

TWICE THE ARTS IN ACTION: PAGES 16-18
Clandestines, Kultur Shock and more...

017

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 5

IN DEFENSE OF THE LAND



ATENCO • SOUTH CENTRAL • BLACK MESA • KLAMATH RIVER • BARRIO 23 DE ENERO

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FAULT LINES

NEWSMAGAZINE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA INDEPENDENT MEDIA CENTER

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JUNE-JULY TWO THOUSAND SIX

free

FAULT LINES

The San Francisco Bay Area Independent Media Center is a non-commercial, democratic collective of bay area independent media makers and media outlets, and serves as the local organizing unit of the global indymedia network.

FAULT LINES MISSION STATEMENT

Fault Lines, the newsmagazine of the San Francisco Bay Area Independent Media Center, aims to give all communities the opportunity to actively participate in a collective process of media production and distribution. By operating with transparency, this newsmagazine hopes to achieve the goal of allowing the public, not corporate conglomerations, to set the agenda for news coverage. Our mission is to train and empower marginalized voices. This publication was created to be used as a tool for radical change in our communities by exposing the stories and raising the issues that the media plutocracy seeks to suppress. We are the people, we are the media and we are dissenting from the ground up.

GET INVOLVED

The IMC has an open door. You can write for Fault Lines, film events and rallies, self-publish articles to the web, take photos or just help us run the office. As an organization relying entirely on volunteer support, we encourage all forms of participation.

The print working group reserves the right to edit articles for length, content, and clarity. We welcome your participation in the entire editorial process.

FAULT LINES VOLUNTEERS

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FAULT LINES THANKS

Dave id, media alliance, the independent (nyc imc), street level tv, enemy combatant radio, street sheet, station 40, howard quinn press, corpwatch, elizabeth sy and lushorchid, lani r, nicole mueller, carwil james, janky hellface, ak press, alternative tentacles, lauren moret, khalil bendib, santa cruz imc. respect.

We'd also like to thank everyone who has donated to Fault Lines, those who have subscribed, and the organizations and small businesses that have advertised within these pages. Your support helps make this happen.

BOMBS AWAY! COURT HALTS PLAN TO DROP "DIVINE STRAKE" ON WESTERN SHOSHONE LAND

The 700-ton Divine Strake bomb that the U.S. wanted to drop on Shoshone tribal land in Nevada on June 2 was halted after Western Shoshone joined by 42 national and international organizations filed a lawsuit in federal court. The main reason for the halt is that radioactive fallout from the blast would have likely resulted in increased cancer risk. "It is virtually certain that this inhalation of radioactive particles would result in an increased frequency of a variety of cancers in the exposed populations," said Dr. Thomas Fasy, member of the executive committee of the New York City Chapter of Physicians for Social Responsibility. "Moreover, the increased risk of developing cancers would be borne disproportionately by the children living downwind."

Originally, the Nevada Site Office of the National Nuclear Security Administration announced that the massive explosion would cause "no significant impact" even though the bomb would have been dropped only 1.1 miles from previous nuclear tests.

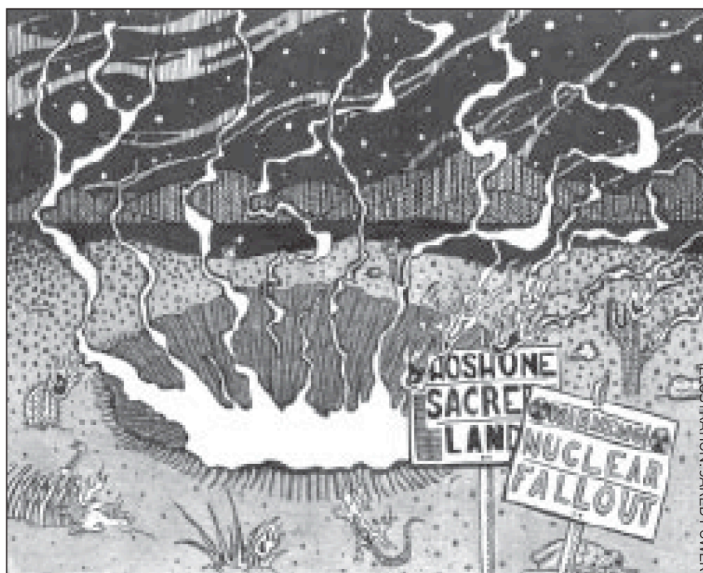
Despite the temporary victory, Western Shoshone continued their protest at the Nevada Test Site over Memorial Day weekend to demand respect for their land rights at the site, as stated in the Treaty of Ruby Valley of 1863. Forty-five people were arrested after they crossed

rested women joined hands and sang a warrior song while being detained.

The administration developed Divine Strake after Congress refused to fund nuclear-tipped bunker-busting bombs proposed by the Pentagon. The purpose is to simulate a "low-yield nuclear weapon on ground shock" to find the lowest nuclear yield required to destroy the "carefully chosen" targets that "simulate the characteristics of important potential global adversaries" – specifically, Iran's underground uranium enrichment facilities.

Many believe that the Bush administration is opening a propaganda campaign that mirrors their preparations prior to the invasion of Iraq, in order to condition us that "war" with Iran is necessary and inevitable. When questioned about the possibility of using nuclear weapons against Iran, Bush replied, "All options are on the table."

Some details in this article were gathered from *Indian Country Today*.



the boundary onto the Nevada Test Site in an act of civil disobedience. Security from the site and Nye County sheriff's deputies arrested them and placed them in a holding facility. Many of the ar-

The Latest Betrayal

BY XIUHQOATL

Divine Strake is the government's latest venture into the realm of broken treaties, state-sponsored terror and the desecration of Mother Earth. Its explosive impact is expected to create a shock wave equivalent to a moderate earthquake - from 3.1 to 3.4 on the Richter scale - a blast that could stir up radioactive dust and debris still present from atomic testing in the

1950s and 60s.

In March, the United Nations Committee on the Elimination of Racial Discrimination ruled that the Shoshone Indians were the rightful owners of the land where the bomb testing is to be held. They ordered Washington to discontinue Divine Strake. The Bush administration has ignored the UN's decision.

As with other Native American groups, to the Shoshone, the land is sacred. Their spirits and those of their ancestors have touched the earth and altered it in ways that cannot be replicated. Shoshone El-

der Corbin Harney said, "The Western Shoshone Nation made a treaty with the U.S. Government ... I do not approve of any kind of bomb being detonated in or on Western Shoshone lands. Let's not let this continue. We must think of younger generations. We only have one earth that we live on, one water we drink and one air we breathe."

This article was originally written for *Mexica Tlahtolli*, the voice of the Aztlan Mexica Nation / Harmony Circle. For more info visit www.aztlanrising.com.

Personal Privacy vs. Government Secrecy

EFF Sues AT&T for NSA Spying

BY NICO RAHIM

The U.S. Government is attempting to stonewall any judicial and public oversight of the National Security Agency wiretapping and data-mining program under the guise of "state secret privilege," but the Electronic Frontier Foundation is fighting back in the name of personal privacy. The U.S. and AT&T are filing separate motions to dismiss the EFF suit against the telecom giant, arguing that litigation will disclose information that is vital for national security. The case returns to San Francisco Federal Court on June 23.

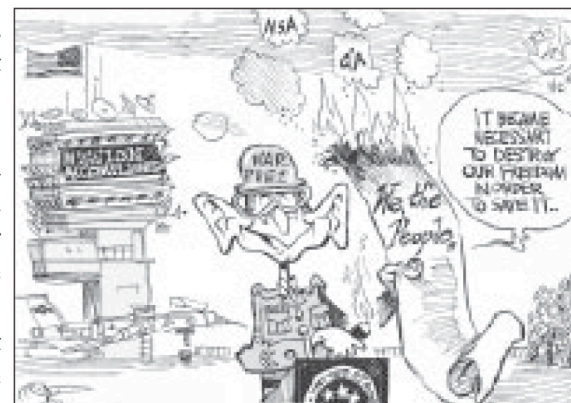
EFF filed suit against AT&T last January for both violating the law and their customers' privacy rights and by collaborating with the NSA in its illegal spy program. EFF's case relies heavily on the key witness Mark Klein, a former

AT&T technician, who presented 140 pages of technical documents to EFF and *The New York Times*, which detail the extent of AT&T's cooperation with the NSA. *Wired* magazine published the Klein's 29-page statement that outlines the classified technical documents.

Klein detailed the degree of AT&T's compliance. He wrote, "In 2003 AT&T built 'secret rooms' hidden deep in the bowels of its central offices in various cities, housing computer gear for a government spy operation which taps into the company's popular WorldNet service and the entire Internet. These installations enable the government to look at every individual message on the Internet and analyze exactly what

people are doing."

EFF argues that both the NSA programs and AT&T's compliance are illegal and is a gross violation of the First and Fourth Amendments. The U.S. Government and AT&T maintain that any argument about its legality would compromise national security thus there



CARTOON: KHALIL BENDIB, WWW.BENDIB.COM

THE YES MEN BURN HALLIBURTON

MEDIA PRANKSTERS SPOOF DISASTER PROFITEERS

The Yes Men—a group of “media assassins” who impersonate corporate spokespeople to spotlight greedy behavior—have struck again. In May, a man claiming to be a representative of Halliburton gave a presentation at the “Catastrophic Loss” conference for insurance company leaders at the Ritz-Carlton in Amelia Island, Florida. The phony spokesperson told conference-goers that Halliburton had come up with a new invention, the SurvivaBall - an orb-like inflatable suit that would keep corporate managers safe from global warming.

Introducing the “gated community for one,” Fred Wolf (aka Andy Bichlbaum) said, “Scientists agree we must

reduce our carbon emissions by 70 percent within the next few years [in order to avoid global catastrophe] . . . Doing that would seriously undermine corporate profits, however, and so a more forward-thinking solution is needed.”

The conference attendees peppered the duo with questions. One asked how the device would fare against terrorism, another whether the array of embedded technologies might make the unit too cumbersome; a third brought up the issue of the unit’s cost feasibility.

“The SurvivaBall builds on Halliburton’s reputation as a disaster and conflict industry innovator,” said Wolf. “Just as the Black Plague led to

the Renaissance and the Great Deluge gave Noah a monopoly of the animals, so tomorrow’s catastrophes could well lead to good - and industry must be ready to seize that good.”

In an interview with Democracy Now! following the stunt, Bichlbaum explained, “We were targeting Halliburton because they’re the most iconic example of companies profiting from global warming, climate changes, and even natural disasters like in New Orleans.”

The Yes Men hoax comes less than two years after a Yes Men member appeared on the BBC claiming to be a



“THE SURVIVABALL IS DESIGNED TO PROTECT THE CORPORATE MANAGER NO MATTER WHAT MOTHER NATURE THROWS HIS OR HER WAY.”

spokesperson for Dow Chemical. He said Dow was taking responsibility for the Bhopal chemical disaster—forcing the company to remind the world it did not take responsibility for the disaster and that there was no compensation fund set-up for the victims. *More info at www.yesmen.org*

Save Lives—Go to Jail!

STUDENTS FACE 15 YEARS FOR HELPING DYING IMMIGRANTS



No More Deaths volunteers walked 75 miles through the Sonora Desert to bring awareness to the increasing number of migrant worker deaths in the deserts of Arizona

Two college students in Tucson, Arizona Shanti Sellz and Daniel Strauss are apparently meant to be the first victims of an Arizona law against helping undocumented immigrants. They are facing up to 15 years in prison on felony charges for the volunteer work they did last summer with the No More Deaths coalition to help undocumented immigrants in the Arizona desert. Check www.nomoredeaths.org to see how you can support individuals arrested for engaging in humanitarian work or join the struggle to prevent more people from dying in the desert.



REBEL CLOWNS CONFRONT US MILITARY

“ARMY OF FUN” Invades DOWNTOWN OAKLAND Recruitment center



CLOWN TRIES TO GET ARMY GUY TO TURN FROWN UPSIDE-DOWN

Having been the target of numerous recent anti-war demonstrations, the Oakland Military Recruitment Center on Broadway at 21st Street met a different type of adversary in June. The Clandestine Insurgent Rebel Clown Army (CIRCA) invaded and occupied the military recruitment center in downtown Oakland for about 45 minutes until they were forced out by city police. Perhaps in fear of another invasion of clowns, the center shut down for the day following the action.

Major Mischief reports: “We went to see if us clowns could fly big planes and drive big cars too, but the army people were too serious and tried to kick us out. Once we played some games and explained consensus to them, they were a little happier with us. We decided their army was boring and set up our own recruiting table for the ‘Army of Fun’ outside while the rest of us tried to get them to laugh.” (www.clownarmy.org)

JOIN THE ACTION

HELP WANTED
DESIGNERS
WRITERS
EDITORS
PHOTOGRAPHERS
COCONSPIRATORS

COME TO OUR NEXT MEETINGS:
THURSDAY, JUNE 29 & JULY 13; 2940 16TH ST. #216 @ CAPP ST.

**Police Attack Protestors
at Port of Olympia**

During the last two weeks in May, a series of protests and police actions gripped the port of Olympia, Washington as Stryker mechanized infantry units prepared for deployment to northern Iraq via the port. 37 demonstrators were arrested during the confrontations that included street blockades of Stryker convoys arriving from Ft. Lewis and actions at the port itself, which succeeded in breaching the security fence around the staging area as well as delaying the initial vehicle convoy. Thurston County Sheriff, Olympia Police, and Coast Guard units unleashed multiple rounds of OC spray, pepper bullets, tasers, and billy clubs in their coordinated attempts at disrupting the protests.



The high tech Stryker brigades have been a pet project of Defense Secretary Rumsfeld and exemplify his push to change the US military into a heavily technology dependent, quickly deployable, and slimmer force capable of intervening globally on short notice.

www.portland.indymedia.org

**Students on the Barricades:
Chile, Germany, Greece
and Nicaragua**

Students are protesting in countries all around the globe to demand free education for everyone. IMC Athens reports that 320 academic departments (75% of all departments) are occupied by students in Greece. Certain clauses in the Greek Constitution (stating, among others, that education has to be public and free for all and that no police forces are allowed to enter university grounds) have made the enforcement of a neoliberal agenda to the country's higher education institutions particularly difficult. However, the conservative government is now attempting to push forward crucial changes in the functioning and role of the country's Higher Education institutions. A so-called "committee of experts", appointed by the government itself, has released a list of proposed changes, but the students are determined not to go down without a fight.

