





OPPRESSION FROM PROTECTION

This record is first in a series of "Theme" records. The basic notion behind these theme records is to chip away at the "Producer-Consumer-Artist" triad we all have to deal with when purchasing records.

As record producers, we sometimes feel alienated from the release because all we do is the shitwork, running errands, finances, mail, shipping etc... Bands sometimes feel alienated because they simply don't always have the time to put together an interesting boolet. YOU are frustrated as hell because all you can do (or so you feel) is voice your opinion of capital (which certainly isn't satisfying).

What it boils down to is this: We are putting out records that come with booklets of artistic expression that are put together by members of all three groups in the triad. Our goal is to create something new and refreshing. If this sounds interesting to you we are always looking for contributors for future projects as far as anything creative goes (poetry, art, fiction, articles, etc...) Please write if interested in next project. If you have any comments on this scheme of ours please feel free to write us.

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CRINGER HOPEFUL MONSTERS



PUNISH & PROFIT

At the end of the eighteenth century, people dreamed of a society without crime. And then the dream evaporated. Crime was too useful for them to dream of anything as crazy--or ultimately as dangerous--as a society without crime. No crime means no police. What makes the presence and control of the police tolerable for the population, if not fear of the criminal? This institution of the police, which is so recent and so oppressive, is only justified by that fear.

-Michel Foucault

Do you think prison is where society keeps the "bad people"? Do you think the existence of a police force is necessary to create an orderly, peaceful citizenry? Do you think there will always be criminal behavior and that the purpose of police and prison is to retard criminality?

Think again.

Cops, prisons, juvenile halls, mental hospitals, military bases and other institutions of control are more than distant outposts erected by society to restrain and isolate its rejects; they are places where domination and exploitation are brutally exercised over humans for the benefit of a bourgeois regime. This system does not wish to repel crime. Instead, it uses crime for economic benefit, to justify the incipient surveillance of our lives, and to maintain the existing power relationships that grant a decided edge to the bourgeoisie.

A common misconception about punishment is that it is designed to rehabilitate the delinquent, or at the very least serve as just retribution for the unlawful act s/he

committed. This is a screen. The bourgeoisie is interested in power, not criminality, and power resides in the system of incarceration itself, not in the phenomenon of crime. It is the mechanisms of oppression (prisons, police, etc.) themselves that hold economic and political utility to the rich, not the restraint of crime. In other words, prisons and similar institutions are not a sad aberration of society, an annoying pinprick in the fluffy down comforter of the post-industrial Northern hemisphere. No, capitalism and hierarchy require prisons and police to maintain hegemony. As Foucault wrote, "The bourgeoisie could not care less

about delinquents, about their punishment and rehabilitation, which economically have little importance, but it is concerned about the complex of mechanisms with which delinquency is controlled, pursued, punished, and reformed."

The institutions of incarceration and law enforcement invariably serve the power elite in a variety of ways. In some cases the connection is embarrassingly obvious. When's the last time the cops sided with protesters over governments, striking workers over corporations, junkies over drug lords? Most times, however, the bourgeoisie can afford to be more discreet. A fine example of the clever way in which elites use punishment for their economic, social, and political benefit comes out of the South in the late nineteenth century, in the form of the chain gang. Essentially, the chain gang system worked like this: around the 1880s the Southern states hired convicts out to private interests, receiving eight cents per day per convict. I

don't think I need to remind you that the convicts were largely black (although there were significant numbers of poor white convicts, too), and the "private interests" were unanimously white. There were no regulations pertaining to the treatment of persons on the chain gang, and employers could and did literally work convicts to death. It can be said without exaggeration that the chain gangs of the South in the 1880s were comparable to the Nazi death camps of the 1940s. Women and men often worked side by side on the gangs, leading to rapes and pregnancies (to my knowledge, there were few, if any, white women on chain gangs). Once the state realized there was a market for chain gangs through this system of penal slavery, they began to make outlandish laws to ensure a steady supply of prisoners to keep working and making the state money. Crimes as naughty as spitting on the sidewalk were enough to put a person (if African American) on a chain gang for years. Of course, most of these new laws were explicitly or implicitly aimed at African Americans.

The laws created to fill the chain gangs allowed the criminal "justice" system to create and expand its own market, as more cops and guards and lawyers were needed to handle the increased convict population and to restore the public's faith in "law and order." So, in one ingenious stroke, not only did the bourgeoisie make itself a lot of money, it more importantly provided them with another valuable tool for increasing their power. Chain gangs didn't just serve the prurient economic interests of the rich; by intertwining classism, racism, and sexism they were able to increase their ability to exploit and dominate others in every aspect of life, thus strengthening their lofty position. The chain gang served to punish delinquents only as an after effect; its real purpose was to provide economic, political, and social utility to the bourgeoisie. Like two roosters at a cock fight mauling each other instead of conspiring to scratch the eyes out of their "owners," chain gangs served to pit those with little power against each other--through rapes, lynchings, discrimination, etc.--and



What did chain gangs do for the Southern aristocracy? Well, on the obvious economic level (and economics is always the most obvious level in a capitalist regime, isn't it?), rich white men made a lot of money off the broken backs of impoverished African Americans. So what else is new? However, it also served the elites' interests in less obvious ways. It effectively pitted worker against prisoner, as laborers saw their livelihoods stripped from them by convicts, and it profited from blatant racism as poor white workers grew to detest the largely black convict population who were involuntarily taking over their jobs, further dividing the laboring classes. Chain gangs brought out sexism in its most brutal and horrific form, once again pitting those who should exist in solidarity against each other, leaving the rich to roost and snicker from a distance.

not against the Southern aristocrats, who threw all the poor, hungry and half-crazed, into the Colloseum to devour each other. Today the chain gang is outlawed, at least in its nineteenth century form. The bourgeoisie does not need it anymore. Instead, it has a much more powerful and sinuous mechanism that not only keeps incarcerated persons in line, it keeps those of us on the "outside" apprehensive, too. This new weapon is surveillance, or what Foucault called "the gaze." The gaze is the most economically efficient form of restriction, and it need not be limited to correctional facilities. No, the gaze extends



from institutions of incarceration to our workplaces, shopping centers, homes, and means of transportation, via guards, cameras, alarm systems, those infernal beepers that hopelessly doomed career slaves wear around their bulging waists, work quotas, and other technologies of surveillance. The gaze is everywhere, even in our architecture. Look how military dormitories are built to inhibit homosexuality and masturbation, or how workplaces are organized so the manager can easily look for signs of nonproductivity among his/her employees. Truly, surveillance--originally designed for the monitoring of prison inmates--has thoroughly entered the construction of our society's structures and thought processes.

The gaze is cost-efficient and easy to implement. As Foucault writes, "There is no need for arms, physical violence, material constraints. Just a gaze. An inspecting gaze, a gaze which each individual under its weight will end by interiorizing to the point that he [sic] is his [sic] own overseer, each individual thus exercising this surveillance over, and against, himself [sic]." This is the key. Via surveillance and other forms of domination, we control and inhibit ourselves, much to the delight of the powers that be. The power of the gaze is diffuse, ubiquitous, and indiscernible; it cleverly turns us into our own cops. Through surveillance power is exercised continuously for a minimal price because it costs the bourgeoisie nothing when we have so internalized the gaze that we use it on each other. Just as convicts, mental patients, juvenile delinquents and grunts in the army check their behavior for fear of being snatched on or doublecrossed or blackmailed by his/her peers, those of us on the "outside" police and imprison our own behavior out of fear, fear of the gaze and what would happen should we transgress the boundaries it defends.

Like the chain gang, surveillance and incarceration in general is not used to protect society or punish the deviant. Instead, it is used to maintain existing power relationships, in the process isolating ourselves from the community and driving us to fall back into the xenophobic enclave of the nuclear family. Unlike the chain gang, the gaze extends into every facet of our lives. It is not exactly Orwell's Big

Brother, but it is very real, very effective, very profitable, and very cleverly used by the bourgeoisie. Until we revolt against the gaze, until we stop acting out the role of cop and prison guard in our minds and in our relationships, we will never knock down the walls of prisons or police stations. What good is storming the Bastille when you've got a guillotine in your back yard? --joel



The Grass is always greener, when grass is always grass
by JACK

When that alarm clock sounded it's evil reminder that morning had reared it's annoying head, I began to feel that somehow today would turn out to be different. I placed my hand tightly around the object and with one heave had it smattered all over the opposing wall. I felt very powerful for a moment until I realized that if broken I would only have to buy another. Somehow the sound of it smashing against the wall made it very worthwhile.

