I despise your order, your laws, your force-propped authority. Hang me for it!
-Louis Lingg
A thriving ecosystem gets its top blown off, becomes coal, becomes heat, becomes cancerous for surrounding areas. In turn, animal populations are displaced and human communities fight for the recognition of work-related illnesses. Groups of mammals are taken from their land, crossbred into obedience, and continuously subjected to reproductive labor. Vast amounts of the Amazon are cut down so cattle can graze and devastate the land, while indigenous populations are displaced. Timber is sold while carbon dioxide is released. Wood becomes seen as a monovision of how one executes a creative project. Wild animals are displaced from their natural habitats and instinctual work, seek new lifestyles among the new growth, and are seen as pests and executed. Genocide is conceived as acceptable as animal bodies rot in refrigerators and on store shelves and decompose in landfills, surrounded by plastic and waxed paper.

Fowl are a part of this cycle and, as older concepts of homesteading become more fashionable, one can easily purchase chicks and baby ducks from a local farm store, raise them in one’s yard and have a small-scale model of a ‘sustainable food’ source, DIY commodification of the reproductive cycle where one sees a profit savings but justifies the enslavement in a different way. The laborers are seen as pets. Chickens become tractors and menstrual cycles become food. The land is made ready for crops; a female’s eggs are consumed. What would otherwise be fertilizing the land becomes a staple and could possibly be linked to testicular and ovarian cancer. Milk and flesh become ‘food’ and folks in turn suffer from diseases of over-consumption and allergic reactions which usually go unrecognized.

Wild dogs are driven off their land and some are taken to be bred to be obedient. Mills are created to produce puppies to be sold to stores and then to consumers as life companions, always subjected to the will of a master, expected to obey and love on command. By-products of slaughter houses are rendered into pet foods, which in turn create health problems in dogs. As civilization grows there becomes a lack of free space, leaving a deadening routine of civilized boredom. Synthesized pharmaceuticals are given to human and animal populations for diseases with names like depression, anxiety, ADHD and schizophrenia which would otherwise be seen as identifiers of divine vision or a wayward existence to ancient cultures.

What is labor but the process of our creative efforts from one moment to the next? The creative drive which propels life forward to be combined with experience, resources and desire to produce direct actions and tangible results? Labor includes the thought process, the claiming and reworking of resources, the decay of these products, and either stagnation or reflection for innovation. Civilization has become aware that the use of human slaves to manifest personal gain is fundamentally unjust and even now we continue to battle child and sexual slavery as well as plantations and wage slavery. But what about the labor we force upon domesticated land and animal populations? Human labor has forced plants and animals to become domesticated workers, perpetuating a cycle of labor for profit. We subject these perceived commodities to cyclical reproductive genocide and we are blind to this hierarchical display of ownership.

The results of being removed from and eventually forgetting the inherent rhythms of liberatory, necessary work fosters mental, emotional and physical degradation and breaks down the framework for what is spiritually vital. What does it mean to respect physical form and how can that be honored in each incarnation? How can we respect not only the self, but other life forms as an extension of that existence? If we believe in liberation through autonomy as well as through community, we must respect the bodies of both plant and animal and create communities of mutual aid for the benefit of everyone involved. Everyone meaning everything, from the singular existence of a rock to the amalgam of commodities produced. We must
recognize there is a connection between the forest, whose niche that is and us. This connection is not forced labor or extractions which foster emotional luxury and physical decadence. The physical form of a mountain, for example, ought to be just as sacred as our own drives to fulfill our own needs, and the interpretation of that form into coal ought to be made sacred and not wasted on more resources to heal lung diseases.

How ought we use our labor to integrate all of these populations into holistic, functioning communities towards efforts for the production of systematic health? This means: a healthy mind, physical stamina and strength, emotional well-being amongst communities which share various concepts of spiritual truth. Not just in people, but amongst life. The instinctual drive of an acorn is inherent in the seed. If it has proper amounts of sunlight and water and has the support of its surroundings to work together to communicate those needs (i.e., mycelium communicate over miles of underground networks to manage proper nutrient and moisture uptake), it can do nothing but develop into a fruiting tree or slowly wither from disease or lack of assistance and die. Shouldn’t we, as individuals, realize the drive for our own inherent potential? Through endless possibilities we can discover the specific realization of the perfection of our form, too. Are we not all full of the same desires for self-actualization and determination to reach social sustainability? In reaching this goal we explore what justice is, what truth is and what is acceptable for the self and the community.

