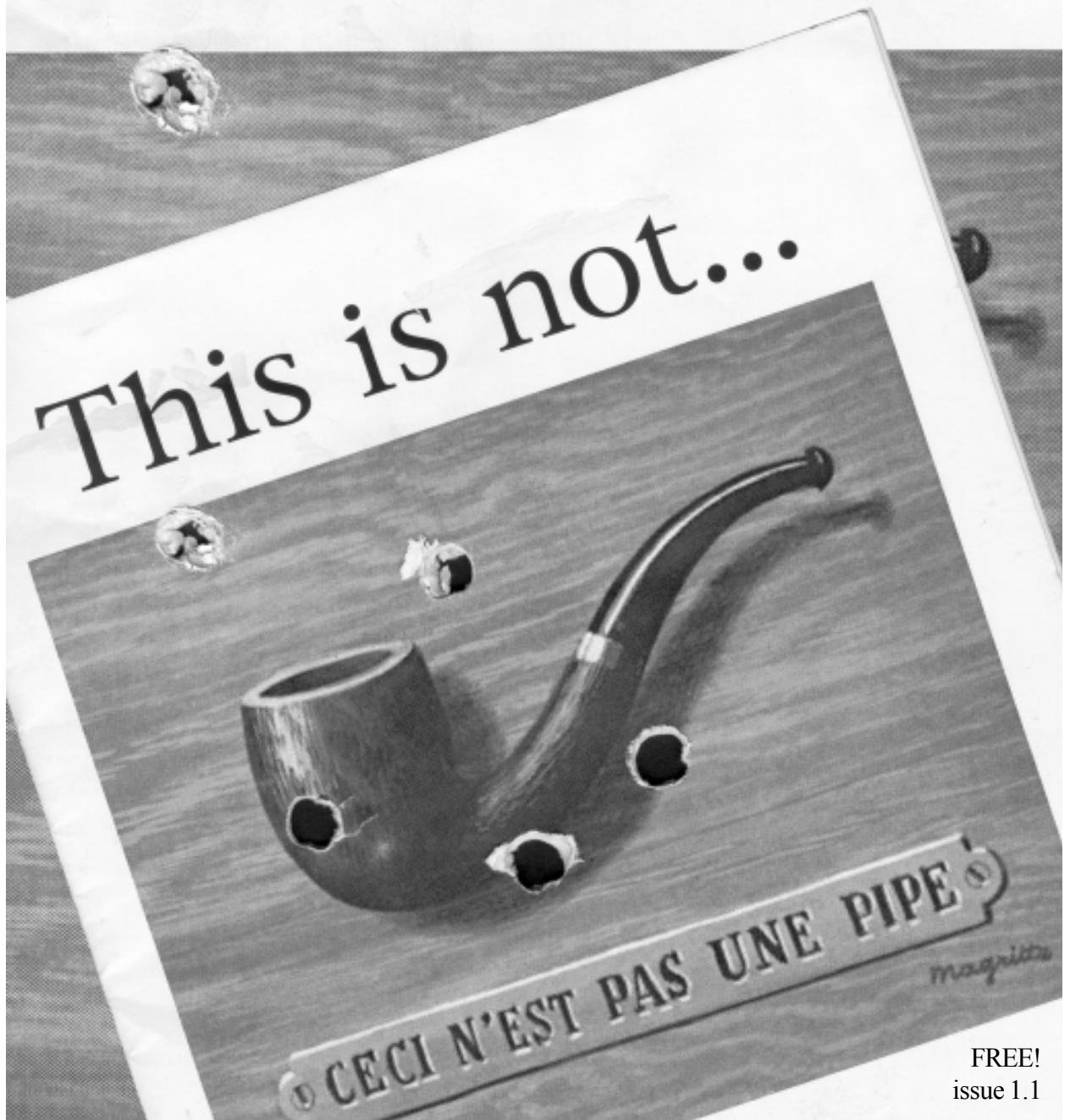


This is not...



FREE!
issue 1.1

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In 1991 a total of three police officers were killed in the State of California. That same year 81 teenagers were killed in Los Angeles in proven cases of police misconduct. A year later L.A. burned. While it was the verdict from the Rodney King trial that sparked the fire, fuel had been collecting since the birth of our nation. In this article, gangster rapper and activist Ice T defends the act of violent revolution, criticizes the American mass media, and offers a means for avoiding race/class conflict in the future.

- Johnny

Excerpted from: The Ice T Opinion: Who Gives a Fuck?

by Ice-T, Guest Editor

April 29, 1992 was the happiest day of my entire life. I'm so proud the people got out there and made some motherfucking noise when the four LAPD officers who beat on Rodney King were found innocent in Simi Valley. Anybody who says this uprising was ignorant is the stupidest motherfucker in the world. Rage ignites the fire but once the flames get going, poverty takes over. The bottom line was people were broke.

The press were quick to report, "Well, they're just looting."

Yeah, because they're fucking broke. They look at big stores, like the Good Guys, as being the system, and the system owes them. They're saying, "Pay, motherfucker."

The media also gives you a front row seat to the riot scene, showing only the effect of the anguish but not the cause. They'll take you to the stoops of the Imperial Garden housing project, but they don't take you inside. They don't show you how people are living in there. How are these brothers living? Why are people so goddamn angry? Why did they only take you to the black neighborhoods? A lot of the people looting in the '92 riots were white. The majority of the looters were Hispanic.

If they'd done that, maybe some of you who didn't participate would've gotten up off your ass to do something about it. If you were living that broke, and you had watched your people get beaten, you

wouldn't just sit around and wait on justice. Fuck that. You wouldn't let anybody hold a badge over your head, no cross, nothing, and beat you down. Fuck that.

You don't get any of that from television; they only show you the reaction to people's humiliation. Throughout Rodney King's federal trial, where the jury found two of the four officers accused of beating him guilty, the media focused all week on the mobilization of the police force - the mobilization that we paid \$1.5 million a day for. Add \$1.5 million a day to the \$58,600,000 L.A. taxpayers paid from April 1983 to April 1992 in police-brutality settlements and judgments. Who were the police really protecting you from? They were protecting you from having to look directly in the face of how bad people are living, and how tired they are of being beaten down by cops and society.