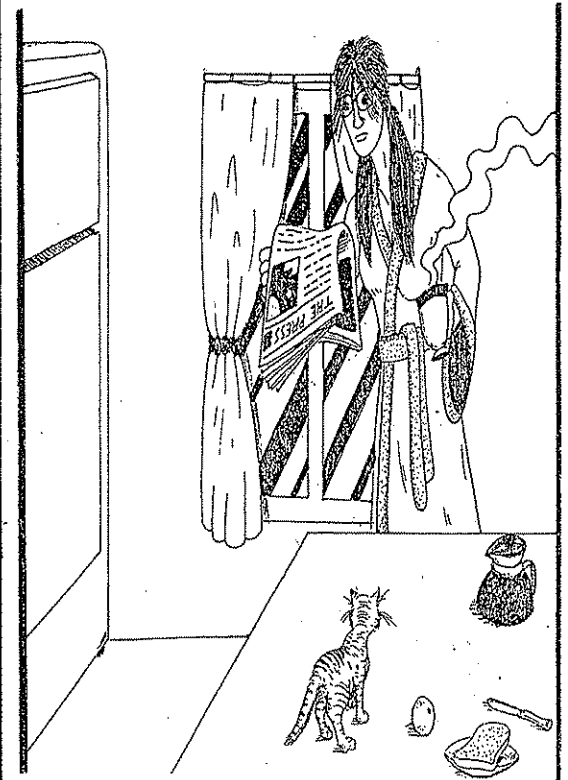
I began to drag my dreary body out of bed. I am definitely not one of those "morning persons", what a ghastly thought. Throughout my life I have disliked mornings. It seems progressively worse as time has gone on and now I allow myself less time to get ready for work. Today I would have exactly 20 minutes before I would have to race to the hovercraft stop, downtown.

As I take off my clothes and enter the shower I begin to reflect on how pointless this all seems. My life is like a bad screen vision series that only shows re-runs. You have already seen each one a million times, you know the beginning, you know the end, you know it never gets any better, yet you persist to watch. Get up, take a shower, go to work, come home, go to sleep... it seems there must be something more.

I don't consider myself any kind of philosopher or anything of the sort but there doesn't seem to be any coherence in the whole story. A piece somewhere is missing but nobody knows what it is. Or perhaps the

puzzle is unsolvable because we are working with the wrong pieces altogether. 1/3 of my life is spent at work, 1/3 is spent asleep, and according to statistics the other 1/3 is spent viewing the screen. We become so subsumed in the routine that we can't see any alternatives.

Art, ERYC



The next ritual I will go through is deciding what I will wear to work. I don't really have much of a choice as skirts are required down at the office which I find to be completely absurd. Men can wear dress pants I don't see why women can't. I personally don't like skirts, they are uncomfortable when you sit down. But of course I bitch and moan at home and never do a damn thing about it. I wind up in the same office with no hopes of advancement unless I get a sex change. Yes, life is a bundle of joys.

Well it looks like my twenty minutes are about up, I think I'll have enough time to grab a muffin and go. I'm glad I finally decided to stop wearing make up. Not that I would have time to put it on anyway. Actually I'm quite surprised Mr. Shapiro hasn't said anything about it. "Sandra (he calls me Sandra instead of Sandy which I find really odd since everyone calls me Sandy, even my mother, I suppose Sandra sounds more business like) I didn't mean to interrupt you while you were working ever so hard but it seems that you haven't been wearing any make up lately. Now we don't have anything in the rule book pertaining to make up but do us boys a favor and freshen up will you?" "Yes Mr. Shapiro." *Fuck You Mr. Shapiro.*

As I run to the door, lock it, and begin scrambling down the stairs I start recalling all the things I've thought about this morning. Nothing ever changes. The same hovercraft driver, the same stop, the same job, the same life... I'll be exactly 12 minutes early for work and I'll have to clock in at 10:00 even though it's actually 9:48 because Mr. Shapiro thinks we should do personal things (like going to the bathroom or blowing our noses) before work begins. And yes here comes Hovercraft #366 serving the friendly skies of New Chicago since 2045. Fucking terrific.

Upon boarding the hovercraft one immediately notices the nauseating smell of public transit. For some very odd reason it seems the city never pays anyone to clean up completely covered with holes and who knows what else, mucus, throw up, remnants from last weekends parties. What a wonderful thing public transit has become.

Then there are the exclusive characters that ride on here religiously. There is Mr. Weatherby with his straw hat and dirgey rotten clothes. I don't believe he ever departs the line. He just flies about bothering people about this and that and the other. Not much for old folks to do in a society as complex as ours, I imagine they must have a hard time keeping up. Actually, I'm only 29 and I have a hard time keeping up. He's a real relic that Mr. Weatherby. He's got those stone gray eyes that look at you like they know something that you will never know. He will start on his history and how the world used to be and all that. Eventually he will get tired on you and doze off settling for a world in his dreams.

Then there is Max. "Good Ol' Max" they call him. I think he is a complete ass and he seems to encompass what I hate about everything. "So when are you gonna marry me Sandy?" (how he got my name I'll never know) I just politely smile and can only imagine bludgeoning him at that moment. Day after day after day.

I still think this flying through the air is dangerous but the papers all disagree. **More accidents happen in the washrooms ...** Not in my washroom they don't. Ever since the cities expanded beyond comprehension it became impossible to work unless you rode the hovercrafts. "Ain't this yer' stop Sandy?" the driver called out. "Huh? Oh I suppose it is, thanks." I must have lost track of time.

"Be seein' you sweetie" he replied. *Not if you smash into a mountain.* I thought to myself.

What is even worse about those damn things is that once you finally do get dropped off you still have to walk at least a mile to work. In the distance I see the PTF building. It's hard to believe I have worked here for almost two years, my salary certainly doesn't to approach the building I see there is some sort of a commotion near the entrance. Commotion means excitement as far as I am concerned, especially at the People's Transport Facility. I suppose it is rather ironic that I constantly complain about public transit yet they are the ones' that pay my bills. One more reason to smash the alarm clock.

As I get nearer to the building I begin to realize that getting in isn't going to be so easy. There are literally hundreds of people flocked outside, scurrying about. I begin to push my way through the crowd. Polite "Excuse me's and Pardon me's" become "Get the hell out of my way's" in a matter of seconds. "What is all this commotion about?" I ask someone in audible distance. "Don't really know lady... but commotion is commotion." and he continues pushing and shoving. After several minutes of ramming my body against several others I begin to hear someone speaking through a P.S. System. *....we will show you things you've never seen, ideas you never dreamed could be true. There is something more. There is something more.*

Soon the airpolice make their appearance and begin to warn the crowd to disperse. I really have no problem with that except I have to get into the building. I finally get close enough to make a good run for it when the police begin their usual routine of dropping gasbombs on the crowd. I scurry up the stairs as fast as my legs will take me only to see Mr Shapiro hovering over my desk. "Two minutes Sandra." "Yes Mr. Shapiro."

I finally settle down a bit and clock in on my computer. I wonder what the hell just happened downstairs but of course I'll never find out at work. Someone could get killed in the next room and I wouldn't be able to leave my seat until lunch break. Wait, let's see if Francis is at her desk.

223/98

yes
Francis?
yes
Sandy
What happened?
Can't say
Why?
Shapiro
Oh.
Lunch?
Great
Bye

That's pretty typical. I guess I'll have to wait until lunch time. So I begin my day by sorting through files, and typing worthless crap onto a computer. I'm surprised they have humans do these jobs anymore. Must be some sort of law or something, although it does seem that we could use about 10 more typists in this sector.

The first three hours of work just seem to whiz by. They generally do because I'm so overloaded with work. I clock out and begin to get my stuff altogether so I can meet Francis for work. Francis is an o.k. person although she isn't really that bright. She seems to care about what's going on but doesn't have a lot of insight into anything. Her husband Jim is a real jerk as far as I can tell but she doesn't talk about him much. I'm glad really cause I hate when women get into these "My husbands so great stories" like they are trying to impress you and they always end up with, "So when are you getting married?" I just smile and say, "When I meet the right man" What I'd like to say is "When hell freezes over" but Francis just wouldn't understand.

I see her coming around the desk and wave. She has on this hideous green outfit (and skirt obviously) and the most hilarious make up I have ever seen. My smile is more than just for "It's nice to see you". "You look good Sandy." "Thanks and uh, so do you." "Anywhere in particular you want to go for lunch?" She asks me every day where I want to go when she knows damn well we only eat in the cafeteria here at work. I suppose asking makes it seem we lead an interesting life. We walk into the cafeteria only to be stared down by the local staff. You never see any of the hierarchy in the cafeteria, since they don't have to be back to work at any particular time. Francis will order Salisbury steak and I always get a fruit salad. Everything else here makes me quite nauseous.

"So what the hell happened today in front of the building?" I ask Francis not wasting any more time with subtleties. "Well, apparently this man was hollerin' about some new world, Freedonia he called it." "Free..?" I was puzzled. "Freedonia, a world based on freedom he said." "How did you get all of this information?" And why am I always the last to find out about anything interesting? "I overheard Shapiro on the phone. He is the one who called the air police. There really was no problem until they showed up. Just a lot of hootin' and hollerin'. Apparently some people were pretty offended about what they were sayin'." "And what were they saying Francis?" She seemed to have the whole story down fairly well. "Nothing that I found to be offensive in any way. I can't be sure. I only heard them screaming. Anyway the whole fiasco is over and I'm glad. What do you think of this outfit?" "Lovely Francis." Horrible Francis.