We are all family living on this planet. We must learn, dissect, understand and remember how to work together, how to labor together and use our gift of creative ingenuity to benefit everyone involved. We each have a job to do; we all have something we excel at. Listen, open up. Live! You are alive! Every one of us has a job to do. Discover that within you there is power and use it. Become that fruiting tree with branches reaching towards the sky and roots deeply grounded in the Earth, communicating and living with the water, soil, and the animals of the world. Realize this potential and work on converting waste into something beneficial and useable. This is what our labor is! Not to usurp another life’s will but to figure out the balance of the proper usage of give and take. We must not drive ourselves and other forms of life to sabotage. We must revel in the complexity of bringing order to chaos. We live among ruins that we have created through our own labor, blindly creating at the expense of gross imbalance and domination. We strive to be free through concepts of paid work in order to have money to purchase mutilated corpses which are supposed to bring us happiness. And it makes us hollow. Change the perception of how we work with the land and with other animals and we realize we hold the answers because we already work within these concepts.

I call out to my brothers and sisters. I call for a new labor movement to create holistic balance within the individual as a necessary reflection upon the outer world made up of multitudes of individuals. Let us honor and endlessly reuse what we have taken. Let us look to what is around us and build with it. Let us look to existing forms of co-existence like the mycelial underground and form communities based on natural structures. If we are unhappy about how a product is made, where resources come from, who manufacturing it, let us not purchase it, let us not labor for these terrible ends, and let us discuss our decisions with strangers. Our true labor doesn’t consist of the exchange of currency but of what is felt with meaning in the heart and freely expressed. Building community includes talking with your neighbors who are human, who are the trees, and who are squirrels. We need to develop an honest exchange with life. Let us share and save useful food and materials from the wastestream. Our work should include understanding how to listen to what is needed and providing the foundation for sustainable health. A simple change of habit is important work. Solidarity with life on Earth. We are all comrades in common struggle.
The ongoing drama of global capital and the resistances it engenders has meant a year filled with riots, revolutions, and extra-parliamentary politics at home and abroad. As diverse movements and voices rise against our enemies, anarchists have been forced to analyze the possibilities of new bedfellows in our fight for liberation. Occupy's uneasy coalition of liberals, Marxists, Ron Paul libertarians and solidarities with the Arab Spring hold promise to some, while others push against this with complaints of co-optation, contamination, and counter-revolution. Clearly we need to determine where alliances can be beneficial and where lines in the sand must be drawn.

Bakunin’s maxim, “The freedom of all is essential to my freedom,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities. At the other end of the spectrum is global freedom, “borders,” clarifies the anarchist task. It holds three necessary dimensions: personal freedom, cooperation, and solidarity across identities.

Unfortunately such common front proposals are doomed to fail because, for as many differences these groups have with global capital, they have just as many differences with anarchists. On the spectrum between anarchist politics and global capital, these groups are lining up perpendicularly to both. Hoping to reach the world we want through authoritarian socialism, right libertarians, or ethnic separatists is like trying to head north by walking straight west, a waste of time at best and a deadly mistake at worst. Putting our lot with these groups also subsumes anarchism’s deeper opposition to the false dichotomies that the status quo already feeds the world. “Don’t want globalization you say? Well have your pick between Milosevic’s Serbia, North Korea, and war-torn Somalia!”

Alternatives that espouse decentralization, mutual aid, and internationalism are always unspoken by power because they most dangerously subvert global capital. It is within these alternatives that we as anarchists should seek our alliances. Granted, many visions fall short of our personal ideals of anarchism, but the philosophies of autonomism, left-libertarians, decentralized greens, the Zapatistas, and other social movements that seek remedies in self-management instead of government reforms at least begin to share our values. Mutual solidarity with these groups, even if only passive, helps spread these united values. If we are to build broader popular coalitions they need to be based on shared values, not shared enemies.