In Germany students are in the second year of fighting the introduction of fees. They are combining the fight against fees with the struggle against neoliberal 'reforms' of the Christian-Democrat/Social-Democrat government.

Chilean students want reforms in the education system a free public transport. Over one million people participated in

**THE DIRTY SIDE OF
DRY CLEANING**



BY HARMONY DAWN NILES

THE CITY OF MODESTO TAKES ON INDUSTRY GIANT DOW CHEMICAL

A widely used dry cleaning chemical endangers the health of workers, customers, and neighbors, and pollutes our environment. The City of Modesto wins \$175 million in punitive damages from the chemical's makers.

Harold Beard told a San Francisco Superior Court jury that during his years working for Halford's Cleaners in Modesto he threw the "muck" from their dry cleaning machines into the back lot behind the store. He never thought he was doing anything unsafe; he and co-workers had done the same thing at other dry cleaners.



This "muck" from dry cleaning machines contains a chlorinated cleaning solvent, perchlorethylene (PERC). PERC —identified as a probable carcinogen under California Prop 65— has contaminated one of every ten drinking wells in California.

Eighty five percent of dry-cleaning operations throughout the state use PERC. Experts estimate that 70 percent of it ends up in the environment, polluting our air, soil and groundwater. The ground water under Halford's boasts PERC levels over 3 million parts per billion (ppb); drinking water standards do not allow over 5 ppb.

In 1998 the EPA put Halford's onto their Superfund clean-up list— a list of hazardous waste sites requiring urgent attention. The government's expensive clean-up work at this location is expected to go on for the next 50 years.

The City of Modesto has convinced a San Francisco jury that the chemical makers are the ones liable for the contamination and should be the ones to pay for it.

**CITY OF MODESTO
V. DOW, ET AL.**

After listening to four months of testimony, the Superior Court jury determined that Vulcan Materials and Dow Chemical acted maliciously and irresponsibly in giving their customers unsafe disposal instructions. On June 12 the jury ordered the two companies to pay 100 million and 75 million, respectively, in punitive damages.

The jury also awarded Modesto \$3.17 million in compensatory damages. PERC pollution forced the small Central Valley city to shut down four

public drinking wells last year and pass on redevelopment projects.

Modesto has traced the pollution to faulty waste disposal at local dry cleaners. But the plaintiffs contend that liability ultimately lies with those who sold and marketed the chemical without disclosing its dangers or giving safe handling instructions.

During the trial, Modesto's Counsel Duane Miller cited internal company documents from Dow Chemical, which labeled PERC a "red-flag compound" as early as 1965, recognizing that it had "certain severe pollutional characteristics" and was "persistent" in the environment. Yet a 1975 Dow Material Safety Data Sheet states: "In some cases it [PERC] can be transported to an area where it can be placed on the ground and allowed to evaporate safely."

As the EPA documented PERC contamination throughout the 70s and 80s, Miller showed that Dow and Vulcan continued to tell dry cleaners to dump their PERC waste in "sand, ashes, or dirt at a safe distance from occupied areas," knowing that the PERC would eventually find its way into the groundwater.

One of the defendants, the distributor R. R. Street, told its sales staff to avoid giving customers any instruction about the disposal of wastewater. The jury has ordered R. R. Street to pay \$75,000 in punitive damages.

Modesto and its Redevelopment Agency filed suit against businesses that use, sell and make PERC in November 1998. At the start of the trial in early February, the ten defendants included dry-cleaning operations,

manufacturers of dry cleaning machines, and the manufacturers and distributors of PERC.

Defendants placed the blame for Modesto's contamination problems on the city — citing their aging sewer system and late-enforcement of waste disposal regulations. They claim Modesto is only looking for a chunk of cash. "This is not a personal injury case," said Mark Turco, counsel for PPG Industries. "There is no personal tragedy

here. All this case is about is the financial cost."

Dow spokesperson Scot Wheeler called the verdict "baseless," and, in written statements, both Dow and Vulcan have promised to appeal the decision. They complain that the punitive damages exceed the 9 to 1 ratio suggested by the U.S. Supreme Court.

The Recorder says Modesto is just getting started. They report that the city's lawyers are pursuing PERC-related damage claims against more companies.

Other towns may be inspired to follow suit. "The precedent is there," says Phil Wyels, an assistant chief counsel for the State Water Resources Control Board, "we can be looking at additional lawsuits like this."

**NO JUSTICE FOR
LAUNDRY WORKERS**

Dry cleaning work is on AlterNet's top ten list of the Worst Jobs in America. Workers exposed to high levels of PERC suffer immediate nausea, dizziness, headache, memory loss, nose, eye and throat irritation, and, over the course of a working life, kidney and liver problems, infertility, and cancer. According to trade associations, 70 percent of US dry cleaners still use older "third generation" machines, which present the greatest cancer risk: 190-in-1 million.

A 1999 National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health study showed that most workers were unaware of the long-term health risks involved with PERC exposure. "This

is an environmental justice issue," says Luis Cabrales, a Campaign and Outreach Associate for the Coalition for Clean Air. "The people who own and work in dry cleaners are largely people of color, without good access to health care. They depend on the information they are given." Unfortunately, most of the information they have been given about PERC has come from the companies who sell it—the same companies who told cleaners they could dump PERC on the ground.

The current owner of Halford's Cleaners in Modesto, Bob Bahkhan, says PERC is perfectly safe when handled correctly. To believe this you have to ignore the Superfund clean-up going on behind his store, and the sign

inside that warns customers that the air contains hazardous fumes.

Bahkhan believes that PERC simply gets the clothes cleaner. "It's the best cleaning product," he says, "the other chemicals are just not as good."

Not all dry cleaners agree.

ALTERNATE TECHNOLOGIES: LIQUID CARBON DIOXIDE CLEANING AND WET-CLEANING

Frank Shaghafi, owner of Blue Sky Cleaners in Union City, claims that his cleaning method works better than PERC, is more energy efficient, and can stretch out a garment's life up to 40

percent. He uses liquid carbon dioxide, a nontoxic product that he obtains recycled from fertilizer producers.

Shaghafi's word is backed up by a 2003 Consumer Reports study that compared various dry cleaning alternatives to traditional PERC cleaning. The carbon dioxide cleaned clothes looked best, with less shrinkage, pilling, and fading, while PERC actually came in last.

Part of the mission of Blue Sky Cleaners is to show other dry cleaners that they present a viable alternative, Shaghafi says. Besides the higher cost of equipment, he thinks lack of information is the biggest obstacle to...

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

huge demonstrations. Protesters and riot police clashed in the streets and hundreds of students were arrested.

In Nicaragua, student groups have been protesting against the unauthorized increase in the bus fares introduced by the bus cooperatives in Managua recently. Both students and police officers have been injured in some of the violent confrontations in which students were armed with hand-made mortars against the police attacks of rubber bullets and tear gas.

Perth Indymedia,
Athens Indymedia, infoshop.org

Korean Military Occupies Farming Village

The Korean Ministry of National Defense (MND) has designated the village of Daechuri and surrounding areas as a military protected zone in its latest attempt to seize land slated to be property of the United States military. In an attempt to control the escalating chaos that ensued when it sent troops and riot police to evict residents and activists, the MND was conducting door to door searches and arresting people on sight. Road blockades of sand bags and police buses have been placed around the village to prevent anyone from entering or exiting. At least 400 people have been injured and 524 arrested. The three days of violence has prompted criticism of the police force's conduct during the eviction. Human rights advisors to the National Police Agency described the scene as a "blood bath" and an "embarrassing moment" for the national government.

www.indymedia.org

Librarians Declare Victory Over Patriot Act

George Christian, executive director of the Library Connection in Windsor, CT received an ominous call, and later a "national security letter" from the FBI last summer demanding the records of library patrons related to a federal investigation. "National Security Letters," established under the post 9/11 USA Patriot Act, authorized the FBI to secretly obtain credit and library records without judicial oversight and regardless of the target's involvement in illegal activity. The provision also imposes a gag rule on those served with the letters. Some 30,000 national security letters are issued by the government each year.

In September 2005, U.S. District Court Judge Janet Hall ruled in favor of the librarians protests at being forcibly silenced. She said that the law "has the practical effect of silencing individuals with a constitutionally protected interest in speech and whose voices are particularly important in an ongoing national debate about the intrusion of government authority into individual lives." However, Judge Hall's ruling was put on hold by a Justice Department appeal. In late May a three-judge panel of the U.S. Second Circuit Court of Appeals dismissed the government's petition and let Judge Hall's ruling stand -- allowing the librarians to speak out for the first time.

www.ucimc.org

THE FACTS: DOW'S DIRTY LAUNDRY

- * PERC contamination has created 200 Superfund sites nationwide, 17 within Central California.
- * California officials estimate that a state clean up effort will cost up to 3 billion.
- * By 1982 the EPA was finding PERC in more than 10 percent of urban wells nationwide.
- * A 1993 study of Cape Cod residents who used PERC-contaminated drinking water developed leukemia 50 percent more often than the general U.S. population.
- * A NIOSH 2001 mortality survey found that of 1,708 laundry workers exposed to PERC prior to 1960, 271 had died from cancer.
- * A 1996 Consumers Union study estimated that the cancer risk from PERC to customers wearing one freshly dry cleaned garment one day per week over a 40-year period could be as high as 150-in-1,000,000

PG&E Corporation

LEAVES HUNTERS POINT COMMUNITY CELEBRATES AS TOXIC POWER PLANT SHUTS DOWN



After a long, protracted struggle with energy company PG&E, residents of Hunters Point, community activists and members of environmental justice group Green Action held a celebration on May 12 to mark the recent shutdown of a controversial power plant linked to an array of serious health problems within the neighborhood.

Residents of Huntersview housing project provided spaghetti, corn, BBQ, and trimmings for an eager crowd of celebrants and curious community members who played jump rope and basketball, ate food together and listened to speeches made by women who had invested years of time into the struggle to force PG&E to stop hurting people who live in view of their outdated, crumbling power plant.



On May 12th, residents and organizers for environmental justice celebrated the shut down of the PG&E plant. For over 70 years the stacks emitted noxious fumes directly into the hillside, causing an epidemic of asthma, especially among area youth.

"I was working as a concerned community member for about three years," said local resident Marie Harrison, "until about five years ago, I started working with Green Action. These people actually put the campaign into high gear by showing us who to go after and how to get our message across."

Most organizers agreed that the vic-

tory is an important one, but only a first step. The next is the closure of the Mirant Power Plant in Potrero Hill. Both plants cause an inordinate amount of toxic discharge, and both are similar in that they are obviously allowed to operate so near people because of the relative powerlessness of unorganized people in poor neighborhoods.

PHOTO: REZ

Look Both Ways

POLITICIANS PLAY LIP SERVICE TO PEDESTRIAN DEATHS

BY MICHAEL LEONARD AND
EMILY HOWARD

San Francisco earmarks millions of dollars for lawsuit settlements in its annual budget. The Municipal Transportation Authority, which oversees Department of Parking and Traffic and MUNI, set aside \$16 million just last year. Advocates for pedestrian safety, often the public voice for victims of collisions with vehicles, note these figures as an example of the backward approach the city takes to making streets safer for walkers and bicyclists. They argue that reacting to — rather than preventing — pedestrian injury underscores a history of negligence that tarnishes San Francisco's progressive image.

Tom Radulovich, Executive Director for Transportation for a Livable City (TLC) says, "As a city, our practices are not the most progressive. We're not the most pedestrian-friendly city in the country by far."

There are statistics that support Radulovich's assessment. San Francisco streets are the most dangerous in the state and the fourth worst in the whole country. The Department of Public Health tallied over 1500 injuries and 34 pedestrian deaths in 2004-2005 alone (and these figures are, by the Department's own estimates, as much as 20 percent lower than reality).

What are the politicians doing about

all this? They're doing what they always do: talk.

At a press conference in early May, community activists, police, and elected officials met to address this problem. Supervisors Fiona Ma, Ross Mirkarimi, Chris Daly, and Tom Ammiano showed up to provide the lip service one would expect when the cameras are rolling. Mayor Newsom was not present. Each supervisor touted past efforts and offered promises for stronger actions in the future. Yet it was acknowledged that initial 2006-2007 budget proposals offer little improvement toward prevention.

The press conference did, however, showcase the work that advocacy groups such as Walk SF, Transportation for a Livable City, and the Bicycle Coalition perform on a daily basis. What distinguishes their actions from those of city agencies is their focus on prevention rather than reaction. This lack of initiative on the part of officials is a continual frustration and obstacle to progress.

Such inconsistency is not new, as advocates are used to bureaucracy and a lack of funding trumping the concerns of their constituents.

After three pedestrians were killed by MUNI vehicles earlier this year, we met with members of the advocacy groups to hear their responses and ideas. We learned that MUNI accidents cost the city millions of dollars and that the MTA is in a state of transition. But these facts only represent the visible tip of the iceberg. The underlying reality is that an inept approach throughout government allows agencies to ignore one another, squabble over limited money, and go about business as usual—while pedestrians and bicyclists fend for themselves on the streets.

We checked this claim at the Board of Supervisors, where, based on the number of legislative acts, it would appear that 'pedestrian safety' has become quite the catch phrase. Three members—

Ma, Mirkarimi, and Jake McGoldrick—have offered the "Pedestrian Protection Ordinance," "Complete Streets Ordinance," and "Better Streets Policy," respectively, within the last year and a half.

We obtained documents from the Clerk's Office that outline the goals of each of these acts, as well as list the agencies involved. The legislation contributes to the development of two

sufficiently explain why two plans are necessary, as opposed to one comprehensive approach.

We found these revelations very interesting, and they led us to question who is ultimately accountable? More importantly, are the voices of pedestrians being heard in City Hall?