The rest of the lunch break went faster than expected. Francis spoke of shopping and actually delved a little into politics although she still hasn't decided "Who's side she's on" as she says. We walked out of the cafeteria and departed with a simple goodbye. I couldn't get this idea out of my head. A new world? A free world? I wonder what that means exactly. Anyway at least something happened to break up my mundane existence here at work or should I say, here in life.

The rest of the day went by rather slowly. I'm not sure why. Perhaps it is because my mind has been so preoccupied with this 'Freedonia' concept. I clock out at exactly 5:00 and head toward the hovercraft station. I have to practically run to the station to make the 5:30 flight else I'll be stuck waiting around for an hour for another. Public transportation really sucks.

Well I barely make it onto the hovercraft on time and throw myself into the nearest available seat. I'm lucky to even find a seat at this time of the evening. I start to flip through the local paper to see what's going on in this horrible world. Every page is filled with bloodshed, violence, wars, it's really all such a drag. What's really funny is that what I really love to read are the PERSONALS. All those drippy love notes from love sick school dogs and desperate lonely hearts seeking attention.

I start flipping through them chuckling to my hearts delight when suddenly I see something that catches my eye...

FREEDONIA: Looking for something more? Feel your life on this planet is not satisfactory? Want to be free? Call 4456-7886-9887.

Could this be the same FREEDONIA that Francis spoke of? There certainly couldn't be two of the same. But why would such a promising concept be advertised in a classified ad? It certainly makes the whole situation seem ludicrous and phony. Call a number and be free. It sounds like an evangelical promise on a bad Tele-show. Call this number and be praised by the lord, you too can be free, just pick up that dial.. I laugh at loud at this ridiculous idea. The rest of the people in the hovercraft all turn their eyes upon me as if laughing is a sin. Oh yes, business suit, proper attire, proper attitude, lovely world. Bullshit.

By the time I am done wondering about the ad my flight is over. I tear out the ad and shove it into my coat pocket. I walk out of the hovercraft with a smile. For some odd reason I feel really good. I slip off the craft and walk home contemplating this whole issue. Is it even worth calling the number? Am I just being immature? I'm just so damn bored with everything. The whole idea of something new just sounds so exciting to me. What could it hurt to call? In fact I will, I will call!

My pace begins to speed up from a slow walk to a jog to a fast run! For once in my life I feel excited about something! Maybe this will be a turn for me? Maybe I can really be free, whatever that means.. What was that number again? I fumble around in my coat pocket until I find the ad. I dial the number with secretarial speed (an inside joke I'm sure) and wait.

Busy.
fuck.

How can it be busy? Want to be free? Then call this number. And the number is busy? That is so inane! What the hell is happening? The number is busy. I dial again. Busy. I can't believe this is happening to me. Why do I care so much? Dial again. Busy. Who the hell cares I mean who the hell cares anyway? I have a life and a job and friends and..dial again.. it rings.

Hello.

Uh yes, I saw your ad.
(long pause)

and?

Well, I wanted some information.

Why?

What do you mean, why?

Why should I give you any?

If this is some kind of a joke...

Freedom is not a joke. You don't just give out this kind of information. "Utopia express" is that how you would have it? Well no.. 25568n Brostrtra ave.

(Click)

That isn't too far from my house. I could just go there and... what the hell am I doing? Some strange man gives me an address and I am just supposed to go there? I could be killed or worse, raped. This whole thing just isn't for

me. Classified ad's about freedom, strange telephone calls, secret hiding places. It's like a really bad tele-show only I'm for real. So just forget it.

I'll just take off my clothes, take a nice hot shower. Then I will put my slippers on at 8:30 read until 8:30, have a snack until 9:00, do my exercises and go to bed. What is more crazy? Meeting some strange man at an address or doing the same thing every day, day after day after day? I've got to find out what all of this is about! If I don't I'll never forgive myself!

I scramble to the front door and lock it. I run down the stairs like a child anticipating Christmas morning. I don't care what happens to me. If I die at least I will die knowing I had some excitement in my life!

I know where Brostra Avenue is although it is a side street and may be hard for me to find. I've passed it several times although I can't remember specifically when. I think it crosses over Lafayette street, right before it turns into the downtown district. It will be much easier for me to walk than to take the hovercraft due to the wait.

I see Lafayette street up ahead and although I am out of breath my anticipation keeps my mind off of my sore muscles and on my conquest. I can't remember being so afraid and yet so excited at the same time. This feeling is somewhat like the hot and cold water phenomenon although this certainly has a broader sense of reality to it.

I make a sharp left and start looking for addresses. It should only be a couple blocks from here although the numbers on the buildings are increasing in increments of four and it doesn't seem the address I'm looking for will appear. 25566 is across the street, and I approach it with caution. The next address is 25570. This doesn't make any sense! I was positive he said 25568.

"Can I help you with something madam?" A man in a dark black suit, walking the opposite way asks me. "I'm not really sure. I'm looking for 25568 but it doesn't seem to fit the street pattern." "I respond hoping to clear up this problem." You are so used to the same patterns that you can't seem to see with your own eyes." He responds with a sort of mystery in his voice. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?!" I respond with fervor. He takes off his hat and points across the street. "There you will find what you are looking for. And remember this, when seeking something of importance never look in the obvious spot. If it is really that important you will have to look elsewhere." And with that he placed his hat on his head and whisked around the corner chuckling to himself.

I crossed the street again and wouldn't you know, there was 25568. This whole thing got stranger by the moment. I approached the door with caution my heart beating intensely upon my chest. I feel like a young schoolgirl on her first blind date, not knowing what lies on the other side of the door but anxiously awaiting the outcome. I beat upon it profusely.

Yes?

I just called on the phone.

Yes?

I want some information.

Information?

Yes, on Freedonia.

The door opens.

The building itself looks like some kind of political headquarters. There are books and papers scattered all over the room. There are posters all over the walls with slogans such as, "A New World", "There Is Something Else", "Freedonia, True Freedom." Sitting at an old metal desk is a grey haired man typing frantically. He motions me to sit and continues typing. I sit for what seems like hours while he continues typing and cursing. "Is there something I can help you with?" "I want some information on Freedonia." "Why?" "Why? Because I hate my life because I'm tired of monotony, because I want something different." "Freedonia is not a place for people who want something different. It is a place for people who want to be free." "Doesn't everyone want to be free?" He stares at me as if he's heard this question several times and is ready with a premeditated answer. "Everyone wants to be free but no one knows what freedom is. The problem with your society is that it isn't strict enough. Laws are no good unless you have enough to cover all situations. Governments are no good unless they have the power to exercise their power. The police are useless unless there are enough of them to control the deviant. Prisons are



worthless unless they keep all derelicts contained in them so that fine citizens like yourself can be free." "And how can I visit Freedonia?" "At this stage it is very easy. We have a flight leaving in two hours. You need no money, clothes, belongings, because they will all be useless on Freedonia. Interested?" I wasn't sure what to say. Could I just leave everything behind? My whole life is here on earth. My whole death is here on earth. What do I have to lose? Mundane conversations with Francis, being yelled at by Shapiro, being mocked by men, it's all so pointless. "Yes I'm interested." I say and look him straight in the eyes. A cold glow is cast between us two although I feel confident on my decision. "Follow me....."

I follow him into what looks like an old airplane hanger. In the corner of the room is an old antique f-47 fighter plane. That is just amazing that it isn't in some sort of a museum or something. He motions me to sit and I find myself sitting next to 3 others slumped over on a bench. The other three seem quite preoccupied and don't even notice me. "Wait here," the grey haired man says and begins to turn away. I want to say something but the words don't seem to come out. "It's not too late to change your mind my dear. After all, not everyone is ready to live a life of true freedom," the grey haired man says to me as if to scare a frightened child. "I made my decision, I'm sticking with it." I say with confidence and take a seat on the dingy old bench three others now occupy.

"Hello, my name is Sandy." I introduce myself. No response. That's rather odd. The gentleman sitting next to me turns and says, "The name is Brownstone, of course that doesn't really matter does it?" "Doesn't matter?" I respond quite puzzled. "Don't you know? We get a new identity in Freedonia. A whole new life." "Even a new name?" This seems ridiculous. "Even a new name." He replies. "I'd rather not get to know you too well as we might not get assigned to the same sector." "What do you mean?" Now I'm really bewildered. "Didn't they tell you anything? When we reach Freedonia we will be assigned to a certain sector of the community. According to our race, our sex, our class history, to reduce the chance of racial discrimination and violence." "I wasn't really told anything." Why am I never told anything? "Look lady, you will get all the info you need when we get there so just enjoy the ride."

