAUMAS THEY HAD BEEN UNDERGOING SURROUNDING THE IMPENDING WAR.

MARTY SPOKE UP, JOSH, PAUL. PEOPLE WHO HAD BARELY UTTERED A WORD IN ALL THE LONG MEETINGS WE HAD HAD. OTHERS CRIED AS THEY SHARED THEIR FEELINGS AND IN THE END WE WERE ALL WRAPPED IN A BIG BALL OF ARMS AND LAPS AND LEGS ON THE FLOOR IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM HOLDING AND STROKING AND SUPPORTING EACH OTHER. BEFORE THEN, WE WERE JUST A GROUP OF INDEPENDENT INDIVIDUALS, SETTING ASIDE SOME HOURS OUT OF OUR BUSY LIVES TO COME TO MEETINGS MAKE PHONE CALLS, WRITE PRESS RELEASES (UGH - WHY!!!), ETC.. ALL OF THE SUDDEN (AT LEAST IT SEEMED SO TO ME) WE WERE MORE THAN JUST COMRADES IN STRUGGLE, WE WERE FRIENDS; NOT JUST ORGANIZING MACHINES. BUT REAL HUMANS WITH REAL FEELINGS. IT FELT SO AWESOME, AND JUST ABOUT EVERYONE COMMENTED ON HOW GREAT IT FELT TO FINALLY BE ABLE TO SPEAK OF THEIR FEARS AND ANGER AND SADDNESS AND SUCH. IT WAS REALLY CLEANSING.

NOW, THE READER ASKS, IS THERE A POINT TO THIS BIG, LONG STORY? BUT OF COURSE! DARE YOU QUESTION!

LONG AFTER THAT MEETING I BEGAN TO LOOK AT ALL THE DIFFERENT GROUPS I HAD BEEN INVOLVED WITH OVER THE YEARS THAT WERE DEDICATED TO OVERTHROWING THIS OR THAT EVIL - USUALLY SOMETHING PERPETUATED BY THE STATE OR MEGA-CORPORATIONS OR SCIENCE OR SUCH. THERE WAS ALWAYS SPACE IN THESE GROUPS TO BITCH AND MOAN ABOUT HOW FUCKED THINGS ARE, BUT NEVER, AS WITH OUR ANTI-WAR T.O.A.S.T. GROUP (TRADERS - NOT TRAITORS - ORGANIZED AGAINST STATE TERRORISM), TO EXPRESS OUR DEEP PERSONAL SUFFERING OVER THE DEVASTATION OF THE EARTH, SLAUGHTERED ANIMALS, ETC.. WHY NOT!!!

I KNOW THAT WE ARE DISCOURAGED JUST ABOUT FROM BIRTH FROM EXPRESSING OUR FEELINGS BECAUSE FEELINGS ARE DANGEROUS THINGS, BUT SHOULDN'T WE, WHO ARE *SO* GOOD AT REJECTING THE STATUS QUO, BE BEYOND THE UNSPOKEN CODE OF FEELINGS-DENIAL? SHOULDN'T OUR COMMUNITY OF RESISTANCE BREAK DOWN THOSE BARRIERS THAT KEEP US SILENT AND THUS FUCKED-UP, ALL UPTIGHT AND STUFF, ACTIVIST MACHINES AND NOT HUMYN BEINGS! HUH! HUH!

SO I GUESS MY POINT IS THAT WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SPACE IN OUR ACTIVIST CIRCLES TO BE ABLE TO BE OPEN ABOUT HOW WE FEEL, TO MAKE A COMFORTABLE SPACE FOR PEOPLE TO CRY OR SCREAM OR DO WHATEVER TO LET OUT THEIR SADDNESSES OR ANGER. "DEEP SHIT" SHOULD BE AS MUCH A PART OF OUR WORK AS SPRAYPAINT. * but most importantly to make space!



COOKIES

– about cookies – baking bar cookies in a pan too large or too small will alter the cooking time and texture of the cookie, so they are best cooked in the right size pan. you can make them look different by cutting them into squares and then cutting each square in half to make a triangle. when a recipe calls for an ungreased baking sheet, take that seriously or you'll end up with very spread out and crispy cookies. also avoid over-spreading by allowing cookie sheets to fully cool between shifts of new and baked cookies. you know drop cookies are done when the dough looks set, a slight imprint remains after lightly touching and the edges and bottoms are lightly browned. overloading your oven will require longer cooking times because too much in your oven lowers the temperature. so does opening the oven door a lot. shiny pans are best for cookies cuz they reflect heat and ensure that the bottoms won't cook before the rest of the cookie does.

Chocolate Chip Cookies

thoroughly mix

- **3/4 c white sugar**
- **3/4 c brown sugar, packed**
- **1/2 c vegan margarine**
- **1/2 c veg shortening**
- **2 tbs + 1 1/2 tsp water**

then stir in (this will take serious elbow grease)

- **2 1/4 c flour**
- **1 tsp baking soda**
- **1/2 tsp salt**

finely, stir in

1 c chopped nuts
1 12 oz package dark choc chips
1/2 c coconut (optional, but awesome)

drop by rounded spoonfuls about 2" apart on an ungreased baking sheet and bake at 375° about 8-10 minutes (centers will still be soft.) cool a minute or two, then remove from baking sheet. makes about 4 dozen.

Chocolate-orange Chocolate Chip

in a large bowl combine

1 c sugar
1/3 c vegan margarine
1/3 c veg shortening
1 tbs finely grated orange peel
2 tbs + 1 1/2 tsp water

stir in

1 1/2 c flour
1/3 c cocoa
1/4 tsp salt
1/4 tsp baking powder
1/4 tsp baking soda

then stir in

1 c chopped nuts
1 c dark chocolate chips

roll dough into 1 1/2" balls, then roll in a mix of

1/3 c sugar
1 tsp grated orange peel

place about 3" apart on an ungreased baking sheet and flatten with the bottom of a glass to about 1/2" thickness. bake 9-11 minutes or until the cookies look set at 375°. cool a minute, then remove from cookie sheet. makes about 30 cookies.

Oatmeal Cookies

into a large bowl combine

2/3 c white sugar
2/3 c brown sugar
1/2 c vegan margarine, softened

1/2 c veg shortening
1 tsp baking soda
2 tsp cinnamon
1 tsp vanilla
1/2 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp salt
1/4 c + 2 tbs water

stir in

3 c quick cooking oats
1 c flour
1 c raisins or 2 c choc chips (optional)

drop by rounded spoonfuls about 2" apart on an ungreased baking sheet. bake 9-11 minutes, or until light brown, at 375°. immediately remove from baking sheet so the heat won't keep cooking them. makes about 36 cookies.

Peanut Butter Cookies

in a large bowl mix together

1/2 c sugar
1/2 c brown sugar
1/2 c peanut butter
1/4 c shortening
1/4 c vegan margarine
2 tbs + 2 tsp water



then stir in

1 1/4 c flour
3/4 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp salt

roll dough into about 1 1/4" balls and place 3" apart on a baking sheet. flatten with a criss-cross pattern made by a fork repeatedly dipped in flour. bake at 375° for 9-10 minutes or until light brown. cool a couple minutes before removing from baking sheet. makes about 30 cookies.

Pecan Shortbread

combine
- **1 1/4 c flour**
- **3 tbs brown sugar**

cut in with two knives until mixture is in small, fine crumbs and begins to cling
- **1/2 c vegan margarine**

stir in
- **2 tbs finely chopped, almost ground, pecans**

sprinkle with
- **1/2 tsp vanilla**

form mixture into a ball and knead until it's smooth. then roll the dough on a lightly floured surface to 1/2 inch thickness. cut into 2 1/4 x 3/4 inch strips, and place an inch apart on an ungreased baking sheet. bake at **325°** for 20-25 minutes or until bottoms just start to brown.



Applesauce-Granola Cookies

in a largish bowl mix
- **1 c packed brown sugar**
- **1/2 c shortening**
- **1 tsp vanilla**
- **1 tsp cinnamon**
- **3 tbs water**

then stir in
- **1/2 c applesauce**

and then
- **2 c flour**
- **2 c vegan granola**
- **1/2 tsp baking soda**
- **1/2 tsp salt**

drop this mixture by rounded spoonfuls about 2" apart onto an ungreased baking sheet. bake at **375°** for about 11-13 minutes or until almost no indention remains when touched in center. cool a little bit before removing from baking sheet. makes about 40 cookies.

Glazed Poppyseed Drop Cookies

into a large bowl mix
- 1 c sugar
- 1 c vegan margarine
- 2 tbs + 2 tsp water
- 1 tbs cornstarch

then mix in
- 1 3/4 c flour
- 2 tbs poppyseeds
- 1 tsp baking powder
- 1/4 tsp salt

drop this mix by rounded spoonfuls onto an ungreased baking sheet and bake at 375° for 10-12 minutes or until the edges just begin to turn golden brown. remove from baking sheet after a minute or two, then cool completely. after they are cool drizzle their tops with a mix of
- 1 1/2 c powdered sugar
- 2 tbs soymilk
- 1 tsp poppyseeds
- 1/2 tsp vanilla

makes about 24 cookies.