The scary part of the uprising was not that Rodney King got beaten - they've been whipping our ass for years - and not that the cops did it, but that the jury, the first twelve in a box, found the cops innocent. How many of our brothers are in prison right now because the current jury system found them guilty? The system is flawed at best. What are your options when there is no videotape? After you lose a fucked-up trial what's next? Playing two out of three? That's called an appeal, and that's a luxury of the rich.

When the riots jumped off they immediately rushed up to me and put me on Channel 11. The newscaster said to me, "Ice, stop the riots." Stop the riots? Who the fuck am I? One thing I make sure not to do is believe for a second anyone thinks I'm something special. I told him, "Whoever can stop it, could have prevented it." Nobody stepped in and prevented it.

They started rolling the tape and I said, "You know, I hate to tell you I told you this was going to happen, 'cause it hurts me to see my own neighborhood going up like this because that's where I grew up. At the same time, I can't honestly say that if I didn't have this money in my pockets, and I wasn't who I was, that I wouldn't be there, too."

The producers started yelling, "Get him off. Get him off the TV."

I was going down. I had to speak from my heart, though. If I'd been in control of the riots, I would've moved on the police, and I would have been locked up like Geromino Pratt. "Stop the riots" - yeah right.

When you deal with people from the ghetto, remember every other person's got somebody in jail, somebody they know who's locked up. When the people saw that verdict in Simi Valley, it not only meant the cops got off, but also people said to themselves, "Yo, my boy's in jail, and I'm watching these motherfuckers go free. And what about my daddy?"

That's completely different from the typical white attitude: "Oh, that's a travesty of justice." Most minorities have got somebody in their lives who's served. The acquittal hit the two classes completely differently.

People from the ghetto lashed out. They aimed at Korean people because they felt Koreans were only one step above them, so that's the closest step to the system. They didn't know the Koreans were just as broke as they were. The best thing that resulted from that mix is there now is communication between the Koreans and the blacks in the community. Communication now is at an all-time high.

Before all this could go down, however, people had to fight. Once the smoke cleared, they sat down and held discussions in an attempt to solve their differences. Koreans are moving back into the community, but it is a little bit different. It boils down to this: they've got the store - the Korean banks offer excellent loan opportunities to their own immigrants when they first arrive in the country - but your little brother might have been coming here for months trying to get a job.

The black community wanted to know why they wouldn't hire their kids. Prior to the discussions, the Koreans' philosophy was to only hire within their own community. An attitude like that isn't necessarily wrong, but it's not what the community needed. Once you take a job out of the inner city, where does the black kid go? He ain't got no place to go. So when people struck out, they struck out at what they thought was the power - the people who most directly oppressed them.

The riots opened a dialogue. If you walk into any Korean-owned liquor store in South Central Los Angeles now, you'll see a young sister or a young brother working there, which is only right. So it's going down. People in the community need to support each other as much as possible. Everybody in South Central needs to work together. Sometimes



you have to fight with your brothers in order to really be brothers.

The death toll between the two groups was kept down, thankfully. Did you ever wonder why you never heard much about the fifty-seven people who died? Because most of them were shot by cops. That's why it is so difficult for me to understand how the community could be won over by LAPD's show of force before the federal trial. These Cops were presenting a challenge to the people in the community, when all the people really wanted was justice. They don't want to go head up with the National Guard. They wanted some justice.

Motherfuckers are so ignorant to say that people wanted a riot, an excuse to loot. Bullshit. If they wanted to riot, why didn't they riot when they saw the videotape? Because they waited on justice. They said, "Okay, the tape is here. We got them. Put them in jail. Let's move on." And when it didn't happen the first time around, the shit hit the fan and people issued their own consequence.

In the words of Eldridge Cleaver, from Soul on Ice: "If we do not get our manhood, this earth will be leveled." That's all we want. People just want to be treated equally or they will kill somebody.

The most peaceful time I ever experienced in South Central was during the riots. While everybody was looking for fires, we walked through the streets. Kids were setting shit on fire, people were smiling. Everybody was shaking each other's hand, feeling a camaraderie. It was as if the people had taken the city back. For those few days it belonged to us and it was peaceful.

It was like the eye of the hurricane, chaos swirled around you but you were there, and it was so calm on the inside. Everybody on the outside said, "Oh, it's so terrible down there." But if you were one of the people inside South Central, it was beautiful. I was rolling through the neighborhood signing autographs.

When I drove back into Hollywood, I ran into members of Queer Nation, and they were fucking shit up. I started rolling with the Nation while they were yelling, "Fuck the police." It was the wildest shit in the world.

What you saw on TV was not what it was. There were white people downtown at Parker Center tearing shit up, too. There were even a lot of white

people in the middle of South Central protesting and trying to help in any way they could. They were taken right into the community. There were no stories about that.

The media took that one incident at the corner of Florence and Normandie, where four homebody beat one truck driver, Reginald Denny, and twisted it into the defining moment of the riots. "Okay, our job is done. This is what the riots were about." Right after the incident, I was questioned about the beating, and I told reporters that as far as I was concerned, the L.A. Four were just impersonating police officers.

I'm gonna tell you something a lot of people do not understand: the guys who pulled Denny out of the truck would've pulled a black guy out of that truck. Their actions were motivated by anger, not racism. He was there, they were mad, he got snatched up out of that truck, and it was on.

You don't hear about the four black people who rescued Denny and drove him to a hospital. You don't hear anything about the black doctor who operated on him. L.A. is not this one-dimensional place. Even Denny now goes on television and speaks eloquently on society's need to explore where rage comes from. He's attempting to understand.

At the same time Denny was getting beaten, black people were getting their cars blown up and were being snatched out of their cars - it was madness right there. The Denny incident was not about race.

In any type of war situation, or in a riot, everybody down there ain't stable. A lot of people are crazy, gung-ho. People were taking shots at firemen. Why? I don't know. I talked to some brothers who said they probably saw the uniform and thought they were police. People were tripping. There was nothing simple about the reasons that people did what they did.

If the four officers who beat King had all gotten off on round two, the federal trial, there would have been some dead motherfucking pigs and some dead kids on the street. I just hope Officers Laurence Powell and Stacey Koon get stretched, because I fear if we have another uprising, people will get really hurt this time. What you saw last time was a tantrum. When a prisoner rebels, he lights his own mattress on fire. He lashes out at the objects around him. People stupidly criticized this the first time around:



"Why would they tear up their own neighborhoods?" You don't want people to go out with guns and start shooting people, do you? Then you got real chaos. The National Guard would come in and start killing people and you'd have a full-scale war. With all the guns on the street right now, the U.S. government wouldn't think twice about napping the whole area.