Getting the decision makers, notably the Board of Supervisors and the mayor, to speak on oversight and accountability

Advocates worry that these two plans will not work as companions, as officials are promoting, but instead take valuable resources and energy away from each other.

large-scale, long-term plans that hope to make San Francisco streets safe and attractive places to gather. The "Pedestrian Master Plan" (PMP) comes from the MTA; its primary focus is engineering components of street design (e.g. curb ramps and countdown signals). The "Streetscape Master Plan" is the work of the Mayor's Planning Office. It views streets as infrastructures of public life, emphasizing urban design and landscape beauty in construction

Advocates worry that these two plans will not work as companions, as officials are promoting, but instead take valuable resources and energy away from each other. More so, that one or both will become irrelevant if community participation dissipates because of a tedious process. "The biggest thing I worry about with [the PMP] is irrelevance," Radulovich said. "A few years might pass, a half a million dollars—who cares, right? That's the worst-case scenario: like so many other great streetscape efforts, it will just come to naught."

The Department of Public Works, the Planning Department, Municipal Transportation Agency, the Department of Public Health, the Police Department, the Board of Supervisors, and the Mayor's Office have responsibilities in implementing and enforcing both plans. We spoke with employees at every agency to understand how each will carry out their tasks, specifically concerning how much cash and staff-time each will allocate. Furthermore, how will they successfully coordinate with one another?

Answers have not been easy to come by, as quite often employees are unaware of the existence of either the "PMP" or "SMP." Even those persons knowledgeable of the topics cannot

has been a challenge in itself.

For months we have made repeated phone calls, sent over a dozen emails, delivered typed letters, and paid weekly (sometimes bi-weekly) visits to the offices of Supervisors McGoldrick and Mirkarimi, as well as the Mayor's Office of Communications. The questions we are asking: Why are two comprehensive legislative approaches to pedestrian safety necessary in San Francisco right now? The Board of Supervisors and the mayor have final say over what the legislation looks like when it is implemented—do they play a role in implementation? Who has ultimate oversight in plans involving multiple city agencies? Do advocacy groups play a crucial part in the progress of legislations? What strategies are in place to deal with obstacles that may arise?

The only answers we have received so far are half-hearted assurances that people are looking into it.

They clearly need to look much harder, as San Franciscans are hit by vehicles on a regular basis. The reality that we live in a busy, crowded metropolis is not an excuse for government laxity toward protecting its citizens. We encourage the people of our city to learn about the "Pedestrian Master Plan" and the "Streetscape Master Plan." Knowledge and action will put the necessary pressure on politicians to strive for real progress rather than publicity.

Leonard and Howard are graduate students in the Media Studies Program at New College of California. You can view the full version of this article at www.newcollegeclarion.org, which is an online publication of the school.



DAMN THE DAMS

FACED WITH A SHARPLY REDUCED FISH SEASON, FISHERMEN CONSIDER TAKING MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS

BY ANDRE ATTACK

The salmon are dying, the rivers are dying, and the salmon fishermen are dying with them. This year, the Pacific salmon fishing season was almost closed entirely, before opening in a highly-restricted format at the last minute. This does not come as a surprise. The state of the northwest salmon fisheries has been in decline for the last century, and now dams on the Klamath River have reduced salmon runs to the point where they are nearing extinction. Naturally, the bureaucrats and politicians who are responsible for the existence of this situation are the same bureaucrats and politicians who are now responsible for “managing the crisis.” They dish out false hope by nodding attentively at peaceful protests, smiling for the cameras, promising future legislation, issuing injunctions that they know will be ignored, and talking mendaciously about “solutions for all parties.” What does it take before those who are affected by these toxic decisions go and blow up the dams themselves? For some Bay Area commercial salmon fishermen, the time has already come for the fire bombs and incendiary devices.

There was a time in the early 20th century when the Klamath River salmon runs were so large that one could literally skip across the river on the teeming masses of fish surging upstream. This was actually the only way to cross, because there were too many salmon to fit a paddle in the water, much less a boat or canoe. Indigenous tribes living along the banks of the river would fish by simply dipping a bucket in the water and pulling it out with a dozen salmon in it.

As early as 1910, power companies like PacifiCorp, the Bonneville Power Administration, and the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation started damming the river to generate electricity and redirect water for irrigation of commercial farmland. The salmon struggling back upstream to spawn literally battered themselves to death against the concrete foundations of the dams, and at times there were so many dead fish that the giant rotting piles of them had to be set on fire. The fish that survived in spawning grounds below the dams were then plagued by increased water temperatures due to slower water flows, which resulted in outbreaks of fish-killing algae and bac-

teria. In 2002, the water flows were reduced to an all-time low, creating the conditions for a fish die-off that the Department of Fish and Game estimates killed over 60,000 salmon. Indigenous people who had lived off of the river for centuries, only to see it slowly destroyed, stood on the banks with tears in their eyes as the overwhelming stench of 60,000 salmon carcasses floated past

“I’ve got bills up the ass. I’ve got a lot of stress at home, my wife keeps asking me if I should get out of the fishing business. My grandfather did this, my father did this, I’ve been doing it since I was 13. I’m 41 years old now, what else am I going to do?”

them. Where salmon once provided for their livelihood, today the indigenous peoples on the Klamath can not even catch enough salmon for ceremonial purposes. Commercial salmon fishermen were also further restricted that year, forcing many out of the business and into bankruptcy. These fishermen had lobbied for years to establish minimum water flow guidelines with the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, which the Bush administration then chose to ignore prior to the 2002 fish die-off. Mark, a local Bay Area salmon fishermen commented “That was just their way of fucking us again.”

This year the expected salmon returns to the Klamath river are below the “floor,” meaning they are below the level which is needed for the salmon population to recover even if conditions were to improve. Of course, these estimates have not lead to the destruction of the dams that are killing the salmon, but rather to a highly restricted salmon fishing season, where Bay Area fishermen are not allowed to fish above Pidgeon Point, south of Monterey. One salmon fisherman I interviewed had only caught thirteen fish in the whole season. Jason, another Bay Area salmon fisherman, came in on a crab boat instead of a salmon boat. “The reason I’m doing this [crabbing],” he said, “is because of the fucking shitty deal we got from our government. I’ve got bills up the ass. I’ve got a lot of stress at home, my wife keeps asking me if I should get out of

the fishing business. My grandfather did this, my father did this, I’ve been doing it since I was thirteen. I’m forty-one years old now, what else am I going to do?”

In April, there was a court decision requiring PacificCorp power company to either install a 200 million dollar apparatus that would allow fish to pass around their dams, or decommission them. Since the dams only provide 20 million dollars in revenue each year, they would more than likely choose to remove them. This has been billed as a great legal success by mainstream environmentalists and (suspiciously) government scientists alike. But the fishermen that I talked with were tired of promises and false hope. “They have their heads up their asses,” said one Bay Area salmon fisherman, “they make a big deal about decommissioning a dam, but don’t mention that it’s going to happen over a five to ten year period. When I got into this business, there were over 7000 salmon fishing boats here. Now there are 1500. In ten years the salmon will all be gone and we’ll all be out of work.”

The bureaucrats who are responsible for managing this crisis have consistently condemned groups like the Earth Liberation Front (who advocate taking direct action to destroy dams) as “eco-terrorists” and “cowardly saboteurs.” They claim that the ELF are “extremists” and beseech us all to be “realistic.” But after a century of mismanagement, fish die-offs of 60,000-plus in one season, the complete destruction of indigenous culture, a host of bankruptcies in the commercial salmon business, and the possibility of total salmon extinction on the Klamath river in a year’s time, is it realistic to be “realistic?” Nobody that I talked to in the salmon fishing business had any faith in gov-

ernment management. When asked about anarchist groups like the Earth Liberation Front, one fisherman with a fading Bush/Cheney sticker on his boat immediately replied “I’m all for that. Blow the fuckers up!” Another fisherman replied “I have absolutely no faith in government managing this correctly. All of our taxes and licensing fees pay for habitat restoration, but we’re not the ones who destroyed the habitat. Salmon are a naturally renewable resource and salmon fishing is inherently sustainable, the incidentals as a result of fishing are almost nothing. If someone were to blow up a dam, I’d say ‘Good. Let the water flow, it was meant to flow.’” Yet another salmon fisherman replied “I’m all for groups like the ELF. If someone blew up one of those dams, that would probably be the coolest thing to happen in my lifetime. I honestly wish someone would recruit me for a job like that.” When asked what it would take for him to go and do it himself, he paused and replied “The next night with no moon.”

I looked around, and watched the other salmon fishermen on the boat silently nod their heads in agreement, their eyes cold with frustration.



Traditional dip net fishing on the Klamath River, once the third most productive salmon river in America. Now, six dams block over 350 miles of salmon spawning habitat.



BY KATHERYN HUTCHISON

New Orleans is transitioning incredibly fast, and its needs are changing at the same pace. People are fulfilling their basic needs for the most part on their own. The city is beginning to function a bit like it used to. There is definitely still a place and a use for radicals and volunteers to serve as advocates and facilitators of social justice and community support as New Orleanians put their lives back together, but there is a growing gap between relief organizations and members of the community. We've got to take cues from the neighborhoods we're working in and listen to what these communities are ready for.

The strength of grassroots volunteers here is our ability to identify and respond to community needs as rapidly as those needs change—this is what sets us apart from the failures of FEMA and the Red Cross. That means being accountable to the folks we work for, not to one relief organization or another. While radicals in the volunteer relief movement can offer a useful alternative to the incredibly lopsided and racist relief provided by the government, it is up to residents and community groups in New Orleans to determine their own rebuilding processes and results. As we strive to work under a banner of “Solidarity not charity,” we need to disarm ourselves of the myth of charity: that it's possible to come into a place and ‘help’ without hurting too. To continue to be

SOLIDARITY NOT CHARITY

THE NEW NEW ORLEANS AND DIFFERENT KIND OF DISASTER

with a group called the Hurricane Autonomous Workers Collective. Activists from all over the country were in New Orleans then, and had been for long enough that the city was their home. Since Katrina hit last August 29th, these organizations had become a strong voice in the communities they worked with, and we worried about what that meant. I know now, after being a part of that voice for

“It's time for post-Katrina relief volunteers to step back and radically change our presence in New Orleans.”

three months, that it can be difficult to dissociate your own outrage at the city and country's opportunistic and racist relief efforts from the community's needs and wants as they get back into their homes.

In volunteer relief organizations' distribution centers or meal spaces, or even in the streets surrounding them, you'll find a barrage of pamphlets, fliers, and

sensitivity. We have moved into almost empty communities that exist within a specific local and political context, identified what we think they need to know, and given them the reasons they should be outraged. For any relief organization to coral the varied responses of New Orleanians to Katrina into one loud voice calling for solidarity is just another unsolicited reduction of the diverse needs of this city's pre-existing communities and their re-emerging forms of organizing. Structural and community rebuilding in New Orleans has only just now begun. It's time for post-Katrina relief volunteers to step back and radically change our presence in New Orleans if we are going to avoid becoming another source of opportunistic development in a vulnerable community.

As ready as we may be as organizers and activists for institutional change, and as effective as we may have been so far, dragging along New Orleanians as martyrs in our struggle is just another misarticulation of their struggle. I quickly became aware while working in New Orleans that while I wanted social change so badly, folks here want their lives back. They want justice, sure, but most of all they want to restore normalcy. To my dismay, I often felt as if that vision reflected the reinstatement of an oppressive system, the recreation of pre-Katrina standards. But I began to see that ‘natural’ disaster or not, folks in New Orleans primarily endured a psychological disaster. People experienced months of displacement. They were ignored and forgotten over and over again: in the evacuation, rescue, recovery, and now in the redefinition of who will be welcomed back as a resident of the new New Orleans. Real justice will be had when these people have been heard, when they are no longer left behind. Defining their justice through a newly formed relief organization, under a banner of solidarity, is just another way to drown out their voices. Folks in New Orleans who lost everything don't need another spokesperson. They need an amp.

Another part of disarming ourselves of the myth of charity means addressing our presence as a new community in New Orleans. We are here, hundreds of us, where we never were before. It is vital to our success as a movement to confront our role as gentrifiers of the new New Orleans. This summer thousands of volunteers will filter through volunteer camps in the Upper 9th Ward—as is, there are hardly as many residents as volunteers in the Lower Ninth. It's

only a matter of time, given the volume of venture capitalists who've flocked to New Orleans to make their exploitative fortunes, before businesses begin to cater to those volunteers, who most often are young and white.

When I came to the city in February, there were still very few hospitals open. The neighborhoods we were working in had no electricity, no running water, and limited access to food. It makes sense that people who have intentionally chosen to build autonomous communities within America could prove useful to communities in New Orleans that have been denied access to what's left of a social safety net in this country. New Orleanians may have needed our leadership, experience, and enthusiasm as relief workers, but it has become increasingly clear that they do not need our model of anti-capitalism. Institutional exclusion from the benefits of a capitalist system doesn't last long before networks of sharing and trading resources such as childcare, labor, transportation, and support emerge amongst neighbors and friends.

New Orleans built communities that could bear institutional alienation and racism long ago. Neighborhood by neighborhood, poor folks of color in New Orleans developed their own model of autonomous community and are entirely capable of regenerating that as they see fit. As neighborhood organizations re-emerge, instituting and empowering their restructuring projects are what might bring about justice for the people of New Orleans. We can hope that solidarity work might lead to ideological growth for everyone involved, but imposing the relief effort's own versions of a better New Orleans based on our own outrages, however just they appear to us, is little different than the imperialism of charity in colonial history or the New Urbanist developers around here pushing for a white, Disney World New Orleans.

SCENES FROM NEW ORLEANS
HEADLINE PHOTO: A CHILD'S TOY IN DEBRIS FROM HURRICANE KATRINA.
ABOVE: SOIL SAMPLING IN NEW ORLEANS AFTER THE DISASTER.
BELOW: A DELAPIDATED HOME.



effective in New Orleans we need to be upfront and responsible about our presence here—to address gentrification, to generate discussions about the implications of solidarity work, and to listen to the community organizations and individuals that are ready to reclaim what's theirs.

