

QUINTSTUNT

EDITORIAL

FUNKEN FOUNDED: IN ZEITUNGEN, IN BUECHERN, IM NETZ, ZUHAUSE, AUF DER STRASSE, IN MAILBOXEN, IN WIEN, IN SAO PAULO, IM AUTO, BEI FREUNDINNEN, BEIM FRAUENBANDENFEST, BEIM REDEN IN LOKALEN, BEIM TELEFONIEREN, AUF AT. INDYMEDIA.ORG:

*we will never give up fighting *
by eine /5:44pm Fri Jun 6 '03/

I WANNA FIGHT BECAUSE:

what i look like is more important than what i do and when i get raped it's my own fault and when i get bashed i must have provoked it and when i raise my voice i'm a naggin bitch and when i enjoy sex i'm a nympho and when not i'm frigid and when i love women it's because i can't get a real man and when i'm depressed i'm on my period and when i'm aggressive it's because of hormones and when i'm doing political work it's because i'm sexually frustrated. i wanna develop and not be conditioned.

SMASH PATRIARCHY AND SEXISM!!!

lez schreien tanzen schreiben spielen viele werden.

“keine hat das recht zu gehorchen” form Hannah Arendt

info@cuntstunt.net

in wien finden:
im EKH liegt vieles
fibrig (nylon)
stichwort.or.at
female sequence
frauenweb
malmoe
die bunte zeitung
rapidite
derive
frauenzentrum im wuk.....

OPERN FO PAX



phrase
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tha established-
men

this is for my
people

my smashing
crashing
people

oh time
again.

street is
full

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blood on there
mouth

behind. not
confrontation -
nevermind.

but listen!
freedom never
came to world

it is a illusion of
stupid poltix con-
clusion.
so i hate those
demonstrations for
pace.

never kicked tha
pig.
so where is grosny
and who is spain.

dancing people
dead animals
on their bodies
wähhh pharmazom-
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war and power
kick tha
patriarchatshow-
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i cant stop
tha shout.

military police
stationary.

they
kill
they
lie
they
try
they
look so
proud



Anarchism: The Feminist Connection

Eleven years ago, when I was in a small-town Illinois high school, I had never heard of the word “anarchism” - at all. The closest I came to it was knowing that anarchy meant “chaos”. As for socialism and communism, my history classes somehow conveyed the message that there was no difference between them and fascism, a word that brought to mind Hitler, concentration camps, and all kinds of horrible things which never happened in a free country like ours. I was subtly being taught to swallow the bland pabulum of traditional American politics: moderation, compromise, fence-straddling, Chuck Percy as wonder boy. I learned the lesson well: it took me years to recognize the bias and distortion which had shaped my entire “education”. The “his-story” of mankind (white) had meant just that; as a woman I was relegated to a vicarious existence. As an anarchist I had no existence at all. A whole chunk of the past (and thus possibilities for the future) had been kept from me. Only recently did I discover that many of my disconnected political impulses and inclinations shared a common framework - that is, the anarchist or libertarian tradition of thought. I was like suddenly seeing red after years of colourblind grays.

Emma Goldman furnished me with my first definition of anarchism:

Anarchism, then really stands for the liberation of the human mind from the dominion of religion; the liberation of the human body from the dominion of property; liberation from the shackles and restraint of government. Anarchism stands for a social order based on the free grouping of individuals for the purpose of producing real social wealth, an order that will guarantee to every human being free access to the earth and full enjoyment of the necessities of life, according to individual desires, tastes, and inclinations.¹ Soon, I started making mental connections between anarchism and radical feminism. It became very important to me to write down some of the perceptions in this area as a way of communicating to others the excitement I felt about anarcho-feminism. It seems crucial that we share our visions with one another in order to break down some of the barriers that misunderstanding and splinterism raise between us. Although I call myself an anarcho-feminist, this definition can easily include socialism, communism, cultural feminism, lesbian separatism, or any of a dozen other political labels. As Su Negrin writes: “No political umbrella can cover all my needs.”² We may have more in common than we think we do. While I am writing here about my own reactions and perceptions, I don’t see either my life or thoughts as separate from those of other women. In fact, one of my strongest convictions regarding the Women’s Movement is that we do share an incredible commonality of vision. My own participation in this vision is not to offer definitive statements or rigid answers but rather possibilities and changeable connections which I hope will bounce around among us and contribute to a continual process of individual and collective growth and evolution/revolution.

What Does Anarchism Really Mean?

Anarchism has been maligned and misinterpreted for so long that maybe the

most important thing to begin with is an explanation of what it is and isn't. Probably the most prevalent stereotype of the anarchist is a malevolent-looking man hiding a lighted bomb beneath a black cape, ready to destroy or assassinate everything and everybody in his path. This image engenders fear and revulsion in most people, regardless of their politics; consequently, anarchism is dismissed as ugly, violent, and extreme. Another misconception is the anarchist as impractical idealist, dealing in useless, Utopian abstractions and out of touch with concrete reality. The result: anarchism is once again dismissed, this time as an "impossible dream".

Neither of these images is accurate (though there have been both anarchist assassins and idealists - as is the case in many political movements, left and right). What is accurate depends, of course, on one's frame of reference. There are different kinds of anarchist, just as there are different kinds of socialists. What I will talk about here is communist anarchism, which I see as virtually identical to libertarian (i.e. nonauthoritarian) socialism. Labels can be terribly confusing, so in hopes of clarifying the term, I'll define anarchism using three major principles (each of which I believe is related to a radical feminist analysis of society - more on that later):

(1) Belief in the abolition of authority, hierarchy, government. Anarchists call for the dissolution (rather than the seizure) of power - of human over human, of state over community. Whereas many socialists call for a working class government and an eventual "withering away of the state", anarchist believe that the means create the ends, that a strong State becomes self-perpetuating. The only way to achieve anarchism (according to anarchist theory) is through the creation of co-operative, anti-authoritarian forms. To separate the process from the goals of revolution is to insure the perpetuation of oppressive structure and style.

(2) Belief in both individuality and collectivity. Individuality is not incompatible with communist thought. A distinction must be made though, between "rugged individualism", which fosters competition and a disregard for the needs of others, and true individuality, which implies freedom without infringement on others' freedom. Specifically, in terms of social and political organization, this meant balancing individual initiative with collective action through the creation of structures which enable decision-making to rest in the hands of all those in a group, community, or factory, not in the hands of "representatives" or "leaders". It means coordination and action via a non-hierarchical network (overlapping circles rather than a pyramid) of small groups or communities. (See descriptions of Spanish anarchist collectives in next section.) Finally, it means that successful revolution involves unmanipulated, autonomous individuals and groups working together to take "direct, unmediated control of society and of their own lives". 3

(3) Belief in both spontaneity and organization. Anarchists have long been accused of advocating chaos. Most people in fact believe that anarchism is a synonym for disorder, contusion, violence. This is a total misrepresentation of what anarchism stands for. Anarchists don't deny the necessity of organization; they only claim that it must come from below, not above, from within rather than from without. Externally imposed structure or rigid rules which foster manipulation and passivity are the most dangerous forms a socialist "revolution" can take. No one can dictate the exact shape of the

future. Spontaneous action within the context of a specific situation is necessary if we are going to create a society which responds to the changing needs of individuals and groups. Anarchists believe in fluid forms: small-scale participatory democracy in conjunction with large-scale collective cooperation and coordination (without loss of individual initiative).

So anarchism sounds great, but how could it possibly work? That kind of Utopian romanticism couldn't have any relation to the real world... right? Wrong. Anarchists have actually been successful (if only temporarily) in a number of instances (none of which is very well known). Spain and France, in particular, have long histories of anarchist activity, and it was in these two countries that I found the most exciting concretisations of theoretical anarchism.

Beyond TheoryóSpain 1936-39, France 1968

The revolution is a thing of the people, a popular creation; the counter-revolution is a thing of the State. It has always been so, and must always be so, whether in Russia, Spain, or China.⁴

Anarchist Federation of Iberia (FAI), *Tierra y Libertad*, July 3, 1936

The so-called Spanish Civil War is popularly believed to have been a simple battle between Franco's fascist forces and those committed to liberal democracy. What has been overlooked, or ignored, is that much more was happening in Spain than civil war. A broadly-based social revolution adhering to anarchist principles was taking firm, concrete form in many areas of the country. The gradual curtailment and eventual destruction of this libertarian movement is less important to discuss here than what was actually achieved by the women and men who were part of it. Against tremendous odds, they made anarchism work.

The realization of anarchist collectivisation and workers' self-management during the Spanish Revolution provides a classic example of organization-plus-spontaneity. In both rural and industrial Spain, anarchism had been a part of the popular consciousness for many years. In the countryside, the people had a long tradition of communalism; many villages still shared common property or gave plots of land to those without any. Decades of rural collectivism and cooperation laid the foundation for theoretical anarchism, which came to Spain in the 1870s (via the Italian revolutionary, Fanelli, a friend of Bakunin) and eventually gave rise to anarco-syndicalism, the application of anarchist principles to industrial trade unionism. the Confederacion Nacional del Trebajo, founded in 1910, was the anarco-syndicalist union (working closely with the militant Federacion Anarquista Iberica) which provided instruction and preparation for workers' self-management and collectivization. Tens of thousands of books, newspapers, and pamphlets reaching almost every part of Spain contributed to an even greater general knowledge of anarchist thoughts⁵. The anarchist principles of non-hierarchical cooperation and individual initiative combined with anarco-syndicalist tactics of sabotage, boycott and general strike, and training in production and economics, gave the workers background in both theory and practice. This led to a successful spontaneous appropriation of both factories and land after July 1936.

When the Spanish right responded to the electoral victory of the Popular

Front with an attempted military takeover, on July 19, 1936, the people fought back with a fury which checked the coup within 24 hours. At this point, ballot box success became incidental; total social revolution had begun. While the industrial workers either went on strike or actually began to run the factories themselves, the agricultural workers ignored landlords and started to cultivate the land on their own. Within a short time, over 60% of the land in Spain was worked collectively - without landlords, bosses, or competitive incentive. Industrial collectivization took place mainly in the province of Catalonia, where anarco-syndicalist influence was strongest. Since 75% of Spain's industry was located in Catalonia, this was no small achievement. So, after 75 years of preparation and struggle, collectivization was achieved, through the spontaneous collective action of individuals dedicated to libertarian principles.

What, though, did collectivization actually mean, and how did it work? In general, the anarchist collectives functioned on two levels: (1) small-scale participatory democracy and (2) large-scale coordination with control at the bottom. At each level, the main concern was decentralization and individual initiative. In the factories and villages, representatives were chosen to councils which operated as administrative or coordinating bodies. Decisions always came from more general membership meetings, which all workers attended. To guard against the dangers of representation, representatives were workers themselves, and at all times subject to immediate, as well as periodic, replacement. These councils or committees were the basic units of self-management. From there, they could be expanded by further coordination into loose federations which would link together workers and operations over an entire industry or geographical area. In this way, distribution and sharing of goods could be performed, as well as implementation of programs of wide-spread concern, such as irrigation, transportation, and communication. Once again, the emphasis was on the bottom-to-top process. This very tricky balance between individuality and collectivism was most successfully accomplished by the Peasant Federation of Levant, which included 900 collectives, and the Aragon Federation of Collectives, composed of about 500 collectives.

Probably the most important aspect of self-management was the equalization of wages. This took many forms, but frequently the "family wage" system was used, wages being paid to each worker in money or coupons according to her/his needs and those of dependants. Goods in abundance were distributed freely, while others were obtainable with "money".

The benefits which came from wage equalization were tremendous. After huge profits in the hands of a few men were eliminated, the excess money was used both to modernize industry (purchase of new equipment, better working conditions) and to improve the land (irrigation, dams, purchase of tractors, etc.). Not only were better products turned out more efficiently, but consumer prices were lowered as well. This was true in such varied industries as: textiles, metal and munitions, gas, water, electricity, baking, fishing, municipal transportation, railroads, telephone services, optical products, health services, etc. The workers themselves benefited from a shortened work week, better working conditions, free health care, unemployment pay, and a new pride in their work. Creativity was fostered by self-management and the spirit of mutual aid; workers were concerned with turning out prod-

ucts which were better than those turned out under conditions of labour exploitation. They wanted to demonstrate that socialism works, that competition and greed motives are unnecessary. Within months, the standard of living had been raised by anywhere from 50-100% in many areas of Spain.

The achievements of the Spanish anarchists go beyond a higher standard of living and economic equality; they involve the realization of basic human ideals: freedom, individual creativity, and collective cooperation. The Spanish anarchist collectives did not fail; they were destroyed from without. Those (of the right and left) who believed in a strong State worked to wipe them out - of Spain and history. The successful anarchism of roughly eight million Spanish people is only now beginning to be uncovered.

C'est pour toi que tu fais la revolution.
[It is for yourself that you make the revolution.]

Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit

Anarchism has played an important part in French history, but rather than delve into the past, I want to focus on a contemporary event⁷May-June, 1968. The May-June events have particular significance because they proved that a general strike and takeover of the factories by the workers, and the universities by the students, could happen in a modern, capitalistic, consumption-oriented country. In addition, the issues raised by the students and workers in France (e.g. self-determination, the quality of life) cut across class lines and have tremendous implications for the possibility of revolutionary change in a post-scarcity society⁸.

On March 22, 1968, students at the University of Nanterre, among them anarchist Daniel Cohn-Bendit, occupied administrative buildings at their school, calling for an end to both the Vietnam war and their own oppression as students. (Their demands were similar in content to those of students from Columbia to Berlin protesting in loco parentis.) The University was closed down, and the demonstrations spread to the Sorbonne. The SNESUP (the union of secondary school and university teachers) called for a strike, and the students' union, the UNEF, organized a demonstration for May 6. That day, students and police clashed in the Latin Quarter in Paris; the demonstrators built barricades in the streets, and many were brutally beaten by the riot police. By the 7th, the number of protesters had grown to between twenty and fifty thousand people, marching toward the Etoile singing the Internationale. During the next few days, skirmishes between demonstrators and police in the Latin Quarter became increasingly violent, and the public was generally outraged at the police repression. Talks between labour unions and teachers' and students' unions began, and the UNEF and the FEN (a teachers' union) called for an unlimited strike and demonstration. On May 13, around six hundred thousand people - students, teachers, and workers - marched through Paris in protest.

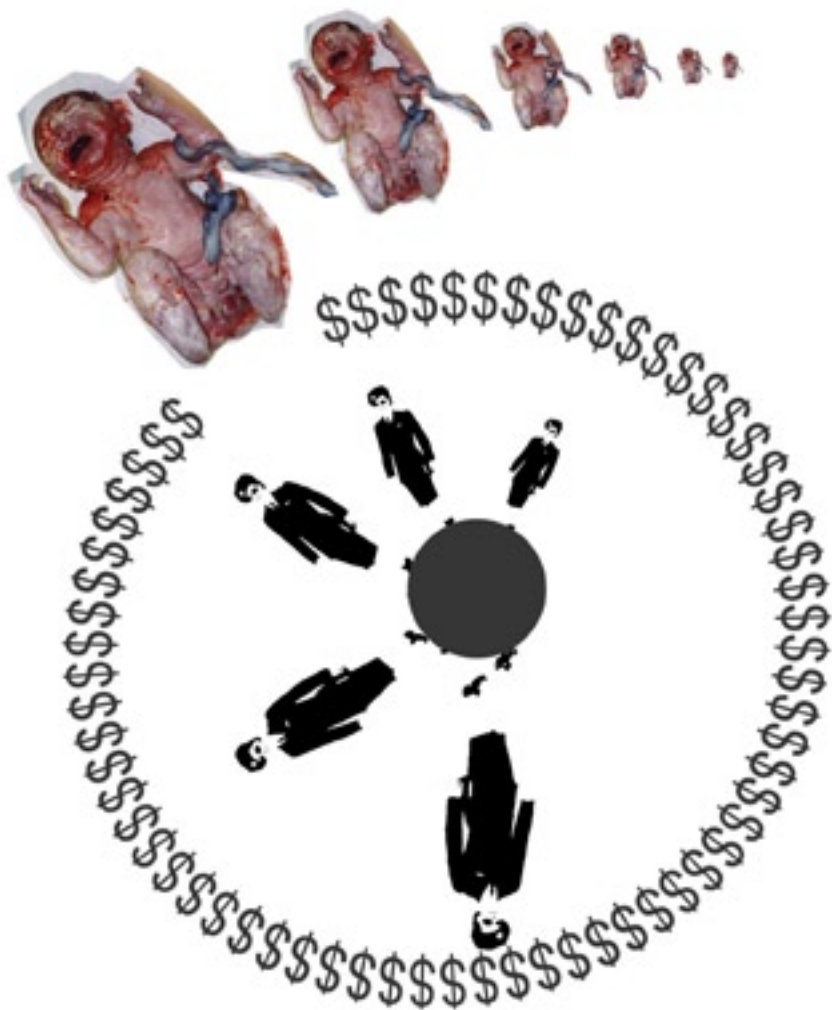
On the same day, the workers at the Sud-Aviation plant in Nantes (a city with the strongest anarco-syndicalist tendencies in France⁹) went out on strike. It was this action that touched off the general strike, the largest in history, including ten million workers - "professionals and labourers, intellectuals and football players."¹⁰ Banks, post offices, gas stations, and department stores closed; the subway and busses stopped running; and trash piled up as the garbage collectors joined the strike. The Sorbonne was occupied

by students, teachers, and anyone who wanted to come and participate in discussions there. Political dialogues which questioned the very basis of French capitalist society went on for days. All over Paris posters and graffiti appeared: It is forbidden to forbid. Life without dead times. All power to the Imagination. The more you consume, the less you live. May-June became both an "assault on the established order" and a "festival of the streets".¹¹ Old lines between the middle and working classes often became meaningless as the younger workers and the students found themselves making similar demands: liberation from an oppressive authoritarian system (university or factory) and the right to make decisions about their own lives.

The people of France stood at the brink of total revolution. A general strike had paralysed the country. The students occupied the universities and the workers, the factories. What remained to be done was for the workers actually to work the factories, to take direct unmediated action and settle for nothing less than total self-management. Unfortunately, this did not occur. Authoritarian politics and bureaucratic methods die hard, and most of the major French workers' unions were saddled with both. As in Spain, the Communist Party worked against the direct, spontaneous actions of the people in the streets: the Revolution must be dictated from above. Leaders of the CGT (the Communist workers' union) tried to prevent contacts between the students and workers, and a united left soon became an impossibility. As de Gaulle and the police mobilized their forces and even greater violence broke out, many strikers accepted limited demands (better pay, shorter hours, etc.) and returned to work. Students continued their increasingly bloody confrontations with police, but the moment had passed. By the end of June, France had returned to "normality" under the same old Gaullist regime.