All of a sudden a ship pulls in. It's been quite a long time since I've been through interstellar flight. It might actually take several hours before we reach our destination. 30 minutes in the hovercraft is enough to give anyone a severe stomach ache for a century. A woman dressed in a grey and white space suit steps out of the ship and motions the group to approach. Without hesitation we follow her and she begins to hand us space suits. "You are about to travel through space to reach the planet, FREEDONIA. You will need these body suits to have a comfortable ride. There are 4 compartments, one for each of you. The flight is approximately 10 hours. Once in Freedonia you will be clothed and provided with shelter. Freedom is only a few stars away." And with that she vanished. Two robots showed us to the dressing facilities so we could be dressed. I, being the only female, insist on dressing alone, although the rest of the group seems to think that is somehow funny. The last time I wore one of these things was when I was about 10, visiting my grandmother on FRITTON. It was all so fascinating then, the moons, the stars, the asteroids, now all I can think about is where a good place to throw up would be.

After I finished dressing I entered my compartment and buckled up. I still can't believe I'm going through with this. At this point I could really care less. I'm going to FREEDONIA to start over. Maybe I can find a life ahead of me filled with happiness. Maybe men on this planet won't

be such ignorant bastards. In front of my seat is a console with food and all sorts of other goodies. One certain package really interests me. FOR MOTION SICKNESS. Heaven in a jar. I take 3. As the ship begins to depart I can see already how beautiful this universe is. I hope that somewhere beyond the borders of this atmosphere I can truly find a world where I can be free. I feel rather woozy, think I'll rest...

When I awoke I found myself in a room with the three other men I had seen earlier. "What the hell happened?" I ask out loud. "You were out like a light." One answers. "Had to drag your carcass out here and take your space suit off. How many of them sickness pills did you take?" "I honestly don't remember. What are we doing here?" "Waiting for the indoctrination" Brownstone replies. I sit and wait. The room looks nothing of the ordinary, just a white room with a computer and books... no much different than my office on Earth. Finally it hits me, I'm actually on another planet. I don't feel any different. The atmosphere seems to be the same. I take a deep breath. Air seems to be the same as well. Perhaps this place is a lot like earth. We will just have to wait and see.

"Sandra please report to the GREEN ROOM." I hear over a loudspeaker system. "Where is the green room and how do they know my name?" Brownstone shrugs his shoulders and points to a door in the very corner of the room. I open the door and proceed down the corridor. At the end of the hall is a green door. Well Sandy, this must be it. I slowly open the door and walk in. A robot is waiting with cloths in it's hands.

Welcome to Freedonia. Take these and get dressed.
"Right here?"

Would you like me to spin around?

"No, I suppose not" (although undressing in front of a robot does seem quite odd)

These are your clothes. Your color is Green. The rest of your clothes are in your new home. In a moment I will take you there.
"What is all this stuff?"

These are your weapons. They must be carried at all times.

I pick up a lazer and Ultra knife and strap them on.

"What if I don't want to carry weapons?"

They are for your protection. Protection is not a priveledge on FREEDONIA it is a requirement.

And with that the robot began to exit. It pointed to a chair and I sat and waited. Something just didn't seem right about this whole thing. Perhaps soon I would meet a human and I could get some answers. Suddenly the lights began to get very dim. A video screen appeared out of nowhere and on it was a very pleasant looking elderly man.

Welcome to FREEDONIA you must have many questions. Firstly I'd like to explain why we have brought you here. The clothing you are wearing is the same clothing that all members of the society of FREEDONIA are wearing. This eliminates discrimination on basis of class. It is for your protection that everyone dress similarly. You will now be known as 3346. We have no need for names here on

FREEDONIA. You see, names lead to discrimination. If we could change the color of our skin we would but unfortunately our science doesn't permit that as of yet. We do this for your protection.

"3346? Why 3346? What is going on here? I thought this planet prided itself on it's freedom? I thought..."

SILENCE! *Perhaps you do not understand earthling. You are the one that is confused. You are so used to the weak and immoral ways of your planet earth. You must listen. There are 10 basic laws of FREEDONIA. You must listen to them. You must memorize them. They are essential to your being.*

1. THE LAW IS THE LAW.
2. THE MORE LAWS THE BETTER. LAWS MUST COVER EVERY SITUATION POSSIBLE. THE LAW IS THE WAY TO FREEDOM.
3. PROTECTION IS NOT A PRIVILEGE, IT IS A REQUIREMENT.
4. THE POLICE FORCE IS HERE FOR MY PROTECTION. I NEED NOT QUESTION THEIR AUTHORITY.
5. PRIVACY IS A FALLACY. THOSE IN POWER MUST KNOW WHAT WE ARE DOING AT ALL TIMES SO THAT WE MAY BE PROTECTED.
6. WEAPONS ARE NECESSARY AT ALL TIMES. ALL QUESTIONS CAN BE ANSWERED BY THE LAW.
7. FREEDOM IS A RIGHT OF ALL PEOPLE.
8. LAW IS FREEDOM
9. THE LAW IS ALWAYS RIGHT
10. FREEDONIA IS FREEDOM.

The words kept swirling about my head and were increasingly growing louder in my ears. The law is the law, Freedonia is the law, over and over and over. It is so dark now I can't see anything but the video screen and the man repeating the 10 laws over and over. That horrible smile on his face like he is eating me alive. Over and over he's eating me alive. Stop, please stop this, stop this!

And it was over. The lights came back on and all seemed alright. I got up from my seat and began to head for the door. There was a sign that said "FOLLOW THE CONVEYOR BELT TO YOUR QUARTERS, YOU WILL START WORK TOMORROW. I hopped on the conveyor belt and travelled down along black corridor for a while. At the end of a hallway was what looked like a small elevator. I veered closer and read "Insert card for transportation". Insert card for transportation? What could it mean. I put my hands in my pocket and what do you know? A plastic green card that said TRANSPORT PASS 3346 on it. I inserted the card and a door opened. I climbed inside.

All of a sudden it began to move. A sound like thunder erupted below and I felt like I was being thrown across the room. It was all over in a second. The door opened. I stepped out into a hallway of which looked somewhat like an apartment building. I walk around a bit and see a door that says, GREEN 3346. I put my hand on the door and it opens. It looks like any normal bedroom, a kitchen, a bathroom, but what interests me at the moment is the bedroom. I am exhausted. Tomorrow I will talk to somebody about this whole mess. There must be some

kind of mistake. I'll straighten it out in the morning but for now I'll just relax. And with that I head straight for the bed and finally feel something pleasant, here on the world of the free.

It seemed like I slept for days. The event of the past night seemed to be only a dim memory. I stretched and began to try and get up. I couldn't. It wasn't that I was too tired it was that I just couldn't. Something was preventing me from arising, like some sort of force field, chaining me to the bed. In front of the bed a video screen clicked on.

RECITE THE LAWS.





What? I was confused.
IN ORDER TO AWAKEN YOU MUST RECITE THE LAWS.

"I don't remember them."
 They appeared on the video screen as if written in stone I felt like Moses had brought them down the mountain and placed them in my hands to read. I began to utter them slowly and as I progressed down the list I began to feel as if my strength was returning. After I had finished them I heard a voice say.

IN THE FUTURE WE WILL BE ABLE TO DETECT SARCASM.

I got up and dressed in the uniform I had worn last night. I began to look about the room and noticed something I hadn't noticed before. There were video cameras all around the room, monitoring me everywhere I go. Well you better believe I'm not taking a shower here. This is just ridiculous. It's about time for me to leave. I look around for some sort of tele communication device to call someone but there is none available. What next? I mumble to myself. The video screen turns on again.

Find yourself a computer. Begin typing the information in the green folder. Do not leave the apartment until your work is through. We have provided a work environment with little stress. No one here to bother you, to harass you, to interfere with your work. Protection is your right.

So I walk up to the computer console. Why not? Maybe it will take my mind off of all this. I'll do some blasted typing, and then I'll see about what I can do to get out of here. "This sucks." I say out loud as if someone were here. As I speak one of the cameras turns toward me. The bright red light is flashing as if it is listening. Could someone really be watching me? Listening to me? How could you monitor everyone? At this point I just want to sit and relax. I'll type.

So I type for a while until my fingers feel like they are going to bleed. At 5:00 exactly the console shuts itself off. "Excuse me... hello?" The video screen clicks on. "I'd like to talk to someone about leaving here." A Green card pops out of the screen and lands on the floor. I pick it up. It reads "FREEDONIA BUREAUCRATIC OFFICE." I pick it up and put it in my pocket. The screen mutters..

I exit the building and head down to the transportation contraption. Video cameras follow me down the hallway. Enough is enough I want to go home.

I slipped the new card into the transportation device and the door opened. I got in. I heard that familiar roar and covered my eyes as if it would help. That whooshing sensation took over and before I could decide whether or not I wanted to throw up or not it stopped. I got out and

began to look around. FREEDONIA at it's best. There weren't many people around. I suppose most of them are not allowed out of doors anyway, for their protection I guess. I laughed at the thought. I had no idea where to go so I just started walking and could not believe what I saw. On every corner were robot guards with guns in hand. Every block hosted these tall facilities with signs that said "Rehabilitation" on them. I started walking toward one of them. A robot approached.