Sugar Cookies

in a large bowl combine
- 1 1/2 c powdered sugar
- 1 c softened vegan margarine

then stir in
- 2 tbs + 2 tsp water
- 1 tbs + 2 tsp corn starch
- 1 tsp vanilla
- 1/2 tsp almond or mint extract (optional)



finally stir in
- 2 1/2 c flour
- 1 tsp baking soda
- 1 tsp cream of tartar

cover this mixture with plastic or a cloth and put it in your refridgerator for a couple of hours until it's good and firm.
roll half the dough at a time to 1/4" thickness in a

lightly floured surface. cut into whatever shapes you want. put on an ungreased baking sheet and bake 7-8 minutes at 375° (cookies should be beginning to turn light brown.) makes about 30 2 - 2 1/2" cookies.

Gingerbread People

mix together until really creamy
- 1/2 c sugar
- 1/2 c shortening

then mix in
- 2 1/2 c flour
- 1/4 c water
- 1/2 c molasses
- 3/4 tsp salt
- 1/2 tsp baking soda
- 1 tsp ginger
- 1/4 tsp nutmeg
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp cloves
- 1/4 tsp allspice



then cover this mix with a cloth or plastic bag or something and refridgerate for a few hours. (this makes it easier to roll.)
roll the dough about a 1/4" thick on a lightly floured surface and cut with cookie cutters. you can also just have a stensil that you can cut around.
cook on an ungreased baking sheet at 375° for about 10-12 minutes. immediately remove them from the baking sheet or the heat will keep cooking them. when they're cool, frost em with some white frosting (look in frosting section) and decorate with raisins or candies or something. makes 15 4" cookies.

Russian Tea Cakes

thoroughly combine
- 1 c softened vegan margarine
- 1/2 c powdered sugar
- 1 tsp vanilla

then add and mix until completely combined (this will take a while)

2 1/4 c flour
1/4 tsp salt
3/4 c finely chopped (almost ground) nuts

shape the dough into 1" balls and place a half an inch or so apart on an ungreased baking sheet. bake 10-12 minutes at **400°** until they look like they're set, but not brown. while they're still warm roll them in

powdered sugar

then do it again once they're cool.
makes about 48.

Raspberry Logs



mix together in a large bowl

1 c sugar
1/2 c vegan margarine
1/4 c shortening
2 tsp vanilla
3 tbs cornstarch
1/4 c + 2 tsp water

stir in

2 1/4 c flour
1/2 c ground walnuts
1 tsp baking powder
1/4 tsp salt

cover with a plastic wrap or cloth and refridgerate for a couple hours or until it's good and firm. then on a floured surface, role out 1/2 at a time to a 12" square and cut into 3" x 2" rectangles. using a total of

1/2 c raspberry jam

place 1/2 tsp jam 1/4" from edges along one 3" side of each rectangle and fold dough lengthwise over jam, sealing edges with fork. place this on an ungreased baking sheet and bake at **375°** for 8-10 minutes or until cookies are light brown. while they're still warm, roll em in

powdered sugar

makes 48.

Apple Squares

in a large bowl mix then set aside
- **1/2 c sugar**
- **2 tbs flour**
- **1 1/2 tsp cinnamon**
- **1/4 tsp nutmeg**
- **2 1/2 c slices, peeled apples**

then in a medium sized bowl stir together
- **1 1/4 c flour**
- **1 tbs sugar**
- **1/2 tsp finely grated lemon peel**
- **1/4 tsp salt**

cut in with pastry cutter or two knives until pea size
- **1/3 c vegan margarine**

then add
- **3 tbs soy milk or water**

using a fork to stir and stirring just until all is moistened -- you may need to add more liquid a teaspoon at a time to make it all moistened.
divide dough in half, rolling each into a ball. roll one into a 10" square on a floured surface. place into a 8 x 8" square pan, allowing dough up the sides. spread the apple mixture over this dough.
roll out the other round to an 8" square, cut air slits into it, and place on top of apple mix. seal the edges and brush the top with extra soy milk if you want a kind of shiny-ish, brownish top. bake at **350°** for 35-40 minutes, until top begins to brown. cut into squares or whatever when cool.

Cranberry-orange Cookies

start by mixing together in a large bowl
- **1 c sugar**
- **1/2 c brown sugar**
- **1 c vegan margarine, softened**
- **1 tsp grated orange peel**
- **1/4 c + 2 tsp orange juice**

then mix in until well combined
- **2 1/2 c flour**
- **2 c chopped cranberries**



1/2 c chopped nuts
1/2 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp salt

drop mixture by rounded spoonfuls about 2" apart onto an ungreased baking sheet and bake 12 - 14 minutes at 375°, or until cookies are light brown. then remove them from the cookie sheet and cool, and finally frost them with a frosting made by mixing until smooth

1 1/2 c powdered sugar
3 tbs orange juice
1/2 tsp grated orange peel

makes about 48 cookies

Linzer Torte Bars

mix all together in one good-sized bowl until mixture is very crumbly

1 c flour
1 c powdered sugar
1 c ground walnuts
1/2 c vegan margarine, softened
1/2 tsp cinnamon

press about 2/3 of this mixture into an ungreased 9 x 9" square pan. then spread with

2/3 c red raspberry preserves (other preserves are o.k., but not traditional)

sprinkle on remaining crumbs and gently press into preserves. bake 20-25 minutes at 375° or until light golden brown. cool completely and cut into 48 small bars.



Banana-nut Bars

in a large bowl beat

1 c sugar
1 c mashed ripe banana (about 3)
1/3 c oil
3 tbs cornstarch mixed with 5 tbs water

then stir in

1 c flour
1 tsp baking powder



1/2 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp cinnamon
1/4 tsp salt
1/2 c chopped nuts

spread batter into a greased 9 x 13" pan and bake in a 350° oven for 25-30 minutes or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. cool in pan completely, then spread with 1/2 of a recipe of

"cream cheese" frosting (see frostings)

cut into 24 bars and eat! refridgerate any remaining bars.

Frosted Pumpkin-nut Cookies

in a large bowl combine

1 1/2 c packed brown sugar
1/2 c softened vegan margarine
1/2 c shortening

then stir in

1 c canned pumpkin
3 tbs water

finally add and mix in well

2 1/3 c flour
1 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp salt
1 tsp cinnamon
1/4 tsp cloves
1/4 tsp ginger
1/4 tsp nutmeg

stir in

2 c chopped nuts, walnuts or pecans

drop by rounded spoonfuls about 2" apart on an ungreased baking sheet and flatten slightly. bake at 375° for 12-15 minutes or until no indention remains when you lightly press the middle with your finger. remove from cookie sheet and cool completely before frosting with a frosting made by mixing til smooth

3 c powdered sugar
1/4 c vegan margarine, softened
3-4 tbs soymilk or water
1/4 tsp cinnamon

makes about 5 dozen.

No-bake Peanut Butter/Choc Squares

first line an 8" square baking dish with waxed paper. then, in a medium sized saucepan heat and stir constantly until chocolate is melted and mixture is smooth

1 c dark chocolate chips
1/4 c light corn syrup
1/4 c peanut butter
2 tbs soymilk
1 tsp vanilla



then stir in

2 c quick cooking oats
1 c peanuts

press into pan and refridgerate until firm. cut into squares and keep leftovers covered and refridgerated. makes 16 squares.

Fudgy Brownies

in a saucepan cook over low heat - stirring constantly - until quite thick

1/2 c flour
1 1/4 c water

cool this mixture completely, then add to it

2 2/3 c sugar
1 1/2 tsp salt
2 tsp vanilla
1 c cocoa
2/3 c veg oil

when this is well combined add to it

2 c flour
1 tsp baking powder

then finally add

3/4 c chopped nuts

pour this mixture into a greased 9 x 13" pan and put in a **350°** oven for about 25 minutes or until a knive inserted in the center comes out clean. cool completly before cutting into bars. these taste really good when covered with a half recipe of chocolate or peanut butter frosting (see frosting section). don't frost until they're

cool though. you can also make

mocha brownies

by cooking in

2 tbs instant coffee granules

with the flour/water mixture and frosting with the

mocha frosting (see frosting section)

or try

peanut butter brownies

by mixing together

3/4 c creamy peanut butter

3 tbs melted vegan margarine

and blobbing this on top of the batter in the pan, then kind of swirling it in with a knife using a cutting motion. bake as usual.



TAKE BACK YOUR BODY!!

I HAVE NEVER MUCH LIKED DOCTORS. IT SEEMED LIKE EVERY TIME I GOT SICK AND HAD TO BE DRAGGED TO ONE, WHATEVER POKING AND PRODDING THEY INFLICTED ON ME HURT WORSE THAN THE PROBLEM I WENT TO SEE THEM FOR. THEN, MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, I WOULD BE SENT AWAY WITH A BAG OF MANY LITTLE PILLS WITH SYNTHETIC (ANIMAL) INGREDIENTS THAT I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT BUT THAT I WAS EXPECTED TO INGEST ANYWAY HALF THE TIME WHATEVER WAS AILING ME WOULD GO AWAY WITH THE MEDICATION, ONLY TO BE REPLACED WITH STOMACH ACHES, GIDDYNESS, EXHAUSTION

AND JUST TRY TO ASK A DOCTOR ABOUT WHAT S/HE IS DOING TO YOU OR GIVING TO YOU. F-O-B-G-E-T I-T. NO TIME FOR THAT. PLUS, YOU'RE JUST A LAY PERSON WHO COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND THE COMPLEXITIES OF THE HUMAN BODY (SHEESH. I HAD TO EXPLAIN IT MYSELF TO A FLABBERGASTED GYNOCOLOGIST WHO I HAD JUST ASKED FOR MY OWN SPECULUM FROM HOW TO DO A CERVICAL SELF-EXAMINATION. FIRST HE SAID IT WASN'T POSSIBLE TO SEE ONE'S OWN CERVIX AND THEN AFTER EXPLANATION HE REFUSED TO TELL ME HOW TO GET ONE!")