I went to New Orleans in early February



PHOTOS BY: HAWC

Black Mesa:

THE NEXT CHAPTER IN FORCED RELOCATION

By JONATHAN STRIBLING-USS

After more than 30 years, Native resistance and a suit brought by environmental groups concerned finally forced British-owned Peabody Coal to close the Mohave Generating station and suspend operations at some of its facilities on the Navajo and Hopi lands in Black Mesa region of Northern Arizona in 2002.

But now 130 Navajo (or as they call themselves, Dineh) families are facing a congressional measure attacking their tribal sovereignty and livelihood. "The Navajo Hopi Land Settlement Act Amendments of 2005," (S. 1003) threatens to force a long-planned relocation, removing the Dineh families from their ancestral homeland and to strip the Navajo Nation of their right to value the coal and divide the revenue taken from their lands. The John McCain-sponsored bill was passed by the Senate on May 2 using a "Unanimous Consent" procedure (a method for handling 'non-controversial' legislation where many Senators allow the measure to pass without reading it) and will become law if passed by the House of Representatives.

"S. 1003 contains language that puts a renewed emphasis on...the deeply

troubling idea that Navajo families will be forcibly removed from land that they have called home for generations," Roman Bitsuie, Executive Director of the Navajo-Hopi Land Commission stated at a meeting of the US Senate Committee on Indian Affairs last July. "We take strong objection to the argument that the relocation program has 'taken too long and cost too much.' As a point of comparison, I think it is worth pointing out that the entire cost to the Federal government over the last 36 years of the Navajo-Hopi Land Dispute is roughly equal to what the United States spends in Iraq every 36 hours."

Since Peabody began coal-mining operations in 1974, as many as 12,000 Navajo have had to deal with the horrible consequences of government policy: they've lived through the horror of forced relocation and the lack of infrastructure, rehabilitation and support as promised to them by the original plans and laws. However some are still resisting on their ancestral homelands, and some have died resisting. In the words of Roberta Blackgoat, elder matriarch, who was a leader of the Big Mountain, "If they come and drag us all away from the land, it will destroy our way of life. If I accept this, there will be no Dineh, there will be no land. That is why I will never accept it ... I will die fighting this law."

Before the Mohave generating station was closed, five million tons of coal was taken from Black Mesa every year and 165,000 gallons of water were used every hour to shoot the coal 273 miles to the Mohave generating station in Nevada. The sole purpose of Black Mesa mine was to provide cheap coal to burn for electricity to power 1.5 million houses in Las Vegas and Southern California.

The coal mining resulted in environmental devastation, including the desecration of hundreds of sacred sites and increased droughts due to use of water for the coal slurry pipeline. The air quality suffered due to the blasting for coal. Wells and springs dried up and the entire ecology of Black Mesa changed during the three decades of Peabody's plundering. Developments such as water levels decreasing by more than 100 feet in some wells show that Peabody Coal's use of the aquifers below Black Mesa contributed to and exacerbated the drought conditions that the whole state has been experiencing.

The Past And Future Exploitation

S. 1003 also strips the Navajo Nation and the Hopi Tribal Council of the right to decide how to value and share the revenue from the coal taken from their lands. The power to decide on the royalty rates for the coal, and how to divide those royalties would instead go to the Secretary of the Interior, whose department is currently being sued for the mismanagement of billions of dollars in native funds. This aspect of the bill is viewed as an attack on tribal

While the Navajo and Hopi communities are still suffering the environmental consequences of Peabody's destructive legacy, Peabody stands to earn money from the plant's closing. The 1990 Clean Air Act allows utility companies such as Southern California Edison, which is regulated by the CPUC and is Peabody Coal's Mohave plant's primary owner, to sell their allowances for sulfur dioxide, one of pollutants the plant produces. The plant's closing has meant that the utility has



sovereignty and is opposed by the traditional elders, the Navajo Nation, and the Hopi Tribal Council. The Navajo Nation and the Hopi Tribal Council currently are involved in litigation and negotiation regarding how to apportion and divide coal royalties between the two tribes.

Rather than forcing a resolution between the two tribes, Roman Bitsuie, believes that "S. 1003 should provide for a study to be undertaken to assess the impact of the relocation law and to serve as a policy and fact-based tool for developing a humane closure plan." He went on to explain that there are, "loads of anecdotal information that tells us that many relocated families have been traumatized and suffer from a much higher incidence of alcoholism, poverty, suicide, depression, and physical illnesses than the rest of the local population."

cut its sulfur emissions by 40,000 tons a year, thus allowing it to sell those allowances to other companies for up to \$28 million a year.

Members of a grassroots coalition of organizations including, Black Mesa Trust, the Indigenous Environmental Network, and To' Nizhoni Ani have presented California Public Utility Commission (CPUC) with a plan aimed at helping the Hopi and Navajo people transition into a new kind of economy based on renewable energy. Members of the coalition want the CPUC to direct Southern California Edison to deposit about \$20 million of those proceeds each year until 2026 into an escrow account that would benefit reservation residents.

...CONTINUED ON PAGE 15



PHOTOS: DANIELLE KILROY

ABOVE: A CLEAN WATERING HOLE ON THE NAVAJO RESERVATION. ABOVE RIGHT: AN ELDER WORKS ALONE IN THE FIELD. RIGHT: AN ABANDONED TRUCK ON THE RESERVATION. FAR RIGHT: A HOGAN (A RELIGIOUS STRUCTURE) ON THE NAVAJO RESERVATION.

LAND VALUE

THE STRUGGLE OF THE SOUTH CENTRAL CAMPEÑINOS

By DAVID MARTINEZ



PHOTO: A. SALLIDAT

Forty-four people were arrested in the eviction of the South Central farm. Many had locked their arms through concrete barrels or went limp to resist police evacuation nonviolently.



An underground freight train rumbles beneath the sidewalk and eighteen-wheeler trucks start noisily loading at 4 a.m. An above-the-ground train is stopped nearby, stacked high with rail boxes from China Shipping. More trains roar by every couple of hours, bringing ever

more products to the warehouses where the trucks will pick them up and spread them out to the country's malls.

In the middle of this river of profit that flows from the textile mills of China to South Central Los Angeles and beyond, there is an island — fourteen acres of food-growing land, planted and cared for by Mexican immigrants. Under a brown sky cut by constant jet

traffic, they raise corn, squash, sugarcane and tomatoes on hundreds of small plots. Welcome to South Central Farm, a patch of green in a sea of asphalt and pavement. At the moment it is fenced off and chained closed. If the twin forces of commerce and development have their way, within the next few weeks it will all be ripped up, torn down, and transformed into another massive box

warehouse identical to the hundreds around it.

The farmers and their supporters have been engaged in defending the land for several years now, and on Tuesday June 13th at 5 a.m. squads of police cars and helicopters descended like a plague of locusts and evicted the farm. As I write this, the crops remain inside the locked fence, and protestors have set up nearby camps to watch for the bulldozers who will destroy the food-producing crops of South Central Farm.

The farm was born out of social unrest. In the wake of the 1992 riots that swept Los Angeles, the city scrapped plans for a trash incinerator in the face of community protests. Instead they turned the land, which had been obtained from private owners using powers of "eminent domain," into community gardens in conjunction with the L.A. Food Bank.

Ten years later, the entire city block had been divided into small plots that produced sustenance for the Food Bank and hundreds of families in the area. About this time, Ralph Horowitz, one of the original owners, sued the city to return the land to him because the stated use of it had not been enacted. The City of L.A., having forgotten the stench of burning police cars and no longer willing to confront the power of real estate developers, bowed down and handed the land back to Horowitz for a song.

As I walked around the farm in the week before the eviction I felt amazed that only eighty years had passed since the city started booming in the 1920s and stopped supporting such crops. It's



PHOTOS FROM LEFT: REZ, A. SALLIDAT

In addition to food for 350 families, the Farm produces a chance for people of all ages and cultures to work together under the hot Los Angeles sun. People wept to see both destroyed on June 13th, as cops and bulldozers crushed their gardens and their dreams. Nevertheless, many continue to sleep outside the now evicted farm and elderly farmers continue to bring food support and hold daily vigils.



This 78 year old man from Zacatecas came to the farm daily to tend his corn, beans, and zucchini while police helicopters flew overhead doing reconnaissance for the eviction.

not such a new idea to plant food in Los Angeles, and yet it is being viciously attacked while the city government stands meekly on the sidelines. Of course it's not phrased that way. It is explained in the dialect of real estate markets and the distinctly American cult of private property.

When farm became "illegally occupied land," scores of people from all over L.A. came to set up a defense encampment on the site. When I visited only a week before the eviction, I found young Latino radicals mixing with Oaxacan farmers, Chicana mothers, and L.A.'s own brown punkers, all working together and camping out under a blazing SoCal sky. The scene was tight, strong and full of love.

The supporters of the farm were also in the middle of a publicity blitz, which in L.A. meant a steady trickle of smiling celebrities during the afternoon. I tried to ignore them and helped out hauling dirt, making signs for the weekend rallies and working shifts organized by the excellent security volunteers, who showed amazing ability at staying friendly under stressful circumstances such as the daily loud and threatening low-altitude flyovers by LAPD choppers.

As I sat at the corner of 41st Street and Alameda with a radio, watching the amped-up Saturday night L.A. traffic roll by, I wondered about what kind of society would tear up food giving crops in the middle of all this concrete? The same psychotic death culture that sees wars as business opportunities. Life vs. death, plants against poisons. That's what the fight over the South Central

Farm is about, I thought to myself, as a mother and daughter introduced themselves to us security volunteers and offered hot chocolate and pan dulce.

Horowitz demanded \$16 million dollars for the land, which organizers set about trying to raise. Watching events play out in that way couldn't help but make me frustrated. Why should the onus be on the farmers to raise such an exorbitant sum? Or to put it another way: land that grows food is priceless, especially in a concrete desert like Los Angeles. Only a society in decline, a culture that devours the hands that feed it, would assign value so that the land was worth more as a cluster of toxic warehouses. Witness developments in California's Central Valley—some of the richest soil on earth, where fully one-quarter of the U.S.'s food supply is grown—roughly one-fifth of its acreage is slated to turn to commercial real estate. The invisible hand of the market will, as always, be at the controls of the bulldozers.

As *Fault Lines* goes to press, the verdant island in the sea of Greater Los Angeles is closed with chains. The supporters are still going strong, now encamped around the farm's perimeter to prevent its impending demolition. They make me think that the only way forward is to reject the "price" placed on the land by the city, to realize that it is worth more than any millionaire can donate, and to take it back again, once and for all, from the forces that stole it in the first place.

What kind of society would tear up food giving crops in the middle of all this concrete? The same psychotic death culture that sees wars as business opportunities.

DIGGING IN:

THE STRATEGY TO SAVE THE FARM

BY MICAELA NEUS

In developing a strategy to stave off an eviction, the campesinos and their supporters used every weapon in their arsenal: appeals to the mayor and city council, legal action, fundraising, non-violent direct action, and yes, Daryl Hannah. The eviction has forced organizers to shift tactics, abandoning those that failed to refocus on what might still work and planning new efforts.

Plans to buy the Farm fell apart, even though organizers effectively used celebrities and the media coverage they generate in Los Angeles to raise awareness and the \$16.35 million that owner and "developer" Ralph Horowitz said he wanted. When they put the money on the table, however, he simply refused to sell to them.

The legal case filed by lawyers for the Farm in 2003 and will be heard on July 12th provides an additional, yet dubious means to save the Farm. Even if lawyers for the Farm convince the court to void the sale, Horowitz will retain the option to pay the difference between the \$5.5 million he already paid and the "fair market value" of the land as determined by the court. If he does pay, then the farmers would lose legal claim to the land.

As *Fault Lines* goes to print, the real picture of the Farm's future does not match those circulated by both mainstream and independent media. Prior to the eviction, it overemphasized the "stars" who in reality played a supporting role to a full cast of round-the-clock occupiers, farmers, and community members of all ages and walks of life. Afterwards, the same sources circulated stories of rampant and irreparable damage to both the Farm and thus the defense effort.

A visit to the Farm reveals that the police acted more as vandals that morning, causing dramatic yet ultimately superficial destruction to all plots. They knocked down fences and trampled the tomatillos in the two



PHOTO: REZ

corners most visible to passing traffic and along the paved corridor that connects the front and back entrances to the Farm. Clearly, they worked with a bulldozing crew hired by Horowitz to produce the most potent image of defeat and hopelessness possible.

Supporters maintain a full-time presence at the Farm, complete with vegan kitchen and medical tent, and water the crops through the fence. Their nonviolent direct actions went as planned during the eviction, transforming a task that police had hoped to accomplish quickly and quietly into an eight hour media bonanza. Now, they brainstorm ways to increase community involvement in both the defense and the functioning of the Farm when it reopens. Last Saturday, they began to plant tomatoes, rosemary, and sage in the holes in the sidewalk dug by decades of city neglect. They hope to plant the rest of the Farm's circumference with medicinal plants that also grow inside the Farm, where no one can benefit from their properties except three very bored security guards.

Seeing the dirty hands and shining faces of the defenders, one recognizes that Horowitz and the police lost more ground in the eviction than the farmers. The campaign—and most of the calabasas—keep growing as the campesinos and supporters of South Central Farm continue to fight for their fourteen acres of land and freedom. *Aquí estamos y no nos vamos!*



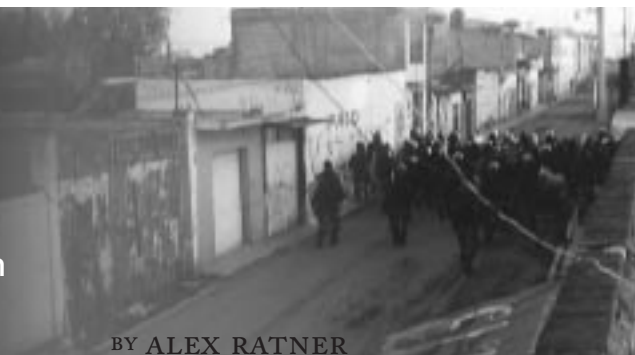
PHOTO: A. SAILBOAT

THE SIEGE OF ATENCO

The officer took aim and shot the boy in the chest, point-blank.