THE LAW IS THE LAW.

THAT IS CORRECT. You see, in order for people to be truly free, those that cause problems, that deviate from our society, the abnormal must be detained and then rehabilitated.

"I don't understand. If this society is so free then why are so many people in rehabilitation centers? I assume there must be a lot of people in them because there are so many and..."

SILENCE! *The reason there are so many people in the rehabilitation centers is because people like you are conditioned by your earth society. We have created an ideal here. We are the greatest planet in the Universe.*

"Yes? What the hell does that mean?"

THE LAW DOES NOT PERMIT YOU TO SEE THE REHABILITATION CAMPS.

"Rehabilitation camps?"

FOR YOUR PROTECTION

"Of course."

THE LAW IS THE LAW

"I wish to speak to someone about my residency here"

THE LAW IS THE LAW

"Look, you piece of shit, take me to a god damn human being before I start beating your transistors to shreds."

The robot grabbed it's gun and forced it unto my face.

THE POLICE FORCE IS HERE FOR MY PROTECTION

I NEED NOT QUESTION THEIR AUTHORITY.

REPEAT.

"No."

The gun barrel was resting on my chest.

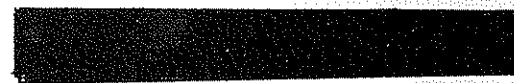
REPEAT.

"No."

THE LAW IS THE LAW.

With that the robot attached an arm on me and began pulling me along. "Let go of me you bastard!" I tried as hard as I could to knock out at least a few bolts but it's clamp was so tight it was no use. It placed me in a hovercraft and locked my arms to the seat.

WAIT.



The hovercraft started on it's own and began to fly. Where I was going I had no idea but I knew that I wouldn't like it at all. I looked out the window to get a glimpse of the overall situation. It was hard to tell what was going on from so high up but I could see rehabilitation centers on every major crossing. That didn't seem to make sense to me at all. Where were all the people on this planet?

The ship landed and two armed robot guards approached. These were unlike the smaller robots I had seen here. they were humanoid in form and very intimidating. They grabbed me and began leading me to what looked like a weapons factory or something. There were robots all over, building and working on missiles, lasers, the works. We entered a building marked FREEDOM BEGINS HERE. They threw me inside. I suspect this is some sort of police station although there aren't any people around. A video screen flashes in the corner.

We have been expecting you 3346.

"My name is Sandy."

YOUR NAME IS 3346!

"Who the hell are you?"

I am 6666.

A face appeared on the screen. the same face that had appeared in the indoctrination.

It seems that you have some problems here on Freedomia.

"Look, I want to go home o.k.?"

You are home, 3346. This is where FREEDOM begins.

"At the police station?"

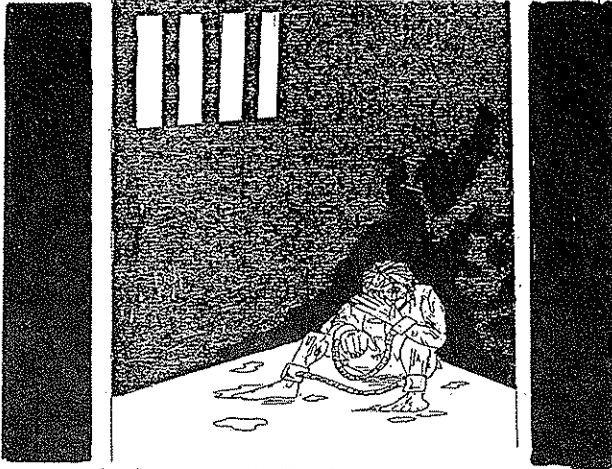
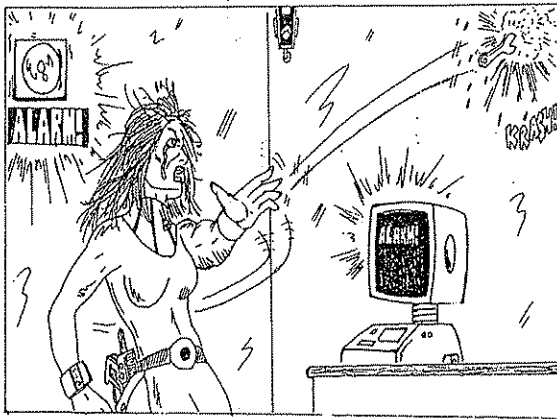
THE LAW IS THE LAW 3346! PROTECTION IS NOT A PRIVILEGE IT IS REQUIRED. When will you earthlings understand?

"I don't feel free! Do you? Behind that video screen? I don't even know if you are really alive! I don't know if anyone is alive here. I don't know what being alive means anymore."

BEING FREE IS BEING ALIVE! Being free means that we must detain those that don't fit our standards. Your problem is that your standards are so weak. I have no fears! I know that all the derelicts, abnormals, etc... are being rehabilitated right now and eventually we will all be free!