A historical timeline of May Day and the fight for liberation

May 1, 1886: First nationwide general strike for 8-hour day, commemorated in 1889 as the first International Labor Day. 340,000 workers in Chicago, Milwaukee, and other cities strike. Demonstrators are killed and 400 wounded while police and strikers attack the Chicago rally setting the stage for the anarchist rally in Haymarket Square and the ensuing massacre by police. Seven anarchists are sentenced to death for organizing the rally.

May 1, 1891: The French army tests their newly designed Lebel machine gun against a peaceful May Day rally at Fourmies where women and children are carrying flowers. Casualties number 14 dead and 40 wounded. The anarchist François Ravachol bombs the Lobau Barracks in Paris in March 1892 as retribution.

May 1, 1904: The first May Day rally in Cape Town South Africa is organized by city unions and the local Social Democratic Federation led by anarchists. The SDF eventually help form the first racially integrated general union and mass unemployed demonstrations across racial lines.

May 1, 1919: The Bavarian Soviet Republic is suppressed, 600 die. German anarchist Gustav Landauer is killed the following day, following his arrest by a unit of the anti-revolutionary Freikorps.

May 1, 1923: Oging Sakae, the Japanese anarchist, makes a speech at a May Day gathering in Paris. He is arrested and deported to Japan, where he is soon murdered by military police.

May 1, 1933: Christian anarchist Catholic Worker newspaper founded in New York City. Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin publish the first issue of their long-running newspaper in an edition of 2,500 copies.
Within this potential coalition of anti-authoritarians, the majority of political differences stem from divergent ideas of what is possible, and the most effective method of settling scores is to demonstrate by example. Debate between this or that strain of anti-authoritarianism will never hold real significance until we have crafted larger models of our ideals. Ideological attack may be important outside this alliance when we are fighting the damaging values of global capital, but within our own quarters talk is cheap, and our personal goal should be to carry freedom, mutual aid, and anti-hierarchy further than others think possible. A singular vision of “the freedom of all” may never be achieved, but we can at least spread the commitment to that freedom.

CALL TO CONTRIBUTE

The Portland Radicle is an anarchist-without-adjectives project that is looking for articles from anarchists of all backgrounds for consideration. We like writing that is accessible, but not simplistic. Generally short articles are around 250 words, medium around 500 and longer up to 1000. To submit articles please contact us at:

portlandradicle.wordpress.com
theportlandradicle@riseup.net

WE ARE PLANNING A
PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGIONAL ANARCHIST GENERAL ASSEMBLY
AND WE WANT YOUR IDEAS!

This multi-day event will be an opportunity for anarchists from all over the Pacific Northwest to come together to network, build affinity, share stories of struggle, and take action.

Tenatatively planned for sometime between mid-July and mid-August, we need your ideas to make this happen! What do YOU want to see out of a multi-day regional anarchist general assembly?

Which dates work well for you? What do you want in terms of discussion spaces, networking, format, workshops, working groups, etc? What games do you like to play? Are there specific accommodations we should keep in mind to make this event accessible for as many folks as possible? What kinds of peripheral social events do you want to attend?

If you have skills, resources, workshops, or anything else you’d like to contribute, please get in touch!

pnwanarchistgeneralassembly@riseup.net
May was Time to Leave
by Mike

Some sort of biological clock is going off in me right now. May is here. Birds are going nuts. Cherry trees are giving up their blossoms. People are manically swarming the parks, swilling Pabst and playing kickball. This always used to be the time of the year that would kill me. Continually, year after year, this was the time I would give two weeks notice at my job, stuff some gear in a bag and abandon my life for months.