DOCTORS, OF COURSE, ARE SCARED SHITLESS AT THE THOUGHT OF PEOPLE LEARNING TO CONTROL THEIR OWN HEALTH. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE PEOPLE TAKING THEIR HEALTHCARE INTO THEIR OWN HANDS WOULD DO FOR DOCTORS' TWO-HOME, TAKE-THE-FAMILY-AROUND-THE-WORLD-ONCE-A-YEAR, WORK-TEN-MONTHS-OUT-OF-TWELVE LIFESTYLES? SHOULDN'T YOU BE SCARRED SHITLESS TO THINK THAT WHEN YOU GO TO A DOCTOR YOU ARE LITERALLY TURNING YOUR BODY, YOUR LIFE, OVER TO A TOTAL STRANGER? A TOTAL STRANGER WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT YOUR PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY EXCEPT FOR WHAT'S WRITTEN IN YOUR FILE (IF THEY EVEN READ THAT, WHICH MORE OFTEN THEN NOT THEY DON'T). NOTHING ABOUT YOUR BODY'S OWN IDIOSYNCRACIES AND PATTERNS. NOTHING ABOUT YOUR HABITS, ETC.? THEN THIS DOCTOR IS GOING TO TAKE A GUESS ON WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU BASED ON WHATEVER INFORMATION YOU CAN GIVE HER IN YOUR ALLOTTED TWO MINUTES AND MORE THAN LIKELY SMELL THEN PRESCRIBE YOU SOME EXHORBINATELY OVER-PRICED MEDICATION WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT BE RIGHT FOR YOU ANYWAY! (AFTER ALL, IT IS JUST A BIG GUESSING GAME.)

I DON'T KNOW. I'M JUST NOT THAT COMFORTABLE WITH THIS SET-UP.

FORTUNATELY THERE ALL ALTERNATIVES.

EVERY GOOD ANARCHIST AND LOVER OF FREEDOM AND AUTONOMY OUGHT TO BE FAMILIAR WITH THE IDEA OF RECLAIMING ONE'S BODY AS ONE'S OWN. GUESS WHAT? YOU CAN DO IT. THIS IS MY ADVICE FOR HOW TO GO ABOUT IT BASED ON WHAT'S WORKED FOR ME.

YOU'VE GOT TO START BY PAYING ATTENTION TO YOUR BODY. LEARN HOW IT FEELS WHEN IT FEELS GOOD. KNOW YOUR BODY. I WAS AT WORK BAKING AND IT HIT ME THE OTHER DAY, HEALTHY AND STRONG RIGHT NOW. "STOP "GOD I FEEL SO HEALTHY AND STRONG RIGHT NOW." STOP WHY." SOUNDS VERY SIMPLISTIC. I KNOW. BUT IT'S JUST AMAZING HOW OUT OF TOUCH MOST OF US ARE WITH OUR BODIES. WE SPEND ALL OF OUR DAMN TIME IN OUR HEADS WORRYING ABOUT THIS OR THAT AND WE HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST CLUE WHAT'S GOING ON WITH OUR BODIES UNTIL IT FEELS SICK. ONE FRIEND SAYS HE'S STARTED MAKING IT A HABIT TO STUDY HIS BODY WHILE IN THE SHOWER. SICK OR NOT. TRY THIS.

BUY A GRAY'S ANATOMY AT A THRIFT SHOP OR GARAGE SALE. STUDY IT AND LEARN TO IDENTIFY THINGS LIKE WHAT MUSCLE IS CAUSING THAT IRRITATING TOE TWITCH OR WHAT ORGAN THAT IS THAT'S BEEN KIND OF ACHING. WHERE IS YOUR KIDNEY, YOUR SPEEN, ETC.???

YES, FIGURE OUT PRECISELY WHAT'S HURTING WHEN THINGS HURT. NOTE THINGS LIKE CHANGES IN NIPPLE TEXTURE OR NEW SKIN GROWTHS. THEN LOOK AT POSSIBLE CAUSES FOR YOUR BODY'S DISTURBANCES. NOT ENOUGH SLEEP LATELY? NOT MUCH LIQUID INTAKE THE LAST FEW DAYS?

TALK TO FRIENDS ABOUT IT. DON'T BE EMBARRASSED TO SAY, "HEY GUYS, MY TESTICLES HAVE HAD THIS WEIRD ACHING SENSATION LATELY AFTER I CUM. IT'S KIND OF FREAKING ME OUT. HAS THIS EVER HAPPENED TO ANY OF YOU?" CHANCES ARE IT HAS OR AT LEAST SOMEONE WILL HAVE SOME CLUE ABOUT WHAT IT MIGHT BE. WE CAN LEARN SO MUCH FROM IT'S OTHER IT'S AMAZING. MY WOMYN FRIENDS AND I TRY TO MEET REGULARLY TO DO WOMBYN'S SELF-HELP - DO INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL PHYSICAL EXAMS OF OURSELVES AND EACH OTHER AND TO TALK ABOUT ANY HEALTH PROBLEMS WE ARE EXPERIENCING. YOU CAN DO THIS TOO! (AND FOR CHRISE SAKE, GET OVER THOSE DAMN BODY INSECURITIES! LOVE YOUR FAT, LOVE YOUR SLIGHTLY BENT PENIS, LOVE YOUR DIFFERENTLY SIZED BREASTS, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH. MY GOD, DON'T WE HAVE ENOUGH SHIT IN OUR DAILY LIVES TO LIVE WITH TO NOT SPEND SO MUCH SHIT IN OUR DAILY LIVES TO OURSELVES? ANOTHER TOPIC, ANOTHER TIME.)

ANYWAY, TALKING ABOUT YOUR AILMENTS MIGHT HELP YOU DISCOVER YOU JUST NEED TO CHANGE SOME HABITS IN ORDER TO HEAL YOURSELF. COFFEE MAY BE THE CAUSE OF YOUR STOMACH PROBLEMS LATELY. STOP DRINKING IT. ANGER AT YOUR BOSS MIGHT BE WHY YOUR MUSCLES FEEL SO TIGHT AND YOU CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT. SHOOT HIM. OKAY, OKAY. JUST QUIT YOUR JOB AND BECOME A WILD LIFE LOVIN', FREIGHT HOPPIN' ECO-WARRIOR INSTEAD. WITH ENOUGH EXPERIENCE AND ENOUGH KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR PATTERNS, IT'S REALLY NOT THAT HARD TO BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR!

DON'T FORGET YOU CAN ALSO GO TO THE LIBRARY OR LOOK AT BOOKS IN PLACES LIKE THE CO-OP FOR SPECIFIC ADVICE ON ALTERNATIVE THERAPIES FOR YOUR SICKNESSES - HERBAL, ACCUPUNCTURE, DIETARY CHANGES, ETC. LOTS OF PEOPLE MAKE A HOBBY OF STUDYING THIS STUFF AND THEY LOVE TO TALK. FIND E34 - THE HERBS SECTION OF YOUR NEAREST HEALTH FOOD STORE IS A GOOD PLACE TO LOOK. ASK 'EM QUESTIONS AND STOP PUTTING STUFF INTO YOUR BODY THAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YES OF COURSE THERE ARE TIMES WHEN YOU MAY NEED TO SEEK ADVICE OF A TRUE-BLOODED, CERTIFIED PHYSICIAN. WHEN NOTHING YOU'VE TRIED ON YOUR OWN SEEMS TO WORK, WHEN YOUR SYMPTOMS CONTINUE TO WORSEN, BUT DON'T LET THEM MESS WITH YOU! BE STRONG, STAND UP FOR YOURSELF. DEMAND ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS. ASK QUESTIONS. WHEN I GO TO A DOCTOR I MAKE IT ABSOLUTELY CLEAR THAT I WON'T TAKE THEIR IMMUNIZATIONS. I WON'T TAKE THEIR MEDICATIONS WITHOUT IT BEING EXPLAINED TO ME EXACTLY WHY IT'S NECESSARY AND WHAT THE IMPLICATIONS OF INGESTION ARE. AND THAT I ABSOLUTELY BELIEVE IN SELF-HELP FIRST AND FOREMOST. DO IT. IT'S FUCKING ANARCHY. IT'S FUCKING PUNK ROCK. IT'S FUCKING SMART.



AN ADDENDUM-A LITTLE DIY TO PROVE MY POINT.