What happened in France in 1968 is vitally connected to the Spanish Revolution of 1936; in both cases anarchist principles were not only discussed but implemented. The fact that the French workers never did achieve working self-management may be because anarcho-syndicalism was not as prevalent in France in the years prior to 1968 as it was in Spain before 1936. Of course, this is an over-simplification; explanation for a "failed" revolution can run on into infinity. What is crucial here, once again, is the fact that it happened at all. May-June, 1968, disproves the common belief that revolution is impossible in an advanced capitalist country. The children of the French middle and working classes, bred to passivity, mindless consumerism, and/or alienated labor, were rejecting much more than capitalism. They were questioning authority itself, demanding the right to a free and meaningful existence. The reasons for revolution in modern industrial society are thus no longer limited to hunger and material scarcity; they include the desire for human liberation from all forms of domination, in essence a radical change in the very "quality of everyday life".¹² They assume the necessity of a libertarian society. Anarchism can no longer be considered an anachronism.

It is often said that anarchists live in a world of dreams to come and do not see things which happen today. We see them only too well, and in their true colors, and that is what makes us carry the hatchet into the forest of prejudices that besets us.¹³ Peter Kropotkin
There are two main reasons why revolution was aborted in France: (1) inadequate preparation in the theory and practice of anarchism and (2) the



vast power of the State coupled with authoritarianism and bureaucracy in potentially sympathetic left-wing groups. In Spain, the revolution was more widespread and tenacious because of the extensive preparation. Yet it was still eventually crushed by a fascist State and authoritarian leftists. It is important to consider these two factors in relation to the situation in the United States today. We are not only facing a powerful State whose armed forces, police, and nuclear weapons could instantly destroy the entire human race, but we also find ourselves confronting a pervasive reverence for authority and hierarchical forms whose continuance is ensured daily through the kind of home-grown passivity bred by family, school, church, and TV screen. In addition, the U.S. is a huge country, with only a small, sporadic history of anarchist activity. It would seem that not only are we unprepared, we are literally dwarfed by a State more powerful than those of France and Spain combined. To say we are up against tremendous odds is an understatement.

But where does defining the Enemy as a ruthless, unconquerable giant lead us? If we don't allow ourselves to be paralysed by fatalism and futility, it could force us to redefine revolution in a way that would focus on anarca-feminism as the framework in which to view the struggle for human liberation. It is women who now hold the key to new conceptions of revolution, women who realize that revolution can no longer mean the seizure of power or the domination of one group by another under any circumstances, for any length of time. It is domination itself that must be abolished. The very survival of the planet depends on it. Men can no longer be allowed to wantonly manipulate the environment for their own self-interest, just as they can no longer be allowed to systematically destroy whole races of human beings. The presence of hierarchy and authoritarian mind-set threaten our human and planetary existence. Global liberation and libertarian politics have become necessary, not just utopian pipe dreams. We must "acquire the conditions of life in order to survive". 14

To focus on anarca-feminism as the necessary revolutionary framework for our struggle is not to deny the immensity of the task before us. We do see "only too well" the root causes of our oppression and the tremendous power of the Enemy. But we also see that the way out of the deadly historical cycle of incomplete or aborted revolutions requires of us new definitions and new tactics - ones which point to the kind of "hollowing out"¹⁵ process described later in the "Making Utopia Real" section. As women, we are particularly well-suited for participation in this process. Underground for ages, we have learned to be covert, subtle, sly, silent, tenacious, acutely sensitive, and expert at communication skills.

For our own survival, we learned to weave webs of rebellion which were invisible to the "masterful" eye.

We know what a boot looks like
when seen from underneath,
we know the philosophy of boots...

Soon we will invade like weeds,
everywhere but slowly;
the captive plants will rebel

with us, fences will topple,
brick walls ripple and fall,

there will be no more boots.
Meanwhile we eat dirt
and sleep; we are waiting
under your feet.
When we say Attack
you will hear nothing
at first.¹⁶

Anarchistic preparation is not non-existent in this country. It exists in the minds and actions of women readying themselves (often unknowingly) for a revolution whose forms will shatter historical inevitability and the very process of history itself.

Anarchism and the Women's Movement

The development of sisterhood is a unique threat, for it is directed against the basic social and psychic model of hierarchy and domination...¹⁷

Mary Daly

All across the country, independent groups of women began functioning without the structure, leaders, and other factotums of the male left, creating independently and simultaneously, organizations similar to those of anarchists of many decades and locales. No accident, either.¹⁸

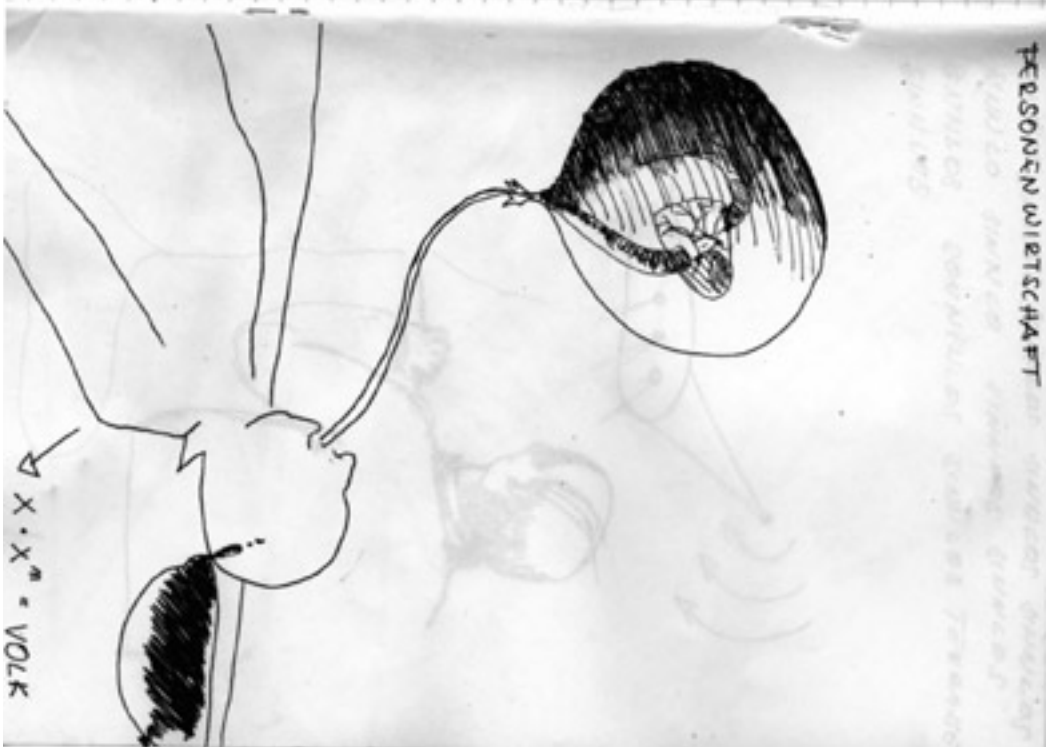
Cathy Levine

I have not touched upon the matter of woman's role in Spain and France, as it can be summed up in one word - unchanged. Anarchist men have been little better than males everywhere in their subjection of women.¹⁹ Thus the absolute necessity of a feminist anarchist revolution. Otherwise the very principles on which anarchism is based become utter hypocrisy.

The current women's movement and a radical feminist analysis of society have contributed much to libertarian thought. In fact, it is my contention that feminists have been unconscious anarchists in both theory and practice for years. We now need to become consciously aware of the connections between anarchism and feminism and use that framework for our thoughts and actions. We have to be able to see very clearly where we want to go and how to get there. In order to be more effective, in order to create the future we sense is possible, we must realise that what we want is not change but total transformation.

The radical feminist perspective is almost pure anarchism. The basic theory postulates the nuclear family as the basis for all authoritarian systems. The lesson the child learns, from father to teacher to boss to God, is to OBEY the great anonymous voice of Authority. To graduate from childhood to adulthood is to become a full-fledged automaton, incapable of questioning or even thinking clearly. We pass into middle-America, believing everything we are told and numbly accepting the destruction of life all around us.

What feminists are dealing with is a mind-fucking process—the male domineering attitude toward the external world, allowing only subject/object relationships. Traditional male politics reduces humans to object status and



then dominates and manipulates them for abstract “goals”. Women, on the other hand, are trying to develop a consciousness of “Other” in all areas. We see subject-to-subject relationships as not only desirable but necessary. (Many of us have chosen to work with and love only women for just this reason—those kinds of relationships are so much more possible.) Together we are working to expand our empathy and understanding of other living things and to identify with those entities outside of ourselves, rather than objectifying and manipulating them. At this point, a respect for all life is a prerequisite for our very survival.

Radical feminist theory also criticizes male hierarchical thought patterns - in which rationality dominates sensuality, mind dominates intuition, and persistent splits and polarities (active/passive, child/adult, sane/insane, work/play, spontaneity/organization) alienate us from the mind-body experience as a Whole and from the Continuum of human experience. Women are attempting to get rid of these splits, to live in harmony with the universe as whole, integrated humans dedicated to the collective healing of our individual wounds and schisms.

In actual practice within the Women’s Movement, feminists have had both success and failure in abolishing hierarchy and domination. I believe that women frequently speak and act as “intuitive” anarchists, that is, we approach, or verge on, a complete denial of all patriarchal thought and organization. That approach, however, is blocked by the powerful and insidious forms which patriarchy takes—in our minds and in our relationships with one another. Living within and being conditioned by an authoritarian society often prevents us from making that all-important connection between feminism and anarchism. When we say we are fighting the patriarchy, it isn’t always clear to all of us that that means fighting all hierarchy, all leadership, all government, and the very idea of authority itself. Our impulses toward collective work and small leaderless groups have been anarchistic, but in most cases we haven’t called them by that name. And that is important, because an understanding of feminism as anarchism could springboard women out of reformism and stop-gap measures into a revolutionary confrontation with the basic nature of authoritarian politics.

If we want to “bring down the patriarchy”, we need to talk about anarchism, to know exactly what it means, and to use that framework to transform ourselves and the structure of our daily lives. Feminism doesn’t mean female corporate power or a woman President; it means no corporate power and no Presidents. The Equal Rights Amendment will not transform society; it only gives women the “right” to plug into a hierarchical economy. Challenging sexism means challenging all hierarchy—economic, political, and personal. And that means an anarcho-feminist revolution.

Specifically, when have feminists been anarchistic, and when have we stopped short? As the second wave of feminism spread across the country in the late 60s, the forms which women’s groups took frequently reflected an unspoken libertarian consciousness. In rebellion against the competitive power games, impersonal hierarchy, and mass organization tactics of male politics, women broke off into small, leaderless, consciousness-raising groups, which dealt with personal issues in our daily lives. Face-to-face, we attempted to get at the root cause of our oppression by sharing our hitherto

unvalued perceptions and experiences. We learned from each other that politics is not “out there” but in our minds and bodies and between individuals. Personal relationships could and did oppress us as a political class. Our misery and self-hatred were a direct result of male domination in home, street, job, and political organization.

So, in many unconnected areas of the U.S., C-R groups developed as a spontaneous, direct (re)action to patriarchal forms. The emphasis on the small group as a basic organizational unit, on the personal and political, on anti-authoritarianism, and on spontaneous direct action was essentially anarchistic. But, where were the years and years of preparation which sparked the Spanish revolutionary activities? The structure of women’s groups bore a striking resemblance to that of anarchist affinity groups within anarcho-syndicalist unions in Spain, France, and many other countries. Yet, we had not called ourselves anarchists and consciously organized around anarchist principles. At the time, we did not even have an underground network of communication and idea-and-skill sharing. Before the women’s movement was more than a handful of isolated groups groping in the dark toward answers, anarchism as an unspecified ideal existed in our minds.

I believe that this puts women in the unique position of being the bearers of a subsurface anarchist consciousness which, if articulated and concretized can take us further than any previous group toward the achievement of total revolution. Women’s intuitive anarchism, if sharpened and clarified, is an incredible leap forward (or beyond) in the struggle for human liberation. Radical feminist theory hails feminism as the Ultimate Revolution. This is true if, and only if, we recognize and claim our anarchist roots. At the point where we fail to see the feminist connection to anarchism, we stop short of revolution and become trapped in “ye olde male political rut”. It is time to stop groping in the darkness and see what we have done and are doing in the context of where we want to ultimately be.

C-R groups were a good beginning, but they often got so bogged down in talking about personal problems that they failed to make the jump to direct action and political confrontation. Groups that did organize around a specific issue or project sometimes found that the “tyranny of structurelessness” could be as destructive as the “tyranny of tyranny”²⁰ The failure to blend organization with spontaneity frequently caused the emergence of those with more skills or personal charisma as leaders. The resentment and frustration felt by those who found themselves following sparked in-fighting, guilt-tripping, and power struggles. Too often this ended in either total ineffectiveness or a backlash adherence to “what we need is more structure” (in the old male up/down sense of the word).

Once again, I think that what was missing was a verbalized anarchist analysis. Organization does not have to stifle spontaneity or follow hierarchical patterns. The women’s groups or projects which have been the most successful are those which experimented with various fluid structures: the rotation of tasks and chair- persons, sharing of all skills, equal access to information and resources, non-monopolized decision-making, and time slots for discussion of group dynamics. This latter structural element is important because it involves a continued effort on the part of group members to watch for “creeping power politics”. If women are verbally committing themselves to

collective work, this requires a real struggle to unlearn passivity (to eliminate “followers”) and to share special skills or knowledge (to avoid “leaders”). This doesn’t mean that we cannot be inspired by one another’s words and lives; strong actions by strong individuals can be contagious and thus important. But we must be careful not to slip into old behavior patterns.

On the positive side, the emerging structure of the women’s movement in the last few years has generally followed an anarchistic pattern of small project-oriented groups continually weaving an underground network of communication and collective action around specific issues. Partial success at leader/“star” avoidance and the diffusion of small action projects (Rape Crisis Centers, Women’s Health Collectives) across the country have made it extremely difficult for the women’s movement to be pinned down to one person or group. Feminism is a many-headed monster which cannot be destroyed by singular decapitation. We spread and grow in ways that are incomprehensible to a hierarchical mentality.

This is not, however, to underestimate the immense power of the Enemy. The most treacherous form this power can take is cooptation, which feeds on any short-sighted unanarchistic view of feminism as mere “social change”. To think of sexism as an evil which can be eradicated by female participation in the way things are is to insure the continuation of domination and oppression. “Feminist” capitalism is a contradiction in terms. When we establish women’s credit unions, restaurants, bookstores, etc., we must be clear that we are doing so for our own survival, for the purpose of creating a counter-system whose processes contradict and challenge competition, profit-making, and all forms of economic oppression. We must be committed to “living on the boundaries”²¹, to anti-capitalist, non-consumption values. What we want is neither integration nor a coup d’etat which would “transfer power from one set of boys to another set of boys”.²² What we ask is nothing less than total revolution, revolution whose forms invent a future untainted by inequity, domination, or disrespect for individual variation - in short, feminist-anarchist revolution. I believe that women have known all along how to move in the direction of human liberation; we only need to shake off lingering male political forms and dictums and focus on our own anarchistic female analysis.

Where Do We Go From Here? Making Utopia Real

“Ah, your vision is romantic bullshit, soppy religiosity, flimsy idealism.” “You’re into poetry because you can’t deliver concrete details.” So says the little voice in the back of my (your?) head. But the front of my head knows that if you were here next to me, we could talk. And that in our talk would come (concrete, detailed) descriptions of how such and such might happen, how this or that would be resolved. What my vision really lacks is concrete, detailed human bodies. Then it wouldn’t be a flimsy vision, it would be a fleshy reality.²³

Su Negrin

Instead of getting discouraged and isolated now, we should be in our small groups discussing, planning, creating, and making trouble... we should always be actively engaging in and creating feminist activity, because we all thrive on it; in the absence of [it], women take tranquilizers, go insane, and commit suicide.²⁴

Cathy Levin

Those of us who lived through the excitement of sit-ins, marches, student strikes, demonstrations, and REVOLUTION NOW in the 60s may find ourselves disillusioned and downright cynical about anything happening in the 70s. Giving up or in ("open" marriage? hip capitalism? the Guru Maharaji?) seems easier than facing the prospect of decades of struggle and maybe even ultimate failure. At this point, we lack an overall framework to see the process of revolution in. Without it, we are doomed to deadended, isolated struggle or the individual solution. The kind of framework, or coming-together-point, that anarca-feminism provides would appear to be a prerequisite for any sustained effort to reach Utopian goals. By looking at Spain and France, we can see that true revolution is "neither an accidental happening nor a coup d'etat artificially engineered from above."²⁵ It takes years of preparation: sharing of ideas and information, changes in consciousness and behavior, and the creation of political and economic alternatives to capitalist, hierarchical structures. It takes spontaneous direct action on the part of autonomous individuals through collective political confrontation. It is important to "free your mind" and your personal life, but it is not sufficient. Liberation is not an insular experience; it occurs in conjunction with other human beings. There are no individual "liberated women".

So, what I'm talking about is a long-term process, a series of actions in which we unlearn passivity and learn to take control over our own lives. I am talking about a "hollowing out" of the present system through the formation of mental and physical (concrete) alternatives to the way things are. The romantic image of a small band of armed guerrillas overthrowing the U.S. government is obsolete (as is all male politics) and basically irrelevant to this conception of revolution. We would be squashed if we tried it. Besides, as the poster says, "What we want is not the overthrow of the government, but a situation in which it gets lost in the shuffle." This is what happened (temporarily) in Spain, and almost happened in France. Whether armed resistance will be necessary at some point is open to debate. The anarchist principle of "means create ends" seems to imply pacifism, but the power of the State is so great that it is difficult to be absolute about non-violence. (Armed resistance was crucial in the Spanish Revolution, and seemed important in France 1968 as well.) The question of pacifism, however, would entail another discussion, and what I'm concerned with here is emphasizing the preparation needed to transform society, a preparation which includes an anarca-feminist framework, long-range revolutionary patience, and continual active confrontation with entrenched patriarchal attitudes.

The actual tactics of preparation are things that we have been involved with for a long time. We need to continue and develop them further. I see them as functioning on three levels: (1) "educational" (sharing of ideas, experiences), (2) economic/political, and (3) personal/political.