The neighborhood doesn't want to go head up with the government. That's not what it is. People only want to see things set right. The riot said, "I don't really want to go out and hurt you, can't you see this? Look over here, them motherfuckers are mad. They can't keep telling you they're mad, they're showing you some anger, some violence."

It's in your best interest to pay attention.

If people don't pay attention, though, shit's gonna get worse. The day before the federal trial's verdict was announced, the city was working itself into a frenzy over the possibility of violence: "There are so many guns on the street, and not enough cops on the force." As a guest on Channel 4 News, Jesse Jackson made this point: "The absence of noise is not the presence of peace."

Noise, by America's military definition, has always entitled them to the use of guns. Why should it be different for the people in the ghetto? Our government maintains you have the right to bear arms, because it is the last form of defense against tyranny. The politicians reason that we don't need automatic weapons, because you can't hunt with them. Who do the people in the ghetto need to protect themselves from, bears? No. The police, the only force that has directly fucked us over. To fight the tyranny of law enforcement, I don't need a hunting rifle, I need a Mac-10.

The right to bear arms is to protect yourself during revolution - or, to us, when the man turns into the enemy. If you could have seen the buildup of police officers the day before that second verdict dropped and not noticed that the city was drawing sides, then you were crazy. The city's approach to potential civic unrest was to stick guns under the noses of every brother in the ghetto. This time, there was no show of force, but next time?

Do not believe for a second that America is so intellectual that we are beyond revolution. It happened in Afghanistan, it could happen anywhere. Revolution doesn't necessarily mean the people

would win, but there would have been a lot of blood in the streets.

Whenever you as a citizen mess up, the system can issue a consequence. If you speed, consequence. If you steal, consequence. How do people issue a consequence to the system? Vote? No. We have the ability to issue a consequence. What you saw on April 29, 1992 in Los Angeles was a consequence to the system's fuckup.

If consequences aren't issued, nothing changes. As long as a child keeps reaching up on the table and you do not issue a consequence, he will keep reaching up on the table. Can anybody tell me the consequence that should be issued to the government, besides voting? No. There is none. You have to protest. You have to step to 'em.

If there is another uprising, stay in your bomb shelters with your canned food and arm yourself, because it is going to be a little late to run up next to me wearing a Public Enemy t-shirt and talking about equality. This is what they will call Judgment Day. People are going to be judged. And there are mostly going to be black people out there because at this point, they are the angriest.

If you don't have a bomb shelter, stay home. And if you want to be really helpful to the cause, shoot the first motherfucker who ever taught you to hate.

I've spoken the Jello Biafra on these issues. I'm not talking about Jello pudding; Jello's deep, man. He used to front for the Dead Kennedy's, and he pointed that every time you come up with a problem - and a lot of people are good at finding problems - spend the day trying to figure out how to fix it.

Take a moment to look at the rhetoric of the riots. Look beyond Rodney King and beyond the four officers. Look beyond Reginald Denny and the L.A. Four. Don't even bother looking at Daryl Gates. Okay, what do you have? What is the real crisis?

The crisis and the injustice in the inner city result from the lack of hope.

Now, how do you fix a lack of hope?

You create real opportunity. You don't just talk about it, you move on it. I want to see an education system in this country that rivals anything that's ever taken place on this earth. Kids in America should be able to go to any school they want. If you want to pursue a Ph.D., you should be able to just continue

going to school to do that for free.

I never would have gotten into crime if I had a decent education that had geared me toward a job. First off, we need to start running high schools more like colleges, to help kids prepare for real jobs. Early in their high school careers, kids should be required to pick a major and work toward it. The teachers should ask them, "What would be your dream vocation?" Once you really answered that question, you could get working toward that career. The whole system has to be revamped, so a kid wanting to be a doctor has more options than just biology class. He can learn finance and sociology, too. This way, his dream won't be shattered when he gets out of high school. He will be already working toward a goal. Kids need to have direction much earlier in the game.

Kids shouldn't wait till graduation to determine what they want to be. Too many kids graduate with no clue of how to do anything but work in a minimum wage job. Once a ghetto kids turns eighteen, he's pretty much cut off from money. Mama says, "Well, I've taken care of you up till now; now you go do something." The last reason you can't get an education should be money.

You should be able to further your education after high school with or without money. The statement that there are more black men in prison than in college should frighten this country into changing what's staring them in the face. Don't just build more prisons and hire more police officers, start paying teachers Gs; revamp our education system. It's a tragedy that police officers should make more than teachers. Teachers should be the highest paid professionals in the country. Without teachers we got nothing.

When is the last time you heard of a guy dropping out of law school and robbing a 7-11? When was the last time you heard of a guy who was studying to be a doctor steal a car? That doesn't happen when you think you have a chance to do something else with your life. It's when your brain lies dormant and you're hanging on the corner, drinking and thinking of other ways to get over, that shit goes wack. Some people are ignorant enough to believe drinking is the problem. One lady stepped to me recently and said, "Malt liquor's the problem, Ice T. That's where it all starts."

I said, "Look, woman, I'm less concerned with

the liquor. Let's get to the point of what makes a brother want to hang around and get drunk all day. What makes him think there's nothing else to do but just hold a 40 and cool out? That means he's lost hope."

If you're studying for that Ph.D., you can hold that St. Ides. You can drink the hell out of that St. Ides for all I care. It's not the liquor. It's hanging out and not doing anything along with drinking. This is Jello Biafra's law of problem solving: you've got to try to get to the bottom of the problems.

Now, I'm no politician, but why can't they come up with the money and the vision to fund an educational revolution? We came up with millions of dollars a day to watch Waco, Texas, burn. Why can't we come up with the money to feed the minds of our children?

America has such great potential. Quality education should be something that's provided for our people. It will eventually fix our lopsided economy. Look at the Japanese economy. We dropped a few bombs on them, right? Their government came back and said, "Okay, cool, trip off this. We don't even have an army any more, we'll just put our money into education and buy the United States."

I know if our country puts its collective mind to work, we could have this revolution intellectually and intelligently, because I don't want to do this violently.