Sent by his mother to pick up tamales, 14-year-old Javier Cortés found a battle on the streets of Texcoco, a city 21 miles east of Mexico City. It began on May 3rd with the brutal eviction of eight flower sellers from the public marketplace.

BY ALEX RATNER



At the end of May 4th, 218 people had been detained and tortured, 30 of the 45 women arrested had suffered sexual assaults, 40 people were “disappeared,” and 5 foreigners were deported.

The eviction came after weeks of negotiation between the flower vendors and city hall, which denied them permits after first misleading them to believe they would get permission to sell. Prevented from taking their seasonal post just days before Mothers’ Day, the flower vendors called in support: the Peoples’ Front in Defense of the Land (FPDT). The FPDT is a militant campesino formation which rose to prominence in 2001 in its successful defense of Atenco’s constitutionally protected farmland, which had been coveted by the ruling party as the site of a new airport. Joined that day by residents like Javier, they shut down a nearby highway to block police entrance. Federal and Texcoco authori-

ties deployed 500 riot police to clear the roadway. Arrests ensued. With his last words, Javier warned the crowd, “he’s got a gun!” Moments later, he was dead.

Enraged by the attack, the arrests, and Javier’s execution, the crowd fought back with sticks, rocks, molotov cocktails, and their traditional farming tool, the machete, which despite its fearsome appearance functions more as a shield than as a weapon. A handful of police were beaten and were themselves “arrested,” in the words of the FPDT, “to be freed as soon as the police withdraw and our own prisoners are freed.” Footage of this beating looped continuously on Mexican TV. After hours of fighting, the resistance succeeded in driving the police into full retreat. That evening the FPDT released the captive police to the Red Cross, and returned to its own base in neighboring San Salvador Atenco.

But May 3rd’s battle was merely a prelude. Early next morning a joint force of 3500 federal, state, and municipal police rained retribution on the FPDT and their home, San Salvador Atenco. Townspeople were backed into the central plaza, and began to scatter into private homes. The police then sys-

the crowd fought back with sticks, rocks, molotov cocktails, and their traditional farming tool, the machete

tematically went house to house, indiscriminately pulling anyone found hiding inside, including the elderly and disabled, into the streets where they were beaten and arrested. The detained were piled on top of each other in the back of police trucks flooded with blood, where more beatings, and rapes occurred (see Valentina

Palma’s testimony below).

By the close of May 4th, Mexican jails held 218 Atenco prisoners, of which 31 are still held today. The rest have been released on bail following a nationwide and international campaign for their freedom. Faced with hundreds of corroborating testimonies and medical reports which tell of systematic and premeditated rape, torture, and murder at the hands of police, the various authorities have responded with farcical investigations of only a handful of the thousands of pillaging officers.

The siege of Atenco can be understood through the lens of Mexico’s presidential campaign, which will culminate with the vote on July 2nd. A 3-way race between the candidates of the ruling conservative PAN, the corrupt PRI, and the liberal PRD, gained a fourth unwelcome presence: “The Other Campaign,” an initiative of the Zapatista Army of

TESTIMONY FROM THE RAID

PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF VALENTINA ALMA, CHILEAN DOCUMENTARY FILM-MAKER

My name is Valentina Palma Novoa. I am 30 years old, and I have lived the last 11 years in Mexico. I am a graduate of the [Mexican] National School of Anthropology and History (ENAH), and currently, I’m enrolled in my fourth year of film school at the [Mexican National] Center for Cinematographic Education (CCC).

In the following, I would like to relate to you the events I was witness to during the violent incidents in the town of San Salvador Atenco on Thursday, May 4th, 2006, which ultimately resulted in my unjust and arbitrary expulsion from Mexico.

On Wednesday, May 3rd, after seeing the news on television and learning of the death of a 14 year old boy, I was moved by this boy’s death, both as an anthropologist and documentary filmmaker, and I therefore resolved to go to

San Salvador Atenco and see for myself the true situation of the town.

I went there at night, filming and interviewing the sentinels the townsfolk had posted. It must have been 6 AM, when the bells of the church of San Salvador Atenco began to sound - clang clang clang - again and again, while a microphone blared that the police were raiding the town.

I made my way to one of the guard posts, where the townspeople looked in the direction of the mass of police who could be seen in the distance. I zoomed in with my camera, and I realized that they were tons of them and, cloaked by their shields they were advancing with tiny, imperceptible steps. On my camera’s viewfinder, I saw one of the police point and shoot a projectile towards us that, upon landing next to me, I could smell and feel the tear gas.

In front of the church was a public building with its doors wide open and I went inside, foolishly expecting the turbulence would pass. Cautiously, I peeked into the street and saw about five police clubbing and kicking an old man sprawled in the street, utterly without mercy. My fear deepened. I returned inside and told the two with me that we needed to hide ourselves better, because there we were too exposed. Futilely, we climbed up, seeking to hide on the roof and lay face up watching the helicopters purring in the sky like houseflies, with the sound of gunshots forming the local sound scape. A man’s voice shouted violently, “You bastards up on the roof, come down.”

The young men went down first, and I saw from above how they beat them, and panicked I couldn’t make myself descend, at which point the policeman shouted: “Get down here, bitch, get

down here now.”

I climbed down slowly, terrified at the sight of how they had clubbed the two youths in the head. Two police grabbed me, pushing me forward while other beat me with their clubs on my breasts, back and legs. I heard someone’s voice ask me my name to add to the list of detainees, and my cries of pain increased when I responded “Valentina, Valentina Palma Novoa” while a policeman ordered me to shut my mouth and another pummeled my breasts.

A man’s voice commanded the other police to hide me with their shields so witnesses could not see me be-



THE OTHER CAMPAIGN

BY JONATHAN STRIBLING-USS

Thousands of Mexicans are filling municipal stadiums and dusty town squares to speak and be heard as part of the Zapatistas’ Other Campaign. Since the first of January,

the public spaces of hundreds of rural villages and the backyards of grassroots organizations in large cities throughout the 19 southernmost Mexican states have been filled with personal stories of oppression, struggle, and resistance. Social cooperatives and civil society organizations have hosted Delegate Zero, the rebel also known as

Subcomandante Marcos, as he has listened to and carefully taken notes on hours of personal testimony from the mostly working-class men and women, old and young, indigenous and mestizo, participating in the assemblies. No one polices for content or time and the meetings go on for as long as people keep lining up to talk. As Lupita Guano observed in

National Liberation (EZLN) (described below.) Just days before on Mayday, the Other Campaign arrived in Atenco in a public show of solidarity with the FPDT.

All three parties have reason to target the EZLN and FPDT: the PRI considers the 1994 Zapatista uprising in Chiapas to have been the harbingers of their historic loss of 71 years of one-party rule. The PAN, which defeated the PRI in 2000, still smarts from their humiliating airport defeat, and the uncompromising militancy of the FPDT made them a convenient bogeyman. Slipping in the polls after a 2 years lead, the “left” PRD now drifts rightward. It was blindsided when the EZLN launched Other Campaign, since the PRD had taken for granted its spot as the “best worst choice” of the Zapatista’s civilian supporters across Mexico. Instead, the Other Campaign dismissed the PRD as hypocritical claiming to champion Mexico’s 55 million poor, while actually being as corrupt as the others.

In the security forces that invaded Atenco, all three parties were represented: at the state level by the PRI, at the federal by the PAN, and locally the PRD. Street crime and security being major social issues for the Mexican middle class, Atenco became a convenient opportunity to demonstrate an “iron fist” policy. Aided by a complicit media portrayal of Texcoco and Atenco residents as lawless criminals, the PRI and PAN candidates adopted a “get-tough” image of protecting citizens from “dangerous elements” while simultaneously repressing a militant group of political dissidents.

With Atenco, supposedly competing political parties announced a united message: resistance will be swiftly and mercilessly punished, with zero regard for basic human rights. The example set in Atenco was last week replicated in Oaxaca (see Oaxaca article.) The presidential race now teeters between the PAN and PRD. Mexico faces a choice which is not a choice, and justice lies bleeding in the streets.



On June 14th, some 3000 state and “preventative” police and firemen violently removed a sit-in of 40,000 teachers of the National Union of Education Workers (SNTE) from the Zocalo, or central square, killing up to 11 people, two of which were children. Fourteen days before, the State Congress had closed off dialogue with the teachers, instead ordering their forced removal. The teachers had occupied the center of Oaxaca since May 22nd, where they demanded reforms amongst complaints of government corruption. The police reacted with a pre-dawn storm of stun and smoke grenades, along with tear gas, shot from overriding helicopters. SNTE’s office was raided; the teacher’s radio station, which had broadcast interviews with the Other Campaign, was destroyed, its staff beaten and arrested.

The teachers initially responded to the violence by seeking cover in the nearby streets, but later decided to regroup and confront those uniformed with rocks and sticks. The teachers then retook the main plaza of Oaxaca, and succeeded in re-

taining the operation’s sub director of the ministerial police, and seven more who were later used in an exchange for the captured teachers.

While the corporate press in Oaxaca repeatedly refers to the recent police atrocities as the “peaceful removal” of teachers, the teacher’s union and the majority of civil society in Oaxaca is calling for the immediate removal of the governor for excessive use of violence against the teachers and their supporters.

for more info: mexico.indymedia.org

www.narconews.com

photo: mexico.indymedia.org



ing beaten. They stopped alongside of the church and there they ordered me to kneel next to the other detainees and put my hands behind my neck.

They yanked me up by my hair and said “Get in the truck, you whore.” I could barely move, yet they demanded that I hurry up. They tossed me on a heap of other wounded and bloody bodies and commanded me to lower my head into a pool of blood. I didn’t want to put my head in the blood but the policeman’s black boot on my head forced me down. The pickup truck started its engine and on the road I was groped by many police hands. I just shut my eyes and clenched my teeth, hoping the worst wouldn’t happen.

My pants pulled down, the trunk stopped and they ordered me to get out. I stumbled out and a policewoman said: “Leave this bitch to me” and struck my ears with both hands. I fell and two police dragged me back towards the bus through a gauntlet of police who kicked

us all the while.

Up on the bus, another policewoman asked my name while two policemen brutally mashed my breasts and threw me on top of the body of an old man whose face was bloody scab. When he felt my body pressing down, the old man cried in pain, so I tried to move until I was stopped by a kick in the back. My scream made the old man scream again, begging God for mercy.

A woman’s voice ordered me to find a place on the rear stairwell of the bus. I did that and from there I could see the bloodied faces of the other detainees and the blood splashed on the floor. Though I was not bleeding, my hands and



clothes were splattered with the blood of the other captives. Motionless and listening to the groans of the bodies at my side, I heard as they kept putting more detainees on the bus and asking their names between blows and cries of pain. I don’t know how much time had passed, but the bus closed its doors and began to move.

We drove around in circles for two or three hours. The torture began and any small movement merited another punch. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, but the moans of the old man at my side wouldn’t let me. The old man said: “My leg, my leg, God, mercy, mercy please.”

I cried bitterly, thinking the man would die right

next to me. I wanted to give the man some comfort, touch his leg, if only so he would be quiet for a few moments. They threatened to club my hand, at which, with a gesture, I pleaded with the policeman for mercy, to stop beating me.

I asked him his name and he responded, “If I die, don’t cry, throw me a party, please.” I cried in silence, feeling alone in the presence of all the other beaten bodies, thinking the worst: that they’d take us to who knows where and there they’d kill and disappear all of us.

The bus stopped and a voice commanded us to exit by the back stairs.

From below, a voice commanded that the door be shut and that the prisoners be moved with their faces covered.

A policeman pulled my jacket over my head and the doors opened once more. Below, a policeman grabbed my pants with one hand and held my head down with the other. The gauntlet of police began to kick my body and the
...CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

the small village of Chablekal, Yucatan, “The wisdom of (Marcos) is that he keeps quiet so that we all have to listen to each other.”

Though hundreds of cameras follow Marcos’ every move, the shutters often miss what the campaign reveals: another Mexico, a Mexico of dispossession, exploitation, and resistance. The mainstream media and electoral cycles

is highlighted by the strategy of the Zapatistas’ anti-electoral campaign, timed to close at the end of the Mexican presidential races on July 2. The stars of this strategy are those who the Zapatistas say are “of the left and from below”—the most exploited, oppressed, and ignored sectors of Mexican society.

In this way the Zapatistas are working to organize a nationwide move-

ment and to challenge capitalism and neoliberalism. “Every three years, every six years they come to sell us the same lie,” Marcos said of the major political parties. “They have nothing to give us. Things will only change from below and from the left.”

The Other Campaign is part of the Zapatista strategy outlined in the Sixth Declaration of the Selva Lacandona.

The Sixth is an historical and strategic document developed and signed by over 200,000 people in the Zapatista support communities in Chiapas. It uses the simplest possible language to lay out the history of the Zapatistas’ struggle, how they see Mexico in the world, what they want to do, and how they plan on doing it. It outlines the Zapatista plan to work internationally to form relation-

...CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

Striving for the Bolivarian Revolution: A VISIT TO BARRIO 23 DE ENERO

By DAN GINGOLD

Barrio 23 de Enero is a poor yet proud and progressive neighborhood located on a steep hillside in eastern Caracas. Along with an international group of independent journalists, media activists, and filmmakers, I spent several hours visiting various social projects, walking through the streets, and talking to the residents who live and work there.

While in Venezuela, I had the opportunity to tour Barrio 23 de Enero. Our guide was Gustavo Cabrera, a member of the Coordinadora Simon Bolivar, a group that has historically helped organize the Barrio. Their work has built connections with other communities in their city, their country, and around the world. When we met him at the Metro at 9 AM on a weekday morning, he made clear that the most important purpose of the Coordinadora is to connect people by showing them what the Barrio represents and what it has accomplished.