"Education" has a rather condescending ring to it, but I don't mean "bringing the word to the masses" or guilt-tripping individuals into prescribed ways of being. I'm talking about the many methods we have developed for sharing our lives with one another—from writing (our network of feminist publications), study groups, and women's radio and TV shows to demonstrations, marches, and street theatre. The mass media would seem to be a particularly important area for revolutionary communication and influence—just think

of how our own lives were mis-shaped by radio and TV²⁶. Seen in isolation, these things might seem ineffectual, but people do change from writing, reading, talking, and listening to each other, as well as from active participation in political movements. Going out into the streets together shatters passivity and creates a spirit of communal effort and life energy which can help sustain and transform us. My own transformation from all-american-girl to anarcho-feminist was brought about by a decade of reading, discussion, and involvement with many kinds of people and politics—from the Midwest to the West and East Coasts. My experiences may in some ways be unique, but they are not, I think, extraordinary. In many, many places in this country, people are slowly beginning to question the way they were conditioned to acceptance and passivity. God and Government are not the ultimate authorities they once were. This is not to minimize the extent of the power of Church and State, but rather to emphasize that seemingly inconsequential changes in thought and behavior, when solidified in collective action, constitute a real challenge to the patriarchy.

Economic/political tactics fall into the realm of direct action and “purposeful illegality” (Daniel Guerin’s term). Anarcho-syndicalism specifies three major modes of direct action: sabotage, strike, and boycott. Sabotage means “obstructing by every possible method, the regular process of production”²⁷. More and more frequently, sabotage is practised by people unconsciously influenced by changing societal values. For example, systematic absenteeism is carried out by both blue and white collar workers. Defying employers can be done as subtly as the “slow-down” or as blatantly as the “fuck-up”. Doing as little work as possible as slowly as possible is common employee practice, as is messing up the actual work process (often as a union tactic during a strike). Witness habitual misfiling or loss of “important papers” by secretaries, or the continual switching of destination placards on trains during the 1967 railroad strike in Italy.

Sabotage tactics can be used to make strikes much more effective. The strike itself is the workers’ most important weapon. Any individual strike has the potential of paralysing the system if it spreads to other industries and becomes a general strike. Total social revolution is then only a step away. Of course, the general strike must have as its ultimate goal worker’s self-management (as well as a clear sense of how to achieve and hold on to it), or else the revolution will be still-born (as in France, 1968).

The boycott can also be a powerful strike or union strategy (e.g., the boycott of non-union grapes, lettuce, and wines, and of Farah pants). In addition, it can be used to force economic and social changes. Refusal to vote, to pay war taxes, or to participate in capitalist competition and over-consumption are all important actions when coupled with support of alternative, non-profit structures (food co-ops, health and law collectives, recycled clothing and book stores, free schools, etc.). Consumerism is one of the main strongholds of capitalism. To boycott buying itself (especially products geared to obsolescence and those offensively advertised) is a tactic that has the power to change the “quality of everyday life”. Refusal to vote is often practised out of despair or passivity rather than as a conscious political statement against a pseudo-democracy where power and money elect a political elite. Non-voting can mean something other than silent consent if we are simultaneously participating in the creation of genuine democratic forms in an alternative

network of anarchist affinity groups.

This takes us to the third area—personal/political, which is of course vitally connected to the other two. The anarchist affinity group has long been a revolutionary organizational structure. In anarco-syndicalist unions, they functioned as training grounds for workers' self-management. They can be temporary groupings of individuals for a specific short-term goal, more "permanent" work collectives (as an alternative to professionalism and career elitism), or living collectives where individuals learn how to rid themselves of domination or possessiveness in their one-to-one relationships. Potentially, anarchist affinity groups are the base on which we can build a new libertarian, non-hierarchical society. The way we live and work changes the way we think and perceive (and vice versa), and when changes in consciousness become changes in action and behavior, the revolution has begun.

Making Utopia real involves many levels of struggle. In addition to specific tactics which can be constantly developed and changed, we need political tenacity: the strength and ability to see beyond the present to a joyous, revolutionary future. To get from here to there requires more than a leap of faith. It demands of each of us a day-to-day, long-range commitment to possibility and direct action.

The Transformation of the Future

The creation of female culture is as pervasive a process as we can imagine, for it is participation in a VISION which is continually unfolding anew in everything from our talks with friends, to meat boycotts, to taking over storefronts for child care centres, to making love with a sister. It is revelatory, undefinable, except as a process of change. Women's culture is all of us exorcising, naming, creating toward the vision of harmony with ourselves, each other, and our sister earth. In the last ten years our having come faster and closer than ever before in the history of the patriarchy to overturning its power... is cause of exhilarant hope—wild, contagious, unconquerable, crazy HOPE!... The hope, the winning of life over death, despair and meaninglessness is everywhere I look now—like talismen of the faith in WOMANVISION...²⁸

Laurel

I used to think that if the revolution didn't happen tomorrow, we would all be doomed to a catastrophic (or at least, catatonic) fate. I don't believe anymore that kind of before-and-after revolution, and I think we set ourselves up for failure and despair by thinking of it in those terms. I do believe that what we all need, what we absolutely require, in order to continue struggling (in spite of oppression of our daily lives) is HOPE, that is, a vision of the future so beautiful and so powerful that it pulls us steadily forward in a bottom-up creation of an inner and outer world both habitable and self-filling for all*. I believe that hope exists—that it is in Laurel's "womanvision", in Mary Daly's "existential courage"²⁹ and in anarcho-feminism. Our different voices describe the same dream, and "only the dream can shatter stone that blocks our mouths."³⁰ As we speak, we change, and as we change, we transform ourselves and the future simultaneously.

It is true that there is no solution, individual or otherwise, in our society.³¹ But if we can only balance this rather depressing knowledge with an aware-

Sam Doigoff, *The Anarchist Collectives* (Free Life Editions, 1974), p. 27.
Ibid, pp.6, 7, 85.
Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit, *Obsolete Communism - The Left Wing Alternative* (McGraw-Hill, 1968), p.256.
See Murrey Bookchin's *Post Scarcity Anarchism* (Ramparts Press, 1974) for both an insightful analysis of the May-June events and a discussion of revolutionary potential in a technological society.
Ibid, p.262.
Ibid, p.250.
Bookchin, *On Spontaneity and Organization*, pp. 11-12.
Bookchin, *Post Scarcity Anarchism*, p.249.
Berman, p.146.
Bookchin, *Post Scarcity Anarchism*, p.40.
Bookchin, *On Spontaneity and Organization*, p.10.
Margaret Atwood, "Song of the Worms", *You Are Happy* (Harper & Row, 1974), p.35.
Mary Daly, *Beyond God the Father* (Beacon Press, 1973), p. 133.
Cathy Levine, "The Tyranny of Tyranny", *Black Rose* 1, p.56.
Temma Kaplan of the UCLA history department has done considerable research on women's anarchist groups (esp. "Mujeres Liberes") in the Spanish Revolution. See also Liz Willis, *Women in the Spanish Revolution*, *Solidarity Pamphlet No. 48*.
See Joreen's "The Tyranny of Structurelessness", *Second Wave*, Vol. 2, No. 1, and Cathy Levine's "The Tyranny of Tyranny", *Black Rose* 1.
Daly, p.55.
Robin Morgan, speech at Boston College, Boston, Mass., Nov., 1973.
Negrin, p.171.
Levine, p.50.
Doigoff, p. 19.
The Cohn-Bendits state that one major mistake in Paris 1968 was the failure to take complete control of the media, especially the radio and TV.
Goldman, "Syndicalism: Its Theory and Practice", *Red Emma Speaks*, p.71.
Laurel, "Towards a Woman Vision", *Amazon Quarterly*, Vol. 1, Issue 2, p.40.
Daly, p.23.
Marge Piercy, "Provocation of the Dream".
Fran Taylor, "A Depressing Discourse on Romance, the Individual Solution, and Related Misfortunes", *Second Wave*, Vol. 3, No. 4.
Marge Piercy, "Laying Down the Tower", *To Be of Use* (Doubleday, 1973), p.88.
Laurel, p.40.
Piercy, "Provocation of the Dream".
A Note On The Text

Peggy Kornegger was an editor of the American feminist magazine *The Second Wave*. *Anarchism: the Feminist Connection* first appeared as an article in the spring '75 issue of *Second Wave*. A further article by her, *Feminism, Anarchism and Economics* appeared in the summer/fall '76 issue.

sie ins Blickfeld rücken

Pretty-Ugly.COM

RAE.C&B.NET

thing+DE/BLAU

bitchmagazine.COM

FATGIRLBreakdown.COM

JBUST.COM

Feminist.COM

COOLGIRRLS.COM

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SPIDERNOMADWORK

geekGIRL.COM.AU

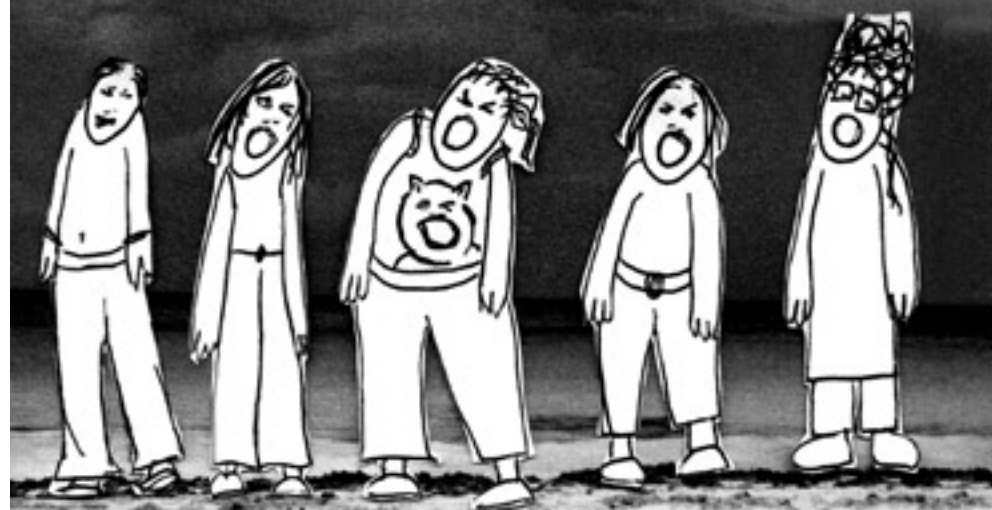
SOMEONES

GIRRLnetwork.COM

indipages.com/ctbgirl

WWWOMEN.COM

...



Grund

FEMBEAT

**SURE I GOT THA
FEMBEAT**

**YOU HAVE A
BEQUEM SEAT**

**IN THA WESTERN
EUROPEAN TREAT**

CRITIC/ MEAT ?

**CONTROVERSES
SHOW PURPOSES**

**FIGHT ME ON THIS
CONTROVERSES.**

**BA HA HA
U HA HA WAHHH HA HA.**

WAR AND POWER
SMASH THIS
PATRIARCHAL
SHOWER



MY PEE
IS LIKE
THESEA.

→ YOUR → (YOU CALL IT)
NATURE →
ENEMIE ← (IS YOUR)

→ YOUR NATURE
IS MY ENEMIE

ME AND MY GIRLFRIEND



open your mouth

feel tha pain
never never never
ashame.

burn convention
in your brain.
be the pain
see the same?

total control
makes the hole
in our soul.

listen it is a boring
monoton lifesyndrom.

never work
never vote
its their sutpid code
of socialprisonfloat.

the suckers ripped me
in tha deelep free sea.

living through days see-
ing
nothing.

it's o.k.

freedom is illusion
weapons never feel
like a solution
discos are for hippies
world is full of pippies.

cultural grammar i don't
care.

be tha bear -
aware.

MY VAGINA WAS MY VILLAGE

My vagina was green, water sooft pink fields, cow mooing sun resting sweet boyfriend touching lightly with soft piece of blond straw.

There is something beetween my legs. O do not know what it is. I do not know where it is. I do not touch. Not now. Not anymore. Not since.

My vagina was chatty, can.t wait, so much, so much saying, words talking, can.t quit trying, can.t quit saying, oh yes, oh yes.

Not since i dream there s a dead animal sewn in down there with thick black fishing line. And the bad dead animal smell cannot be removed. And ist throat is slit and it bleeds through all my summer dresses.

My vagina singing all girl songs, all goat bells ringing songs, all wild autumn field song, vagina songs, vagina home songs.

Not since the soldiers put a long thick rhifle inside me. So cold, the steel rod canceling my heart. Don.t know whether they re going to fire it or shove it through my spinning brain. Six of them, monstrous doctors with black masks shoving bottles up me too. These were sticks, and the end of a broom.

My vagina swimming river water, clean spilling water over sun baked stones over stone clit, clit stones over and over.

Not since i heard the skin tear and made lemon screeching sounds, not since a piece of my vagina came off in my hand, a part of the lip, now one side of the lip is completely gone.

My vagina. A live wet water village. My vagina my hometown. Not since they took turns for seven days smelling like feces and smoked meat, they left their dirty sperm inside me. I became a river of poison and pus and all the crops died, and the fish.

My vagina a live wet water village.
They invaded it. Butchered it and burned it down.
I do not touch now.
Do not visit.
I live someplace else now.
I don.t know where that is.

Lil red

These are my tits, yeah
 And this is my ass
 And these are my legs
 Watch them walk fuckin away
 These are long nails to scratch THE
 out yr eyes You are not the victim BETTER
 Tho' you'd like to make it that way T scratch YR O OUT EYES
 I am sorry I am so nice to you
 round Hand KNIFE and KNIFE and KNIFE
 things b l a h . . b l a h . . b l a h
 things All you do is fuck
 path All you ever do is Take
 TAKEtake TAKEtake TAKEtake
 ke TAKEtake TAKEtake TAKEtake
 To hear yr all gather
 Yeah, yr side of
 Your sh-sh-sh-sh-shining
 These are my Ruby RED lips
 THE BETTER TO suck YOU DRY
 These are my long
 red nails





...sun burns
in me.
where is my
stupid enemy



How to find your G-spot

The G-spot is portrayed as a mysterious, meandering location on a woman's body that plays hide and seek with those who look for it. In fact, every woman has a G-spot-- and it's always in the same place.

The G-spot is about two inches inside the vagina towards the belly, right behind the pubic bone. It's composed of spongy tissue that is wrapped around the urethra. When women are aroused it becomes thickened and can be felt through the vaginal wall. It creates an intense, distinctive sensation when stimulated. For some women this feeling is similar to the sensation of needing to urinate. And for some women, stimulation of the G-spot can make them ejaculate. Every woman has one, but not every woman loves having it pressed, rubbed, or otherwise stimulated. You'll just have to try it out to see if you are a fan.

Are you ready to get started? The first step is to get turned on. During arousal, the spongy tissue swells with fluid. When you aren't turned on, the wall of the vagina feels fairly similar all the way around, but when you get aroused the G-spot becomes more firm with blood and other fluids. Grab a vibrator, your favorite sexy movie, or indulge in a hot fantasy. Now insert your finger into your vagina and curve your finger up towards your belly. Your fingers may be too short, in which case, try a curved toy.

You'll know when you press into the G-spot from the texture on your finger, and the distinctive sensation it creates. Remember, you aren't feeling for something on the vaginal wall, the G-spot is behind it, so you'll need to press. The texture of the G-Spot can feel somewhat bumpy or crinkly, and feels different than the smooth wall of the vagina, especially during arousal. Press firmly and stroke your fingers towards your palm (move them in a "c'mere big boy" way). Try various degrees of pressure and a range of motions. There is no single "right way" to jazz the G. The size and sensitivity of the G-Spot varies a lot. You'll just have to experiment. Some women like rhythmic pressure on the G-Spot, others like the swooping motion of fingers or a twisting dildo like the Rabbit Habit. Other women really like to have their clits stimulated at the same time their G-spot is stroked. A partner's fingers stroking the G-spot during cunnilingus can feel simply divine. Pressure on the G-Spot or the contractions of orgasm can cause women to ejaculate fluid from the urethral sponge through the urethra. This fluid is different from urine and similar to the prostatic fluid of men. Empty your bladder before sex, so you won't worry about peeing. Ejaculate quantity may be slight or copious, or none at all. Objects in the vagina may block the urethra, thus preventing ejaculation. Some women ejaculate after the penis, dildo or fingers are removed. While every woman doesn't ejaculate, female ejaculation is not uncommon and a normal aspect of female sexual response. During partner sex there are some sex positions that are more conducive for hitting the G than others. Think geometry. Unless your partner had a curved dildo or penis, it's the cervix, not the G-spot that will most likely be stimulated in the standard missionary pose. Doggy style, or the receptive partner receiving it from behind, puts the G-spot in the bullseye a bit better. You can lift your upper body by supporting your hands against a wall or bedstand

laura weide/ how to find your g- spot

and create a more angled space in the vagina. Many women find that if they are on top, they can control penetration for better G-spot stimulation. Women's G-Spot response varies dramatically: remember there's no one "right way to experience pleasure." Rather than turning your explorations into a task or new goal you must achieve, try to approach it with a sense of fun and enjoy all the sensations along the way. Happy sex adventures!



mary black / letter from inside the black bloc

Letter from Inside the Black Bloc
Mary Black*, AlterNet
July 25, 2001

I'm running as fast as my asthmatic lungs will allow in the midst of what can only be called a mob. My friend from back home and I hold hands so that we won't lose each other, but I'm holding him back a little. He's in much better shape than I am and he'd probably be out of range of the tear gas by now if it wasn't for me.

A phalanx of riot cops is getting closer and I let go of my friend's hand, so that at least one of us can get away. He darts ahead of me onto a side street. I'm small, and now I'm by myself, so I'm not attracting much attention from the cops. I raise my hands in the air to show that I'm giving in, and let the cops push me in the direction that they are pushing all of us -- conventional protester and black clad rioter alike -- down a blocked side street.

Probably there is no way out of this alley; it's a trap, but the tear gas is too thick at this point for me to resist. I'm fumbling for my gas mask, but I'm going where I'm being told to go. I'm aware that some folks I've been marching with are being picked out of the crowd and thrown to the ground. Folks are trying to pull people out of the hands of the cops. One guy gets yanked back from the police line and runs; he gets away, but the friend I came here with is tackled. The last time I see him that day he's face down on the cement, two big undercover cops straddling him. Like most of the folks around me, I run.

We're retreating, but only as much as we have to. And in a few minutes we'll find our group again and advance back toward the area that the cops have declared off limits to all but a small group of extremely wealthy, extremely powerful, mostly white, mostly men. If words like "advance" sound militaristic in tone, that's probably because I'm a part of a group that at least appears paramilitary. Our clothes are uniform issue and intentionally menacing: black bandanas, ragged black army surplus pants, black hooded sweatshirts (with optional red and black flag or slogan-covered patches) and shiny black boots (or for the vegans in the crowd, battered black converse).

I'm part of a loosely affiliated international group of individuals known as the Black Bloc. We don't have a party platform, and you don't have to sign anything or go to any meetings to join us. We show up at all kinds of demonstrations, from actions to free Mumia Abu Jamal, to protests against the sanctions in Iraq, and at just about every meeting of international financial and political organizations from the WTO to the G8. Although most anarchists would never wear black bandanas over their faces or break windows at McDonalds, almost all of us are anarchists.