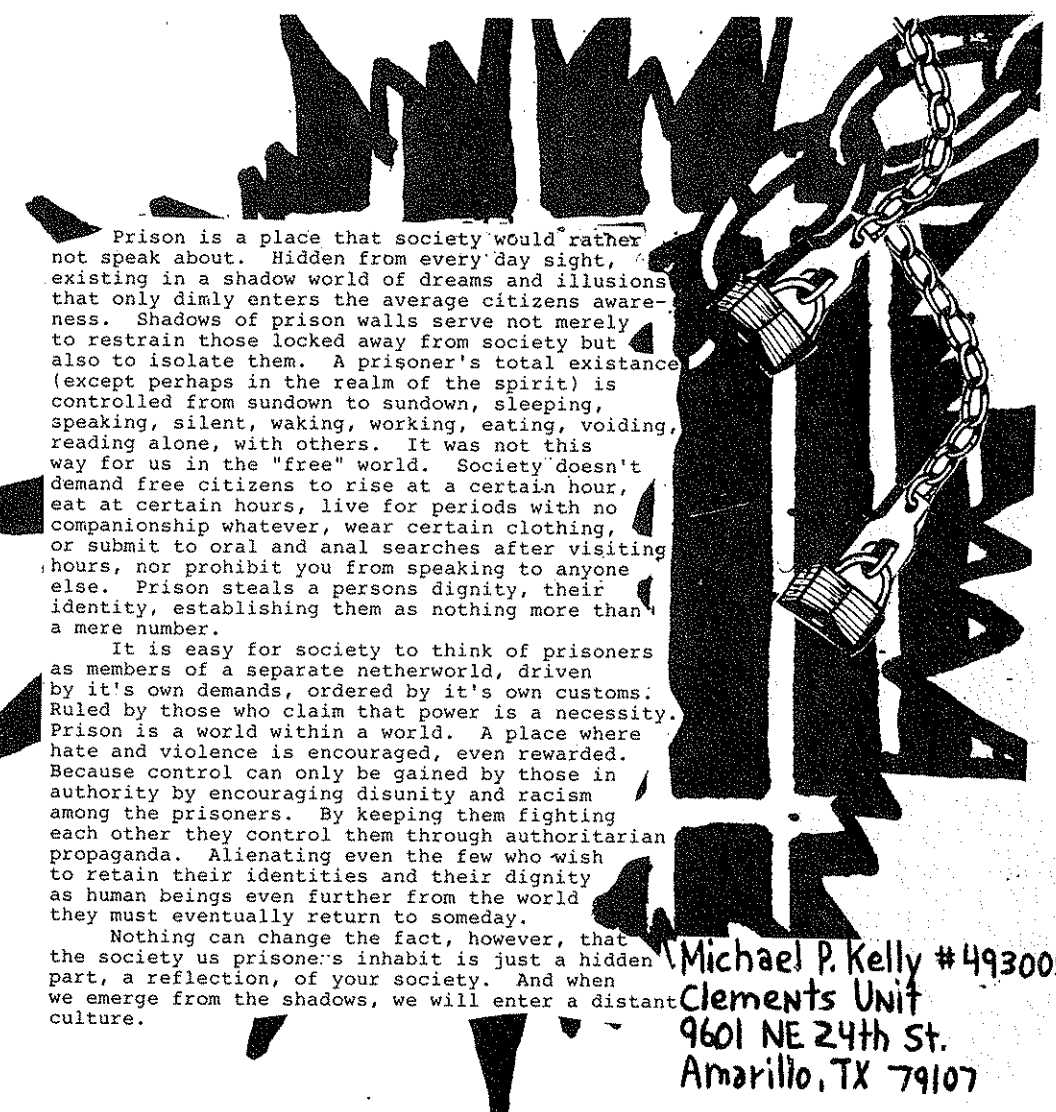
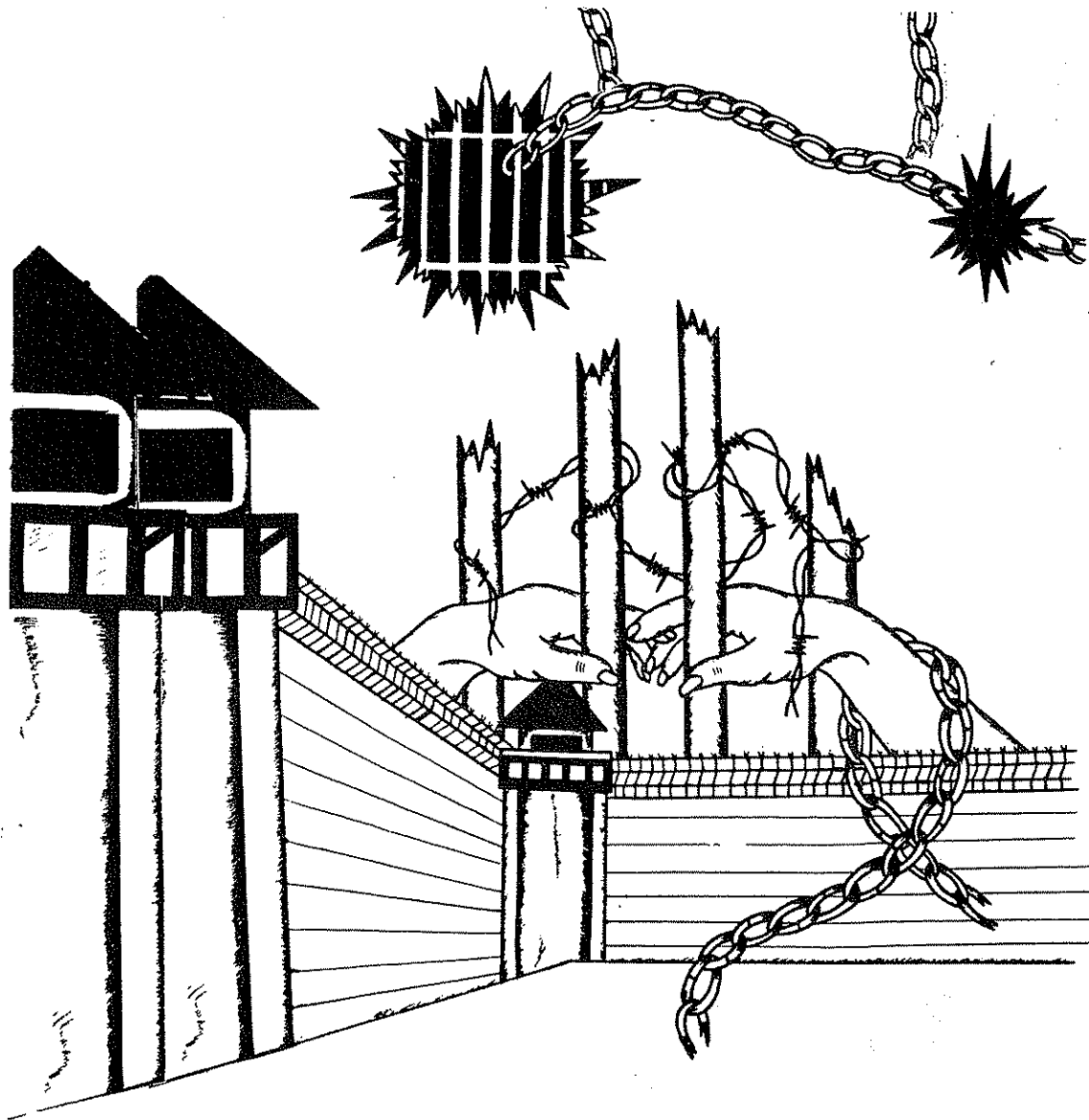
"When? When everyone thinks the same, looks the same... I don't get it. Video cameras, armed robot guards, protection? I don't feel protected! I can't take this anymore! You want freedom? I'll show you freedom!"

I looked around the room for something blunt. I saw a shiny wrench in my direction. I picked it up and ran over to one of the video cameras like a wolf seeking it's prey. With one heave I smattered that evil machine to pieces. Immediately an alarm went off and I began to run. I knew not where to go nor did I care but every video screen or camera that crossed my path was an unfortunate target. "For your protection I screamed!" as I smashed video cameras. "Freedom is the law!" I chuckled to myself as I thrashed hallways. A robot guard stood waiting for me at the end of the hall way. "Take this you worthless piece of machinery." Then the lights went out.



I woke up in a jail cell back home. Apparently I had been sent off FREEDONIA for violent behavior. I would only serve a few months here and then be set free. Freedom. I feel so free. Imprisoned for lashing out against freedom. I don't even know what the hell freedom is. But I do know this it must be different for everyone. Different for everyone. There are so many differences in everyone. Freedom is the law? Then I broke into laughter. I laughed so loud other prisoners were afraid. I started crying. Crying not only for me but for free people everywhere.





Prison is a place that society would rather not speak about. Hidden from every day sight, existing in a shadow world of dreams and illusions that only dimly enters the average citizens awareness. Shadows of prison walls serve not merely to restrain those locked away from society but also to isolate them. A prisoner's total existence (except perhaps in the realm of the spirit) is controlled from sundown to sundown, sleeping, speaking, silent, waking, working, eating, voiding, reading alone, with others. It was not this way for us in the "free" world. Society doesn't demand free citizens to rise at a certain hour, eat at certain hours, live for periods with no companionship whatever, wear certain clothing, or submit to oral and anal searches after visiting hours, nor prohibit you from speaking to anyone else. Prison steals a persons dignity, their identity, establishing them as nothing more than a mere number.

It is easy for society to think of prisoners as members of a separate netherworld, driven by it's own demands, ordered by it's own customs. Ruled by those who claim that power is a necessity. Prison is a world within a world. A place where hate and violence is encouraged, even rewarded. Because control can only be gained by those in authority by encouraging disunity and racism among the prisoners. By keeping them fighting each other they control them through authoritarian propaganda. Alienating even the few who wish to retain their identities and their dignity as human beings even further from the world they must eventually return to someday.

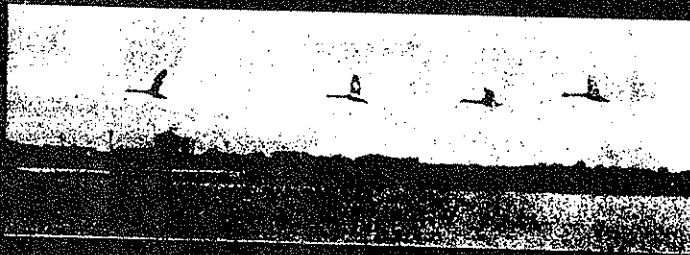
Nothing can change the fact, however, that the society us prisoners inhabit is just a hidden part, a reflection, of your society. And when we emerge from the shadows, we will enter a distant culture.

Michael P. Kelly #493005
Clements Unit
9601 NE 24th St.
Amarillo, TX 79107

CRINGER

WASTE AWAY

All our talk,
All our words,
The powers that be,
It suits them to leave us unheard.
All the laws,
That we define,
Are only reinforced,
By the laws within our minds.
Deepened wounds,
Take time to heal.
Now I wonder if I'll ever,
Find out what is real.
We pose no threat,
Of any kind,
Unless we learn to live our lives,
Outside the drawn lines.
Everyone shouts,
But no one hears,
All of our ideas once again,
Fall on deaf ears.
We see the world,
We've learned to hate.
"Fuck the system!"
(Yeah, yeah, yeah...)
But no one will create.



HOPEFUL MONSTERS

BANDAIDS

RUBBER-ELASTIC

bandage
you need elasticity
for oppression
plus democracy
for support

Wounds Heal
but living becomes the affliction
mindless native restrictions
a clot in the vein
Blood Flows
A natural process
somehow you feel the need
to intervene

normative
prescriptions
conforming
initiatives

How did we
end up this way?

Band-aids may stop the bleeding
but they don't heal the wounds
It's something inside you (2)
Medicine after the fact
it's just too late
We need some prevention
We need to start over again

They say that band-aids
are flesh color
but what color is flesh?
Bandages colored for protection?
Bandages colored for oppression
mechanized
institutionalized

One on top
of another
band-aids used
to disguise and cover
so we cannot discover
what we really need
why we really bleed
and so it's over and over again

Hopeful Monsters

ENSLAVED

What would you give up for freedom?
Chain yourself to a wall?
What would you give for protection?
Motions' deceptive you're not moving at all
What if they taught you a lesson?
Things just aren't what they seem
What if you found out they're lying?
And you don't know what it means?