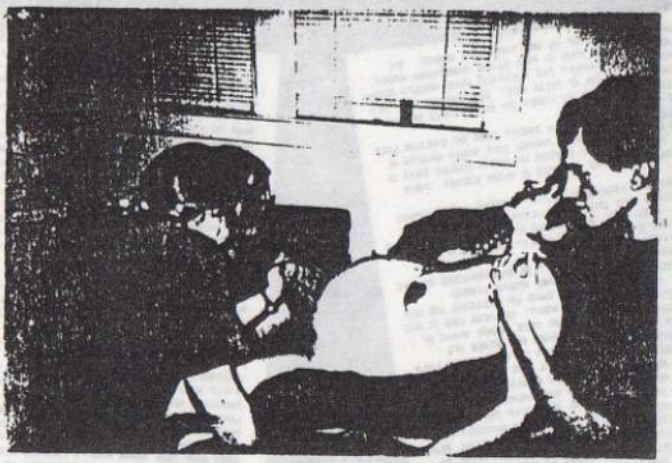
A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO I WAS HAVING THE MOST HELLISH PERIODS WHICH INCLUDED SERIOUS CLOT PASSING AND MENSTRAL FLUID IN MY POOP. I READ AROUND. FIGURED OUT IT WAS PROBABLY A DISEASE CALLED ENDOMETRIOSIS. AND HAD TO VISIT TWO DOCTORS BEFORE I COULD GET CONFIRMATION ON MY SELF-DIAGNOSIS. (THE 1ST SAID "COULD BE", THE 2ND SAID "HMM. SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOU EITHER HAVE ENDOMETRIOSIS OR CANCER. HERE TAKE THESE HORMONES AND COME BACK IN SIX MONTHS FOR FURTHER EXPLORATION.") (I ALSO ONCE HAD A DOCTOR TELL ME I WAS HAVING DIFFICULTY BREATHING BECAUSE SUBCONSCIOUSLY I WAS TERRIFIED OF A NUCLEAR WINTER.") ANYWAY, THE HORMONES MADE ME FEEL LIKE SHIT AND ACCORDING TO THE LITERATURE THE DOCTORS GAVE ME ON THE DISEASE THE ONLY REMEDY FOR IT WAS LIFE-LONG HORMONE THERAPY AND/OR HYSTERECTOMY. "FORGET THAT!" I THOUGHT AND I STOPPED THE HORMONES PREFERRING INSTEAD TO JUST BE OUT COLD ONE DAY A MONTH. SOME TIME LATER I MADE SOME CHANGES IN MY LIFE STYLE. I STARTED EXERCIZING REGULARLY, BEGAN DRINKING TONS OF LIQUIDS, AND STOPPED CONSUMING ANIMAL PRODUCTS ALL TOGETHER. MANY MONTHS LATER I REALIZED MY ENDOMETRIOSIS SYMPTOMS HAD STOPPED. WHEN THEY HADN'T RETURNED A YEAR OR SO LATER I BEGAN TO WONDER WHY. WHAT WAS DIFFERENT IN MY LIFE THEN WHEN I WAS GOING THROUGH MY ENDOMETRIOSIS AT IT'S WORST? I DREW THE LIFESTYLES CHANGES CONNECTION. I BECAME CONVINCED IT WAS ONE OR ALL OF THESE THREE CHANGES THAT HAD HELPED HALT MY DISEASE. I WANTED TO CALL THOSE DOCTORS AND TELL THEM WHAT I FIGURED OUT. THEN JUST A LITTLE WHILE LATER I CAME ACROSS AN ARTICLE IN A VEGETARIAN MAGAZINE ON ENDOMETRIOSIS - VERY LITTLE IS WRITTEN ON IT. YOU KNOW WHAT IT SAID? TO ARREST THE ILLNESS, EXERCISE REGULARLY AND ELIMINATE MEAT AND DAIRY PRODUCTS FROM YOUR DIET. I HAD TO FIGURE THIS OUT MYSELF?! THE ASSHOLES AT KAISER NEVER WOULD HAVE TOLD ME THIS. IT WAS TOO SIMPLE. INSTEAD THEY WANTED TO FILL ME WITH EXPENSIVE, SICKENING CHEMICALS AND PERFORM EXPENSIVE OPERATIONS ON ME SO THAT THEIR EUROPEAN VACATIONS THIS SUMMER WOULD BE GUARANTEED. SO LET THIS BE A LESSON, ALRIGHT? THE MEDICAL INDUSTRY SUCKS!

EXPERIENCING MY FRIEND'S HOMEBIRTH

WHEN SARAH FOUND OUT SHE WAS PREGNANT AGAIN, SHE KNEW IMMEDIATELY THERE WAS NO WAY SHE WOULD HAVE ANOTHER HOSPITAL BIRTH. JUST A YEAR AND A HALF EARLIER SHE GAVE BIRTH TO ZACHERY IN A HOSPITAL AND IT WAS ONE OF THE WORST, MOST BELITTLING EXPERIENCES OF HER LIFE. NOT SURPRISING CONSIDERING HOSPITALS RARELY TREAT PATIENTS AS HUMANS (INSTEAD THEY ARE TREATED AS NUMBERS AND INFORMATION ON CLIPBOARDS), DOCTORS THINK PATIENTS ARE TOO DENSE TO KNOW AND CONTROL THEIR OWN BODIES/HEALTHCARE AND SHOULD JUST "SHUT UP AND DO AS TOLD", AND ESPECIALLY THAT PREGNANCY AND CHILDBIRTH IN HOSPITALS ARE CONSIDERED AND TREATED AS ILLNESSES AND NOT AS A NORMAL, HEALTHY PERIOD IN A WOMON'S LIFE.

SO ANYWAY, SARAH -WHO HAPPENED TO BE A BEST FRIEND FROM CHILDHOOD- STARTED LOOKING AROUND FOR A MIDWIFE TO HELP HER THROUGH HER PREGNANCY AND PROVIDE FOR A COMFORTABLE AND SAFE BIRTH AT HOME. WHAT SARAH SOON DISCOVERED WAS THAT NOT A SINGLE MIDWIFE IN ALL OF SACRAMENTO WAS OPERATING. THEY HAD ALL GONE UNDERGROUND AND OUT-OF-SIGHT AT THAT TIME DUE TO A STATE CASE AGAINST ONE LOCAL MIDWIFE WHO HAD HELPED AT A DELIVERY OF A BABY WHO DIED FROM COMPLICATIONS AT BIRTH. THE PARENTS OF THE BABY DIDN'T SUPPORT THE CASE, SEE, BUT MOST MIDWIFERY IN CALIFORNIA IS ILLEGAL AND WHEN THE "AUTHORITIES" FOUND OUT ABOUT THE HOMEBIRTH AND THE MIDWIFE AND THE DEATH AND ALL THEY SAW IT AS A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO NAIL THE MIDWIFERY MOVEMENT BY NAILING THE MIDWIFE AS AN EXAMPLE THAT IT'S BAD, BAD, BAD TO TAKE ONE'S HEALTH CONCERNS INTO ONE'S OWN HANDS AND DEPRIVE THE BLOATED BELLY OF THE MEDICAL INDUSTRY (AND PATRIARCHY) OF IT'S NEEDED HELPLESS SICKIE-WIMMIN. DANG.

SO DEPRESSION SET IN BIG TIME. NOT TOO LONG PASSED WHEN ONE VERY KIND MIDWIFE HEARD OF SARAH'S PLIGHT AND GRANTED HER A VERY CAREFUL SCREENING INTERVIEW. SHE DECIDED TO TAKE HER CHANCES AND WORK WITH SARAH ON HER PREGNANCY AND BIRTH. SHE WOULD WORK WITH ANOTHER MIDWIFE FRIEND, AND ONLY ON THE PROVISION THAT SARAH HAD A BACK-UP REGULAR DOCTOR IN A HOSPITAL IN CASE ANYTHING WERE TO GO DRASTICALLY WRONG. I GUESS THIS IS PRETTY STANDARD PRACTICE, ACTUALLY.



the midwives listening to baby's heartbeat

THE LAST COUPLE OF MONTHS OF HER PREGNANCY THE MIDWIVES WOULD COME TO SARAH'S HOME FOR REGULAR CHECK-UPS AND TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS SHE HAD. EXAMS WERE GENTLE AND TALKED THROUGH AT EACH STEP. ATTENTION WAS PAID TO DIET AND PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL CONCERNS. NOTHING LIKE WHAT GOES DOWN FOR PRE-NATAL CARE IN A HOSPITAL. MEANWHILE, SARAH GAVE ME THE GREATEST HONOR BY ASKING THAT I BE PRESENT AT THE BIRTH OF HER CHILD. I WAS PSYCHED. I ASKED IF SARAH FELT

COMFORTABLE HAVING ALONG MY BOYFRIEND/BEST FRIEND IN THE WORLD, PAUL, WHO SARAH AND HER PARTNER KNEW AND LIKED. SHE SAID YES. I WAS DOUBLE-PSYCHED. I KNEW THE BIRTH WOULD BE ONE OF THE MOST INTENSE, NEAT-O EXPERIENCES OF MINE AND PAUL'S LIFE. COOL.