Most folks I know who have used Black Bloc tactics have day jobs working for nonprofits. Some are school teachers, labor organizers or students. Some don't have full-time jobs, but instead spend most of their time working for change in their communities. They start urban garden projects and bike libraries; they cook food for Food Not Bombs and other groups. These are thinking and caring folks who, if they did not have radical political and social agendas, would be compared with nuns, monks, and others who live their lives in service.

There is a fair amount of diversity in who we are and what we believe. I've known folks in the Black Bloc who come from as far south as Mexico City and as far north as Montreal. I think that the stereotype is correct that we are mostly young and mostly white, although I wouldn't agree that we are most-

mary bloc/ letter from inside the black bloc,

ly men. When I'm dressed from head to toe in baggy black clothes, and my face is covered up, most people think I'm a man too. The behavior of Black Bloc protesters is not associated with women, so reporters often assume we are all guys. People associated with a Black Bloc may just march with the rest of the group, showing our solidarity with each other and bringing visibility to anarchists, or we may step up the mood of the protest, escalating the atmosphere and encouraging others to ask for more than just reforms to a corrupt system. Spray painting of political messages, destroying property of corporations and creating road blocks out of found materials are all common tactics of a Black Bloc.

The Black Bloc is a fairly recent phenomenon, probably first seen in the U.S. in the early '90s and evolving out of protest tactics in Germany in the '80s. The Black Bloc may be in part a response to the large-scale repression of activist groups by the FBI during the '60s, '70s and '80s. It is impossible at this point to form a radical activist group without the fear of infiltration and disruption by the police and, for some, taking militant direct action in the streets with very little planning and working only with small networks of friends are the only meaningful forms of protest available.

Although there is no consensus among us on what we all believe, I think I can safely say that we have a few ideas in common. The first is the basic anarchist philosophy that we do not need or want governments or laws to decide our actions. Instead, we imagine a society where there is true liberty for all, where work and play are shared by everyone and where those in need are taken care of by the voluntary and mutual aid of their communities. Beyond this vision of an ideal society, we believe that public space is for everyone. We have a right to go where we want, when we want and governments should not have the right to control our movements, especially in order to hold secret meetings of groups like the WTO, which make decisions that affect millions.

We believe that destroying the property of oppressive and exploitative corporations like The Gap is an acceptable and useful protest tactic. We believe that we have the right to defend ourselves when we are in physical danger from tear gas, batons, armored personnel carriers and other law enforcement technology. We reject the idea that police should be allowed to control our actions at all. Looking at Rodney King, Amadu Dialo, Abner Ruima, the Ramparts scandal in Los Angeles and the Riders in Oakland, many of us conclude that abuse by the police is not only endemic, it is inherent.

We live in a society that is racist and homophobic and sexist and unless that is taken out of our society, it cannot be taken out of the cops who enforce the rules of our society. In an even larger view, we live in a society that has agreed to give some people the right to control what others do. This creates a power imbalance that cannot be remedied even with reforms of the police. It is not just that police abuse their power, we believe that the existence of police is an abuse of power. Most of us believe that if cops are in the way of where we want to go or what we want to do, we have a right to directly confront them. Some of us extend this idea to include the acceptability of physically attacking cops. I have to emphasize that this is controversial even within the Black Bloc, but also explain that many of us believe in armed revolution, and within that context, attacking the cops doesn't seem out of place.

There have been hours of debate in both the mainstream and left-wing press about the Black Bloc. For the most part, the media seem to agree that the Black Bloc is bad. The mainstream media's current consensus is that the

mary black / letter from inside the black bloc

Black Bloc is bad and extremely dangerous. The progressive media's most common line is that the Black Bloc is bad, but at least their aren't many of us. Everyone seems to call Black Bloc protesters violent. Violence is a tricky concept. I'm not totally clear what actions are violent, and what are not. And when is a violent action considered self defense? I believe that using the word violent to describe breaking the window of a Nike store takes meaning away from the word. Nike makes shoes out of toxic chemicals in poor countries using exploitative labor practices. Then they sell the shoes for vastly inflated prices to poor black kids from the first world. In my view, this takes resources out of poor communities on both sides of the globe, increasing poverty and suffering. I think poverty and suffering could well be described as violent, or at least as creating violence.

What violence does breaking a window at Nike Town cause? It makes a loud noise; maybe that is what is considered violent. It creates broken glass, which could hurt people, although most of the time those surrounding the window are only Black Bloc protesters who are aware of the risks of broken glass. It costs a giant multi-billion dollar corporation money to replace their window. Is that violent? It is true that some underpaid Nike employee will have to clean up a mess, which is unfortunate, but a local glass installer will get a little extra income too.

As a protest tactic, the usefulness of property destruction is limited but important. It brings the media to the scene and it sends a message that seemingly impervious corporations are not impervious. People at the protest, and those at home watching on TV, can see that a little brick, in the hands of a motivated individual, can break down a symbolic wall. A broken window at Nike Town is not threatening to peoples safety, but I hope it sends a message that I don't just want Nike to improve their actions, I want them to shut down and I'm not afraid to say it.

The biggest complaint that the left has expressed about the Black Bloc is that we make the rest of the protesters look bad. It is understandably frustrating for organizers who have spent months planning a demonstration when a group of scary looking young people get all of the news coverage by lighting things on fire. Yet what is missing in this critique is an acknowledgement that the corporate media never covers the real content of demonstrations. Militant demonstration and peaceful protest alike are rarely covered by the media at all, let alone in any depth. Although I too wish that the media would cover all styles of protest, or, more importantly, the underlying issues inspiring the protest, I'm also aware that militant tactics do get media attention. And I think that is a good thing.

I started my activist work during the Gulf War, and learned early that sheer numbers of people at demonstrations are rarely enough to bring the media out. During the war I spent weeks organizing demonstrations against the war. In one case, thousands showed up to demonstrate. But again and again, the newspapers and television ignored us. It was a major contrast the first time I saw someone break a window at a demonstration and suddenly we were all on the six o'clock news. The militant mood of anti-globalization protests in the last couple years has undeniably contributed to the level of attention that globalization is now getting in the media. And although the Black Bloc is not the only reason for this, (a myriad of creative, innovative strategies have helped to bring the fickle eye of the media in the direction of the left), I believe that George Bush II felt compelled to directly address the protesters at the G8 summit in Genoa because of the media coverage that our

movement is finally getting.

A second complaint that I have heard from the left, and in particular from other, non-Black Bloc protesters, is that they don't like our masks. I've been yelled at by protester and cop alike to take off my mask. This idea is impossible for most of us. What we are doing is illegal. We believe in militant, direct action protest tactics. We are well aware that police photograph and videotape demonstrations, even when they are legally disallowed from doing so. To take off our masks will put us in direct danger of the police.

The masks serve another, symbolic purpose as well. Although there are certainly those who wish to advance their own positions or gain popularity within the militant anarchist community, the Black Bloc maintains an ideal of putting the group before the individual. We rarely give interviews to the press (and those of us who do are generally frowned upon or regarded with suspicion). We act as a group because safety is in numbers and more can be accomplished by a group than by individuals, but also because we do not believe in this struggle for the advancement of any one individual. We don't want stars or spokespeople. I think the anonymity of the Black Bloc is in part a response to the problems that young activists see when we look back at the civil rights, anti-war, feminist and anti-nuclear movements. Dependence on charismatic leaders has not only led to infighting and hierarchy within the left, but has given the FBI and police easy targets who, if killed or arrested, leave their movements without direction. Anarchists resist hierarchy, and hope to create a movement that is difficult for police to infiltrate or destroy. Some of the critiques of the Black Bloc by the left come from our own acceptance of the values of our corrupt society. There is outcry when some kids move a dumpster into the street and light it on fire. Most people conclude the protesters are doing this to give themselves a thrill, and I can't deny that there is a thrilling rush of adrenaline each time I risk myself in this way. But how many of us forgive ourselves for occasionally buying a T-Shirt from The Gap, even though we know that our dollars are going directly to a corporation that violently exploits their workers? Why is occasional "shopping therapy" more acceptable than finding joy in an act of militant protest that may be limited in its usefulness? I would argue that even if Black Bloc protests only served to enrich the lives of those who do them, they are still better for the world than spending money at the multiplex, getting drunk or other culturally sanctioned forms of entertainment or relaxation.

I have my own criticisms of what I'm doing and of the efficacy of my protest tactics. Property destruction, spray painting and looking menacing on TV is clearly not enough to bring on a revolution. The Black Bloc won't change the world. I dislike the feeling of danger or at least the fear of danger at protests for those who do not want to be in danger -- particularly for the kids, pregnant women and older folks I see there. I really hate the annoying use of pseudo-military jargon like "communiqué" and "bloc" by my "comrades." But mostly I hate hearing myself and my friends trashed by every mainstream organizing group from the AFL-CIO to Global Exchange and in every left-wing rag from Mother Jones to the beloved Indymedia.org. Although this is not true for everyone in the Black Bloc, I respect the strategies of most other left-wing groups. At demonstrations I attempt to use Black Bloc actions to protect non-violent protesters or to draw police attention away from them. When this is not possible, I try to just stay out of the way of other protesters.

Despite my concerns, I think that Black Bloc actions are a worthwhile form

mary black / letter from inside the black bloc

of protest. And as I watch the increasingly deadly force with which the police enforce the law at demonstrations around the world (three protesters were shot dead at an anti-WTO demonstration in Papua New Guinea in June, two protesters were shot dead at an anti-globalization demonstration in Venezuela last year, and Carlo Giuliani, a 23 year old, was killed by police during the G8 summit in Genoa), I find it increasingly ironic that my actions are labeled as violent and dangerous while even the left seems to think that the police are "just doing their jobs." I will continue to participate in protest in this way, and anyone who cares to is welcome to join me. Bricks are easy to find and targets are as close as your local McDonalds.

|||||||T|a|c|t|i|c|a|l|I|||||M|e|d|i|a|||||I|i|s|t|I|||||
per scrivere o rispondere ai messaggi,
scrivi a: tacticalmedia@squat.net
archivio: <http://squat.net/tmc/maillist.html>
help e comandi <http://www.tmcrow.org/lista.htm>

----- keep.free.media.free -----





dear fellow citizens
and dear fellow occupants
and dear sisters in brave
and dear comrades in arms

we might shall overcome

we missbalanced live
that goes without saying
attempted to reach our
centerline
a share of the blame
falls on my side
i believed in their lies
i believed in their lies

when all of their beauty seem
just to be wrong
then all of their wordings seem
just to belong
to their everyday prozac
their everyday lie
and they're everyday kicking
my everyday mind

and the music turns minor
and we buy prepacked needs
and black condoms for our ples-
sure
or their plessure strategies

and we all are intvited
to their big bingo show
and we dance to their music
which is formally known
and we raise up our hands
and we dance and we dance

we live in their bullet-proved-
single-appartements
while planning familytrees
and talk about taking 'action'
while wearing their dieseljeans

we don't swet we shit perfume
we're not ugly we're delight
kept in uniforms and shopping-
malls we are prerendered dolls

educated for their system
cultivated
liberised
and readymade
and h-wood-movie-siced

and we all are intvited
to their big bingo show
and we dance to their music
which is formally known

and we raise up our hands
and we take this for real
but we should not agree
to their predicted deal
NO

We Shall overcome one day
and beat their monitoring arms
and spray grafitties on their
walls
to let them know that
we're no longer their
pretty good toys

We Shall overcome one day
deep in my heart
i do believe
that we can defeat
this mess that we've bought
so far

they won the peoples choice
award
declared the speechwriters pen
but we never really have been
asked
to put a cross beside their
names

but we all are intvited
to their big bingo show
and we dance to their music
which is formally known
and we raise up our hands
and we take this for real
but we should not agree
to their predikted deal

NO

We shall overcome one day
and dear fellow citiczens
and dear fellow occupants
and dear sisters in brave
and dear comrades in arms

We Shall overcome one day
deep in my heart
i do believe
that we can defeat
this mess that we've bought
so far



KEINE ANGST

**WE SHALL OVERCOME,
SONG OF HISTORY, SONG OF HISTORY, SONG OF FREEDOM**

Here's a look at the song that served as the anthem of the Civil Rights Movement

The song was born in slavery. It began as a field song, a work refrain that helped men and women in bondage endure from sunup to sundown. They would sing: "I'll be all right." Like many songs that began in slavery, it had no one author and no standard version. It spread and changed with the seasons and generations and as slaves were sold from one place to another in the American South. In time there was a war, and the slaves won their freedom, but only in a legal sense. The song survived in a new time of lynching and Jim Crow.

In 1901, as laws decreeing separation between the races were being erected, a Methodist minister named Charles Albert Tindley published a kindred

version: "I'll Overcome Someday." It was a song of hope, a hymn for a better tomorrow. It spread through black churches in the South and in the North, and then through the Southern labor movement. And in the year that the second World War ended, a faction of black women were on strike, picketing the owners of a tobacco plant in Charleston, S.C., at a time when mill owners controlled almost everything and everyone, white and black, and at a time when standing up for your rights could mean a one-way trip in the back of a police car. The strike-dragged on and the women grew disheartened, and as the rain came down, many dropped off the picket line. One of the holdouts began to sing the song, vowing to overcome the odds.

Soon they all were singing. In the spirit of union, they sang "we" instead of "I." And they invented a new verse:

We will win our rights.
And when the strike was over, they had won their rights, or at least a contract, and in that time and place that meant something. Two of the women visited a union and civil rights training school far from home, in the Tennessee countryside. It was at the Highlander Center that they taught the song and its new verse to a new generation. Along the way, the "will" became "shall," an old word, one that had the sound of the Bible in it, and people sang:

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome someday.
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome someday.

One night in the winter of 1957, officers of the law burst into the school - not policemen really, just angry white men who'd been deputized by the local sheriff and given license to put a scare into the students of social change. They cut the power and forced the students to lie in the dark as they smashed furniture and ransacked the place in search of "Communist literature." And there on the floor, the trembling students began to sing the song. Softly at first. Then louder. One of the students was a 13-year-old girl named was Jamalia Jones. She knew only one way to control her fear. In the darkness, she made up a new verse:

We are not afraid
We are not afraid

We are not afraid today. Maybe it was her imagination, but the singing seemed to unnerve the intruders. The story goes that one of them trained a flashlight on her and said: "If you have to sing, do you have to sing so loud?" She answered by singing still louder. They sang for two hours until the men left that place and left them alone. Not long after that, a white man named Guy Carawan came to the school as music director. He had long hair and a curly beard. They called him a California hippie hillbilly. He took the song with him on the road, and he sang it for audiences of black and white folks around the nation. Over the years, the tempo had speeded up, as if the impatience for change had been pushing at its meter. But now, whenever Carawan sang it before a black audience, something happened. He felt them tugging at the words, tugging at the rhythm, slowing it down, bringing it back to its elegant, powerful meter, back to the hymn it had once been. He finally put his banjo down and let the people sing. The song insinuated itself into America's Civil Rights Movement. A young black quartet called the Freedom Singers and a folk singer named Pete Seeger carried the tune and the words with them as they traveled America. The movement's most eloquent spokesman, the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., heard the song and understood its power. He knew that when you are fighting an evil that has the strength of myth and tradition behind it, you need your own rituals, traditions that will inspire and unite people around a common goal. And he knew leaders were nothing without the strength and creativity of average folks ready to make a change. So as the song trickled upward through the grass roots, from the sharecroppers and cleaning women and mill workers marching

the marches, taking the blows and doing the work of a new American revolution, King understood that the movement now had an anthem. In Greensboro and Nashville, in Atlanta and St. Augustine, college kids sang the song in tones of sweetness and defiance as they were hauled out of lunch counters and thrown into police wagons, their suits and ties and Sunday dresses splattered with mustard and ketchup and spit and blood. The song sustained John Lewis, an Alabama farm kid who endured threats and jailings and beatings after signing onto the movement. His skull was fractured on Bloody Sunday, 1965, when a phalanx of white-helmeted Alabama state troopers advanced on horseback and on foot, firing tear gas and clubbing peaceful demonstrators as Sheriff Jim Clark yelled, "Get those goddamned niggers!"

For Lewis, singing the song was a sacred ritual that washed away the fear and fatigue. "It gave you a sense of faith, a sense of strength, to continue the struggle, to continue to push on," Lewis, now a U.S. congressman, would recall. "And you would lose your sense of fear. You were prepared to march into Hell's fire." Mourners sang the song after the bodies of four little girls were pulled from the rubble of a dynamite-torn church in Birmingham. Viola Liozza, a mother of six who had come from Detroit to join the movement, sang it as she drove on a lonely road in Alabama. She was silenced by a shotgun blast that shattered her window, ripped into her face and took her life.

In Mississippi, a handful of civil rights workers sat on a front stoop at dusk, watching the sun sink into the flat country. First, they saw the cotton harvesters go by. Then the sheriff. Then a 6-year-old black girl with a stick and a dog, kicking up dust

with her bare feet. As she strode by, they could hear her humming “We Shall Overcome.”

In the nation’s capital, hundreds of thousands sang the song as they gathered in front of the Lincoln Memorial, and heard King describe his dream that justice would someday “ring out across this land.” When people sang the song now, they crossed their arms and held hands, swaying back and forth, carried away by the power of the music they were creating. Along the way, they invented new verses for the song:

We will walk together someday.
And: Black and white together someday.

In 1965, a knot of demonstrators sang these words on a street corner in Washington, D.C., outside a well-guarded seat of power, hoping their words would be heard by the man inside.

President Lyndon B. Johnson had pushed through the Civil Rights Act of 1964 as television cameras brought the movement and its song into the nation’s homes. But for decades before, this son of Texas had been an obstructionist, the voice of filibuster, a friend of segregation, and even after he pushed the civil rights bill into law, he did little to enforce its letter or its spirit, or to protect the protesters who were being beaten and murdered in the South.

So when his black limousine pulled through the White House gates and past that corner, the demonstrators sang even louder.

Their message was clear: We will overcome. With or without you. And so, finally, with the song of protest and the current of history sweeping him along, Johnson stood before the members of Congress, the justices of the Supreme Court and 70

million Americans tuned in on their television sets.

And he said these words: “At times history and fate meet at a single time in a single place to shape a turning point in man’s unending search for freedom.”

He promised to pass a voting rights law that would sweep away the barriers and violence that prevented citizens from exercising their rights. And he would do so now, with no compromise or backsliding. Then he paused, and ended with the words that no American president had ever said:

“And we shall overcome.”