Gustavo explained the troubled history of his Barrio. It has the reputation of being a place of violence and poverty and a place where foreigners dare not set foot at night, or even during the day. El 23, as it is called by its residents, suffered more abuse and repression during the right-wing tyranny that plagued Venezuela in the second half of the 20th century than anywhere in the country, earning the nickname "Little Vietnam." Aside from the more than 100 people murdered by the police and their minions, there were thousands of raids and beatings, and periods stretching from weeks to months when water, electricity, and garbage services were suspended with no explanation. More insidious was the government promoted, clandestinely instigated drug distribution, reminiscent of the CIA during the 80s in neighborhoods of color. Things were so grave that the people in the Barrio formed the Militia Tupac Amaru to defend themselves from the police. Gustavo was a member.

We first visited the community radio station, 94.6 FM, Al Son Del 23, where we were introduced to Ismael Ramos, the station's director. He spoke of the different radio programs, which range from community news shows that follow local goings-on, explain the functions of local and government programs, and educate the populace about ideological viewpoints, to musical programs playing salsa, son, classical, reggaeton, even hip-hop. They also play political music, including the hymnals of various revolutionary groups from throughout Latin America such as the FARC in Colombia, the FMLN from El Salvador, "even the local hymnal from the Militia Tupac Amaru," Gustavo added proudly.

The equipment looked brand new. The mayor of Caracas, Juan Barreto, allocated municipal funds to pay for everything, and other national and international groups contributed as well. The station can be heard through the entire Barrio loud and clear, as well as throughout nearly all the city. We were assured that the signal will soon reach the entire nation; within a few months, it will reach the whole world via the Internet.

We thanked all the workers at the station and continued farther up the hill. Light bulbs housed in plastic cups were strung over the street, and there was scaffolding up the front of several homes. On our way we ran into Carlos, a friend of Gustavo. He told us how this Barrio used to have shantytown-style houses and no water pipe network, and how they have all been working together and constructing more dignified homes for themselves.

I asked if Chávez was the reason they were able to continue to make things better for themselves. He told me that his Barrio has always housed the greatest concentration of leftist activists and organizations, that its residents installed their own water system before Chávez even came to power, that they were now organized to the point where community policing had replaced the need for regular police, and that this Barrio overwhelmingly backed Chávez. He went on to comment on the rhetoric some senators had been spouting about

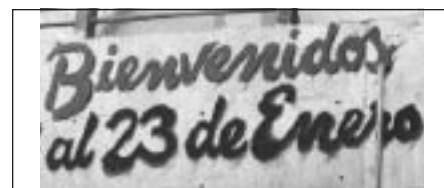
"needing to have parliamentary sessions in the street."

"We have been having parliamentary sessions in the street for as long as we can remember," he said. "Instead of them talking about it, let them actually come down to the street—to us—so that they can actually function as tools for the people."

Farther up the street we came to a blue house where the owner, a friend of Gustavo, had donated the top floor to the resident Cuban doctor. This concept, called the Barrio Adentro program, is another improvement that has come with Chávez. The project helps bring Cuban physicians and dentists to the country, where they run free clinics in poor neighborhoods.

We trooped up the stairs and found ourselves in a small consultorio. The doctor shook our hands and we peppered him with questions. He has been in Venezuela for two years, after spending three in Haiti. He attends to 1,315 patients, noting that there are two other Barrio Adentro programs nearby. He is in his office from 8 until noon, and then makes his rounds, visiting patients who are unable to walk to the office. There is a community group of elderly folks with whom he works, teaching them to stay fit and healthy. He spoke of his work with reverence, calling it a mission and asserting that he will be here "as long as I am able, as long as Chávez is President."

We continued up the hill, coming to a circular where we met Gustavo's sister, Elizabeth Cabrera, head of the Barrio's literacy program Mission Robinson. Launched in July, 2003, as one of the Bolivarian Missions (a series of anti-poverty and social welfare programs), Mission Robinson illustrates one of the most impressive aspects of the Chávez government—its dedication to literacy. She quoted impressive figures about the program, the most striking being that more than 1.5 million Venezuelan adults have learned to read since 2003 through a system of volunteer teachers from all walks of life, only having in common the ability to read and the desire to teach it to others. In October of 2005, Venezuela declared itself a "territory



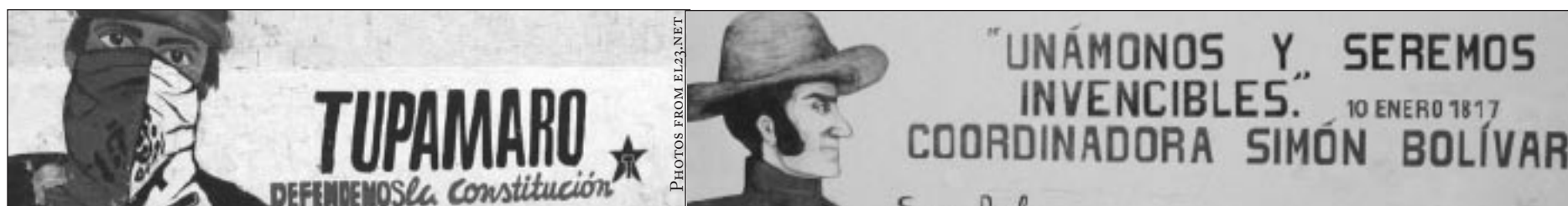
Outside community radio station building.

free of illiteracy" after UNESCO verified a 99 percent literacy rate. She spoke of new initiatives, including a mandate to have everyone in the country complete a 6th grade education.

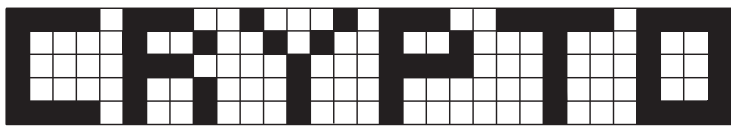
At the end of the tour we headed back to the Metro. Someone asked Gustavo what he thinks will happen when Chávez's presidential terms end in 2012. He responded that this does not concern him, as he is certain that a similarly qualified candidate will take up the post. Personally, he confided, he can't wait for Chávez to be out of office so that he can help more around the nation since he won't be occupied with the duties of office.

Back in front of the Metro station Gustavo had a final word:

"Politicians have always talked about giving power to the people. The way I see it, people already have the power, and what's important is helping them use it. In our community, if we want to take down shantytown-style houses and construct safe, dignified buildings, we organize, and this government helps us with funding. We have the power and we know it, and though we're happy that this government is helping us, we're the ones who deserve the credit, because we're using our power."



Murals from the neighborhood.



compiled by Iain Boal and Ali Tonak

ACROSS

- 2. POISONOUS RESIDUE (6)
- 8. BAY AREA LITERARY GENRE? (2)
- 10. ASSOCIATED PRESS (2)
- 12. NO IDEA ABOUT A COMMUNE (6)
- 13. BAD ATMOSPHERE (6)
- 15. ASHVILLE GLOBAL REPORT (3)
- 17. SANTA __, NM (2)
- 18. DOORKEEPER (7)
- 19. SUAVE (6)
- 21. UTTER (3)
- 22. BOER JOURNEY (4)
- 23. BLACK GOLD (3)
- 24. SCIENCE FICTION AWARD (4)
- 25. __ GOBLIN (3)
- 26. FLOWER LITE? (3)
- 27. EDGE OF TOWN (6)
- 29. VIET __ (3)
- 31. NURSE AT SEA? (2)
- 32. MASONIC MOOSE? (3)
- 33. WESTERN AUSTRALIA (2)
- 34. AUCTION ITEM (3)
- 36. PARADISE (4)
- 37. INDIA PALE ALE (3)
- 38. TRIPS AROUND NAKED (5)
- 40. KIWI NATION (2)
- 41. OAKLAND POLICE DEPT (3)
- 43. BACK PAY? (3)
- 45. COUPLE OF MUSICIANS (2)
- 47. 'FATHER' OF THE H BOMB (6)
- 49. INTERNATIONAL RELIEF ORGANIZATION (3)

DOWN

- 1. GERMAN WIFE (4)
- 2. VETO (6)
- 3. INDEFINITE (2)
- 4. THE FRENCH MALE (2)
- 5. DECAY TIME OF ISOTOPE, HALF __ (4)
- 6. LYRIC POEM (3)
- 7. UNITED ARTISTS (2)
- 8. MORTAL ERROR (3)
- 9. UNJUSTIFIED BELIEF SYSTEM (5)
- 10. PROTOZOAN (6)
- 11. GREEN SPACE (4)
- 13. CITY BOSS (5)
- 14. CALCIUM MIMIC (9)
- 16. ATOMIC BULLSEYE (6,4)
- 18. CASTLE IN CIENFUEGOS (5)
- 20. ARABIC ARTICLE (2)
- 21. UNDERGROUND TRANSPORT (6)
- 24. HOUSING UNIT (2)
- 26. CRUDE GODSE? (5)
- 27. OLD SEATTLE GHETTO (4,3)
- 28. POPULAR SANDWICH (3)
- 30. MALE HONORIFIC (2)
- 32. HIROSHIMA B29 (5,3)
- 35. ORDER ABV. (3)
- 38. SUBURBAN BLIGHT (6)
- 39. TRANQUIL (8)
- 42. PRINTER'S ERRORS (3)

- 51. DUDE? (3)
- 52. MOTIVE (6)
- 53. DIRECT ACTION NETWORK (3)
- 54. CENTRAL TIME (2)
- 55. MUSICAL PIPE? (4)
- 56. SANITATION DRAIN (5)
- 58. FUN FUEL (3)
- 60. MINI HA-HA? (2)
- 61. TO TRUST, CONFIDE (4)
- 64. SEAT OF GOVERNMENT (4,4)
- 67. MAPLE CONCENTRATE (5)
- 68. SURPRISING PALINDROME (3)
- 69. EXQUISITE PLEASURE (7)
- 70. CHEMICAL SUFFIX (2)

- 44. FRENCH HELP (4)
- 46. EXPLOSIVE (3)
- 48. EXTENT (6)
- 50. SINGULAR (3)
- 55. J.S. __ (4)
- 56. NAEL (4)
- 57. BEAM OF LIGHT (3)
- 59. FEMALE PRONOUN (3)
- 60. HUNTINGDON LIFE SCIENCES (3)
- 62. TO AND __ (3)
- 63. YELLOW PAGES (2)
- 65. IOWA (2)
- 66. BRIEF ACCOUNT (2)
- 67. SEYMOUR, SHORTLY (2)

CRYPTO ANSWERS CAN BE FOUND ONLINE AT WWW.INDYBAY.ORG/FAULTLINES

The Dirty Side of Dry Cleaning

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

...the industry making a transition away from PERC.

"Eventually the state is going to ban PERC and then cleaners will have to switch. But if they make the transition now, there is grant money out there to help them," says Shaghafi. The Bay Area

Air Quality Management District is offering 10,000 in grant money to dry cleaners who switch over to CO2 or wet-cleaning; 14 grants were awarded in 2005.

PHASING-OUT PERC

At a May 25th public hearing the California Air Resource Board (CARB)

unanimously voted to have their staff develop a statewide PERC phase-out plan, which they will review in January next year. A phase-out would prevent drycleaners from installing new PERC machines; as their current equipment comes to the end of its life (approx 10-15 years), businesses would be forced to switch to clean technologies. A phase-out has already been instituted in 4 Southern California counties by the local

board.

The board is looking for a plan that will protect public health without putting mom-and-pop dry cleaners out of business, says CARB spokesperson Dimitri Stanich. Though the specifics are not yet certain, he thinks it is "extremely likely that PERC will be out of the dry cleaning industry [in California] within 20 years."

Black Mesa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

..."We don't support pollution trading, but it's happening regardless," said Enei Begaye, of the Indigenous Environmental Network, "and Southern California Edison is going to make a lot of money out

of it."

As the Navajo Nation's ex-president, Kelsey Begave noted Peabody Coal and Southern California Edison "reap huge and illicit profits using Navajo coal to generate electricity for homes and businesses in Southern California, Las Vegas, and Arizona, while thousands of Navajo

homes are still without electricity . . . and many Navajo children still read by kerosene lanterns. For many years, the Navajo Nation has served as an energy colony of the U.S."

While the Navajo and Hopi governments have yet to sign onto the renewable energy plan, getting a share of the profits

could fund the transition to a new economy and a sustainable future for the people of Black Mesa.

For more info, check out: www.blackmesais.org

Atenco

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

... rest of the prisoners who made up the line.

The door of the jail house opened and they pushed us through narrow halls amidst blows and kicks. Before arriving at a registration table, I made the mistake of lifting my head and looking into the

eyes of a policeman, who responded to my gaze with a hard, closed fist in my stomach that knocked the wind out of me for several moments.

It must have been 2 PM, Thursday, May 4th by the time we made it inside the jail facilities. They took us to a dining hall and separated the men from the women. In one corner, weeping, we women told each other of the physical abuse we had

been the objects of.

A teenage girl showed me her ripped underwear and a gaping wound on her head, full of blood. Another told of being taken between two pickups where she was beaten, physically abused, and told, "We're going to kill you, you whore."

Another young woman told me that perhaps she was now pregnant, all this while sobbing and clutching our sympa-

thetic hands. The state of shock among the women was evident. The men conversed among themselves in front of us, while we women observed their bleeding and deformed profiles produced by the brutal beatings.

To read the statement in its entirety, see www.narconews.com/Issue41/article1802.html

Other Campaign

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

ships with people throughout the world, calling for an international encuentro (meeting) for all those who struggle against neoliberalism. In Mexico, the Zapatistas have expanded their struggle to include not only the indigenous peoples but all the exploited and dispossessed of Mexico, including Mexican peoples forced to travel to the United States to search for work to survive. The Other Campaign fits into the larger strategy of the Sixth Declaration as a way to listen directly to "the simple and humble of the Mexican people" without intermediaries or mediation and build a national program of struggle which is clearly of the left, anti-capitalist, anti-neoliberal, and for

justice, democracy, and liberty for the people of Mexico.