It's really up to the people to make some noise and stir this shit up. L.A.'s tantrum brought the focus of the world to South Central for a brief moment in time, and for that brief moment, the rest of the world had a conscience. I fear that since then the city has already gone back to business as usual. As long as you lie dormant and take it, they will continue to fuck you over.

Even though I'm pushing all my positive hopes and dreams forward, be prepared for the other side - the violent side, you know what I'm saying? I'm prepared; how about you?

That's my opinion on riots and revolution - who gives a fuck?

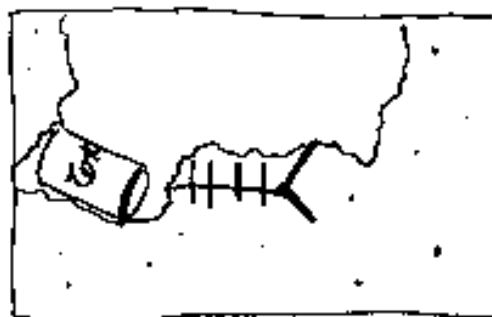


THE ADVENTURES OF MAX OF Pleistocene Fish

(The last time we saw
MAX: Danger Fish.....
our hero had lost Claire
-calcified sloth skull and
love of his life -and
construction workers building
the new Super Fail-mart
had accidentally cut off
MAX's head. -Johnny)

Some days are better
than others.

Some are worse.





Poster Poem

Yr.
Fem
in Heat
As
Please
303.8

the semi-VEGAN reVIEWER



by
*John Wayne's
Ghost*

After witnessing his own autopsy, lifelong meat eater, John Wayne has returned from the grave to review vegetarian-friendly restaurants in Northern Colorado (though he spends most of his time in Fort Collins). Please send restaurant suggestions to johnwayne@ssdpres.org

Breakfast Places

Cafe Blue Bird (Fort Collins) - Great Skillets and you can get most of them veggie (if they aren't already) and swap tofu for eggs. I recommend the Californian or the Juarez with tofu and no cheese. Good OJ and toast and they will sub fresh fruit for the side of meat that comes with some items. Friendly service and pleasant atmosphere, though once or twice they have played Beethoven with a little more 'umph' than I would have liked early in the morning. Also, the ownership is in the process of being moved to a few of the employees. (Say 'Hi' to Linda).

Lucielle's (Fort Collins) - Not too vegan friendly though they have good veggie breakfasts Creole Style. When I eat there I usually order Hank's Eggs (minus the eggs and cheese) or the Eggs New Orleans (minus the eggs and hollandaise, leaving you with eggplant with creole sauce and potatoes or grits). The buttermilk biscuits are obviously not vegan but damn tasty with either their strawberry-rhubarb or blueberry jam. Beware, elbow room is lacking and expect a wait.

Silver Grill (Fort Collins) - Also not too vegan friendly though they have good potatoes and great cinnamon rolls. If you eat eggs there are plenty of choices, but by default pretty much every item on the menu comes with a side of meat. I usually get the Fiesta Hash Browns minus the cheese and bacon, but be careful, they don't allow substitutions or deletions on weekends.

Dot's Diner (Boulder) - Great diner atmosphere. You can get lots of veggie breakfasts here, well worth the visit, though there is sometimes a bit of a wait. They have tofu on the menu and it can be substituted for eggs in other dishes. I've only been there twice and got the Breakfast Burrito with tofu both times (yeah, I realize I'm boring). Also, like every other structure in Boulder it has an ATM inside.

Watercourse (Denver) - Only eaten there once but damn was it tasty. According to their menu everything but the regular pancakes can be made vegan. The one time I was there it was super busy and the service wasn't the greatest but the food made up for it.

Asian / "Chinese"

Young's Cafe (Fort Collins) - A long time favorite. It's actually a Vietnamese restaurant, though what do we American's know? You can request many of the menu items strictly vegetarian and there are lots of dishes with tofu or vegetables. I highly recommend the Sesame Tofu, Garlic Eggplant and ,well, anything else. Also, don't miss the Vegetable Crystal Rolls, they're the best around. If you are into "foofy" drinks they have a wide selection and are sort of fun some days.

College Cafe (Fort Collins) - Also a long time favorite but for vastly different reasons. They do the perfect blend of sort of crappy but delicious that gives this place its charm. I know a lot of people who don't like it but equally as many that swear by it. The Broccoli with Garlic Sauce and the Hot and Spicy Tofu are my favorites. Go for the combo meals because you get a choice of white or brown rice or lo mein and soup (if you eat eggs) or a beverage depending on the season. Also, Ivy (the owner) is a kick. She remembers us even when we haven't gone there for months.

Teriyaki Wok (Fort Collins - two locations) - Again a lot like College Cafe but Teriyaki Wok is actually Japanese fast food. In my opinion they have the best fast food rice in town. I order the Veggie Bowl (or steamed veggies with lo mein if I'm feeling feisty). Good quick meal. Ask for a side of yakitori sauce (it's teriyaki with pepper sauce mixed in. Yum!)

Tai Pan (Fort Collins) - A newer restaurant in town so I've only been there once, but their menu has quite a few tofu or veggie items. They seem to hire primarily cute Asian girls with somewhat grumpy, but not interfering, dispositions and candidates for the next big boy band. The service and food were good though.

Tra Ling's (Boulder) - The Boulder equivalent of College Cafe, sort of crappy but good (and affordable). They have a sort of lunch cafeteria type set up where they serve you from a line, but they always have a few tofu and/or veggie items. It's usually a bit chaotic.

Dushanbe Tea House (Boulder) - This place is wild. More pricy then most of the others on the list but well worth it for the experience. The service has never been outstanding but the food and building itself are more then worth it. When you go you'll need to read the story about the building. It's entirely hand crafted and covered in decoration, extremely impressive. The few times I have been there the food has been between pretty good and excellent. They also have a huge selection of crazy teas. Stay away from the sitting tables if you have more then a couple people. They once sat six of us there and we didn't have enough room on the table for our food and no where near enough room under the table for our legs.

Disclaimer: If you are eating out you are most definitely not eating vegan.

A rule of thumb: If you don't want to know, don't ask. If you do want to know, don't eat out.

A Statement On Poetics

Crazy Horse stood before me. For whatever reason, he stood before me. I looked at him, and he looked through me, as we both stood there on the golden prairie that spanned forever in all directions. I shifted nervously, left to right foot, and thought to myself, "What the hell, I'll ask him."