During all his years of struggle, death and defeat, Martin Luther King’s assistants had never seen him cry. But in this moment, as he watched the president’s speech on a black-and-white television screen in a living room in Selma, Ala., King’s eyes filled with tears.

Johnson’s speech and the passage of the Voting Rights Act were not the end of the battle. They were simply significant moments on a timeline of struggle that has stretched over decades. In the spring of 1968 in Memphis, Martin Luther King sang the song in support of striking garbage workers who held aloft a sea of signs that said succinctly, “I AM A MAN.” The next day, as he stood on a hotel balcony, a sniper’s bullet cut him down.

One voice of the dream had died, but the song survived and proliferated. In New York City, demonstrators sang the song to protest the death of Amadou Diallo, an unarmed citizen killed by police in a hail of 41 bullets. In Indonesia, hundreds of demonstrators risked their lives by marching on parliament and demanding the resignation of the president of their country’s bloody

regime: "Down with Suharto, the people shall overcome." In Northern Ireland, in South Korea, in Lebanon, in India, in China's Tiananmen Square, in South Africa's Soweta township, anywhere people were desperate for freedom, men and women and children sang the song in a multitude of languages.

Tomorrow the song will be sung across America as businesses and governments and citizens pause to observe Martin Luther King's birthday. In the nation of its birth, in a new century, it is less a song of sit-ins and marches, but more one of reverence and nostalgia, of anniversaries and ceremonies. In America, King's movement has splintered into a series of spirited but isolated skirmishes, the momentum of the 1960s now stalled by changing times, intramural squabbles and a political backlash that portrays "reverse

racism" as a malignant force upon the land.

But the song remains. Deep in my heart, I do believe

We shall overcome someday.

And someday, at another time and another place, at another moment in history, inertia will give way to movement, and people will sing the song again, loudly and defiantly and joyfully.

And they will write new verses of their own.



my house is invaded by mauerzer-
stoerern
they ar searchin somethin
and i am the princess of technology
all this stupid bois try to be nice to
make me soft to let them use my
sexy techscheiss
i don.t like them

Im spektakulärsten Fall von femi-
nistischer Aneignung der bislang
den Männern vorbehaltenen
Bühneneskapaden im Punk zog
ein Mitglied der Frauenband L7 bei
einem Konzert in Boston im Herbst
1992, nachdem sie von einem Mann
im Publikum angemacht worden
war, einfach die Hose runter, riß sich
ihren Tampon raus und warf ihn
nach dem Typ.

yestaday i saw again how leiwand
this fucked up city is

luv
se she loves girls which throw bloody
tampons in sexist men faces tussi

hast du riotgrll piss shout kick fight
txts

and
the nights are not red
some of them are wet and salty
some are dirty and hot
some are pink and dicht

ich hab noch imma keine mukke
gemacht
i wanna i wanna i wanna

but i cannot
es geht nicht
i don.t know what to do with this "es
geht nich"
cannot articulate
be silent
be nice

kiss
tristesse away
ya wanna be my loverin in mind?

les zeug ohne zu verstehen only for
do the reading cause nobody here i
wanna talk to bout zeug in me. wish
yu were here. for that and for
streunen and for pissen and for
dancen, si.

i started to exercise singin and screa-
min on stupid techno partys i can-
not stand and while jumpin high to
touch the sky i am screamin mean-
ingless zeug but loud. and i drink a
lot of wodka and water.

der osten is flat
like the tits of the girls i wanna kiss

no tower means no power

my nerves were rotten kaput
and i am tired all the time
thaz the other truth

yu and me in bagdad

kick yu a kiss to fuckin autriche

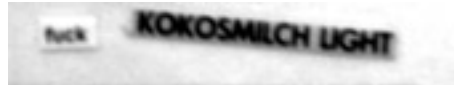
bleeding hearts
martial arts

i am alone in dead jungles
in underground amazonia
faster pussycat faster

i want to struggle
i love rubble
i am not stable

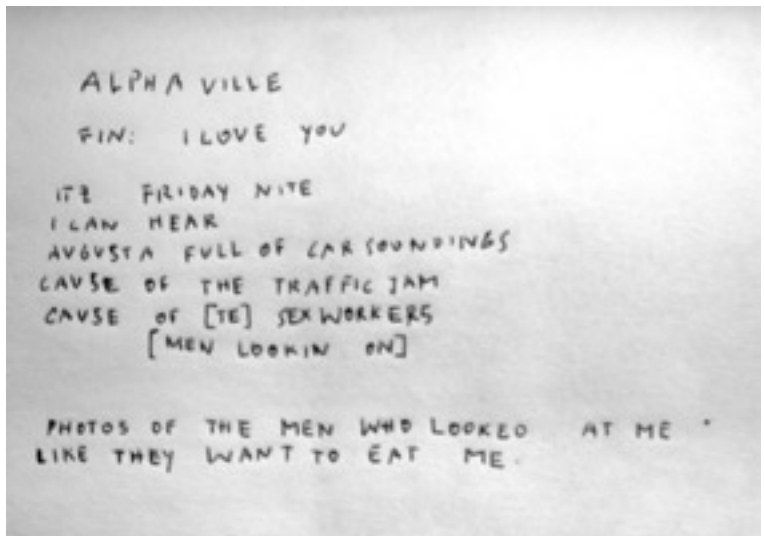
itz for make beatz
oh yes
make me beatz out of shoutz

sao paula



felipe from indy thinks that gad-
hinha, gata, is not sexist
gustoso, he thinks, is sexist
i bought skirts
i bought underwear
and i bought socks
some of them for yu mon ami
it's so easy to buy a lot of bullshit
all day long

MY PARENTS SHALL BUY ME A BIKE
FOR BIRTHDAY
I DECIDED YESTERDAY
A SECOND AFTER WAKE UP
AND THEN WE LL BUILT UP A
BIKEGANG



LEAVING ALL THE PICTURES WAR BOWING
MAYBE LOOING YOU IS BECAUSE BEING
SHAKING
OUT OF YOUR WORLD
SO MAYBE YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW I WAS LEAVING
MAYBE NEVER HERE ANYWAY

I'M GOING AWAY
FAR FROM TODAY
AND LEAVING WITH YOU
ALL THE LITTLE THINGS REMINDING ME TOO

Ich weiß, es war
nicht unsere Absicht,
Schäden zu ver-
ursachen, aber nun
ist es mal passiert!

Oh,
welch eine
Anmaßung!

ABER DA
DAS NUN MAL
GESCHEHEN
IST...

Ich weiß!
Und genau
deshalb sind
wir hier...



1 2 3 4

Trash Debu tantes

TO CREATE MUSIC WITH ELECTRONIC

TO CREATE MUSIC WITH ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT AND COMPUTERS...

FOR ME THIS SEEMED ALMOST A MYSTERY. I ALWAYS IMAGINED IT WAS SO DIFFICULT AND COMPLICATED, AND I MUST ADMIT IT REALLY INTIMIDATED ME AT THE START. THIS WAS NOT THE TECHNOLOGY ITSELF, BUT RATHER WHAT OTHERS (ONLY MEN) MADE OF IT, HOW IT WAS PRESENTED TO ME. IT WAS AN INSURMOUNTABLE OBSTACLE, SOMETHING I'D NEVER GRASP BECAUSE I'M A GIRL...

THEY COULD NEVER REALLY HIDE HOW FLATTERED THEY FELT WHEN I'D ASK THEM FOR HELP. 'CAUSE THAT WAS THEIR BIG MOMENT - THE CHANCE TO ACT LIKE COMPLETE IDIOTS IN FRONT OF ME. THEY COULD PLAY AT BEING THE COMPETENT ONE, LIVE OUT EVERY NEUROSIS THEY HAD ABOUT THEIR IMAGE. AND AT THE SAME TIME CONSTANTLY DELIVER THE SUBLIMINAL VIBE THEY HAD ALREADY GIVEN UP ON ME, THAT ALL THEIR EXPLANATIONS WERE WORTH NOTHING IN THE END.

THEY'D INTRODUCE BY SAYING HOW EVERYTHING'S NO PROBLEM AT ALL, SUPER EASY - THEN START TO EXPLAIN, MAKING IT ALL DOUBLY COMPLICATED AND TEDIOUS. THEY'D GO THROUGH THE MOST MINUTE TECHNICAL NON-DETAILS, GIVING YOU COMPLETELY USELESS INFORMATION LIKE THE YEAR OF CONSTRUCTION, THE COMPANY HISTORY AND SO ON. FINALLY THEY'D SHOW YOU A COUPLE OF "EASY GAMES" YOU COULD PLAY - IF YOU WERE REALLY ON TOP OF IT (LIKE THEY THEMSELVES WERE !)... THEY'D TALK ON AND ON, IN THE END JUST DELIVERING AN ENDLESS MONOLOGUE. MENTAL MASTURBATION, INTELLECUAL JERK OFFS. I'D TURN AND GO. SORRY, BUT IT'S RIDICULOUS ! THIS I DO NOT NEED ! IN THE END IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH HELPING ME - IT WAS A PURELY EGOISTIC DEMONSTRATION OF POWER. AND NOTHING MORE. THEY WANT TO KEEP "THEIR LAST BASTION OF POWER" AS FAR AWAY FROM WOMEN AS POSSIBLE. NOW WOMEN THINK THEY CAN DEAL WITH THE RULES OF MACHINERY !?!?

AND MORE AND MORE OF THEM ARE DOING IT !
NO WOMAN HAS EVER BEEN BORN WITH A PHOBIA FOR TECHNOLOGY OR WHO IS "LESS GIFTED" TECHNOLOGICALLY. I THINK THAT SOME GIRLS SIMPLY HAVE NO INTEREST IN IT, WHILE OTHER GIRLS AVOID IT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING. THIS IS BECAUSE FROM WHEN THEY WERE BABIES THEY WERE MADE TO BELIEVE THEY WERE TOO STUPID TO UNDERSTAND IT, AND THAT TECHNICAL THINGS ARE "MEN'S WORK". I CAN'T THINK OF ANY OTHER EXPLANATION AS THIS TO WHY, IN COMPARISON TO MEN, THERE ARE FAR TOO FEW WOMEN IN AREA OF MUSIC.

AND IN FACT IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER I NOW PRODUCE THE MUSIC MYSELF OR SIMPLY ACCOMPANY - SING - TO THE MUSIC. THE TEXTS COME FROM ME, THEY ARE WHAT IT IS REALLY ABOUT. YOU SELECT THE SAMPLES YOURSELF AND LET SOMEBODY ELSE PRODUCE THE MUSIC, AND DESPITE THAT NONE OF MY IDEAS AND SENTIMENTS SLIP FROM MY GRASP...

singing an african song in the metro in sao paulo and dancing

monday.5/5/2003.(im not sure)

we couldn't have "shaken" the train even more. and the people stayed frozen. it was shocking. the reactions or better the non-reactions made us remember an elevator situation. no body says anything and just hopes the whole thing ends up soon. one woman says: where are you from?, ONE woman.

another lady talks to a friend of us: make them stop! they are hurting the train! why are they doind it?!?!

but i guess the most intense and representative scene of the non-interaction among the inhabitants of sao paulo was a japanese woman and an old man that wouldnt make a move wouldnt turn their faces wile we were almost breaking the train down.

we were expecting smiles and happy faces. interaction. not in that subway. maybe sunday.



send your songs too :

hearme@cuntstunt.net

→ HÖREN SIE NUN:

MIEZE MEDUSA mit "10 FINGER" www.miezemedusa.com

METROSAV.COM mit "HONNY GUITAR"

TRASH DEBUTANTES mit "TODAY"

Wormut Goedele mit "Abgesang der Wormut Goedele"

MINIROKK mit "ROKKON SWEET HEART"

DIE SCHWESTERN BRUELL mit "AEROBIC to my ♡"
www.schwesterbruell.org

SHIRA Z. CARMEL mit "Somebody"

www.tryto.listen.to

GUSTAV und FREUNDINNEN singen "WE SHALL OVERCOME"
(live @ Rheinz März 03)

* RECORDING SUB FROM SÃO PAULO APRIL '03

nic endo/ to create music with electronic

IT'S IMPORTANT THAT GIRLS FINALLY APPLY ALL THEIR PERSONALITY, AIMS AND IDEAS TO UTILIZE DIFFERENT MUSICAL MEANS THAN THE CONVENTIONAL (MUSICAL) INSTRUMENTS WHOSE CREATIVE POTENTIAL IS ALWAYS LIMITED AFTER A CERTAIN POINT. JUST LIKE HOW THE SUBERSIVE POTENTIAL OF MUSIC AT SOME POINT RUNS DRY UNLESS YOU MOVE BEYOND CERTAIN PRE-DETERMINED MUSICAL LIMITATIONS.

ELECTRONIC RADICAL MUSIC, DIGITAL HARDCORE WITH AND BY WOMEN. THIS MUST OPERATE ALONE AS A COUNTER-BALANCE TO THE STILL MALE DOMINATED ELECTRONIC AND HARDCORE FIELDS. ONLY THEN CAN A TRUE UNITY EXIST WHICH WORKS ALL THE MORE POWERFULLY, WITH ALL THE MORE STRENGTH.

WITHIN THE BAND I AM COMPLETELY SUPPORTED IN WHAT I'D DOING, AND THIS SUPPORT CAN BE RECKONED WITH FOR DHR FATAL. FOR GIRLS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN MAKING THEIR OWN MUSIC BUT WHO HAVE NOT YET BECOME FULLY SWITCHED ON TO THIS: DON'T LET YOURSELVES GET FILLED UP WITH BULLSHIT ! IGNORE THOSE PRETENTIOUS MALE GAMES !

MANY THING YOU CAN WORK OUT BY YOURSELF OVER TIME WHEN YOU TRY OUT THE EQUIPMENT IN A RELAXED, PLAYFUL MANNER. THE BEST THINGS OFTEN HAPPEN AS A RESULT OF MISTAKES, EXPERIMENTS AND COINCIDENCE. AT THE START, PRETTY SIMPLE AND REASONABLY PRICED EQUIPMENT TO CREATE MUSIC COULD BE FOR INSTANCE A POCKET SAMPLER (YAMAHA SU-10 RECOMMENDED), A FOUR TRACK RECORDER, AN EFFECTS MACHINE OR PEDAL, AND POSSIBLY A MIXER, SYNTH AND KEYBOARDS, MICROPHONE, TAPE OR DAT RECORDER.

TO BE ABLE TO HANDLE CERTAIN MUSICAL TECHNOLOGY, OR TO BELIEVE YOU CAN, IS ONE THING - SO THAT YOU ARE ABLE TO RELATE TO OTHER PEOPLE. TO BE ABLE TO TRANSPOSE YOUR FEELINGS AND ENERGY IS ANOTHER JOB... AND SINCE I'M ON THE SUBJECT, IT IS TOTALLY POLITICAL TO BE AWARE OF WHO IS TWIDDLING WITH THE CONTROLS, TURNING THE SWITCHES.

A REVOLUTION RESULTING FROM THE FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF MUSIC - AND THAT IDOLOGY AS A WEAPON THAT CAN PRODUCE CHANGES ON A POLITICAL AND CREATIVE LEVEL - ALL OF THIS IS MEANINGLESS IF WOMEN ARE NOT AN ACTIVE PART OF IT ALL !

BEGIN THE REVOLUTION HERE AMONG US FIRST !

WAS IST DAS?
WAS IST DAS?

Was weiß ich denn? Hör doch auf zu schreien!



I LEAVE YOU TODAY
CAUSE TODAY IS THE BEST DAY



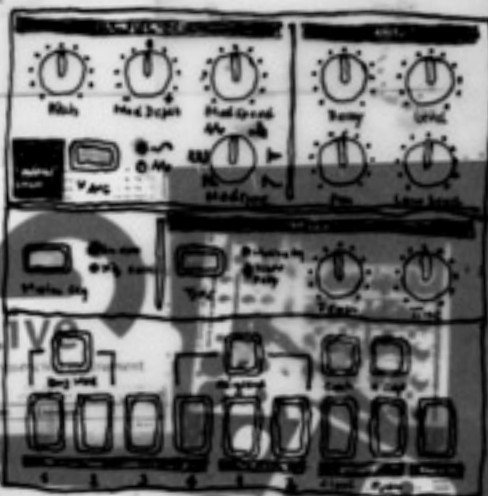
IT'S JUST
BUBBLES

ER WAR WIRKLICH
BILLIG
ZU NASSEN

WAS ER
NEHM
KANN ALS
SOFTWARE
WIR WEINEN
MICH
ANFAS
SEN

GOOD FRIENDS
WITH
EVERYTHING
WHICH HAS
AN AUDIO
IN & OUT
AND WITH
VSLI

OUT OF
BORDER
!!!!!!



I LEAVE WITH YOU
MY TOOTH BRUSH ... AND THE COMPLEX
I COOKED EVERY FREAKING DAY ...
I'M GOING AWAY FROM TODAY
CUTTING TOMATOES I WILL THINK OF YOU
AND EVERY MORNING I LINK TO YOU TOO

Unter Wasser scheinen
alle Laute wie in Watte
gehüllt.

The Emma Goldman Papers

[Photograph, 1893 Sept. 1, Philadelphia] / - 1 p. : 8 x 9 cm.
(Obtained from the City Archives of Philadelphia)

When not the "Reddest Ballerina"

1878



in search of **The Politics Of Dancing**

Emma Goldman
Anarchist

IF I CAN'T DANCE I DON'T WANT TO BE PART OF YOUR REVOLUTION

"If I can't dance I don't want to be in your revolution," said Emma Goldman (1869-1940), feminist heroine, anarchist activist, editor, writer, teacher, jailbird and general trouble-maker.

Or did she? Perhaps she said, "If I can't dance I don't want to be part of your revolution," as my purple T-shirt claims under a picture of Emma looking demure in a wide-brimmed hat.

In fact, though the sentiment is indeed Emma Goldman's, one she frequently pronounced and acted upon, she wrote none of the above, notwithstanding that each of these versions and more has been attributed to her on buttons, posters, banners, T-shirts, bumper stickers, and in books and articles, for nearly twenty years. Here, rather, is what she did say, in her 1931 autobiography *Living My Life*:

At the dances I was one of the most untiring and gayest. One evening a cousin of Sasha [Alexander Berkman], a young boy, took me aside. With a grave face, as if he were about to announce the death of a dear comrade, he whispered to me that it did not behoove an agitator to dance. Certainly not with such reckless abandon, anyway. It was undignified for one who was on the way to become a force in the anarchist movement. My frivolity would only hurt the Cause.

I grew furious at the impudent interference of the boy. I told him to mind his own business, I was tired of having the Cause constantly thrown into my face. I did not believe that a Cause which stood for a beautiful ideal, for anarchism, for release and freedom from conventions and prejudice, should demand the denial of life and joy.