ONE DAY, DAY'S AFTER HER DUE DATE, SARAH GAVE ME A CALL QUITE BUMMED OVER STILL
BEING PREGNANT. SHE WAS TIRED OF CARRYING THIS CHILD IN HER BELLY AND WANTED TO MEET THIS NEW BEING IN PERSON - MEET THE BEING BEHIND ALL THOSE LITTLE KICKS TO HER TUMMY. "HOW 'BOUT I COME OVER AND SPEND THE DAY WITH YOU?" I SAID FIGURING COMPANY ALWAYS MAKES TIME PASS FASTER.

BY THE TIME I GOT TO HER HOUSE, THE MILD CONTRACTIONS SARAH HAD BEEN HAVING FOR DAYS HAD BEGUN TO PICK UP AGAIN. WE WENT FOR A WALK, ATE SOME FOOD, TALKED ABOUT THE 'OLD DAYS' (AS MUCH AS 23 YEAR OLDS CAN!) AND ENDED UP TAKING A NAP TOGETHER. I HAD BEEN UP SINCE FOUR O'CLOCK BAKING AND WAS TERRIBLY IN NEED OF THE REST. AND SARAH'S BODY, ABOUT TO GO INTO LABOR, WAS SUBTLY HINTING -AS PREGNANT BODIES WILL DO- THAT SHE NEEDED TO REST UP AND GATHER STRENGTH AND ENERGY FOR THE COMING BIRTH...

THAT AFTERNOON I WENT WITH SARAH TO HER OB-GYN APPOINTMENT WITH HER 'REAL' DOCTOR. OF COURSE, THIS DOCTOR DIDN'T KNOW OF HER INTENTION TO HOME BIRTH AS SHE HAD TO KEEP IT A SECRET FOR HER AND THE MIDWIVES' PROTECTION. THE DOCTOR TOLD US THAT SARAH WAS ALREADY FOUR CENTIMETERS DIALATED -A CERVIX SHOULD BE TEN BEFORE THE BABY CAN BE PUSHED THROUGH- AND SHE WOULD "PUT MONEY DOWN" THAT SHE'D BE SEEING HER IN THE DELIVERY ROOM SOME TIME THAT NIGHT. "YA, RIGHT," WE GIGGLED UNDER OUR BREATHS AS WE LEFT, COMMENTING TO EACH OTHER HOW LUDICROUS IT WAS THAT THE METHOD ONE CHOOSES TO BRING ONE'S OWN CHILD INTO THE WORLD COULD BE SO SUBVERSIVE.

FOR THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON WE MEASURED CONTRACTIONS (STILL TOTALLY IRREGULAR AND FAR APART), SET THE BIRTHING SUPPLIES IN CONVENIENT PLACES, CALLED THE MIDWIVES TO CHECK IN, AND JUST HUNG OUT. SARAH'S PARTNER GARY CAME HOME FROM WORK AND WE ALL COOKED A YUMMY
CHILI DINNER. BY THE END OF SUPPER SARAH HAD A STRONG FEELING THAT BIRTH THAT NIGHT WAS IMMINENT AND WE ALL WERE ANSY WITH ANTICIPATION. I CALLED MY PARTNER, PAUL, TO TELL HIM TO FIND HIS WAY OVER.

MOST OF THE NIGHT WE ALL SPENT RESTING. CONTRACTIONS WERE BECOMING STRONGER, BUT NOT TOO MUCH MORE REGULAR, AND SARAH CALLED THE MIDWIVES A COUPLE OF TIMES FOR SUPPORT AND ADVICE. THEY TOLD HER SHE WAS DOING WELL AND TO KEEP RESTING AND CALL BACK WHEN THE CONTRACTIONS BECAME STEADY.

AT 10:00 WE ALL LAYED DOWN TO SLEEP, PAUL AND I IN THE LIVING ROOM, SARAH AND GARY IN THEIR OWN ROOM. AT 11:00 WE WERE AWAKENED BY THE FLIP OF THE LIGHT SWITCH AND THE TWO OF THEM COMING IN TO SIT ON THE COUCH. NOW THE CONTRACTIONS WERE COMING STRONG AND INTENSE AND GARY AND I TOOK TURNS WITH THE STOPWATCH TO MEASURE THEIR REGULARITY. MEANWHILE PAUL SAT GLUED TO A BOOK THAT EXPLAINED STEP-BY-STEP WHAT TO EXPECT FROM CHILDBIRTH AND THE PHYSIOLOGY OF WHAT WAS HAPPENING. HE WAS KIND OF NERVOUS, AS HE'S A PRETTY SQUEEMISH TYPE.) WE CALLED ONE OF THE MIDWIVES WHEN CONTRACTIONS CAME ABOUT FOUR MINUTES APART AND SHE SAID SHE'D BE OVER SOON. IN THE MEANTIME WE JOKED, TALKED ABOUT OUR CONCERNS AND EXCITEMENT, GOT SNACKS AND BIRTHING TEA READY AND TOOK TURNS MESSAGING SARAH'S ACHING BACK.

WHEN THE MIDWIFE ARRIVED WE WERE BUMMED BY HER NEWS THAT IT WOULD BE MANY HOURS YET BEFORE THE BABY WOULD COME AND WE MAY AS WELL ALL GET SOME SLEEP. BUT WE WERE ALL READY NOW! PAUL AND I TOOK HER UP ON HER ADVICE ANYWAY (EVEN SHE SLEPT!) AND SARAH AND GARY STAYED UP TO BREATH THROUGH THE INCREASINGLY UNCOMFORTABLE UTERINE CRAMPS. WHEN WE AWOKE AN HOUR OR SO LATER, SARAH WAS VISIBLY CHANGED. SHE WAS MUCH MORE INWARD, MEDITATIVE, AND WAS OBVIOUSLY IN MUCH MORE PAIN. HER LIGHTHEARTED HUMOR OF THE NIGHT WAS ALL BUT GONE. PAUL AND GARY AND I FELT SO POWERLESS WHEN SARAH WOULD MOAN THROUGH A PARTICULARLY PAINFUL CONTRACTION, BUT THE MIDWIFE WAS COMFORTING AND REMINDED US ALL THAT THESE PAINS WERE HELPING TO BRING THE BABY OUT.

BETWEEN LISTENING TO THE BABY'S HEARTBEAT AND PERFORMING OTHER HEALTH CHECKS, THE MIDWIFE GAVE SARAH SOOTHING WORDS AND STRESS-REDUCING TOUCHES AND ASSURED US ALL THAT IT WOULDN'T BE TOO LONG NOW. WE CONTINUED TO TAKE TURNS MASSAGING SARAH'S LOWER BACK.

IT WAS ANOTHER HOUR OR SO OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND TOUCH AND PACING AND STRUGGLING TO FIND MORE COMFORTABLE POSITIONS WHEN THE MIDWIFE TOLD US THAT IT WOULD BE ONLY A SHORT WHILE BEFORE SARAH COULD START IN THE PUSHING STAGE OF HER LABOR. THIS USUALLY DOESN'T TAKE MORE THAN 1/2 AN HOUR BEFORE THE BABY IS BORN. MIDWIFE #1 CALLED MIDWIFE #2 AND TOLD HER TO COME OVER. NOW OUR SLEEPINESS WAS GONE AND WE WERE ALL ON ADRENOLINE MODE. PAUL AND I SQUEEZED EACH OTHERS' HANDS IN NERVOUSNESS AND ANTICIPATION AND NOTED HOW SARAH SEEMED SO STRONG AND POWERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL EVEN AS SHE SCREAMED THROUGH HER EXCRUCIATING CONTRACTIONS. I CALLED MY WORK AND PROUDLY SAID I WOULDN'T BE IN BECAUSE I WAS AT MY FRIEND'S HOUSE AND SHE WAS ABOUT TO GIVE BIRTH. (SHOCK!)



sarah pushing with all her might -- baby's head emerging

MEANWHILE THE SECOND MIDWIFE ARRIVED AND SARAH HAD FOUND A COMFORTABLE POSITION SQUATTING BY THE COUCH, GARY HOLDING AND SUPPORTING HER FROM BEHIND. SARAH WAS NOW COMPLETELY ENTRANCED AND WAS UNDERGOING WHAT SHE LATER DESCRIBED AS ALL-CONSUMING PAIN. WE COOED WITH HER THROUGH EACH CONTRACTION. GARY WAS NERVOUS AS HELL, BUT WAS SO GOOD AND STRONG WITH SARAH. PAUL AND I HELD EACH OTHER AND I TOOK PICTURES OF SARAH IN LABOR AND THE MIDWIVES DOING THEIR WORK. NOW AT EACH CONTRACTION SARAH WOULD PUSH WITH ALL HER MIGHT, TAKING THAT BABY RIGHT DOWN THE BIRTH CANAL. THE MIDWIVES CONTINUED STROKING AND ENCOURAGING HER AND THEIR CALMNESS AND RE-ASSURANCE HELPED CALM AND RE-ASSURE THE REST OF US TOO. ADMITTEDLY PAUL AND I WERE A BIT INTIMIDATED BY ALL THE SCREAMING AND VISIBLE PAIN.