"What's the meaning of poetics?"

He didn't move. Didn't breathe. Didn't do anything.

"Hello?"

The wind whiffled lightly through his long black hair.

"Um, excuse me, if yer not gonna talk, then what good are you to me?"

Dizzy Gillespie whacked the back of my head and scolded in his gravelly voice, "Pay attention."

"What – what the hell are you doing here?"

"Don't know, man. It's yer head."

"What'd you hit me for?"

"You weren't paying attention."

"To what?"

"Come play with me, man. There's a nightclub around the corner there."

"Look, I was just trying to ask Crazy Horse here something about poetry –"

"He won't answer you."

"Why not?"

"Cuz yer not paying attention."

"Attention to what? I need some help here –"

"Man, if yer so set on knowing, ask Van Gogh over there, behind you."

I looked back up at Crazy Horse, and he looked back through me. The wind whiffled lightly through his long black hair. I turned around and saw Van Gogh violently brushing up a canvas.

"Alls I wanted, man, was to jam with you for a bit." He put his trumpet to his lips and silently squealed up to the sky.

"Sorry, man, don't have my trumpet with me. Otherwise, you know..."

"It's right by yer feet."

"What – how'd – what the fuck, that wasn't there!"

He whacked my head again, "Pay attention!"

"Goddamnit! Quit hitting me! That wasn't there before!"

"It's always been there, brotha, at yer feet."

"What?"

"There when you need it. You just don't pay attention enough."

"How come, if this is all in my head, I can't control you guys enough to get a straight answer?"

"Can't answer that, man."

"Then what good are you? I just want to know what the meaning of poetry is..."

"That is the meaning, man."

"What?"

"Yer trumpet being there for ya."

"Could you just give me a fucking straight answer?"

"Man, get outta my face, go talk to Van Gogh."

I turned around to find Van Gogh had packed up his supplies and was walking hurriedly across the prairie. I caught up to him, but had to keep up a running pace as he sped across the golden grass. "Mr. Van Gogh, sir, wait a minute! Vincent, I need to ask you about what the meaning of poetry is —"

"I have no time to talk to you!"

"But, sir, couldn't you just spare one moment?"

"How can you ask me that? The sun sets and rises, sets and rises, time never stands still! There's not a moment to spare, especially not to talk to the likes of you!"

"The likes of me?"

"How can you ask me that? What is the meaning of poetry — that's like asking what the meaning of the sun is, or the air we breathe, the water we drink — I paint to silence these questions. How can you walk outside and see the sun lighting the clouds on brilliant fire and not wish to express this? Everything speaks to me, everywhere, and I must paint. I paint to silence the voices, to get what's inside outside."

"Voices? You were a diagnosed mental patient, man. That's where the voices came from."

Dizzy whacked me hard again, causing a ringing in my ears. "Pay attention, I keep telling you!"

"Goddamn fucking Christ, man! Stop doing that!"

Van Gogh was off in the distance by the time I looked up again, yelling back, "I have no time to talk to you — I never have enough time to paint anymore, let alone talk to the likes of you!"

"Would somebody just tell me what poetry is all about? That's all I'm asking... what is poetry?"

Crazy Horse walked up behind me, whirled me around and stabbed me deep in the stomach with the painted spear he now held firmly in his hands. He then twisted the spearhead around and incised upward spilling all my organs onto the ground and into my open hands.

"Shit! What — fuck — why'd — I just asked what is poetry..."

Crazy Horse pulled the foot-long blade out of me and I slumped to my knees clutching my organs. The wind whiffled lightly through his long black hair, as he stared sternly down at me.

"That is poetry."

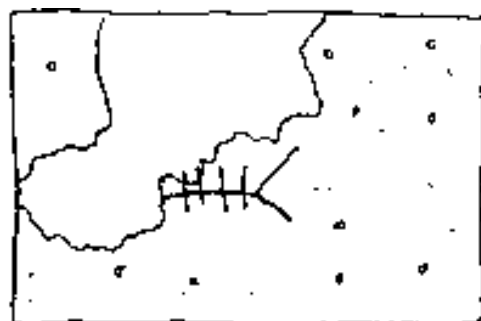


Crescent moon
petals fall to shade,
my unheard footsteps—
unseen smile
drifts wind borne,
echoes tired words
piled in ears—
those mouth blown blossoms
kiss my shadowed face.

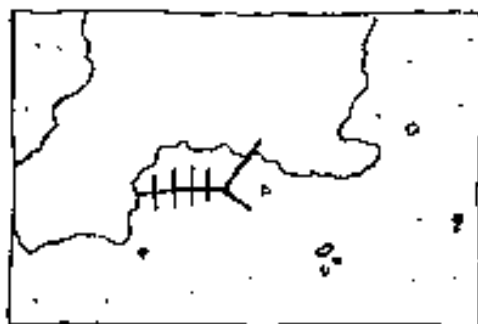


THE ADVENTURES OF MAX OF Pleistocene Fish

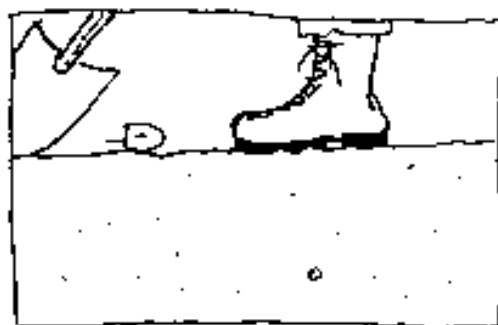
They call it "transcendence through conflict."



The idea is this sort of thing
makes you better.



Whoever said that never had
his head chopped off by
a construction worker.





Techno-crapper by trade, saditurn had long struggled with integrating his imprisonment in technology with his concern for the environment. With his recent move to Michigan, he and his partner have made these attempts into a reality. We have asked him to give us a glimpse of Life2K.

-Spackle

Life2k: Virtual Environmental Accountability

by saditurn

This is not the cool URL of the 'zine. Wait - yes it is! - and you're damn well reading the intro already! Wow! And before we're done with our little happy talk, you'll find yourself cruising all ambient-like to <http://www.life2k.org> for a quick sit-down, some quiet reflection and a few well-meant kudos.

That said, you're wondering, "What the hell?" Or, in layman's terms - "What exactly should I expect during those tentative three seconds as my cuddly little browser spins and twirls and captures me into that foreboding and unfamiliar land of Life2k? What *is* Life2k?" Wonder no more!