I insisted that our Cause could not expect me to become a nun and that the movement should not be turned into a cloister. If it meant that, I did not want it. "I want freedom, the right to self-expression, everybody's right to beautiful, radiant things." Anarchism meant that to me, and I would live it in spite of the whole world--prisons, persecution, everything. Yes, even in spite of the condemnation of my own comrades I would live my beautiful ideal.

TITS FLAT TITS FAST TITS
ASS FAT ASS SOFT ASS
LIPS THIN LIPS WARM LIPS
EYES BLUE EYES COLD EYES

SWOLLEN TONGUE
BLOND HAIR
FUCK YOU LONG LEGS
REVERED GET IT

THAT HE IN THE STREET

ALL THIS EYES ARE STICKY

THIS TIME I STAND TO LOOK IN THEM

NEXT TIME I AVOID TO SEE THEM LOOKIN

WHAT MEANS EXOTIC

THIS TIME IT MAKES ME FEEL MYSELF SEXUAL

YESTERDAY I WARE HE FEEL INTERFACE

BUT FUCK THIS

LET I WANNA WEAR A MAMMOCK

IN THE STREET

IN THE STATION

IN THE BUS

AND I WANT TO WANT ME TO GO TO A FAVERA

I WANT ME TO PISS ON MY FEAR

TO PISS ON MY TALK OF CRIME BASED FEAR

LIKE I PISSER IN THE BUS

C MON ALL MY BUSTAS

LEG GO

HEY HO

A GUESS WHAT

I AM STILL POLITE

POLITE FOR MEN I DON'T KNOW TO

FACE MY HAIR MY BODY

WHY? I WALK OFF. DO I KNOW

BEHAVE LIKE YOU HAVE BEEN TO

BREAK OUT TUSSE!

IT'S NITE

I AM GOING SOMEWHERE WITH

CARS FULL OF GUYS PASS ME

THEY SHOUT BUT STUP UNDER

STUPID THINGS I THINK MY FEEL

FUCK OFF I DON'T CARE

BUT I DON'T FUCKING A

WHERE IS MY REVERSED FROM F

AND

we are
Fußballerinnen.

EIN BISSCHEN

Im Wilden

der stadt

KICKEN

LICIT AND ILLICIT LOVE IN MODERINZING SAO PAULO (OR MME POMMÉRY'S BROTHEL)

Margareth Rago
Department of History
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INTRODUCTION: MME POMMÉRY'S ARRIVAL

Coming from the major European centers, Mme Pomméry arrived in São Paulo around 1912 and was immediately astonished by the tremendous primitiveness of the city's sexual life and bohemian world, in contrast to the deep modernization process in which the city had embarked. She soon noticed that many streets were being paved and remodeled, squares were being built, the Municipal Theater was open to the cultivated public, while new theaters, restaurants and cafés concerts started offering important services to their customers. However, she noted, the *jeunesse dorée** remained without options for the construction of modern sexual references. As the character of Hilário Tácito's novel, published in 1920, said: drinking was restricted to domestic beverages, as beer, and the refined pleasure provided by champagne was unknown. So, she concluded, the city was lacking a luxury brothel: the *Paradis Retrouvé*.

By electing São Paulo's modernization process as subject, the novel written by engineer José Maria de Toledo Malta — Hilário Tácito's pseudonym — provides images that are simultaneously distant from and close to those worked on by historiography. They are distant because they talk about a world that no longer exists; about a time when prostitution played a major role in the city's social and cultural life, bringing together graduated professionals, intellectuals, artists, workers and bohemians belonging to various social classes, along with female singers, artists, ballet dancers or mere prostitutes; a time when the presence of luxury courtesans, most of French and Polish origin, allowed the association of that universe with the nation's entry into modern times.

Close, for these images also record the architectural changes implemented by Mayor Antonio Prado, inspired by the "Haussmanization" of Paris; they provide information about the city's population growth, from 69,934 in 1890 to 239,820 in 1900 and 579,033 in 1920; and, finally, they supply several evidences of deep changes in the moral practices of a society that, eager to seem modern, copied the latest fashion in terms of consumption and leisure in vogue in the civilized world, particularly in Paris. Close also because they work on a fiction developed from the very plausible meeting of a foreign prostitute and madam with a rich "colonel," eager to experience the sexual novelties of the modern world.

This novel provides accurate information about the new sensitivity under formation in the modernizing city. Between 1890 and 1930, São Paulo became the most industrialized state in Brazil.

Along those decades, the free labor market was developed in the country; the industrial working class emerged, as a result of the massive European immigration; and a very combative labor movement was established, led by anarchist, anarcho-unionist and socialist groups. In few decades, this state surpassed Rio de Janeiro, the former federal capital, in terms of economic, political and cultural importance.

The medical power and the project of social sanitation

Hilário Tácito's novel is dedicated to the Eugenics Society of São Paulo, which was founded in 1918 and, in compliance with its objectives of "eugenic control of the human species" and race improvement, was devoted "to study the regulation of prostitution." On the one hand, this latter information alludes to the doctors' concern with the establishment of a public policy regarding prostitution, considered as a "necessary evil"; on the other hand, it recalls the physicians caricatured along the novel as frequent customers of the brothel, where they amused themselves in company of beautiful "cocottes*."

It is almost certain that many doctors enjoyed the life of luxury prostitution in the city, as Dr. Mangancha or Dr. Narciso de Seixas Vidigal did. Both were buffo characters in the novel, who, ironically, used their scientific knowledge to justify alcohol consumption. However, outside there, they stated a very conservative and moralist discourse on the world of prostitution, specially at a time when their power over society was growing remarkably.

In reality, considering themselves to be responsible for the orientation of the State in the management of the population, as substitutes for the Church due to their scientific authority over the body and infirmities, physicians gained rapid admission to public institutions, State agencies, and to the country's social and political life. After all, coming from the powerful local elites composed of large landowners and businessmen who were often educated in Europe, physicians already participated, in a direct or indirect manner, in the political elites that governed the country.

Dr. Luiz Pereira Barreto, for instance, who was the first president of the Medicine and Surgery Society of São Paulo, established in 1895, acquired a degree in Medicine from the University of Brussels, in 1864, where he made contact with positivism, which he tried to disseminate in Brazil. He had been a distinguished member of the Republican Party and a representative in the State Constitutional Assembly of 1891, where he held the office of president. The Society's second president, Dr. Carlos Botelho, a graduate from the Medicine College of Rio de Janeiro, was son of the Count of Pinhal, owner of large coffee plantations and of the railroad linking the cities of Rio Claro and São Carlos. He was one of the founders of the Polyclinic — a medical office supported by the institution with a view to providing assistance to the poor people of the capital of the state —, and, during Jorge Tibiriçá's term as President of Republic (1904-1907), he was Secretary of Agriculture. The Society's third president, Dr. Augusto César de Miranda Azevedo, was a founding member of São Paulo Republican Party and was a state representative at the Constitutional Assembly in 1891. Thus, the medical and political elites' common interests contributed to increase the power of the State over the public and private life of the rest of the population. Many physicians had gradually begun to hold public and political offices, highly increasing the power of that professional category; at the same time they were replacing

the power of priests in the management of private life, counseling both the rich and poor families.

Basically, the medical doctors started to define the modern codes of sexual behavior to be adopted by women and men, by the young, adults, old people and children, by the rich and poor, in a nation-wide scope. In this sense, they tried to abolish the old traditions and conceptions that informed the moral and sexual behavior of the population, classifying them as primitive, ignorant and irrational. Dr. Moncorvo Filho, for instance, who was in charge of the pediatric department of the Medicine College of Rio de Janeiro, was responsible for the creation of the Institute of Infant Protection of Rio de Janeiro in 1901, and, thereafter, by the many branches established all over the country: in Minas Gerais (1904), Pernambuco (1906), Maranhão (1911), and in Paraná and Rio Grande do Sul. In 1922, the Institute held the First Brazilian Congress of Infant Protection, supported by, among others, Dr. Moncorvo's disciple in São Paulo, Dr. Clemente Ferreira. The medical teams commanded by him throughout the country were engaged in works of consultation and counseling to poor mothers of the cities' outskirts, as well as in seminars of diffusion and even in films exhibited in Buenos Aires. This example provides evidence of how rapidly the medical class was articulating all over the country, implementing an overall project of social intervention that, if not totally fulfilled, obtained clearly evident results.

In Rio de Janeiro, many studies suggest that since the 1830s, with the creation of the Imperial Academy of Medicine and the Medicine College, physicians had begun to organize themselves corporately and started a scientific production devoted to diagnosing the problems afflicting the city, which was viewed fundamentally as a diseased space. Instituted as the competent authorities to manage the urban space, they have gradually worked out an extensive project of social sanitation; for its accomplishment they relied on the State's support, in its struggle to refrain the large landowners' huge powers that were firmly fixed in the private world.

Within the context of deodorization of the urban space; disease and epidemic control; elimination of swamps; water and sewage piping; and control of infant mortality, the legitimate and illegitimate sexualities — prostitution, homosexuality, masturbation and other "sexual perversions" — were considered as matters of exclusive medical domain.

In São Paulo, physicians and policemen had started to perceive the dangerous sexualities as presenting higher relevance since the end of the last century, with the arrival of huge masses of European immigrants at the port of Santos. Among them, "undesirables" of all sorts were landing: Italian and Spanish anarchists, French and Portuguese prostitutes and madams, Slavic pimps, volunteer or forced Polish "white slaves," destined to supply the attractive market of prostitution.

The efforts to prevent those menacing figures from even disembarking led many authorities to search for radical solutions, supported by the newspapers that were promoting a campaign against moral corruption. According to the newspaper *O Tempo*, of February 13, 1903, "With the police's decision of capturing the pimps that infested the city of Santos, they are fleeing to this capital, where they will proceed with their demoralizing and disgraceful industry, which deserves a strong police repression."

Thus, beginning in 1907, the penalization of foreign pimps began to include deportation in the 1890 Penal Code, a procedure that, by the way, had already been put into practice.

From then on, several measures of sanitary control started being implemented by public authorities and were progressively centralized in the Sanitary Service of São Paulo, created in 1894. In the following year, some physicians founded the Medicine and Surgery Society, aimed at acting as counselor of the public powers in the formulation of policies for the sanitary control. In 1913, the Medicine College of São Paulo was founded to be a place where doctors would find a broader institutional space to discuss their ways of intervention in the city and to exercise their power over the public and private spheres in a more organized way. And, in 1918, the already mentioned Eugenics Society is established with a view to improve and purify the race.

The discomfort of public authorities and doctors

Whether participating or not in the French-like brothels spreading over the city — as the Palais de Cristal, the Hotel dos Estrangeiros (Foreigners' Hotel), the Maxim's —, the discomfort felt by those cultivated men in relation to a universe that was both unknown and attractive is visible. For, if by one hand, prostitution was considered as a "social cancer," on the other hand, no one denied the need of it, specially in a moment in history in which there was a widely spread notion that the male sexuality was more pressing than the female and needed, therefore, a geographic space allowing its liberation.

Thus, both police officials, involved in the social control and moralization of conduct, and sanitarians tried to warn against the evils of the world of prostitution. They "dissected" the prostitutes' bodies by producing scientific theses and conducting empirical investigations in which they codified women's behavior according with typological classifications copied from French physicians as Alexandre Parent-Duchâtelet and the "father" of criminal anthropology, Cesare Lombroso. Their pseudo-scientific theories passed to serve as basis for the police practices of sexual vigilance, which most of the time targeted the poor prostitutes.

The impact of the city's modernization, the rapid social and economic growth and demographic expansion were dramatized in the worried discourses of police officials and other public authorities: prostitution, pandering, increase in criminality rates, vagrancy, drug use, gambling and infant abandonment were among the major issues, at the side of the invasion of immigrants and the social struggles.

Already in 1879, police officer Pádua Fleury complained about the need of creating a sanitary-police regulation in order to control prostitution, to meet the demands of the public opinion, and of turning pandering into a crime, for, at that time, the activity was not included in the Penal Code dated 1830. According to him: "It is urgent to put an end to the insubordination of shameful speculators who affront our civilization with the exhibition of disgraceful women on public streets."

Along with pimps, the "scandalous" prostitutes were targets of police action for their offense against public morality. In 1896, police officer Bento Pereira Bueno took a position favorable to a more globalizing policy in relation to

the higher visibility of prostitutes, instead of sporadic repressive measures, urging for the attribution of a stronger legal power to police authorities: "Those houses, generally called hotels, clubs and 'maison meublées,' tend naturally toward streets and squares located in the city's downtown, harming the public order and decency; and the Police, in order to keep them under control, only possess occasional instruments which, besides being transitory in their effects, expose authorities to irreflective disavowals as occurred in September with Dr. Galeno Martins de Almeida, 3rd police officer."

In that same year, police officer Cândido Motta proposed the decree of the first Provisional Regulation of the "Policia de Costumes" (Morals Police), aimed at the direct control of the sexual life in the central districts of the city where, in his opinion, the existence of prostitution hurt the sensitivity of passersby and inhabitants. Distributed to the 220 prostitutes who lived in the zone of low prostitution — on the former Beco dos Mosquitos, on the streets Líbero Badaró, Benjamin Constant, Senador Feijó, do Teatro, do Quartel, Esperança —, the regulation established:

- a) that hotels or brothels are forbidden, public women being authorized to live only in private houses, and never exceeding the number of three;
- b) the windows of their houses should be furnished inside with double curtains and outside with shades;
- c) it is not allowed to call or provoke passersby with gestures or words or to engage in conversations with them;
- d) from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., during the months of April to September inclusive, and from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. in the other months, they should keep window shades closed, so that passersby will not be able to see the interior of their houses, being forbidden that they stay at the door of their houses;
- e) when staying by the windows or going to the streets, they should dress decently, with clothes hiding completely their body and bosom;
- f) when going to theaters and places of public entertainment, they should behave with reserve, being forbidden to engage in conversation with men in corridors or other places where they can be watched by the public."

The modernist writer Oswald de Andrade, a regular visitor to the bohemian world, seemed to be less disturbed with the presence of "merry women." According to him: "Going home down Líbero Badaró street, after classes, I used to stop at the grocery of Ponzini's father. It was a popular and curious environment (...). It is known that before the enlargement of the street (...), it was a distinguished passageway in São Paulo's downtown, leading from the end of José Bonifácio street to São Bento square. In that central alley, harlots gathered and stayed, from the afternoon through the night, seminude and appealing by the windows and doors that were open to anyone. At Ponzini's I established relations with more than one prostitute, specially a fat and motherly madam named Olga, who used to sit with me at table."

Sharing this same opinion, that denied the State's right to invade private matters as sexuality, other writers, lawyers, police officers and journalists, chiefly abolitionists, attacked directly the imposition of the regulation, criticizing it in the newspapers and magazines of the time. In spite of this reaction and although the prostitution zone was not confined to a specific district as the advocates of the regulation wanted, the booking of prostitutes at the Morals Police Station turned into a common practice, specially after 1915.

Furthermore, the Civil Police were later authorized to keep vigilance over the behavior of prostitutes “so that the quietness and peacefulness of the neighborhood won’t be disturbed.”

The geography of pleasure

Prostitution concentrated in the central and commercial areas of the city, near bars, cafés concerts, theaters, cinemas and cabarets. Those places attracted the wealthy bourgeoisie, politicians, landowners, lawyers, students, workers and social outcasts of all sorts. There, they could find the new figures of prostitution, in special the “French” and “Polish” women, the real or imaginary ones, who, in the social imagery, appear as introducers of civility habits from the European world, as well as of the refinements of the erotic practices.

Initially concentrated on the streets listed in police officer Cândido Motta’s First Regulation, prostitution spread over new commercial areas, as the city was being remodeled and acquiring a modernizing feature. Around 1913, the activity of prostitution in that commercial center was coming to an end, informs memorialist Paulo Duarte, and beginning to expand toward the streets Ipiranga, Timbira and Amador Bueno, while the low prostitution was concentrated on the streets Senador Feijó, Riachuelo, on the Riachuelo and São Francisco steeps, up till Piques, the meeting point of black prostitutes. But it was mainly in the Brás district that the “scum” of black meretrices gathered, as defined by the misogynous memorialists of the period.

Although the capitalist expansion had directly changed the location of outcast spaces, pushing them to the city’s outskirts, there had been no regular planning, as the one implemented around 1940, with the confinement of prostitution during the administrative term of the city’s interventor, Ademar de Barros. On that occasion, the illicit loves were confined to the Bom Retiro district, near the railroad stations Sorocabana and Santos-Jundiaí.

Evidently, many luxurious prostitutes were far more lucky, as the courtesans that Jorge Americano found in the city around 1908. Many of them became “rabos de saia”, that is, exclusive lovers of wealthy “colonels” — as the ignorant and poorly civilized landowners were known — who tried to diversify their social participation in the urban world.

Many of them installed their favorite prostitute in apartments located in the residential district of Higienópolis or in sophisticated mansions of Paulista avenue. “Such was, for instance, the one named Margarida, for whom a distinguished gentleman had built a mansion house on Veridiana street and, in order to praise her name, ordered daisies (‘margaridas’) sculptured in mortar to ornate the windows.”

Others financed the construction of luxury brothels, as Colonel Gouveia did for Mme Pomméry’s Paradis Retrouvé. None of them, however, did without the company of other young prostitutes, preferably foreigners, known as “cocottes,” with whom they liked to circulate in the bar of the Municipal Theater, built in 1911, or by the elegant pastries and restaurants of the city’s downtown, in a clear display of virility and power.

Less privileged were those women living in private houses, either rented or of their own, where they received their customers and friends, without the commitment of conjugal fidelity implied in the aforementioned relationship. However, they had the advantage of being free from the ties of dependence on a madam, that were so common to the prostitutes living in the famous “casas alegres” (merry boarding houses) and “casas de tolerância” (houses of tolerance). This was the situation, for instance, of “a certain Mrs. Glória who, about 1910, used to drive her coupé around there. Some years later, she sold her house on Angélica avenue in an auction, and the families went there discreetly, as if they were doing something evil, to see the previous exhibition of objects, curious to feel the smell of sin.”

Many of those meretrices were artists, ballet dancers or singers, linked to musical groups that worked at cafés concerts, cabarets and “merry boarding houses,” where intellectuals, “colonels,” artists, lawyers, journalists and other night-lovers met. Those night clubs used to adopt Parisian names, presenting themselves explicitly as branches of large erotic establishments that were well known in France: the Palais Elegant, owned by the Colibri sisters; the Pension Royale; the Palais Cristal, of Mme Sanchez, that was portrayed by Hilário Tácito as Paradis Retrouvé; the Hotel Paris; or the Maxim’s, Salvadora Guerreiro’s brothel, translated into novel by Armando Caiuby in *O Mistério do Cabaré*.