The Other Campaign also means rebuilding a way of doing politics, to create a politics "which once again has the spirit of serving others without material interests, with sacrifice, with dedication, with honesty, which keeps its word." A key demand of their struggle is the creation of a new constitution "which recognizes the rights and liberties of the people and which defends the weak in the face of the powerful."

The Other Campaign has taken an empowered attitude towards state violence, refusing to be intimidated or to allow the government's overt and covert attempts to make them fearful. Surveillance is collected at the Campaign's every stop by the *orejas* (ears) of elite groups. Shady men in unmarked ve-

hicles stand back from every meeting, silent and emotionless behind their camcorders, recording every person that comes near Marcos or speaks at the meetings. At many stops local organizers have been beaten and jailed for simply putting up flyers. Four young organizers with the Oaxaca-based Committee for the Defense of Indigenous Rights had their flyers trashed by over 20 police and were taken off to jail for two days. "They hit us and took us to the municipal jail for the sole crime of putting up fliers for the Other Campaign," said Cesar Luis Diaz.

In other parts of Oaxaca the repression has been even more extreme. Participants in the Other Campaign have been targeted in violent attacks on their communities that have included gunfire, beatings, and arrests. In a preview of the

Mexican government's May 4th assault on San Salvador Atenco, the town of San Blas Atempa, Oaxaca, which declared autonomy from Mexico on New Year's Day 2005, was placed under siege after Marcos and the Other Campaign visited in February. Most recently, Oaxaca city itself was violently attacked by security forces (see Oaxaca article on page 13.)

After the brutal violence in Atenco the Other Campaign stopped indefinitely in Mexico City, where the focus has become working for the release of those arrested in the attack and ending state repression.

For more information and updates, check out www.enlacezapatista.ezln.org.mx (Spanish) or www.narconews.com/otroperiodismo/ (English).



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We've Come For Your Hobbies

Fault Lines interviews Seattle's Kultur Shock

By KATRINA MALACHOWSKI,
ALI TONAK, PB PODSKA

When the melting crock of the USSA is boiling over like a Balkanized stew, people are gonna need something more nourishing than re-fried punk and totalitarian pop. Infusing audiences for over a decade, Kultur Shock, a Bosnian-Bulgarian-Japanese-American-creation, has been stirring up all the necessary ingredients to forge authentic roots music for a land of immigrant-terrestrials on the rise. A brief live preview of their 4th-coming album "We Came to Take Your Jobs Away" at the Bottom of The Hill in May revealed a nomadic tribe of metallic Roma wedding-meets-riot thrashers ready to dip you by your heels in a diasporic feast and fury!

Fault Lines met up with most of Kultur Shock (Gino, Vocals; Val; guitar; Mario, guitar; Chris, drums) at their last San Francisco gig with Kool Arrow labelmates La Plebe and Texas border benders Fuga at the Bottom of the Hill.

FL: You once said, "Making music isn't enough anymore," in response to the disintegration of Yugoslavia and the war. Where do you want to take the idea of working with a band, or with music, beyond the music?

Gino: I can still say making music isn't enough. Once you realize that you could die in the next five minutes every song becomes the last song. If you find yourself in a place with no water, no food, no electricity, then you know every song you do will be the best one. That is what I gained [from the war]...to play every song like it's that last one...it's the initial thing that started this band.

FL: Two of your albums, *Fuck the INS* and the new one, *We've Come to Take Your Jobs Away*, deal with immigration. What do you think of the current situation here? What do you think about the immigrant rights movement as immigrants yourselves?

Gino: Fuck the borders. Borders should not exist. They are illegal to begin with. It's against the right of move-



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: VAL, CHRIS, MARIO, MASA, MATTY, GINO

ment. Who cares what nationality, you should be able to do whatever you are doing. Whenever you see a national flag held up, run.

FL: How about the difference between trying to make a living in the arts in Europe and trying to make a living in the arts here? That's probably a kind of culture shock.

Val: I think Europe is probably better. I think the arts are much more appreciated [there] than here. I think one reason for that is the system that was created in this country which is: you work, pay taxes, you eat, you sleep and that's it... You're entertained but it's whatever they serve you on a plate. It is kind of like mind control. Media have way more power over people than they should, I think.

FL: Living in America, where do you get your news, what kind of sources do you look at, and which ones do you trust?

All: None of them! [laughter]

Gino: The media is the second evil in this country. The first evil is miseducation, and the uneducated masses. And it's done deliberately, because it's easy to indoctrinate someone who doesn't know much. If you go to the public schools and see what they're doing — they're not doing shit because who would vote for Bush if you knew even a little bit more? I mean, come on.

Chris: [But] teachers now, especially now with 'No Child Left Behind,'

they have to teach to the test — to the certain information or else eventually they're going to lose their job. It comes down to: "I have to put food on the table so I can't really afford to ...open my mouth".

Mario: You're going to compromise everything if it comes down to the basics of survival. And I've been there. I've been there in refugee camps, for like seven days without food or anything, you don't give a shit about anything, you just want to survive. I mean, I work in construction — I'm a plumber as a hobby.

Gino: First, think of who you're voting for, motherfucker, I mean if you and your wife and your buddies didn't vote for [Bush], you wouldn't have this problem.

Chris: Yeah, but NAFTA was passed under Clinton, so either way you vote — that's not the problem, the problem now stems from what was passed ten years ago.

FL: You guys are a rarity here, doing such a multi-cultural collision because we don't have that many influences here. People are sticking to their genres, and you guys are blending all these different elements together.

Mario: As far as the musical aspect goes. There's rock, there's punk, there's folk, and they all are pure, they stick to their guns. And the record label companies keep pushing those bands because they know it works. And people are getting dumber and dumber and dumber, musically, because there is nothing else out there.

Val: In the last four years it seems like the world has changed along with America as well. Along with all the bad stuff, what the asshole in the White House and the fucking congress created. It also created this craving for people to find alternatives to it, and I see more and more young people getting into and exploring stuff that isn't chewed up for you. So it's coming along, and unless we implode we might explode.

more info:
www.kulturshock.com



photos: David Ochs Keenan

IRAQ in FRAGMENTS

DIRECTED BY JAMES LONGLEY

THE REALITIES OF WAR AND OCCUPATION IN THE MIDDLE EAST

BY ROB ESHELMAN

James Longley's documentary films offer close examinations of the devastating effects of war and occupation. Driven by profiles of people's daily lives in war-zones rather than the perspectives of military or political figures, his works provide a ground level view of our current Middle East conflicts. Addressing the ongoing Israeli occupation of Palestine and the continued American presence in Iraq, *Gaza Strip* and *Iraq in Fragments* are essential viewing for anyone eager to better understand these events.

In *Gaza Strip*, Longley's debut documentary released in 2002, he spotlights the Palestinian territory's besieged residents who struggle to carve out an existence amidst an anemic economy and frequent violence in the months following the outbreak of the second Intifada. The film's central character is Mohammed Hejazi, a 13-year-old paperboy in Gaza City. Through his story, and those of other Palestinian children, one sees the severity of the economic and emotional poverty caused by Israel's cruel war. Chaotic hospital scenes, shot during Israeli incursions into Gaza, depict the dead, the dying, and the wounded in vivid detail. Interviews with the homeless, the jobless, and other Gazans further reveal the effects of routine violence on the residents of the Gaza Strip.

Longley's latest film is *Iraq in Fragments*, a series of three visually poetic vignettes, which bring into sharp focus several aspects of Iraq's increasingly divisive state of affairs. The film's first act follows 11-year old Mohammed Hai- them as he works in an auto repair shop and attends school in the Sheikh Omar neighborhood of Baghdad. The film then moves to the southern Iraq cities of Najaf and Nasiriyah in order to follow the rise of Muqtada al Sadr's Madhi Army. *Iraq in Fragments'* final section takes place within the vast, picturesque north, where a family of Kurdish brick makers describes the brutality inflicted upon the Kurdish people during Saddam's reign and ponders the possibilities of an independent Kurdistan. Together, these vignettes at once capture how distinct Iraq's various ethnic and religious formations — Arab or Kurd, Sunni, or Shia — are and also how each of their futures are inextricably linked. Iraq is presented as a constellation of forces, at times pulling in opposite directions, at others bound by common interest.

While Longley's choices of subject matter make his films extremely relevant, his nuanced character depictions and eye for the visually dramatic bring to the fore a far too uncommon perspective: that of the occupied. For example, in *Gaza Strip*, Longley recorded



IRAQ IN FRAGMENTS

over seventy hours of material, which provide detailed insight on the young Hejazi — his sorrow toward losing his closest friends to Israeli bullets and his hope of one day becoming a shaheed, or martyr. In his latest film, Longley again utilizes many hours of material to create detailed portraits of his central characters and depict the geography of Iraq: the bustling streets of Baghdad, the revered Shia mosques of southern Iraq, and the beauty of the Kurdish north, rarely seen in Western media. These profiles surely come as a result of Longley's lengthy stays within the settings of his documentaries: two years in the Gaza Strip, three in Iraq. In both cases, the absences of the ubiquitous Middle East

expert, politician, or pundit — in short the absence of an authoritative talking head or voiceover — means Longley's camera is trained, uninterrupted, on the beleaguered yet resistant Gazans, or their Iraqi counterparts.

James Longley's *Gaza Strip*, available on DVD, and *Iraq in Fragments*, set for theatrical release later this year, are important documents for understanding their respective subjects. They depict the madness of war and occupation and subtly trace a spectrum of human emotions held by those frequently left out of political narratives.

more info:

www.iraqinfragments.com

Working Man's Death

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL GLOWAGGER

REVIEW BY DMZ

Rating: Definitely Worth Seeing, But Bring Your Thinkin' Cap!

Workingman's Death is a documentary about what might be termed "Extreme Work." It uses several vignettes (each about twenty minutes long) to detail dramatic examples of very physically demanding labor in five different places on the globe.

The first story in the film is about Ukrainian coal miners, the second about men who work in a choking fume-ridden sulfur mine in Indonesia, and another about an open-air slaughterhouse in Nigeria. In one of the most riveting chapters we watch a group of Pakistanis who disassemble massive, outdated Russian oil tankers on a beach using hand-held torches.

Each section is given a very novel-esque title: for instance, the section about the coal miners is called "Heroes" because they hack out coal to warm their families' homes, and the Indonesian sulfur miners are called "Ghosts" because they appear to vanish in the yellow smoke of their surroundings.

The stories are beautifully filmed, pulling the viewer through the cramped

(about fifteen inches high!) Ukrainian mines, the clouds of yellow sulfur fumes, and the bloody work of the Nigerian cattle-slaughterers who mutter God's name as they hack the throats of massive black bulls.



This film is worth seeing for the visual aspect alone, a story told using images without use of a narrator or central character. All filmmakers, political or otherwise, should aspire to such quality photography.

At the same time, this lyrical quality is the film's greatest shortcoming. By focusing on the visual impact of labor, the film fails to explain how said production systems fit into the circuits of

this economic context, opening it up to criticisms of aestheticizing poverty à la the sweeping photographs of Sebastiao Salgado. The vignettes presented do not all illustrate the same sorts of labor. For example, the Ukrainian miners are struggling for their very existence, and not so long ago theirs was a stable and prosperous existence. By contrast, the open-air slaughterhouse is an old custom: it is decidedly not a product of recent explosive capitalism and has a long history in Nigerian society. What makes the Indonesian and Ukrainian miners' story so interesting, as well as that of the Pakistanis who dangerously perch atop huge rusting oil tankers while disassembling them with blowtorches for scrap iron, is that the tenuousness of their existence is a very new phenomenon. They are part of the new precarious global proletariat, eking out a backbreaking living from a present reality that offers them and their families absolutely no future. Go and see *Workingman's Death* for an up-close look at the raw edge of modern labor.

more info:

<http://www.workingmansdeath.com/>

more info:

<http://www.workingmansdeath.com/>

CLANDESTINES

BY RAMOR RYAN
(AK press 2006)

REVIEW BY CALAMITY

There are moments when you look into a comrade's face and see a map, showing you where you have been. *Clandestines*, by Ramor Ryan, is a thousand of these moments. In Ryan's pirate journals stories of adventure and rebellion span across oceans and borders, from crowded western cities to the most forgotten corners of the world, and there is an unmistakable familiarity in the lives of the eclectic mix of people encountered along the way. Following Ryan on his travels readers find a resurfacing of our own histories in sweltering Havana tenements and at the edge of anguished port towns, from dark Belfast streets to Berlin squats and Brazilian jungles. We find glimpses of ourselves in others, rebuilding communities after paramilitary



attacks, weighing sacrifice from guerilla outposts, or laughing in a lover's embrace in the shadow of cold war walls.

Through the clarity of Ryan's observations and the luminescence of his craft, he shines a graceful light onto people and places that the corporate media keep in the dark. Thus from the shade emerge stories of presumably "ordinary" people and the resilience of their everyday rebellions, even in the aftermath of crushed revolutions or in the foreshadows of death or incarceration. Ryan travels to, leaves (often escaping in the late night), and most importantly, returns to places beyond collective memory as he becomes a guerrilla of his own time in the war against forgetting. As tales are told questions arise and time is taken out to discuss tactics, strategy, and to philosophize on the life of subversion, where, in the context of a global neo-liberal grip, clandestinity is an everyday mechanism for survival.

With a sharp political analysis based on hope and not cynicism, deliberately leaving behind nostalgia and the old left to search out autonomy and self-



Police Bus in Venezuela

determination, *Clandestines* follows grassroots connections and cross-pollinations, from squat bars to street riots, to mark the trajectory of the modern resistance movements. But also examined here is how the smallest acts of rebellion, like mini-mutinies aboard a banana boat rocked by a subtle class war, mutual aid in the most impossible circumstances of neo-liberal exploitation, or clandestinely dodging immigration officials, are just as relevant to our so-

cial and political stories of resistance are the greater organized struggles, like those of the Zapatistas, Sandinistas, or the Brazilian landless movement.

At once hilarious and critically insightful, in a book written by one person and experienced by many, we go from victorious revelry to overthrows of passion and angst. *Clandestines* reads in the same way in which we live our lives: from fighting on the front lines to partying the nights away.