It's accountability. It's reflection. It's opportunity. It's illustration. It's proof.

No - be assured, this is not an essay of superlatives and wild allegations, and, no, this is not a website of flimsy promises and glossed-over dot.com nightmares. Life2k does not seek to own you, to buy you, to sell you, or even to rent you.

Yes - be assured, Life2k exists to offer crystalline realities based on *your* relatively abstract behaviors.

Environmentally speaking, we all - no matter our political affiliations - make choices and perform

actions during any given day which have a real, *tangible* effect on preserving the planet, humanity and life. Whether it's swerving as a chipmunk desperately races across the pavement to find his lost mate, dropping a bottle in a recycling bin as you desperately race to the latest rave, buying canvas bags, shoes or automobiles (!), eating a single tofu-n-strawberry-meal or neutering your perniciously promiscuous puppy - every little bit does make a difference!

The problem - in general - is that the benefit is left unnoticed, and, despite the best of intentions, we all may tend to downplay the natural good we each perform in the face of so much (publicized) environmental harm. Life2k - with built in recorders and daily statistic builders - exists to attach hard numbers to soft deeds. So you neutered your puppy - congratulations! That saves a dozen stray animals a year! So you decided to recycle glass - congratulations! That saves 2 square feet of pollution a day! So you've opted to not eat meat one day a week - congratulations! That saves an animal a year and 500 gallons of water *a day*. These are rough estimates, but you get the point.

At Life2k, you'll have the opportunity to register an account and cruise through the available categories, marking your behaviors and choices as appropriate. Then, behind the scenes, Life2k will begin calculating *for you* - assuming your selected behaviors remain consistent - analyzing your behavior and increasing your 'savings totals' each day to reflect your current positive contributions to the planet. And there's no need to keep coming back (unless your behaviors change!) - just wait for the monthly email to keep you posted on your up-to-date totals, and any other site changes which might catch your interest.

But wait - there's more! Yeah, i've always wanted to say that. But there is! At Life2k, you'll find a

wide assortment of links - also categorized - with which to locate additional information about most of the individual behaviors mentioned on the site. Always wanted to try alternative cleaning products but not sure where to get them or how well they work? Use the links and judge for yourself! Additional links provide immediate access to Online 'Eco-Shops', as well as central access to 'click-machines' - that is, sites where just clicking on specified links creates immediate financial benefit for various charities.

So what are you waiting for - other than an end to my personal long-windedness? Go! Explore, poke around, register your behaviors and feel good about *your world* for a change! Life2k possesses no commercial attachments whatsoever - any information entered at the site remains the sole property of you, the user, and

the program (your own personal Eco-Agent!) seeking to provide you a continuous environmental report card. Oh, and please remember - Life2k is *not* about sitting on our laurels or breaking our elbows patting ourselves on the back - there's always room for growth and expansion - in terms of both mind and action. Life2k encourages you to explore new options and opportunities in your own lifestyle - and judge for yourself whether they work *for you*. Positive action is *the true* bottomless cup. But above all, Life2k seeks to congratulate you for what you already do. So i extend a thank you - both from myself personally, and the world in general. :)

This is not the ending of the spiel.



In Indian territory
so much snow and
skeletons and
rocks named after
Injuns and
history and settlers'
stories in the land--
but no more Indians.

MARKINGS ON THE WALL

BY



Capitalistic

America's twenty-first century mandate may very well be something shocking and seemingly anachronistic; global capitalistic imperialism. Wait! Before you reach for your "WTO Burn" placards, spray paint, and Molotov Cocktail fixin's, hear me out. Because I'm not talking about Triangle Trade or some utopian (and thoroughly euro-centric) "Empire" on which the sun constantly burneth. No, no. That model of political and cultural power-mongering should go the way of the mullet and be put to death quickly and quietly. Rather, I, as a sensitive and enlightened American, living in an age of boundary-less corporations and expansive democratic idealism, have come up with this really great and benevolent plan, building on the values of freedom and personal choice, to ensure (what else?) world peace.

Actually, it's not totally my idea. Thomas Friedman of the New York Times is the one who originally devised the proposition that no two countries both containing McDonalds have ever gone to war with each other. You see, Friedman's clever observation is really a picture of something we all already know (and, to some degree, regret); namely, that American corporate power is global in scope and has implications that far exceed the mere expansion of consumer choices. But what it also points to is the unprofitability of volatile political situations or regional wars in regards to a thoroughly globalized economy. As more and more nations open their borders to multinational investors it behooves them more and more to find ways to get along with their neighbors and

political rivals. International economic protocol demands it. In a bi or multi-lateral political situation, in which the countries involved are deeply invested in each other's economies, the last thing those nations wish to do is rock the military boat. Witness China's relatively passive response to the recent spy plane incident. Even a country with such an energetic sense of nationalism was forced to fold to U.S. demands rather than risk an American consumer backlash.

Should the goal, then, simply be to build more McDonald's, one, for instance, in every podunk Palestinian settlement or Asian village (although I can't see India or Pakistan looking too fondly upon the presence of a local beef barn)? I mean the French are constantly complaining about McDonald's or Coke or Fords or anything else that bespeaks American crassness. What about this resentment against what is usually interpreted as American capitalism and mediocrity run rampant? How can Americans convince the rest of the world that we're not so bad; we just like to spread our love all over the globe, and if we make a little money in the process, what's so wrong with that?

But it may be that very image, to which my fellow countrymen are certainly guilty of wholeheartedly selling out and which they exemplify at every turn, that needs to be negated by policy and, most especially, by example. In other words, we shouldn't try to convince the rest of the world that they need to be like us. Quite the opposite; we should be working to show the international community that we are most like

them.

What I mean is, America, despite all its flaws, works primarily as a model of diversity, a great proving grounds in which ideas of every cultural and ethnic origin are tested and amalgamated to great economic and political advantage. Granted, the U.S. is not a perfectly realized Horatio Alger myth, and certainly has been the propagator of horrendous acts of intolerance. But we should still work to recapture some of the imagery of the melting pot; a complicated (very complicated) and, at times, inequitable system of cultural relations that combine with and react to each other in a very vibrant way. For I believe that we live in a country of great risk-taking, where the costs of failure can be enormous, but the rewards of success breathtaking. Americans do not now and have never really relied upon welfare apparati or state-based coddling, and, though our commitment to individualism comes at a price, it has enabled us to recognize the value of competition, to be flexible, and above all, to prove ourselves as the world's great innovator.