"LOOK, THERE'S THE BABY'S HEAD," SAID ONE OF THE MIDWIVES AS A DARK LITTLE TUFT OF HAIR POKED OUT FROM SARAH'S VAGINA. ONE LOOK IN THE MIRROR HELD UP BY THE MIDWIVES SET GARY OFF CRYING WITH EMOTION AND IMMEDIATELY PAUL AND I WERE AFFECTED AND CRYING TOO. THE MOMENT WAS SO SOOO INTENSE. WE WERE IN AWE OF THE ENERGY THERE, IN AMAZEMENT OVER THE EVENT THAT WAS TRANSPIRING. SOON THIS LITTLE HEAD WOULD BE A NEW PERSON IN THIS WORLD.

AFTER MUCH PUSHING AND GRUNTING AND YELLING AND MORE FOCUSED STRENGTH THAN I COULD EVER IMAGINE SOMEONE HAVING, WITH ONE BIG GUSH SARAH'S WATERS FINALLY BROKE AND JUST MOMENTS LATER, AS THE SUN WAS PEAKED OVER THE HORIZON AND PEOPLE IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD BUSILY PREPARED THEMSELVES FOR WORK, WITH TEARS AND CHEERS ALL AROUND, LITTLE IVY WAS BORN. ALL IN THE COMFORT OF SARAH AND GARY'S WARM, HUMBLE LIVING ROOM.

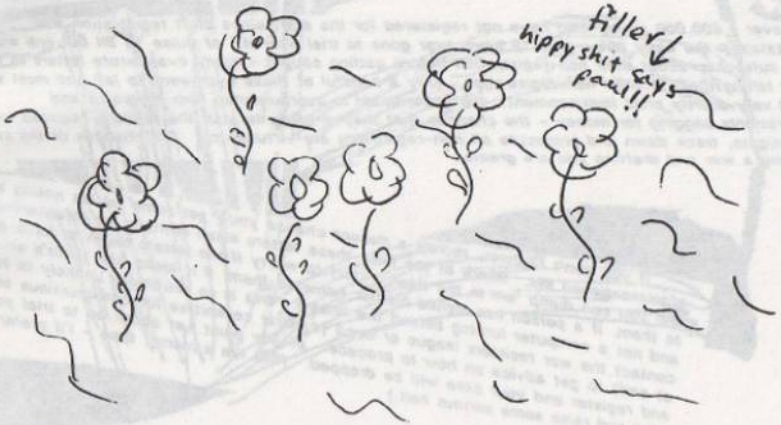
THE FIRST FEW MINUTES AFTER BIRTH WERE RATHER SCARY, ACTUALLY. LITTLE IVY WASN'T BREATHING AND THE MIDWIVES HAD TO DO SOME QUICK WORK WITH MAJOR SUCTION TUBING AND OXYGEN MASKS AND SUCH TO GET HER GOING. BUT WITHIN A COUPLE

OF MINUTES THE BABY TURNED A BRIGHT PINK AND LET OUT THE TINIEST OF TINY LITTLE WAILS AND WE ALL CRIED AND HUGGED AND INTRODUCED OURSELVES TO THIS NEW, BITTY, HAIRY-TOPPED PERSON. AFTER THE BIRTH OF THE PLACENTA AND THE RITUAL CUTTING OF THE TIES BETWEEN MOM AND BABY BY GARY, PAUL AND I REMOVED OURSELVES FROM THE NEW LITTLE FAMILY AND BUSIED OURSELVES IN THE KITCHEN ON A HUGE BREAKFAST FEAST. SOON THE MIDWIVES JOINED US, AFTER DOING A THOROUGH CHECK ON BABY AND MOTHER, AND THEY ANSWERED LOTS OF PAUL'S AND MY QUESTIONS. AN HOUR OR SO LATER, AFTER EVERYONE WAS FULL AND HAPPY AND COMFORTABLE, THE TWO OF US LEFT FOR HOME. STILL HIGH AND ABSOLUTELY STUNNED/AMAZED/IN AWE IF THE BEAUTY OF NEW LIFE, OF THE ABSOLUTE INCREDIBLE STRENGTH OF WIMMIN AS EXHIBITED BY SARAH, OF THE BRAVERY OF THE MIDWIVES FOR CONTINUING THEIR WORK DESPITE ALL THE SHIT WORKING AGAINST THEM, PAUL AND I FELL ASLEEP AT IN EACH OTHERS ARMS WITH THE MORNING OUTSIDE STILL QUITE BRISK AND WE SLEPT SOUNDLY MOST OF THE REST OF THE DAY.

I HOPE THIS IS SOMETHING EVERYONE CAN EXPERIENCE SOMEDAY. WORDS REALLY DON'T DO JUSTICE TO THIS EXPERIENCE.



sarah & gary are handed newborn "ivy"



save your butt, smash the state

some helpful, always relevent info on registration & the draft

BURNING PLACE OF FILE BUSH?

one issue that no one seems to think much about during non-war times (is there ever really such a thing?) is draft registration and military avoidance. registration and the draft are two total evils which, like it or not, are ever-present issues that can affect our lives to a very real degree as soon as tomorrow if the powers-that-be decide have it so. back during the persian gulf slaughter, worked as a draft counsellor and it was totally sad to see the numbers of guys who, before registering, had put no thought into the possibility of being drafted into war. these guys were bummed and were practically begging for any advice on how to avoid military service. had these people thought about it a couple of years previous, they may not have found themselves in such vulnerable positions and they needn't have been so freaked. so this here's a rant on all that stuff with me's hopin' you'll get a clue and deal with this stuff now, not later when it may be too late and wimmin shouldn't ignore this issue just 'cuz they're wimmin and don't have to register/face a draft. because with a new, pro-co-feminist prez in the white house, one never knows when a law might pass giving us the wonderful right/privilege/duty to maim, torture and kill in our country's name too (just as' gays will soon have.)

and for the record, the system is all precisely set in place that tomorrow, if the government decides to declare war on a country and start up a draft, the first draft notices can be sent out within a week and the first draftees can be undergoing induction into the military in just about 10 days from now. no kidding. so get off your butts and do something about it!

as a draft/registration counsellor, i'm not allowed to tell you to not register for the draft. that would be encouraging you to commit a crime, and that's against the law. but as a person who rejects the notion that laws should ever stop one from doing what is right, and even from preventing oneself or others from polluters, earth rapers, sterilizers, fascists, etc., i'm telling you that if you can possibly avoid it, don't register for the draft. period.

registration is acquiecence to a system that is fucked from it's base. that is inherently evil simply because it's a state, and because it's a state that would completely willingly use your body as cannon fodder to protect it's power and perverted interests that spell oppression and death the world over. non-compliance with registration is a one way to show your unwillingness to participate in the perpetuation of this oppression and death. it is saying your life is your life and you don't belong to a government to be used as it pleases. you aren't a number, a code, a nameless soldier...

non-registration is simple and safe. just don't. don't go to the post office when you turn 18, and don't let the threatening letters the system may send intimidate you. if you've already registered, don't re-register. if you move, that'll register you. (unless the first address was a permanent address such as your parents' home.)

the you're still in the shit system bad junk is

over 7,000,000 young men have not registered for the draft since draft registration was reinstated in the early 80's. only 18 have ever gone to trial over it. of those 18 all but one were very outspoken about their non-registration before getting caught - many even wrote letters to the gov't telling them of their non-registration. only a handful of these ever went to jail and most were freed very shortly after imprisonment. the government is overburdened with programs and departments begging for money - the chances that they're going to pour the millions required to investigate, track down and prosecute all non-registrants are virtually nil. the chances of the state starting a war and drafting you are greater.

if you don't register, there's a decent chance you'll get some letters noting such from the aforementioned sss. 90% of the time these letters mean nothing (as threatening as they sound) and you can dump 'em in the trash. start to worry if the letters begin to have a real personal feel to them. if a person has signed his/her name to them, if it looks like there's an actual living being and not a computer lurking behind the letters, this is so extremely unlikely to happen, but if it does, contact the war resisters league or ccco (central committee for conscientious objectors - addresses at end) to get advice on how to proceed. at any point just about up to trial you can just give in and register and your case will be dropped. (but i'm a martyr type - i'd prefer to go through with a trial and raise some serious hell.)

like everything else, the draft has always been a class issue; those without money get drafted. those with money find a way to buy their way out of it. registration is kind of the same way. as i said earlier, registration avoidance is easy as pie - that is, unless you are a poor student who needs to get federal financial aid to attend school. i could be smug and ask, why would any self-respecting anarchist or punk or politico or just plain smart person want to go to their schools and undergo their indoctrination anyway? but i won't. instead i'll tell you that if you're in this situation, you'll find registration avoidance a near impossibility. you have to sign something that says you've registered and they'll probably check into it before they'll give you any bucks. that's the way this fucked system works. for you, my friend, i suggest you begin looking into conscientious objector status right now. not later, but now, because obtaining this status is no easy task. it'll take lots of work to document your c.o. claim and then tons more work to win it and the whole process can't even start until you receive your draft notice giving you 30 days before being shipped off to kill in some foreign land.

(before i go on i want to say that i empathize with people in the fucked position of having to register for the draft, and i would support anybody's attempt at c.o. status, but i still think this way out is messed up because for every person in the nation who knows how to get c.o. status who actually does get the status, some other poor soul will be drafted in front in his place. how 'bout we just smash the whole system into bitty bits instead?)