Clandestines shows us that the maps of our resistance have not faded but continue to intersect in the most unlikely places, and we see that despite repression or the costs of revolutionary failure, everywhere there is a fire that repeats, a widespread and greatly anti-authoritarian desire that cannot be extinguished.



Mayday Riots in Berlin

'68 BY PACO IGNACIO TAIBO

REVIEW BY CHRISTINA GERHARDT

Vignettes of political organizing, tales of loves, and snippets of skirmishes with the police fill Paco Taibo's '68, a first-hand account of that year's uprisings in Mexico City that stylistically evokes Eduardo Galeano's *Days and Nights of Love and War*. The state's brutal response to protestors made Mexico City's 1968 riots some of the more deadly worldwide with 200 to 300 killed (or four, according to the official count) in the Tlatelolco Massacre on October 2, 1968.

Taibo's memoir tells of the politicization of students, contrasting history lessons learned in school and on the streets: "For those of us who had got our politics out of books, political reality was a completely new school [. . .] We knew that we had to make it grow, nourish it, and take it beyond itself. The State had come into our lives as the face of evil: the president's perverse monkey features, so often caricatured, personified it perfectly." They nourished it by organizing.

Solidarity ran both ways. Students went to factories in outlying areas. Refinery, electrical, and hospital workers joined the movement, which took many forms: "The People of the Valley of Mexico filled the students' red-and-black collecting cans with coins and took their little leaflets – so full of pompous phrases, so rhetorical – and . . . gave them melons and potatoes, yams and avocados . . . and papayas, and they wished them well."

'68 takes the reader on a breathless journey through a Mexico City where every waking moment is dedicated to political work: "I crisscrossed the city from appointment to appointment, rally to mini-march, assembly to conference, brigadista powwow to underground planning session. I went from setting up a mimeograph machine to stealing paper, from a siesta snatched in some truck . . . to a rendezvous

TRANSLATED BY DONALD NICHOLSON-SMITH
(SEVEN STORIES, 2004)

with a bunch of refinery workers in Puente de Vigas. From there to a quince años party in Doctores, where . . . we planned a propaganda campaign in the factories of Ixtapalapa . . . Sitting still was sin – the only sin I can remember from those days."

The memoir viscerally conveys the texture of life, segueing smoothly from the riots in the streets to talk "of women and of mattresses." A vital read for anyone interested in the 1968 uprisings in general, Mexico City's 1968 riots in particular, or political organizing and solidarity movements, Taibo's '68 engages from the first page to the last.



Mexican soldiers kill 25 students on October 3, 1968

A Scanner Darkly

REVIEW BY PB PODSKA

It's been a long time since I read Philip K. Dick's "A Scanner Darkly." Maybe one of the best drug (survival) tales ever written, it has all the classic PKD ingredients, which means: be prepared for one mammoth futuristic rabbit hole of trippy and profound parallels to the world you're navigating right now. These



worlds are a psycho-socio-political house of mirrors that will have you staring at that grossly distorted image at the end of the ride. Nevermind the labyrinths of drug-trafficked damage and the abounding but largely unconfirmable paranoid. It's the external world where you reside that's on the steadfast fritz, described here in penetrating technicolor and epiphanic illumination.



While there isn't quite as much in the headlines currently about the drug wars as when I was on my PKD binge in the poppy Bush era, Scanner may actually have even more prophetic significance with respect to the surveillance culture of 2006, Big ol' Brother Inc., and the Hollywood mind colony. In watching this special 20 minute sneak preview at the 49th International Festival, Linklater's adaptation was a whopping reminder that PKD

had his finger on the pulse of Hyper Americana, like tapping the high-voltage track to Suburbia Uberalles and Homeland Insecurity on crack... like a video feedback loop pushing you into the dime-show panopticon.

Tommy Pallotta, the producer and pioneer of the groundbreaking animation technique made famous by *A Waking Life*, was invited to present and answer ques-

tions at this SF International Film Fest Kabuki preview. Sadly, the audience stuck to the techie matters of "rotoscoping." What will resonate further from this sure-to-be cult classic, will be the questions raised by the penetration of the cartoon world into very serious subject matter. Albeit, while Dick's pulp novel was itself a subterfuge for deep existential and political inquiry, the question persists: what does this "revolutionary" new film actually reveal about the American audiences receiving a massive dose of education about police states, drug addiction, and very suspicious drug wars through the medium of Hollywood feature toons? In other words, did *The Dream Cartel* just get more mindshare?

"A Scanner Darkly" premiered at Cannes in May and is set for a July 7th release

TRUST YOUR STRUGGLE



"I started drawing when I was a kid because I had nothing else to do then. Initial scribbles turned into passion and a tool. From a wealth of family values and system based ideas I also started to form strange opinions about my schools and surroundings as a kid too. I knew there was something wrong, I just didn't know what, neither could I prove how and why it was wrong. Times have changed. I used to spend countless hours riding buses, tagging, posting up in other kids books. I used to come across things that made me say "see, that's why the shit is the way it is" and I wouldn't react beyond that. I'm a grown man now with a family with a promise to take care of them...and a deeply sincere goal to contribute to the overthrow of the United States Government. But how do I do that? I don't. We do. And believe me the powers that be inside and outside of the US government are terrified of us because artists, musicians, thinkers, teachers, organizers, writers, activists, and rebels are growing and we are not playin' about our freedom.

My name is Robert Trujillo aka "Tres". I am an artist and my rebel crew is "Trust Your Struggle", reppin the bay area and NYC. Check www.trustyourstruggle.com for flics from some of our most recent events. Check out www.myspace.com/trustyourhustle to hear info about our mission to South America to make art, allies, and another crack in the system's wall. paz".

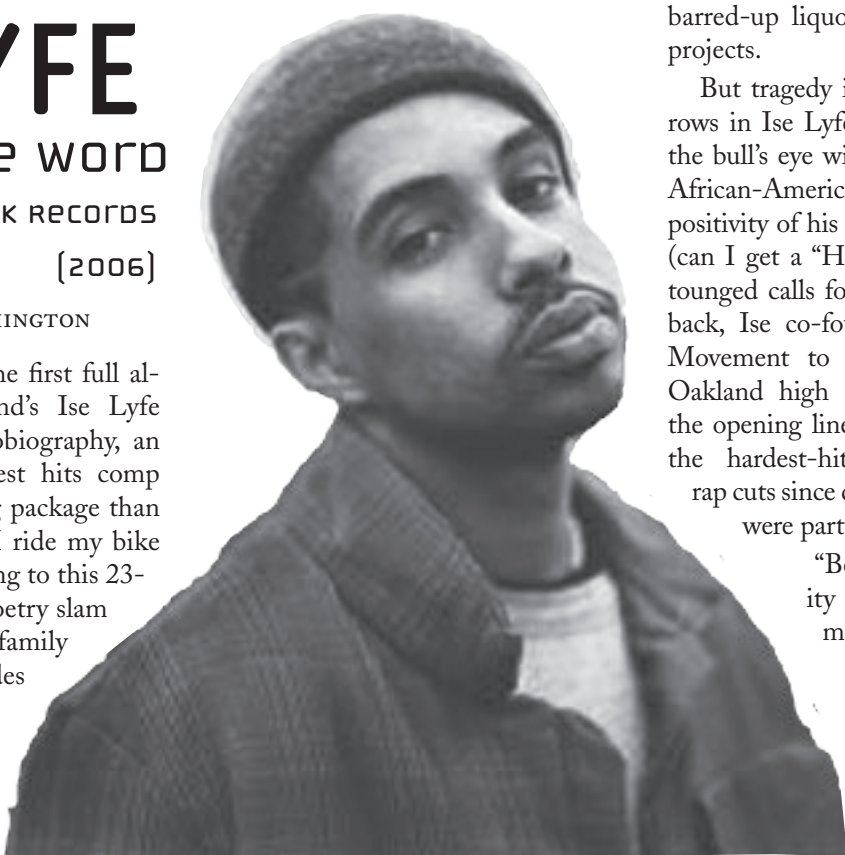
ISE LYFE

spread THE WORD

HARD KNOCK RECORDS
(2006)

REVIEW BY BYRNE WASHINGTON

"Spread the Word," the first full album from East Oakland's Ise Lyfe sounds more like an autobiography, an epic poem and a greatest hits comp rolled into one pounding package than a debut. It's crazy: As I ride my bike through Oakland, listening to this 23-year-old Youth Speaks poetry slam veteran spit odes to dead family members and lost comrades through my headphones. . . it feels like the depth and color of his words brings their spirits to life as ghosts haunting



barred-up liquor stores and burnt-out projects.

But tragedy is only one of many arrows in Ise Lyfe's quiver: He also hits the bull's eye with uplifting anthems of African-American beauty, tributes to the positivity of his community's youth, and (can I get a "HELL YEAH!") dagger-tounged calls for rebellion. A few years back, Ise co-founded the P.O.W.E.R. Movement to teach social justice to Oakland high school kids. Hopefully, the opening lines of "Reasons"—one of the hardest-hitting anti-authoritarian rap cuts since dead prez's "Hip Hop"—were part of his lesson plan:

"Be defiant / fuck authority / kick ass / we ain't no minority

We the majority / think globally / and I ain't sellin' my soul / they can't afford me."



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CALENDAR

JUNE - JULY

6/23 Trans March 7PM

We are calling for this march to demonstrate that we are a significant and growing portion of the lgbtiq community; to increase our visibility and presence in the tgiqlb community and the overall community at large; to encourage more trans and gender-variant people to come out; to build connections among lgbtiq; to support one another as a community, through all of our struggles; to speak out against violence, hate, transphobia, and the oppression of any and all of us under the existing social structure; and to be fabulous and powerful in the company of others who are fabulous and powerful.

3 pm - 7 pm Speakers and Performers Dolores Park, Dolores and 19th Street

6/24 Dyke March 7PM - Starting from Dolores Park, at 18th and Dolores March Takes Off @ 7:00 p.m.

6/24 -25 The Pride Experience! 12PM

Every year at the beginning of June, 500 rainbow flags are hoisted the length of Market Street and San Francisco explodes with queerness. For a city known as "Gay Mecca" for the other eleven months of the year, June is Queer Heaven. Frameline (the International Gay and Lesbian Film

Festival), the National Queer Arts Festival, the Transgender March, the Dyke March and Pink Saturday are just a few of the major events that take place in San Francisco during the month of June.

6/28 McLibel Screening 7:30 PM

Two activists take on McDonald's in the longest trial in English history. This documentary film tells the inside story of how a single father and a part-time bar worker took on the McDonald's Corporation. This film is not about hamburgers. It's about the remorseless power of multinational corporations.

Humanist Hall, 390 27th Street midtown Oakland, between Telegraph and Broadway, below Pill Hill

6/29 Let Me Tell You Where I've Been: New Writing by Women of the Iranian Diaspora 7PM

Let me Tell you Where I've Been is an extensive collection of work by women whose lives have been shaped by history, exile, and immigration. Divided into six parts, the book's themes of exile, family, resistance, love, and gender come together in the end. They create a conversation about Iran, Iranian culture, the Persian, and English languages and the dual identities of its

authors as represented and expressed in the West.

Modern Times Bookstore
888 Valencia St., San Francisco

Through 7/14 Now-Time Venezuela, Part 2: Revolutionary Television in Catia

The second in a year-long cycle of five exhibitions in solidarity with revolutionary Venezuela, Now-Time Venezuela, Part 2: Revolutionary Television in Catia presents the work of the community television station Catia TVe in western Caracas. Revolutionary Television in Catia samples the work facilitated by the station and also includes two newly commissioned works made especially for the exhibition: a self-reflexive piece describing CatiaTVe's working methods, and a series of messages for the people of the United States from the Catia barrio.

\$8 for adults; free for BAM/PFA members & UCB students; \$5 for UCB faculty & staff, non-UCB students, senior citizens, disabled persons, and youth (17 & under)
Berkeley Art Museum, 2626 Bancroft

7/27-29 The 2nd Annual AfroFunk Festival

The AfroFunk Festival, which sold out its debut last July to wide critical acclaim, is the first and only AfroBeat Festival in the world. This year's festival will

feature eight diverse and electrifying musical acts from Guinea, Kenya, Nigeria, Brazil, and the Bay Area, all coming together to bring the house down while raising funds for kids in Darfur, Sudan, Niger, and Kenya whose lives have been devastated by war and famine. This is also a benefit for Kenya, Sudan, and Niger and we will donate partial proceeds to Save the Children Fund and Oxfam.

\$17. The Independent and Moe's Alley
628 Divisadero (SF) & 1535 Commercial Way (SC), San Francisco and Santa Cruz
For more information contact: Sila & Jeremiah, AfroFunk, 415.771.1421

7/29 Fair Trade Festival 10AM

The People's Revolutionary Organization of Sonoma County, as part of our 30 Days of Revolution campaign, is sponsoring a Fair Trade Festival in downtown Petaluma. We are bringing together various Fair Trade groups, and other organizations involved in the struggle against global injustice. There will be fair trade coffee providers, fair trade crafts, as well as a picket line outside of both coffee shops in the area that refuse to serve fair trade coffee, despite public support. Come and participate in a celebration of workers rights and economic justice!

Helen Putnam Plaza, in downtown Petaluma off Pet. Blvd., right next to Starbucks. PROsonoma@yahoo.com

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For more info, visit www.bethemedia.org

If slaughterhouses had glass walls, everyone would be a vegetarian.

Paul McCartney

Slaughterhouses and factory farms are not built with glass walls, but thanks to the brave work of activists, everyone can now see inside the factories where animals are caged for food.

Compassionate Consumers' undercover video of an egg farm:

www.wegmanscruelty.com

East Bay Animal Advocates' undercover video of a poultry farm:

www.fosterfacts.net

News, upcoming events, and resources of the Bay Area and beyond:

indybay.org/animalliberation

While no one can tell you what to eat, you owe it to yourself to examine the ramifications of what you put in your body every day.

The Union of Concerned Scientists identified the meat-based diet as one of the two most harmful things individuals can do to our environment.

By going vegetarian (or vegan) today, you can effect positive change right now.