Crawling within you like Maggots on Flesh
It seems that a blind person could see
The walls are falling around you
When it turns out freedom's not free

Like a shield made of straw
Your deception is law
Strands woven together in haste
You have not had the taste (Of Freedom)

What kind of power would you allow
Automatons trained to execute?
What kind of power would you renounce?
Decisions unworthy of you?
What if they turned right against you?
Battered you to the ground
Forces believed for protection
Somehow cannot be found

Burning inside you like salt on a wound
as obvious as it seems to be
lying in the blood of deception
Dreaming when we'll be free



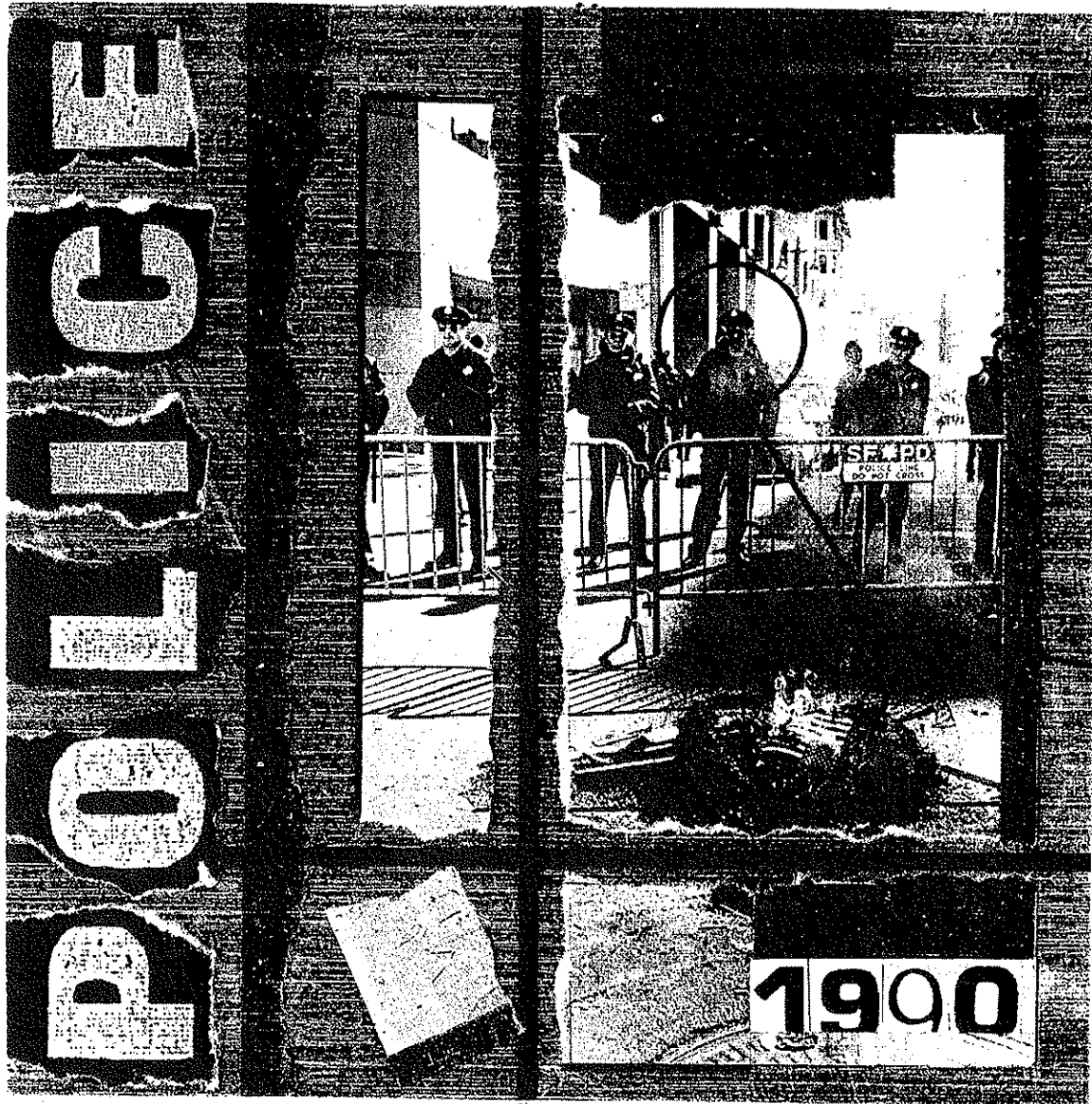
CRINGER

PLAY

Revolutionary theory,
Ideology,
Senile philosophy based on,
Bankruptcy.
All the postulates,
While very convenient,
All emotions are so counterfeit.
Imagination,
Against frustration,
Allows us to create,
Each situation.
And my poverty,
(Yes, my poverty)
Is the boredom that is,
Smothering me.
Have you ever made love,
(And it felt so good!)
You thought you might have done,
Something dangerous?
I long,
(Oh, I long)
To build something that would carry,
On and on and on...
You say, "Let's play today and everyday."
You say, "Let's play not with the same old games."
You say, "Let's play and go our separate ways."
You say, "Let's play..."

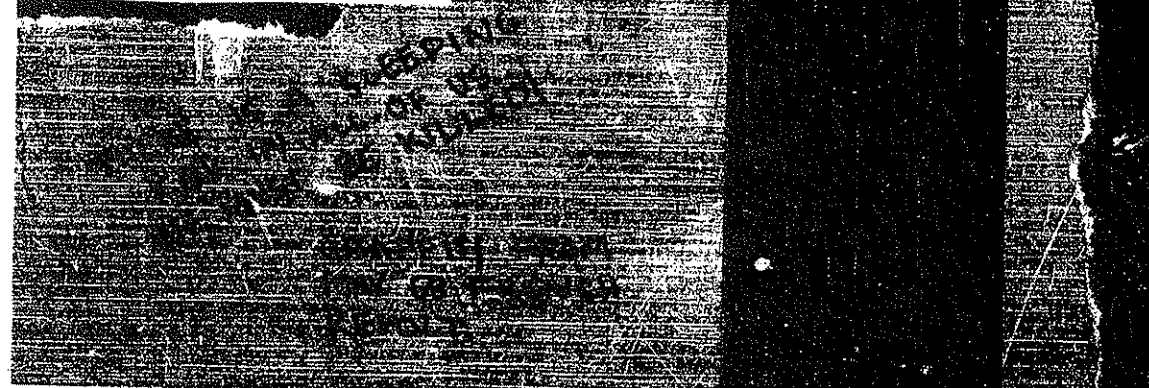
CRINGER

PO Box 460346
San Francisco, CA 94146



POLICE: NOT A BADGE, UNIFORM OR GUN.

POLICE: A MENTALITY.



POLICE EXISTENCE IS POLICE OPPRESSION.



CONSTRUCTION: MARTIN SPROUSE PHOTO: JENNIFER COBB

DILUTED

STEVE

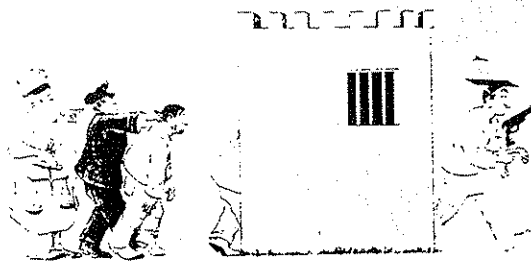
SCHAFFER

When they do emerge from the shadows, will a person be rehabilitated—that is return to the norm of society? There is but little connection between putting someone in prison for a crime to protect society, because the actual harm are prisons themselves. When someone is released from prison after ten years, this person has no knowledge of the last decade. To bring his/her self to reality they must revert back to their lifestyle which society created.

When put in prison you're taught a new way to live in a new environment. After a prolonged period of time, that person is released but is usually dependent on the carcerated lifestyle. All sense of identity with society is lost. Which then brings him/her back to their previous lifestyle. If this lifestyle is considered harmful and dangerous, for s/he to keep up their identity with society, doesn't society create the harm? Then why do inflict harm on ourselves by putting people in prison which encourages racism, violence, extortion, and rape? These are forms of crimes and not a form of punishment. Prison seems to be a learning process for criminals than a rehabilitation center for society. What it all boils down to is, if society creates the criminal mind then its obvious we need a new society.

*The vilest deeds like poison weeds
Bloom well in prison air:
It is only what is good in man
That wastes and withers there:
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate
And the warden is Despair.*

—OSCAR WILDE



Why the Law

Makes Me Want to Puke

IT'S story time here at Anarchy Ranch, and if I can keep from being overcome by hate and disgust, I'll spin a few tales gleaned from a long lifetime among the denizens of an utterly stupefied and crazy society. I don't expect you readers to do anything about the situation we are in—it's far past that possibility. However, if some of you would now and then whisper, as the years roll on, that there is something mighty odd about the social system we live under, I would consider it worthwhile to go on writing this piece instead of just lapsing into a blue funk of detesta-

tion for cops, courts, officials, licenses, lawyers, dimwitty religious jerks, the President, and dumb fucks in uniform, all of which I will lump under one sickening heading for this syndrome of imbecile control: LAW.