One of the most famous and elegant night establishments of São Paulo was the Hotel dos Estrangeiros, that lodged, in fiction, Mme Pomméry on her arrival in Brazil. Having São Paulo high society as habitué, it was celebrated in a poem by Moacyr de Toledo Pisa, “Tradições,” written in 1923, a little before the serious incident that touched deeply the city at the time: the murder of his lover, the prostitute Nenê Romano, immediately followed by his suicide.

The prostitute’s power

The incident, mourned by many friends of the lawyer and poet, happened in the afternoon of October 25, 1923, when, from inside the car that strolled by the aristocratic Angélica avenue, came the noise of the shots fired by him at the young prostitute, aged 23, and later at himself.

In reality, the story reached dimensions of a scandal much more due to the fact that it involved the suicide of a gifted young man belonging to São Paulo elite than for the murder of the foreign prostitute. It had been a long time since physicians and public authorities started to appoint the presence of foreign prostitutes, supposedly more experienced and menacing, as a moral danger to the native youth. According to the doctors, they were responsible for the increasing moral dissolution, for the feminization and weakening of the race and for the loss of old moral references. Dr. Orlando Vairo, in his studies on “The Elegant Vices, Particularly in São Paulo” (“Os Vícios Elegantes Particularmente em São Paulo”), published in 1926, warned against the increase in drug consumption among the “jeunesse dorée,” regular customers of “pensionnières” and “cabarets” where the wicked prostitutes introduced them to the world of vices.

Not even Nenê Romano was spared from the violent adjectives that attributed Pisa’s crime to her capacity for moral perversion and disguised wicked-

ness. The seductive image of “femme fatale” was frequently invoked to designate the beautiful yet wicked prostitutes who were responsible for male foolishness. Thus, the city newspapers reported the incident as undoubtedly the insatiable courtesan’s fault: “Moacyr Pisa — the brilliant, daring, brave writer that the whole state of São Paulo admired — killed himself. He committed suicide after having killed Nenê Romano, the femme fatale who had an angel face and a wicked soul.” (O Combate, October 26, 1923.)

Remembering the episode many decades later, a journalist reinforced that image of the powerful super-sexualized woman, endowed with terrible sexual powers. On August 26, 1979, the newspaper *Folha de S. Paulo* published an article signed by Paulo José da Costa Jr. in which he stated: “She was, to say the least, a fatal woman (...) with eyes that were both sweet and dreadful, melancholic and deep. This was her major beauty. At the bohemian circles of the time, she was known as ‘the woman with a swan neck.’ (...) At last, a Marguerite Gauthier of both Italian and São Paulo origin, who led many men to madness and was the favorite of Senator Rodrigues Alves.”

On the one hand, a victim of misfortune; on the other hand, powerful heart devourer; the prostitute was depicted according to the parameters collected from the Romanticism and fin-de-siècle artistic imagery, a time when, along with the innocent, poor and irrational girl, it was popular the figure of the “spider woman,” the Salomé who was responsible for the destruction of man and his work, the civilization. Fragile or powerful, the prostitute was represented as a figure of irrationality, a symbol of the predominance of the ferocious instinct over the peaceful reason, thus pernicious to society’s development.

Worried about the moralization of social conduct, about the preservation of family and marriage, physicians elected prostitution as a ghost menacing the balance of social values. The increasing attention they started to devote, to the illicit loves since mid-19th century, as well as their concern about the need of defining rigorously the symbolic frontiers between the permitted and forbidden sexual practices, between the figures of the “honest woman” and the “born-degenerate,” according to the Lombrosian terminology, attest less to an interest in improving the living conditions of exploited meretrices, and more to a concern with the establishment of modern codes of sexuality.

It is in this sense that one may assert that physicians’ interest in the world of prostitution resulted in the creation of a ghost able to oppose the female entry into the urban space or to organize the way in which such entry could be gained. One must remember that at least up till the 1980s in Brazil, the figure of the “public woman” referred to the image of a prostitute and not to a politically active woman manager, who, today, is elected by political parties. And, from the very beginning of feminism in the country, one of the liberal and libertarian feminists’ major concerns was to avoid the eventual confusions that could be established between the fight for women’s emancipation and the “sexual freedom” of “mulheres alegres” (merry women)."

Therefore, the medical and police design of the prostitute’s identity contributed to the internalization of the ideal model of good wife and mother. To smoke or to whistle in public, to wear colorful or low-neckline dress, to go to bars and restaurants without a male company, to participate in social movements passed to be viewed as reproachable attitudes for “honest women,”



In 19th century, girls who learned to develop orgasmic capacity by masturbation were regarded as medical problems. Often they were treated or corrected by amputation or cautery of the clitoris or miniature chastity belts.

AT A WITCH TRIAL IN 1593, THE INVESTIGATING LAWYER APPARENTLY DISCOVERED A CLITORIS FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE IDENTIFIED IT AS A DEVIL'S TEAT, SURE PROOF OF THE WITCH'S GUILT. IT WAS „A LITTLE LUMP OF FLESH, IN MANNER STICKING OUT AS IF IT HAD BEEN A TEAT, TO THE LENGTH OF HALF AN INCH“, WHICH THE GOALER, „PERCEIVING AT THE FIRST SIGHT THEROF, MEANT NOT TO DISCLOSE, BECAUSE IT WAS ADJOINING TO SO SECRET A PLACE WHICH WAS NOT DECENT TO BE SEEN. YET IN THE END, NOT WILLING TO CONCEAL SO STRANGE A MATTER“ HE SHOWED IT TO VARIOUS BYSTANDERS. THE BYSTANDERS HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT. THE WITCH WAS CONVICTED.
THE WOMAN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHS AND SECRETS

THE CLITORIS IS PURE IN PURPOSE. IT IS THE ONLY ORGAN IN HUMAN BODY DESIGNED PURELY FOR PLEASURE.
THE CLITORIS IS SIMPLY A BUNDLE OF NERVES: 8000 NERVE FIBERS, TO BE PRECISE. THAT'S A HIGHER CONCENTRATION OF NERVE FIBERS THAN IS FOUND ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE BODY, INCLUDING THE FINGERTIPS, LIPS, AND TONGUE, AND IT'S TWICE THE NUMBER IN THE PENIS. WHO NEED A HANDGUN WHEN YOU'VE GOT A SEMIAUTOMATIC..

Ever since I've gotten one, I've been on a mission about vibrators.

"Every girl deserves a helping hand," is my motto. In fact, I think a vibrator would make the perfect Bat Mitzvah or Sweet Sixteen gift. Just think of all the orgasms a girl might otherwise miss out on. I mean, I know plenty of women who didn't have their first orgasm until they were in their twenties, but not a single man who hadn't had 'one by the time he was fourteen.

Why is that? I don't know. Maybe boys have the advantage because they have a penis that gets hard and screams at them "stroke me!" in the middle of the night. We girls have to learn it all ourselves, and, after a few furtive attempts, well, I think I just gave up. There was nothing to see, nothing that squirted - I'm not even sure that at that age I knew that women really could have orgasms. And while I knew the size of my breasts down to the last centimeter (because they, at least, were getting talked about), I had no idea what a clitoris looked like, let alone what one was. That little anatomical illustration that came inside my Tampax box diagrammed my nether parts in loving detail to make sure I didn't shove that thing up the wrong hole, but it neglected to include the clitoris.

In this culture, it seems, we don't even need to practice female castration to separate a girl from her clitoris. If nobody bothers to tell her she has one there's a good chance she may never find it.

Oh sure, I learned about the birds and the bees as a kid. I learned about how babies are made, about the whole penis-and-vagina thing. How I had ovaries and a uterus and how that little egg would come out once a month. Later, in junior high school Health class, I was taught how I could keep from contracting diseases, how to avoid getting pregnant, and how to deal with the messy monthly blood, but nothing about how to find my little pleasure bud..

from: The Vibrator Chronicles - Celina's Commitment
#10 Winter/Spring 1998
Celina Hex (BUST@aol.com)



HOW TO GO DONE ON A WOMAN

Cunnilingus is the holy grail of satisfying most women. So it's no surprise that some suffer performance anxiety. Cultural myths about nasty vaginas just add to the pressure.

Whether you're a born muffdiver who started eating out your first date, or a late bloomer just getting started, here are a few tips to try.

1. Lick her like an ice cream cone... Big soft licks from stem to stern with a wide flat tongue stimulate all the nerves in her genital area. Go deliciously slow to make her feel like a yummy dessert being savored, or speed it up a bit and focus more on the clitoral area to push her towards orgasm.
2. Dive in. Build up the intensity level gradually. Once you're into it, use your whole face. Bury yourself in her pussy, get your tongue in as far as possible, use your nose for more pressure. Not only does this feel good physically, it lets her know you are really into her taste and smell. Hint: if your eyelids aren't sticky, you're not doing it right.
3. Insert two fingers in her vagina while licking her clit. Curl those fingers up towards your tongue, capturing her clit and g-spot between your mouth and fingers. As your tongue licks up pull down with your fingers; get a rhythm going.
4. Let your lover straddle your face. If lying back to be licked is too passive for her, hop on top. From there you can control the pressure and area of contact. To make this position even more fun, get tied down to the bed before she mounts you, and maybe she'll even boss you around with firm directives "stick your tongue out!", "Open your mouth!" "Suck it boy", and so on. Bottomy munchers will, well, lick it up.
5. Mix it up. If all you do is lick up & down, up and down, chances are that it'll get boring to your partner after a while. Variations in movement & pressure, using your lips, breath and teeth in addition to your tongue, changing positions, using your hands....Get your whole creative body involved.
6. If it ain't broke, don't fix it. Most women orgasm in response to rhythmic stimulation, so if you're in a groove that is building her up, don't suddenly change what you're doing. Finding the balance between variety and consistency is the art of being an oral expert.
7. Combine your oral sex experiences with a variety of different erotic attitudes. Are you worshipping her pussy or are you controlling her with your tongue? Are you mystic lovers building an erotic energy ball together? Whatever your attitude, the psychic space you play in can make your sex connection that much hotter.
8. Suck her into your mouth. Gentle suction is a nice variation on the licks and downward pressure of most cunnilingus. While you've got a nice piece of her sucked in your mouth, lick it while maintaining the suction.

rachel venning/ how to go down on a woman

9. Lick her asshole. Use a barrier for hygiene, or if she is very clean and you don't penetrate, you may choose bare tongue on skin. The anal area is rich in nerve endings so all the varieties of oral stimulation- licking, sucking, nibbling etc. can feel wonderful.

10. Pussy munching is best when both people love it. Doing it should feel really good and exciting to the giver. As good as it is for her cunt, it hopefully is for your mouth. It's something you're doing together. If you don't want to do it, don't. Performing sex because you feel obliged will kill that spark of sexual vitality in you quicker than anything. Follow the spark of your desire and you can't go wrong.



MARIE EQUI 1872- 1952

Anarchistin, Frauenrechtlerin, Ärztin, Abtreibungsbefürworterin, Kriegsgegnerin und ihr Leben lang offen lebende Lesbe.

Marie Equi war mit vielen amerikanischen AnarchistInnen in der ersten Hälfte des 20. Jahrhunderts persönlich befreundet und wurde immer wieder in der Zeit vor und während des Ersten Weltkriegs als Kriegs- und Systemgegnerin verhaftet. Vor kurzem stellte sich heraus, daß ihr außergewöhnliches Leben auch das einer offen lebenden Lesbe war. Das Schweigen um ihre Neigung endete im Jahr 1983, als die Historikerin Nancy Krieger Dokumente im Nationalarchiv entdeckte, die eine berühmte Liebesaffäre mit Harriet Speckart enthüllten.

Marie Diana Equi wurde am 7. April 1872 in New Bedford/ Massachusetts als Tochter italienisch-irischer Eltern geboren.

1893 zog sie nach The Dalles in Oregon zu Bess Holcomb, mit der sie eine lebenslange Freundinnenschaft verband. Die zwei Freundinnen lebten in aller Stille eine sogenannte "Boston-marriage" (1).

1893 machte Equi mit 21 Jahren als „Miss Aqua“ Schlagzeilen in der Presse, weil sie den Arbeitgeber ihrer Freundin auf offener Straße wegen deren Unterbezahlung mit einer Reitpeitsche vor einer sympatisierenden Menge verdrosch.

1903 schloß Equi ihr Medizinstudium als eine der ersten studierenden Frauen ab und arbeitete fortan als Ärztin.

In dieser Zeit begegnete sie der jungen Harriet Speckart, ihrer damaligen medizinischen Assistentin, und begann mit ihr eine Beziehung, die 20 Jahre währte. Trotz großer Einschüchterungsversuche seitens der Industriellenfamilie Harriets - Einsatz von Privatdetektiven gegen sie und Enterbungsdrohungen - hielten die zwei Frauen zueinander.

1915 adoptierte das Paar ein Kind, ein Mädchen, welches - emanzipiert aufgewachsen - später als junge Frau und als jüngste Pilotin den Nordwestpazifik überflog.

Equi war eine der wenigen Ärztinnen in Portland, die Abtreibungen durchführte. Dieses Engagement führte später zu der Ruth- Barrett- Abtreibungsklinik, die erst 1950, in der McCarthy Ära, wieder geschlossen wurde.

In besonderem Maße nahm sich Equi, zusammen mit ihren befreundeten Ärztinnen und medizinischen Assistentinnen, der Probleme von Arbeiterfrauen ein.

1913 geriet sie auf einem Frauenstreik der Firma Oregon Packing Co. zum ersten Mal in Haft und erfuhr solch eine Brutalität der Polizei, daß sie sich von da an offen für Anarchismus und die Zerstörung des Kapitals einsetzte. Bald trat sie den Industrial Workers of the World (IWW - The Wobblies) bei, einer anarchosyndikalistischen Arbeiterorganisation in den USA.

Nancy Krieger, Queen of the Bolsheviks

Während ihrer politischen Arbeit wurde ihr Privatleben immer wieder vom U.S. Dept of Justice, dem späteren F.B.I., ausspioniert, und es finden sich heute Dokumente über ihre Affären zu verschiedenen Frauen.

1916 wurde sie erneut verhaftet und lernte im Gefängnis die Geburtenkontrollebefürworterin Margaret Sanger kennen, schätzen und lieben.

1918 wurde sie als eine von vielen Kriegsgegnerinnen wegen Aufwiegelung angezeigt und zu 3 Jahren Haft verurteilt. 1928, ein Jahr nach Harriets Tod, begegnete sie der I.W.W.-Anhängerin und Kommunistin Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, als diese auf ihrer Rundreise in Aktion gegen den Justizmord an den Anarchisten Saccho and Vanzetti erkrankte. Equi kurierte sie als Ärztin und lebte fortan mit ihr zusammen. 1952 starb Equi im Alter von 80 Jahren im Portland's Fairlawn Hospital und hinterließ einiges an Aktienkapital.

Anmerkungen

(1) Unter Boston-marriage wird das Zusammenleben von Frauenpaaren verstanden, von denen angenommen wird, das die Partnerinnenschaft asexuell sei.

Literatur

Esther D. Rothblum, Boston Marriages, Massachusett 1993



FATAL DISEASE

Patriarchal structures are reproducing themselves in the same way for over hundreds of years. To be a woman means to be concrete in the sense that she owns a body to give birth, that she is handicapped by her feelings, that she is a captive of the private sphere, that she could be judged as a hysterical person and first and foremost that she is irrational, infantile and natural. On the other hand, there is the man as the master of the abstract. He is the prototypical public subject, he loves the adventure, he is adult, he thinks and speaks in abstract terms, he makes plans, he thinks strategically, he is always in control of his emotions, his body and his environment, in one sentence: the man is more civilisation and culture than nature.

Don't look at this difference between the abstract/male and the concrete/female as a natural fact, look at it as a cultural construction to found and uphold the male power. This power is nothing else than a principle to ascribe semantic values: the abstract way is always presented as the more sophisticated and the more capable to survive, whereas the concrete way is judged as negative, as unqualified for civilisation and culture, as dangerous and even as apocalyptic.

After this semantic difference was constructed, it must be upheld and ascribed to the male and the female: women always get proofed that they are unable to invade in the abstract field of male thinking and acting or they are pushed back in their reservation of concreteness. So you can say from the male cultural point of view, that women are FATAL: to be fatal means to be fateful, to be lethal, to be ruinous. But the question is: for whom and for which system?

You can also find in 'fata morgana' or in 'infantile' the root of the word FATAL: the woman has no existence in the male sphere, like a fata morgana she is vague and fleeting, you can't trust in her. If you follow a fata morgana, you will never reach your goal. The fatal woman is infantile and you don't have to take serious her speaking and acting, only in the way you are taking serious a child who is playing 'to be an adult'. You are laughing at her thinking 'what a sweat little thing', so you can better feel your own greatness. But if we are aware of the fact that manliness and masculinity are only a great show without substantial contents performed to draw distinctions and to keep up the cultural construction, we can infiltrate with fatal behaviour the male principle of power. To infiltrate this principle is necessary because general ideas of intelligence, beauty, illness, strength and weakness are founded in it.

If you think about this, you may see that old-fashioned feminist ideals could never destroy this common sense, because they reinforce the cultural difference of power between the male and the female. The simple wish to be able to do the same things as the typical men is the best proof that the abstract principle is the more sophisticated and the best model for the future. The imagination that women are the better human beings is too naive to change things, because you don't have to think about structures of power. Sure, it is important for a lot of women to think like that, because they have to survive and they have to be resistant against the permanent oppression. But there

are also some men suffering under the same structures of power, getting excluded and made to women, judged as infantile persons and pushed in the concrete, if they don't fit in the men's world. They are feeling bad, if this happens. But they have learnt that the best reaction is to get stronger and to collect power (physical power, knowledge), so that this will never happen again. What a stupid egomantic reaction.

For the future, it is important to destroy the relationship between the concrete and the abstract, and it has to be clear, that thinking in categories like 'women against men', unlike thinking in categories of power, will never lead to any change. Nowadays, it is obvious anyway that the concrete is a persiflage, a simulation, a hyper-reality. Nature is nothing else than a backdrop you can take a walk in. We tend to believe, if we think on the immense destruction of nature, that there had been something like a golden age of pure nature we could get back to, if we wanted. The body becomes a resource for biological reproduction, for the fashistoid belief in the average or for post-religious welfare (be fit and you have more success, more sex, more money and so on). Sexuality will be separated from reproduction. On the other hand, the abstract stands at the edge of its self-annihilation, like a gardener, who creates with his activity permanent motives for new activities, just until the only way out of this circle is to destroy the garden or the self-annihilation, so that the impossibility becomes real: the last but final activity. The abstract as a principle of cultural dynamics was never connected to something like a concrete purity. That what we think of as natural has always been an abstract cultural invention. But for a long time in the history of the western world, the invented concrete was able to limit the destructive capacity of the abstract.