This great exercise of innovation has been, admittedly, mostly messy and occasionally incoherent, but it has also shown that diversity can actually be a workable tool in the civic arena, and the contributions of different types of ideas and inputs considered assets. How different this is from the polarized frame of mind that paralyzes the Balkans; it will be very difficult for any such region so mindful of particular identity to experience anything resembling the paradigm shifts that drive the American mindset.

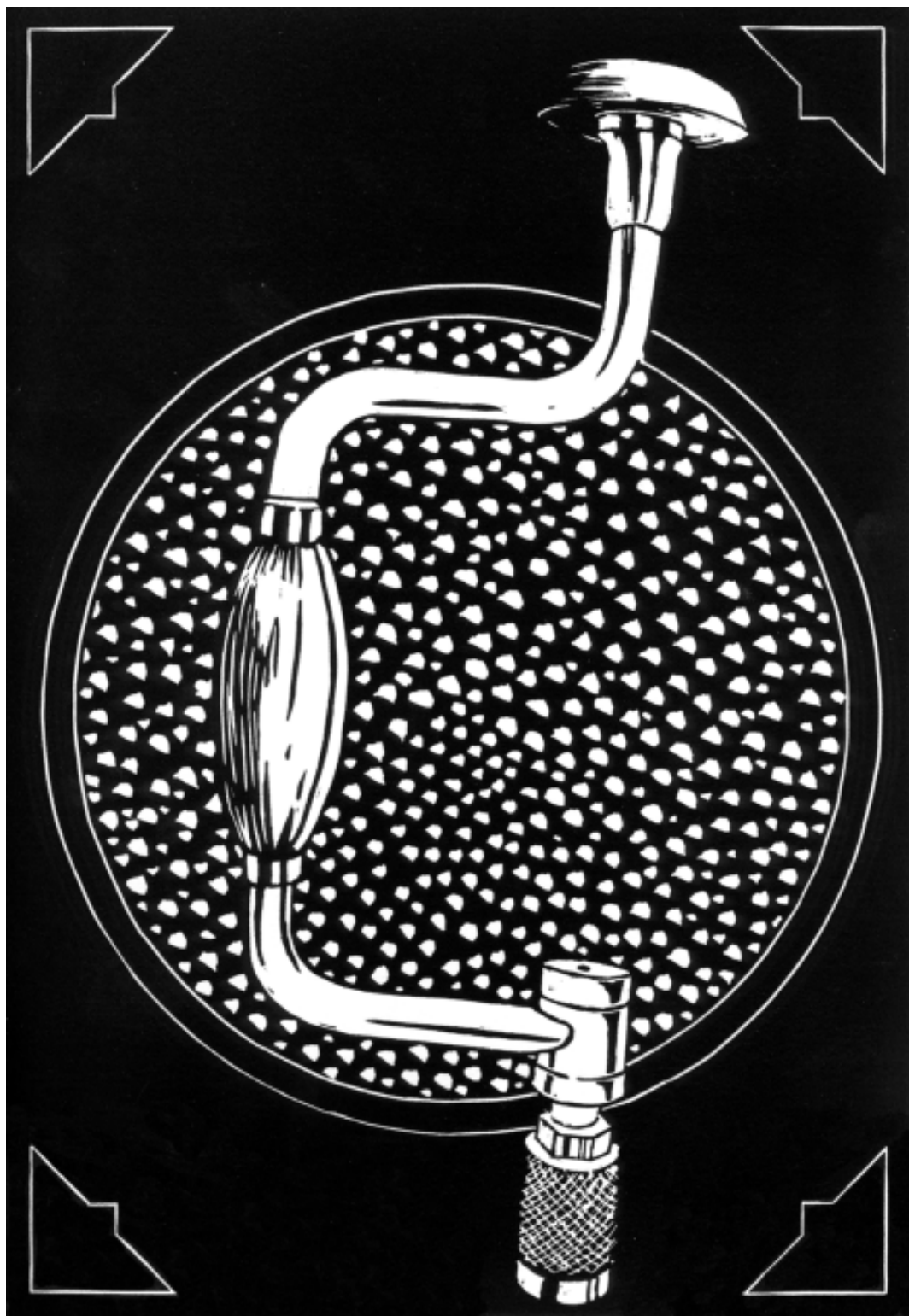
For, like it or not, our culture is a living trial of the interaction among these various forces. We look, not to the stifling morass of American suburbs, but to inner-city black culture for leadership in music and poetry. The rural areas of the south and west, which have assumed historic icons such as the mythic cowboy, exert a vast influence over an equally powerful form of American music. Much of the widespread visual culture to which we are subject is Asian in influence and sometimes origin; our cuisine is a

bizarre mishmash of truly cosmopolitan and populist fare; our architecture is consortium of every period and every civilization of the last 3500 years; our medicine is increasingly holistic, our religion polyglot; our politics built on French, Ancient Greek, and Virginian principles. In other words, more than we admit, we are not only the world's largest exporter of ideo-kitsch, we are also the most tolerant importers of the rest of the world's ideas. Our high, middle, and very low cultures all share unequalled vibrancy. And, I firmly believe, America's power as a globalizer is in great part due to this characteristic, deeply embedded in a history of immigration, culture clash, and risk-taking.

In terms of geopolitics, however, where Americanization is a dirty word, and we are punished symbolically with acts like dismissal from the U.N. Human Rights Council, it is especially important to encourage diversity at home and abroad, and to ensure that the conduit of media exchange is two-way. Already, American media shows sign of increasing foreign invasion, and access to international cultural forms via the Internet can only serve to help rip us from provincial stagnation. We absolutely need connections to more and more diverse people and ideas, merely to keep our innovative edge. And by tying ourselves more deeply in to the lives of people living all over the world (both economically and culturally) we can better serve to enjoy and protect those foreign cultures, while simultaneously decreasing hostility to American enterprise.

Taken together, then, economic and cultural stakes, carefully planted by American businesses that recognize the value of diversity, can prove potent weapons against the proclivity toward war and regionalism. Not only will we preserve international security in ways only an anomalous superpower can, we will foster such networks of interconnected economic health that war on grand scales might become simply unprofitable.