Not being Dan Rather or Ted Koppel, or some other dipshit gravely pronouncing on the World Situation, I am not gonna say a word about Poland, Nicaragua, Lithuania, or anyplace else that I have never been to, whose language I don't speak, but whose people, I'm sure, confront basically the same day-to-day problems that I do. Instead I prefer to dredge up some unimportant, but educational scenes that I have personally seen going on.

We'll start with the guy who used to live next door to my friend Jeff, down the street from my own place. This character named Baker had all the trappings of an Asshole with a capital "A": mainly, he drove a pickup truck, which for me is like seeing a billboard 75 feet long and 40 feet tall that bellows, "Watch Out! Asshole Alert!"

Baker had two small children living with him, and he behaved toward them like the atrocious Christian bastard that he was—you could hear him from out on the sidewalk (and in fact clear down the street), screaming and beating these little tykes, and from Jeff's yard you could hear the children sobbing and whimpering like tiny, hurt animals. So Jeff and his other neighbor Dave who could hear this stuff too, Anarchist philosophy or no, decided to call up the Child Protective Services outfit. It really was a life-and-death situation, and kids of about 4 and 5 years of age can't defend themselves; somebody's gotta do it for them.

Well, CPS came out and talked to Baker, on his porch. He didn't scream and yell at them, but he did manage to get out of them the identity of



By Fred Woodworth

the complainants, and after the bureaucrats left without doing anything to help out the kids, Baker called up the Animal Control authorities and stated that Dave had thrown a rock or a stick at his dog. Half an hour later, Animal Control was out there, and *they gave Dave a ticket for cruelty to animals!* All on Baker's unsupported say-so. Dave had to go to trial on a *criminal charge*, and though he did beat the rap, it cost him money and time. His name was in the notices section of the paper, and he'll probably be on record in some state agency until the end of time. Baker moved away somewhere, and probably to this very day he continues to make life a hell for the small boy and girl in his "care". Forget Poland; talk to me about *justice*. Where is justice under a government and "laws"? Suppose we'd all acted directly against Baker— would that have been so bad? But that would have been *taking the law into our own hands*; that would have been Anarchy.

A GIRLFRIEND of mine started living with a guy who ripped her off for \$1600— out and out theft. She called up the cops, but they wouldn't touch the case with a ten-foot pole and a fifty-foot extension: it was a *domestic dispute*, a civil matter.

So she went to Small Claims Court. To do this she had to pay a filing fee of \$25, plus some more to have the jerk served with papers. He never appeared in court, so a judgment was entered in her favor. But the dickhead wouldn't give the money back. So, she decided to try to attach his wages, inasmuch as he had a good-paying job.

However, by this time he had gone to work as a civilian employee at the local Air Force base, and his employer, the Air Force, wouldn't respond to the notice requesting garnishment of wages. Therefore, the victim of the theft found herself back in court again, this time filing a demand that the Air Force respond to her request for attachment of wages. No response.

Now she had to pay to have THEM served, with a document ordering them to show cause why

they didn't respond to her order to show cause why they wouldn't respond. And to this day, nobody there has responded (I check up on the case every now and then). Every time she files another motion, some court grinds out another document, to which those in greater authority pay not the least attention.

What both of these friends of mine have found out is that the law— that is, the whole system of interaction, "protection", and *civilization* does not serve them. However, in the event that they transgress against some of its dictates, they, as individuals, will be punished unstintingly.

Meanwhile, every time any of us turns around, we're being taxed (under threat of prison if we don't pay), and what it all goes to "protect" us from is the spectre of evil Anarchy, in which we would be *victimized*, endlessly victimized, by *criminals*.

Not being 200 years old, I never signed that document that begins with "We, the People". I am not now, nor have I ever been, part of that "We". Everybody in that "We" has long since died, but everybody acts like the fact that THEY signed it means that WE have to be bound by the government that it purportedly authorizes.

Well, NOBODY can authorize something for somebody else— otherwise Mr. Beaudry could stick your name on a new-car contract and you'd be obligated to pay. It's simply oppression, is what it is. We all live under laws we never made or consented to, passed by people who don't "represent" us.

Okay, maybe some flag-waving Christian shitlicks who approve of anything as long as it hurts, endangers peace, costs plenty, and has no rational justification, think that living under the heel of government is a good idea. But for everybody else it's just an inconvenience at best, and at worst a vicious threat that has the power to flame-broil every germ of life on this world. However, if you speak of abolishing it, it begins jabbering about some Anarchist who killed some official in 1906. That makes me want to puke.

How about you?

ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL

After reading Fred's article I hope you are wholly convinced on the inherent worthlessness of laws themselves. If not perhaps this short article can give you a brief insight into laws, lawmakers, lawgivers, law interpreters and other such nonsense supporters and limerick lashers. Who writes the laws? Who interprets the laws? Your first response may be "We do" but who is *we*? Laws are written by, interpreted by, enforced by primarily white men. In this country it may be true that all white men were created equal, but we seem to be ignoring more than half of our human population.

There is no worse crime against women than rape. "Rape is a kind of terrorism which severely limits the freedom of women and makes women dependent on men. Women live their lives according to a rape schedule." (Griffin, Susan, pg. 26). Rape is the most violent crime imaginable in this society besides mutilation and murder (which at least leaves it's victim dead and unable to suffer the consequences). Exactly how as a society do we deal with rape offenders? Here are some statistics that I hope will shock you and motivate you to smash things (it does it to me everytime).

1. Only one rape in four results in an arrest. And only one in 60 ends with a conviction.

2. Nearly half of all women will be a victim of an attempted or actual rape at some point in their lives.

3. Laws against rape originally were devised to protect the rights of males. And still are.

4. Rape has the lowest conviction rate of all violent crimes.

5. One half of all rape victims are under age 18 and 1/4 are under age 12.

6. Forcible rape occurs every six minutes in this country.

7. The United States has one of the highest rape rates in the world.

8. Only 18 States in the U.S. recognize by law that it is wrong for a husband to rape his wife.

"But if you can't rape your wife, who can you rape?" (California State senator Bob Wilson)

9. Only 13 states extend this privilege to cohabiting couples.

10. 15% of women at some time are raped by their husbands.



Attitudes about rape are perpetuated by rape myths supported by this Patriarchal American KKKulture. (In Wisconsin a 5 year old victim of sexual assault was referred to as a "Very permiscuous young lady" by the judge of that trial.) Perhaps a list of these rape myths should be presented with the following piece of info:

A study by Feild, Holmstrom, and Burgess found that attitudes of police officers did not differ from those convicted rapists on 4/7 dimensions..

MYTH 1: Women provoke rape by their appearance or actions.

MYTH 2: Rape crimes are committed by abnormal males.

MYTH 3: Many reports of rape are unfounded.

MYTH 4: Most rapes are committed by strangers.

MYTH 5: Rape has no long lasting effects.

MYTH 6: Most rapes are performed by black men on white women.

MYTH 7: Most Rapes are committed by people of low SES.

Next time you go to a voting booth or begin an argument with, "Not all cops are bad..." I think you better think again. This small piece is just a miniscule (But extremely important) example about how the law is just a fallacy, created to support the status quo. Law and democracy are twin powers of the patriarchy disguised as freedom and equality. Next time you start to wonder where we would all be without laws, call up your mother, or your sister, or your girlfriend, and start to

fucking wonder where the hell we are with them.

Basow, Susan. Gender Stereotypes.
Freeman, Jo. Women.

j@

HOPEFUL MONSTERS AND HIPPYCORE THANKS TO:

John Yates, Morbid (not so) Mark, Eryc "I do shows" S@###c&&*(), Martin Sprouse, Tim Yo (for putting up with me at MRR and for using computer), Michael Kelly, Joel "Grindcore", Fred Woodworth, CRINGER, Rossana, Mike and WRONG HOLE, Conspiracy of Equals (especially Larrys facial hair), Kevin and G-Whiz, Sean "Look at these", Mondo "I can't play licks", Paul (shirts), Al, Audrey Creep, the Almighty SLOPOKE, Matt Torgerson, Walt Glazer, Wayne (but not his hair), all our friends we write to, zines, people we stay with, non profit distributors, independent thoughts and action. and YOU.

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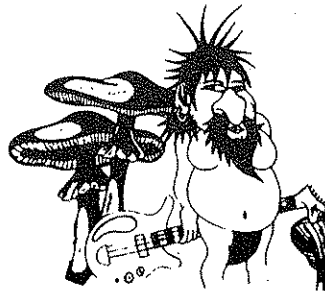
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HOPEFUL MONSTERS WAS:

STEVE "Styx" Schafer- bass
Chris- drums
Jotham- guitar
J@ck Monster- vocals

Mondo now plays guitar. He is very cute.

HOPEFUL MONSTERS





JOKER SIDE

CRINGER- Waste Away
HOPEFUL MONSTERS- Band-aids

HIPPYCORE SIDE

HOPEFUL MONSTERS- Enslaved
CRINGER- Play

hippycore uk

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