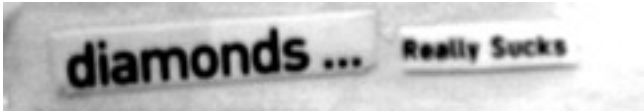
Nowadays, the abstract has become senseless and has reached a state of independence and a potential for destruction, that living is easier for every human without responsibility for the whole. The independent abstract is an independent epidemic machine, which we can only call in words like 'society', 'globalisation', 'trend' etc. We are living in a non-stop apocalypse. If we want to take this situation as a chance for change, we must think anew about the politics of identity.

Identity is nothing else than an introduction of a linear order in a multidimensional complexity, so that everyone has a castle of his own, which he has to defend or that he can extend with consumer products. Identity in this sense makes you available for the demands of the new market, and you can remark that our neo-liberal ideal of freedom is nothing more than a hollow promise that makes you economically usable.

The film is not the only possibility to invent an order in your life experiences. You can sample yourself and create a new identity by this cultural technique. Be culturally fatal and see your existence as a game, as a construction. To be complex and to be a construct means not that everything is possible and that total flexibility can begin now, because constructions will be able to exist only in a world where nobody can be the fittest to survive, where people have the tolerance and the solidarity to accept others' constructions. If you look on the other side, you can imagine that racism, oppression, capitalistic exploitation are the new outside field of civilisation because they can't work together with principles like those described above. We can create new identities with differences that don't have to be differences. A fata morgana is a beautiful event and the question, if this event is real or not is boring and not

"Alien She"

She is AM is me her me
 I She
 I am her siamese twin connected at the cunt
 Heart Brain Heart Brain Heart Brain Lung Gut
 I But I'm want afraid to it might kill her
 But e m i n i s Whore
 F Dyke, I'm so pretty Alien
 She She wants me to go to the mall
 To put the pretty, pretty red lipstick me on
 She She wants me to be like her
 She She wants me to be like her
 I But I'm want afraid to it might kill her
 But e m i n i s Whore
 F Dyke, Pretty, I really and wanted who never to is she know
 And Who I all was guess I me really and I'll who never to is she know



RIOT BRRR



ON GENDER AND SEXUAL ORIENTATION

August 11, 1992

In the time since I first acknowledged my bisexuality (about four years ago) and my transsexuality (about 22 months ago) I've done a considerable amount of soul searching and self analysis, especially in regards to how gender relates to sexual orientation and how both relate to my perspectives on the world as a whole. This article is intended to share perceptions and viewpoints which, I hope, will challenge many long-standing notions as to how we construct gender and sexual orientation and how they intertwine. Furthermore, I also hope that in writing this article I will not only open minds to some somewhat unusual points of view but will help address concerns which I know are not unique to myself or specifically to transsexuals or bisexuals but which should, instead, concern us all.

At this point in my life I am in what some people would call "transition mode." In other words I am living part-time as a woman but many people still perceive me to be a man. My attire tends to be entirely androgynous. In stores and places of business I often get called "ma'am" or "sir" regardless of my attire. I introduce myself to most people by initials which are gender-neutral and try to avoid giving them any excuse to assign a gender to me. The reason I do this is simple; I do not feel quite capable at this point of "passing" full time as a woman and I absolutely refuse to live as a man. So I choose something which is neither male nor female, nor exactly a hybrid of the two since I think that gender goes a great deal beyond a binary system.

More often than not, gender is viewed on some sort of a continuum. It is common to think of aspects of a person as being more "masculine" or "feminine" and not leave ourselves much room outside of those models. That's partially because we are so fixated on gender in this world as an "either-or" proposition that we can not allow ourselves to see beyond it.

My own opinion is that this is nonsense. I say now that there are as many genders in this world, if not more, as there are people with gender. I am not a man but the body I possess has many male aspects to it. I have breasts, but I also have a penis. I can grow facial hair and have a lot of muscle, but I have relatively soft skin. Am I a woman? In my own view, yes. However, it would be arrogant for me to assume that I can share all experiences that women experience. I can never have a period. I can never bear a child. Of course the same can be said for some women. Furthermore, many women are more "masculine" (in purely "traditional" terms) than I am, just as there are many men who are more "feminine."

So what am I? To classify me as "in-between" indicates that my gender is relevant only in terms that relate to more traditionally gendered people. I am not gendered in the same manner as anyone I know and I have to say that it has been my experience that this disturbs a great many people. The same way that people who are not heterosexual are seen and perceived as a threat by many people who are, those of us who are not gendered in a traditional

mold may represent some great danger to those of us who are.

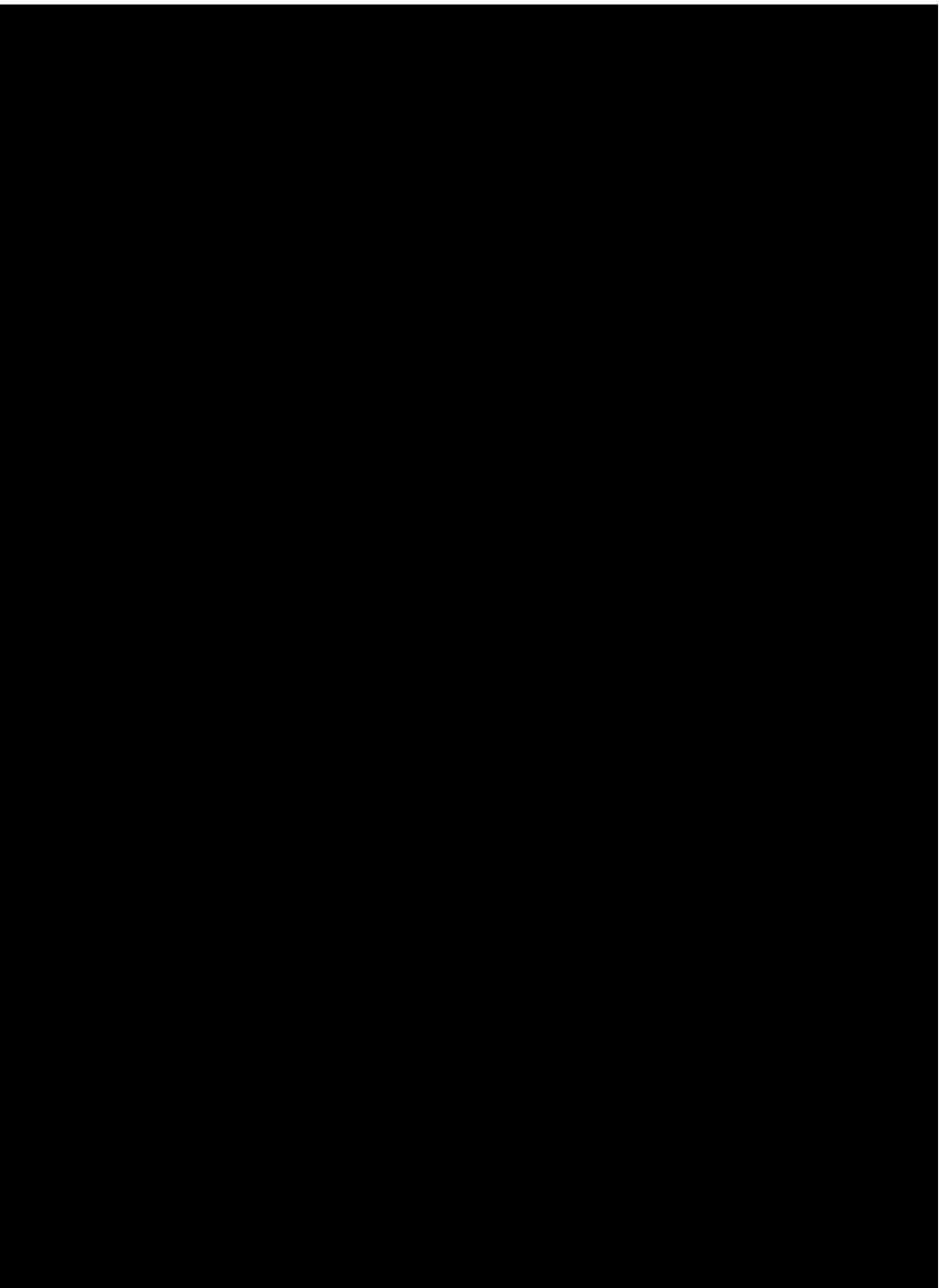
Alfred Kinsey created a scale which defines sexual orientation on a scale of 0 to 6, with people who are considered "more heterosexual" leaning towards the lower end of the scale and people who are considered "more homosexual" leaning towards the higher end. Thus, an unwavering "utterly straight" person would be a "0" on the Kinsey scale whereas a person who has never been anything but gay their entire life would end up as a "6." A "perfect" bisexual would be a Kinsey "3," since "3" is the median point between 0 and 6. However, it is my opinion that this scale falls short. As I mentioned in the previous paragraph, to consider my gender only in terms of how it relates to other genders is something I find problematic. The same goes for sexual orientation; it seems much too simplistic to only address the topic of bisexuality in terms of how it relates to heterosexuality and homosexuality.

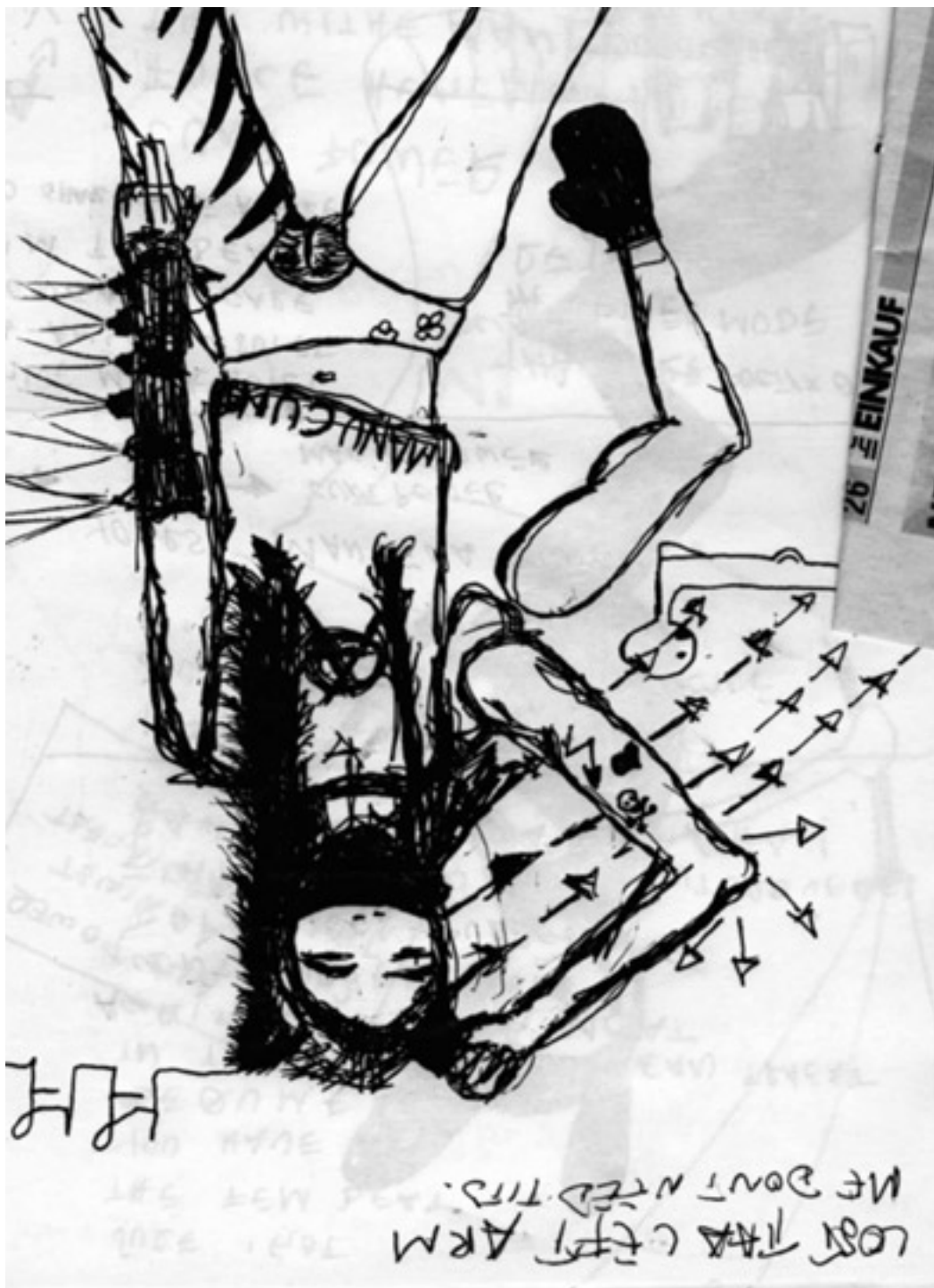
What about people who have shown sexual interest specifically in me? If a lesbian is interested in a woman who has a penis is she still a lesbian? If a gay male is interested in a woman who wants to exchange her penis for a vagina is he still a gay male? Are we interested in the person behind the sex organs or are the sex organs our primary motivating force in determining to whom we are attracted? Do I, to be at a particular point on the Kinsey scale, have to demonstrate my interest in people in terms of how their appearance, actions and attitudes relate to their perceived gender? Their biological gender? Is sexual orientation constructed in a manner which even allows for such perspectives as my own?

So where is the room for she-males, hermaphrodites, drag queens, non-op transsexuals, transgenderists, crossdressers and all other forms of gender-benders, blenders and breakers in our "spectrum" of sexual orientation? Am I bisexual because I am interested both in men and women or am I bisexual because I am interested in the person behind the gender? Or is it some combination of the two? Does gender play a role but not one to the point where I would not be attracted to someone based specifically on their gender?

The closest thing I can get to a definitive statement on this topic is simply and utterly that I am Julie. That is my name; the name I have chosen for myself as my own form of self-identification. I am to my own view a woman regardless of how others see me but that hardly rules out my being a woman who also happens to be somewhat androgynous, just as there are very androgynous women who were born women and very androgynous men who were born men. We need to get beyond the points where we feel this need to pigeonhole ourselves into boxes which define our gender and our relative "success" as members of our gender to the point in which our gender defines our identity more than our identity defines our gender. Only then can we truly understand and accept our own individual selves at face value, rather than at value of the faces we put out for others to see.







another piece out of the vagina monologues by eve ensler

The word vagina.

It sounds like an infection at best, maybe a medical instrument. Hurry nurse, bring me the vagina. Doesn't matter how many times you say it, it never sounds like a word you want to say. It's a totally ridiculous, completely unsexy word. If you use it during sex, trying to be politically correct- „darling, could you stroke my vagina“- you kill the act right there.

and

You cannot love a vagina unless you love hair. Many people do not love hair. My first and only husband hated hair. He said it was cluttered and dirty. He made me shave my vagina. It looked puffy and exposed and like a little girl. This excited him. When he made love to me, my vagina felt the way a beard must feel. It felt good to rub it, and painful. Like scratching a mosquito bite. There were screaming red bumps. I refused to shave it again. Then my husband had an affair. When we went to marital therapy, he said he screwed around because i wouldn't please him sexually. I wouldn't shave my vagina. The therapist had a thick german accent and gasped between sentences to show her empathy. She asked me why i didn't want to please my husband. I told her i thought it was weird. I felt little when my hair was gone down there, and i couldn't help talking in baby voice, and the skin got irritated and even calamine lotion wouldn't help it.

She told me a marriage was a compromise. I asked her if she'd had many cases like this before. She said that questions diluted the process. I needed to jump in.

This time when we got home, he got to shave my vagina. It was like a therapy bonus prize. He clipped it a few times, and there was a little blood in the bathtub. He didn't even notice it, cause he was so happy shaving me. Then, later, when my husband was pressing against me, i could feel his spiky sharpness sticking into me, my naked puffy vagina. There was no protection. There was no fluff.

I realized then that hair is there for reason.

RECLAIMING CUNT

I call it cunt. I've reclaimed it, "cunt." I really like it. "Cunt." Listen to it. "Cunt." C C, Ca Ca. Cavern, cackle, clit, cute, come—closed c—closed inside, inside ca—then u—then cu—then curvy, inviting sharkskin u—uniform, under, up, urge, ugh, ugh, u—then n then cun—snug letters fitting perfectly together—n—nest, now, nexus, nice, nice, always depth, always round in uppcase, cun, cun—n a jagged wicked electrical pulse—

E
V
E
E
N
S
L
E
R

n [high-pitched noise] then soft n—warm n—
cun, cun, then t—then sharp certain tangy t—tex-
ture, take, tent, tight, tantalizing, tensing, taste,
tendrils, time, tactile, tell me, tell me "Cunt
cunt," say it, tell me "Cunt." "Cunt."

boring city
ohh fuck your pity.

:Action Attraction:

:stunts :
you can do with ya sistas on a lazy
day like everyday hey.

:highwaystunt:
Choose a high traffic road or bridge
with roomy sidewalks, or a major
walkway,
or the road - but wear shiny color-
cloth - carcrash - ...anyway

slogan finder - reminder

"Never vote - its their code"
"bichtes switches - controlmisis"

:wallstunt:
check out if ya can find a place where
ya can copy plakate, sticker,flugis for
free
universität - or some other publicsta-
tions. rasen wie die katzen durch die
stadt, kleben alles voll - toll - proll-
schwooll -
mal - kratz - sing - schrei - never let
them catch - thats tha patch.

"katzen haben den längeren schwanz
und 7 identitäten "

:bikestunt:
.....#
.....



♥ ZINES: you should do one!

Writing a zine is simply the coolest thing ever. WHY? because you can do whatever you want! I started this zine about a year ago after being pushed around by some lame-ass meathead bouncer, I was pissed off about it, and felt like telling the world, so I took a piece of paper, wrote it down, doodled around it, ran it off, put it around town w/ an address on it, and that was the birth of the bad girl club, now I'm getting all sorts of cool mail: zines, 1 evengot a little plastic purple prog, a c.d and a letter from Malaysia. So if you've got stuff to say, say it! and say it in a zine. It's one of the best ways to release, and if people read your stuff and it strikes 'em as familiar or "yeah, I know what they're talking about" comes into their mind, you've related w/ some one you don't even know - and that's so cool! I could sit here and tell y'all how to do it, but that'd be dumb, cuz you could do it any old way you want, and so can I, and if people don't like it, they don't have to read it. So hey, write a zine, and send it to me, cuz I like trades a whole lot better.