-- ESCAPING TO MEXICO OR CANADA OR ANYWHERE ELSE IS NO LONGER AN OPTION AS IT WAS DURING VIETNAM. THESE COUNTRIES HAVE PROMISED TO NOT ALLOW DRAFT-DODGERS IN!!! --

anyway, as i said, c.o. status is not too easy to get. it has to be based on a deep felt moral opposition to war and your participation in it. you have to be able to convince your draft board that this moral opposition is real and write a couple of essays on it, giving examples (because you don't have to prove your moral stance. (if you're vegan for animal liberation reasons, because you don't think animals should be slaughtered even for food, then that's a good example of your moral opposition to killing - but you need a lot more proof...) you'll need to get letters supporting this stuff from [illegible] you'll wait to start putting together all this stuff when you receive a draft notice, you won't have enough time to document it all, but it won't look as though you're trying to prove your opposition to joining militaries in general in which case you'll have to perform two years of community service elsewhere - but if you find yourself in the usual position you can expect to be drafted into a [illegible] military role. usually this is a grunt position which is often as dangerous a soldier position as the medics are usually almost on the frontline where all the blood and torn off limbs and blown apart guts are. [illegible] only will you have to come up with your conscientious objection once you have faced the draft board who'll think you just came up with it after the actual prospect of getting killed.

oh, what an ordeal it is.

then if you do manage to get your c.o. status, expect that you'll still be drafted, unless you can

so i've just blown one of the #1 rules of draft counselling, which is acting as an unbiased helper in getting you through whatever course you decide to take with this draft issue. i'm biased as hell, but i'm also just not wanting to anyone killed for any reason and not wanting to play into the hands of the state in any way. all the same, i want to emphasise to you that if you are thinking about the c.o. status route, you can't wait until you get a draft notice to get started on your case. start now. and if you want help through it, write [illegible] or either of the addresses below for step-by-step advice through all the essays, letters of support, etc. you never know who the u.s. might decide to get in a war with tomorrow & you could receive a draft notice literally days from now. the system in place for that don't put it off.

(**this article, by the way, just barely touches the surface on what c.o. status is about and the process you'll go through if ever needing to prove your c.o. stance. if you want more info, again, write to me or the below addresses.)

write:

war resister's league
339 lafayette street a-1
new york, ny 10012

ccco
2208 south street
philedelphia, pa 19146

cow... a true story #2

the 12 of us went to town year olds' heaven, fairytale town, for a silly, get-back-to-our-childhoods birthday party for a couple of semi-adult friends in our little, happy, rebellious community. the crooked mile, the twisty, curvy slides, cinderella's stage coach and the rumple-stiltskin puppetshow were all a big blast and we were having a great time despite the bad weather and all the dirty looks from uptight, constipated, no-fun parents. even peeing was fun 'cuz we got to do it in the wicked witches candy house (how subversive!) on toilets only one foot off the ground!!



at some point i remembered the old barnhouse slide, the funnest one in the lot, the one (besides the owl/treehouse slide) that curves around and around. i hopped and shipped my way to it's spot in the park. lo', but what's this?? live cows in a pen for a barnhouse prop? i stopped and made my way over to the two mope-y, penned cows.



what are you doing here my friends? oh, it seems you don't want to be pet - you're recoiling from everyone's touch and shwishing your tail at them madly. i'm not gonna touch you. is this little fensed area all you have to move around in? you look tired, slow, even bored if that's possible. god, you must hate it, all these little hands always poking and prodding you day after damn day...



i've not seen cows on display as entertainment before- did you get saved from the slaughterhouse or dairy barn when you were brought here? do you sometimes wish you weren't? i mean, this must totally suck, all the constant noise and commotion around you, the 110° weather, sun beating down your back and no shade to hide under, the incessant screaming and poking, the 10'x10' exercise area...not, i suppose, that that's any better or worse than what your brother and sister cows have had to endure wherever they made it. it's just that i assume your imprisonment will last much longer.



your teats are big and drooping. are you a mother cow? funny, but my empathy for females and all the shit we endure with pregnancy and birth and nursing and males who contribute little has seemed to cross species lately. if nothing else i feel this is something you and i have/will have in common. perhaps in a weird way i can look to you for strength as another female whose been through it and survived. am i being silly? i don't know, it's just what i'm feeling right now. something's touched a nerve.

what do you think of us humans anyway? if i was a cow and believed in such things, i'd think humans were satan incarnate with the way we torture and imprison you all with seemingly no remorse. i mean, just look at the way these children and parents are treating you and it doesn't even cross their minds that you might not like it. how dense can they be? pretty, i guess. humans have never seemed to have a problem pruving our stupidity and self-centeredness.



uh, me? oh god. well, uh, it's just because i can't find any other shoes that'll keep my feet dry (it's a cool fashion statement). i swear, i've tried. but look, i don't eat flesh or dairy, alright? don't i get points for that? oh shit, you see right through my bullshit. i'm really, really sorry. you're right, i have no excuse. i'm totally wrong. sometimes i know what i'm doing is wrong but for whatever reason i keep doing it anyway and this one's at your specie's expense. a friend of mine writes it off as "human frailty". i'm ashamed to say it's probably more like human selfishness and lack of caring about anything other than ourselves. i'm so sorry. yet i feel stupid that i'm crying right now because i bet i'm not gonna change anytime soon. what's my problem???



i wish i could get you out of here, take you some place wild and set you free. bring back some of that life in you that i know is there but that seems so distant now. god, cow, i'm so embarrassed and ashamed for my species, but what can i do? oh, my friends are taking off now, i've got to go catch them. thanks, by the way for coming to stand so close to me and for seeming to be hearing my thoughts. i probably won't be seeing you again but i very much hope for some kind of miracle for you, hope something comes along to get you out of here and to a happier place. i'll keep working to let other humans know about your specie's plight, perhaps instill a little compassion in them and maybe a little more in myself. and maybe someday, with enough of us enlightened, you can all be free. and yes, i will keep working hard on my self because i know i've so far to go. bye-bye cow.



as i turned to walk away, i saw a huge tear roll out of each of the cow's big, brown, sad eyes. i didn't know cows could cry.





BREAKFAST-Y THINGS



– about coffeecakes – *coffeecakes turn out best when baked in shiny metal pans (as opposed to dark or glass pans.) this is cuz the shiny pan reflects heat which is necessary to produce a golden, tender crust. most coffeecakes are best when eaten warm, but they should still cool at least 20 minutes before slicing or they will kind of fall apart. coffeecakes should be stored tightly covered and at room temperature to best preserve their moisture. reheat them for awhile before you eat them.*

Spicy "Buttermilk" Coffeecake

combine in one small bowl and set aside

1 1/2 c + 2 tbs soymilk
2 tbs lemon juice

in another bowl combine well

3 1/3 c flour
1 1/4 c sugar
1 1/2 c brown sugar
2 tsp cinnamon
1 tsp cloves
1/4 tsp nutmeg
1 1/4 c veg oil

remove 3/4 c of this mixture and set aside. to this small amount of dry mix add

1 tsp more cinnamon
3/4 c chopped nuts

to the soymilk mix now add

1 1/2 tsp baking powder
1 1/2 tsp baking soda

add the soymilk mix to the large bowl of dry ingredients and stir until well combined. if you desire at this point you can add

3/4 c chopped fruit (apples, peaches, berries, etc.. if you're adding a really juicy fruit, decrease your soymilk a teeny bit or add about 1/3 c more flour)

pour this mix into greased and floured 9 x 13" pan and sprinkle top with the nut mix. bake in a **350°** oven for about 40-50 minutes or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. best eaten warm.



Apple Struesel Coffeecake

in one bowl combine and set aside
- **1 1/2 c chopped walnuts**
- **1 c brown sugar**
- **2 tsp cinnamon**

then peel, core, thinly slice and set aside
- **2 apples**

in another bowl combine
- **4 c flour**
- **2 1/2 tbs baking powder**
- **1 1/2 tsp salt**

and in yet one last large bowl combine and mix on HIGH with an electric mixer for about 3 minutes
- **1/2 c veg shortening**
- **1/2 c vegan margarine**
- **1/4 c veg oil**
- **2 c sugar**
- **1 tbs vanilla**
- **1/4 c water**

alternately add the flour mix and
- **1 1/2 c applejuice (or water)**

to the shortening mix stirring ONLY until each is combined. spread about 1/3 of this mix into a well greased 9 x 13" pan, top with about 1/3 of the sugar/nut mix and 1/2 of the sliced apples. repeat this process, using up the rest of the apples. finally put on the last 1/3 of the wet mix, then the last 1/3 of the nut mix, and place in a **350°** oven. bake about 40 minutes or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. cool a bit before cutting. this is best served warm, so reheat if you're gonna eat it after it's already cooled.