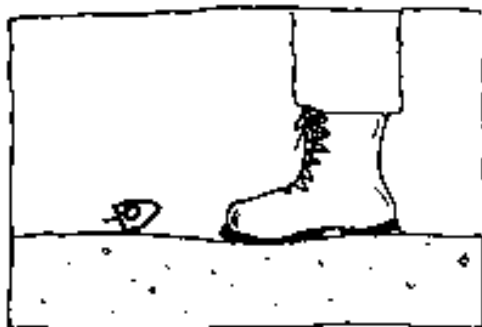
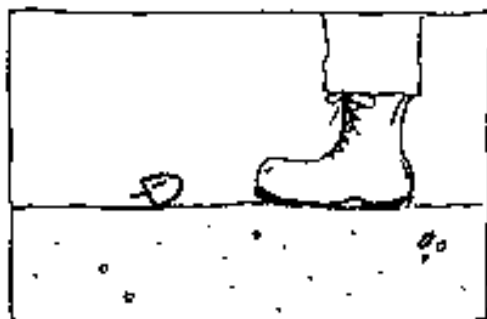
Little Toy

A haunted little toy
that's what I've become
Once a thing of happiness
Now only seeing light
when my keeper's heart is in shadows
Damaged by a newer toy
She holds me tight, damp with tears
Her ghosts go away
Mine step back, watching
The new one, sharp and shiny
seen through tear polished eyes
Is what she wants again
And with a thump I fall to the shelf
My ghosts' cold hands pulling me
I'm back where I belong
One of these days when I fall
I'll break
And she'll see nothing
and she'll find nothing
And know what was once full
was once living
was now quite simply
horrifyingly empty



THE ADVENTURES OF MAX OF Pleistocene Fish

Clare, Fall-mart, and
now this guy. Even a dead
fish can only take so much.



Get some.



some vegan recipes from
spackle's kitchen

Dirt, Grass and Very Small Pebbles

Scrambled Tofu - Basic Recipe

Ingredients:

1 lb Extra Firm Tofu (NOT silken)
Olive Oil
Crushed Garlic (powdered will work too)
Paprika
Curry Powder
Black Pepper
Salt

Instructions:

Heat a good size frying pan over medium high heat and add a splash of olive oil and the garlic. When it's hot, crumble in the brick of tofu and stir it around to mix in the garlic and oil. Sprinkle on a good bit of paprika and a bit of curry powder. These are more for coloring than flavor so you don't want TOO much of them, especially the curry. When you are adding them try to spread them around so they will mix in easier. Then add salt and pepper to taste. Stir this all up to even out the color and to mix it all up. Let it cook long enough to brown it all a bit but stir it around occasionally to brown it evenly. Your goal in frying is to warm it up, but also to dry it out so it will have a tougher consistency.

Variations:

w/ Soyrizo: Scramble in a package of Soyrizo (you can buy it at the Steele's on Drake in Fort Collins) and some Vegan Cheddar Cheese. I also add some cayenne pepper and basil then serve it with warm tortillas.

w/ Veggies: While the tofu is cooking chop up some veggies. I find broccoli, onions and red or green peppers are good. Maybe try shredding some dark leafy greens into it also. Before the tofu is done add all the veggies and cook them to a desired consistency.

w/ Potatoes: Chop up some potatoes and fry them in the oil and garlic until they are starting to get tender. Then add the tofu and follow the recipe.

Barbecue: Veggie Style!

Well, since it's summer it's the perfect time for a veggie barbecue! I love a good barbecue because it mixes all the right ingredients: good food, good friends, good fire and bad alcohol. What can be better than that? I don't have any recipes per se but I do have some food suggestions so fire up the grill while you read. (I've found about an hour is a good time to get the coals glowing good and red.)

Tempeh Burgers:

Toss the tempeh on the grill and brush it with olive oil and garlic. Keep them moving and out of the hot spots on the grill. If you cook them too long they get really dry. Buy some good rolls or baguettes and toast those for a few seconds before you serve them up. Also great if you add grilled veggies or vegan cheese to the top.

Grilled Veggies:

I bought a handy little metal "cage" to hold my veggies but depending on how you cook them you can either toss them on the grill or stick them on skewers. Zucchini, summer squash, onions and even eggplant grill up nicely if you slice them up, brush them with some olive oil and keep the heat from getting TOO hot. Eat them straight or throw them on a roll or bun. Add normal burger condiments or even some vegan cheese and spaghetti sauce. If you want to do a shishkabob type thing chop your veggies into equal size chunks and marinade them for a few hours. Buy a marinade or use oil, garlic and any other seasonings you think sound good. I think zucchini, squash, broccoli, onion, cherry tomatoes, seitan, tempe or tofu are all good. Skewer them up and throw them on the grill turning them occasionally.

Corn on the Cob:

Never thought it could be so easy! 1. buy corn. 2. toss it on the grill husk and all. The rest is details! Keep turning it every so often so the husk gets semi-evenly dark brown. Burn your hands while pulling off the husk and eat with soy margarine, salt and pepper. TASTY!

Baked Potatoes:

I'm slowly finding you REALLY need to nuke the potatoes for about 10 minutes in the microwave before you even think about the grill. Poke a few holes in the potatoes first to keep them from possibly exploding before the nuking. Then wrap them up in Aluminum foil and throw it on the grill or down by the side of the coals. Turn occasionally, pull them off and dress appropriately. Some ideas are soy margarine, scallions, fake bacon bits, salt and pepper. There is also at least one brand of vegan sour cream but it's pretty lame.

Russian AK-47¹



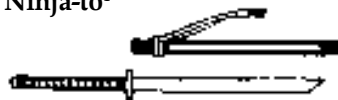
Romanian 22LR²



Shuriken³



Ninja-to⁴



(Legend: Each thumbnail of T.I.N. = 10 issues, give or take. Did I mention you should NEVER do this at home? -Johnny)

Tests by Warrior Poetess, assisted by Bagboy

Well, it stopped a bullet from a Russian assault rifle.

[illegible]

⁴So much for shinobi repellent. BB's iaijutsu strike went right through a bunch of T.I.N.s and he has linux biceps, if you know what I mean.

NEXT ISSUE: WP and the T.I.N. Ballistic Report evaluate BB's ninja-hunting arsenal! Sure to be Super-Blammo! Don't miss it!