Gingerbread w/ "Buttermilk" Glaze

cream together in a large bowl

1/2 c vegan margarine
1/2 c molasses
1/4 c sugar
1 tsp vanilla

in a seperate bowl combine

2 c flour
2 tsp baking powder
1 1/2 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp salt
1 1/2 tsp ginger
1 1/2 tsp cinnamon
1/2 tsp nutmeg



in a one cup measuring cup place

1/2 c soymilk
2 tbs lemon juice

add the dry ingredients and the soymilk mix alternately to the molasses mix, stirring just until combined. pour into a greased and floured 9 x 9" pan and bake for about 40 minutes in a **350°** oven.

while it's baking make the "buttermilk" glaze by cooking in a small saucepan over low heat until syrupy (about 15 minutes) (and stir occasionally)

3 tbs vegan margarine
3 tbs sugar
1/4 c soymilk
1 tsp lemon juice
1/4 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp vanilla

after the cake is out of the oven and when it's still hot, pour on the glaze. serve warm.

Strawberry Ripple Teacake

in a small saucepan stir together

1 10oz pkg frozen strawberries
1 tbs cornstarch

cook and stir until thick and bubbling, then remove from heat and cool.

in a large bowl stir together

2 1/4 c flour
3/4 c sugar

then cut in with a pastry cutter or two knives until mixture resembles course crumbs

3/4 c vegan margarine

set aside 1/2 c of this mixture for topping. to the rest of the mixture stir in

1/2 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp baking soda
1/4 tsp salt

in one last bowl combine

3/4 c + 2 tbs soymilk
1 tbs lemon juice

add this to the massive dry mixture and stir just until all is moistened. then spread about 2/3 of this mixture into a greased and floured 10" round pan or an 11 x 7" rectangular pan, being sure to build up about a 1" edge all around. then spread on the strawberry mix, and finally spoon on the remaining wet mix in small mounds. remember that other flour mix you set aside? well, nows the time to sprinkle that on top.
bake in a **350°** oven for about 30-35 minutes or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. cool about 15 minutes before cutting. best served warm, i've discovered.

- about quick breads (and muffins) - quick breads or muffins should be put in the oven immediately after they are mixed so that the leavening power of the soda or baking powder is not lost. to aviod soggy sides or bottoms, takes breads or muffins out of their pans as soon as they are cool enough to handle and turn upside-down. when mixing the dry ingredients with the wet, stir only until moistened. if you get out all the lumps, your muffins and quick breads will be tough and have peaks and tunnels.

Banana-nut Bread



in a largish bowl, blend well

1/2 c veg shortening
1 c sugar
1/4 c water
1 tsp vanilla

mix together then add to above

1 tsp baking soda
1/4 c more cold water

in a seperate bowl combine well

2 c flour
1 tsp salt
2 tsp cinnamon

add this to the wet ingredients, stirring only until they are *just* combined. then add

3 very ripe, mashed bananas
1/2 c chopped nuts

pour entire mixture into a well oiled 9 x 5 x 3" loaf pan and bake in a **350°** oven for about 50 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. cool before cutting.



Lemon-nut Bread

in one large bowl combine

2 c flour
1 tbs baking powder
1/4 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp salt
3/4 c sugar

in another bowl combine

3/4 c soymilk
1/4 c lemon juice
2 tbs cornstarch
2 tbs water
1/4 c veg oil
grated peel of 1/2 a lemon

add the wet ingredients to the dry, stirring til barely combined, then add

1 c chopped nuts

stirring until just mixed in. then pour it all into a 9 x 5 x 3" loaf pan that's been well oiled and bake at **350°** for about 50 minutes or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. when you pull it out of the oven, poke a zillion holes in the top with a toothpick or fork and pour on while it's still hot a mixture of

1/2 c sugar
1/4 c lemon juice

cool completely before slicing.

Date-nut Bread

in a large bowl combine
- **2 c flour**
- **1 tbs baking powder**
- **1/2 tsp salt**
- **1 c chopped nuts**
- **1/2 c chopped dates**
- **3/4 c brown sugar**

in a seperate bowl combine
- **3/4 c soymilk**
- **1 very ripe mashed banana**
- **3 tbs veg oil**

add these wet ingredients to the dry, and stir only until everything is combined (overmixing makes bread tough). put batter in a 9 x 5 x 3" loaf pan and bake about 50 minutes in a **350°** oven, or until a toothpick inserted in it's center comes out clean. cool before cutting.

Poppyseed Lemon Loaf

in a large bowl combine
- **2 c flour**
- **1 c sugar**
- **2 tsp baking powder**
- **1/2 tsp nutmeg**
- **1/2 tsp ginger**
- **1/2 tsp salt**
- **1/3 c poppyseeds**

in a seperate bowl mix
- **2/3 c soymilk (or water)**
- **1/3 c + 3 tbs veg oil**
- **2 tbs lemon juice**
- **2 tbs grated lemon peel**

add these ingredients to the dry ones, stirring only until just blended. pour into a well oiled 9 x 5 x 3" loaf pan and bake about 50 minutes at **350°**, or until a toothpick inserted in it's center comes out clean. cool for five minutes, then brush with a mixture of
- **1/3 c powdered sugar**
- **1 tbs lemon juice**

cool before slicing.



– about muffins – you know, the same rules that apply to quick breads apply to muffins. read the ditty preceding the quick breads for muffin info.

Any Fruit Muffins



into one large bowl combine
- **3 3/4 c flour**
- **1 c sugar**
- **3/4 tsp salt**
- **2 tbs baking powder**

then in a seperate bowl combine
- **1/2 c melted vegan margarine**
- **1 3/4 c soymilk**

make a well in the center of the dry ingredients and pour in the margarine mixture. combine the two with only a few quick strokes, until just mixed, cuz too much stirring will make tough muffins. if batter is runny, add a bilt more flour, if too dry, a bit more soy milk.) now you can add any of the following
- **1 c blueberries (chopped strawberries, raspberries, etc.)**
- **2 smooshed ripe bananas (+ 1/2 c chopped nuts!)**
- **1 c chopped apples (+ 1 tsp cinnamon)**
- **1 c cranberries (+ 1 tsp grated orange peel)**
- **1/4 c poppyseeds (+ 1 tsp vanilla)**
- **etc.....**

fill muffin tins til just overflowing and bake in a **400°** oven for about 20–25 minutes, or until muffins bounce back when pressed in the middle. makes about 12.

Old Fashioned Bran Muffins

in one large bowl combine
- **1 c flour**
- **1 c bran cereal**
- **1 tbs baking powder**
- **1/2 tsp baking soda**
- **1/2 tsp salt**
- **1/2 c raisins**
- **1/3 c sugar**

in a seperate bowl combine
- **1 mashed ripe banana**

2/3 c soymilk + 2 tbs lemon juice
1/4 c oil
1/4 c molasses

add these wet ingredients to the dry, stirring just until all is moistened. plop into greased muffin tins til just overflowing and bake in a **400°** oven for about 20-25 minutes or until centers bounce back when lightly pressed. makes about 8.



Scones

Mix together well in a large bowl:

5 c flour
3/4 c sugar
2 tbs baking powder

with two knives or a pastry cutter, cut into flour mixture until pea size:

1/2 c vegan margarine
1/4 c shortening

-or-

3/4 c total either margarine or shortening (the latter makes for fluffier scones cuz it's got more air whipped into it.)

stir in:

1 1/2 c any kind of fruit - berries, chopped apples, etc.

into another bowl measure:

1 2/3 c soymilk
1 tbs lemon juice

add this stuff to the dry stuff, folding it over and over until the mixture is just barely all wet and combined. if you stir it too much your scones will be tough, and if this happens letting them sit out a few days to harden turns them into good projectory weapons for riots and such.

o.k.. flour a surface pretty well, plop the dough on it, and divide dough into three parts. if you're into uniformity, it helps if these parts are more or less equal.

delicately pat down each part into a circle about 1" tall. brush their tops with pseudo-egg wash, a mixture of

2 tbs cornstarch
1/3 c water

sprinkle the tops of each with
1/4 c sugar, total
cut each round into six equal triangles, places on lightly greased cookie sheet, and bake at 400° for 20 minutes or until golden brown. makes 18.



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METRIC CONVERSIONS

Measuring Spoons	Oven Temperatures		Liquid Measurements
	Fahrenheit	Celsius	
⅛ teaspoon = .625 ml	150° F	66° C	1 tablespoon = 15 ml
¼ teaspoon = 1.25 ml	200° F	95° C	1 fluid ounce = 30 ml
½ teaspoon = 2.5 ml	250° F	120° C	¼ cup = 59 ml
¾ teaspoon = 3.75 ml	275° F	135° C	⅓ cup = 79 ml
1 teaspoon = 5 ml	300° F	150° C	½ cup = 118 ml
½ tablespoon = 7.5 ml	325° F	165° C	⅔ cup = 158 ml
1 tablespoon = 15 ml	350° F	180° C	¾ cup = 177 ml
	375° F	190° C	1 cup = 237 ml
	400° F	205° C	½ pint = 237 ml
	450° F	230° C	1 pint = 47 l
	500° F	260° C	1 quart = 95 l
			1 gallon = 3.78 l

******dang, now that everything's laid out, I realized I forgot to credit all the graphics. graphics on these pages were lovingly lifted from: spectacular times pamphlet series, eco-defense, anarchistscher tasch-enkalendar, mob action against the state, hunt saboteurs calif news-[illegible] "take back your body, take back you life" pamphlet.



Vegan Action
PO Box 4288
Richmond VA 23220
www.vegan.org

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