I used to work in food service, doing jobs like washing dishes, prep-cooking. I’ve made pizzas. These jobs were steady and required little of me outside of bouts of extreme physical labor. They were numbing, and my understanding of them floated between the poles of suffering them as soul-crushing wage-slavery to seeing them merely a symptom of my lack of creativity. They seemed like a life-preserver, keeping me from the pits of dire poverty I could only guess at and, for a while, I was thankful. But it wasn’t long until something flared up inside of me: the knowledge that I’d been here before. Physical surroundings had changed, but the condition had stayed the same.

There is a precariousness to these low-paying jobs and they, more often than not, don’t come with sick time or health benefits. What’s the use of an eight-hour day when you get paid under the table, or your boss keeps you on shift for ten or eleven hours? People have a reflexive pride or resignation about these jobs. They treat them like soldiers treat tours of duty and live for petty disputes or tiny transgressions. There is a kind of solidarity, one where everyone knows one fundamental thing: that, on the clock, we’re all volunteering to servitude.

It hurts worse when a boss screams at you when you technically choose to be at work. Even worse is when you miss out in things that would enrich your life because you’re scheduled to be there. I would hate myself on these occasions, tear myself apart because I was so far from my desires and know that life cannot be replaced. My time, pieces of my life, were being auctioned up. I’d hitch. All over. Let the continent in all its terrible glory flood my senses and experience the beautiful charity and the sometimes weird and troubling interactions happening at once. I have slept in fields of high grass behind gas stations, bullshitted with sex workers on truckstop lots, been in the back of a pickup speeding on the cliffs overlooking the Pacific. I even saved a dog on the side of the freeway once. All of this, even the sketchballs and tweakers I’ve ridden with, were my reward for insisting on the absence of a safety net, for risking my health and stability, for a better life.

It’s called “lifestyle anarchism,” a derogatory term for the travelers of the nineties and aughts who read the dropout treatises of Crimethinc, with all their bastardized Nietzsche, which drew a point from the dreariness one experiences and the carnival of liberation one could have now, in one’s life. It contravenes more traditional, left-anarchism. Murray Bookchin wrote of an “unbridgeable chasm” between the two tendencies. Lifestyle anarchists are seen as selfish, incapable of organizing, weak on theory and, as such, prone to exertions of privilege they leave unchecked. Also, it is possible to posit that if dropping out meant that the sea of boredom that was my working life could be parted to move to an unpredictable, if grimy, paradise, then I have embraced it.

I don’t do this so much, anymore. I’ve been doing low-paying writing gigs to sustain myself over the last two years. It takes the risk of failure I need and wraps it into my work and, when work is hard to come by, at least I have my days. I can cook dinner, visit friends, be outside, read uninterrupted. Life rushes forth.

The traveler’s itch isn’t extinguished, either. But dropping out taught me that, while it’s possible to break free of one cage, you escape into a larger one. My freedom doesn’t truly begin until everyone’s does. I want a place to be, a place to work towards, where everyone gets to decide how their lives will proceed and we can dispense with this resignation to submission. That is what I want to build, only that. A place with gardens and workshops, a place to share meals, to meet, to mediate conflicts. I have been exposed to my limitations, but I know my capabilities well.

I know that, in the path towards freedom, we only hold ourselves back.
On May Day
by Matthew

The day will come when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you are throttling today”. These were the last words spoken by August Spies, a Haymarket martyr killed in 1886. His crime was a belief in anarchism and the right of workers to the eight-hour workday, which led to his being hung with three other anarchists. Three years later the Second International called on the workers of the world to strike for a reduced workday. With the words of this Haymarket martyr still fresh in their ears hundreds of thousands of people demonstrated on May 1st, 1890 and May Day was officially born.

May Day or International Workers Day was part of a long fight for the eight-hour day that first started fomenting in the 1860s, but boiled over in the 1880s. At the time conditions within workplaces were often dangerous and hours were anywhere between 10 and 16 hours per day. While May Day started with demands for the eight-hour workday, it was by no means limited to that demand. May Days over the last hundred years have generally focused on workers’ issues but have expanded to include the issues of women, students, and people of color, as well as immigrant rights and the fight against imperialism focused generally on issues of workers but have expanded to include issues of women, students, and people of color, and taken on issues of immigration and imperialism,

The fear of May Day and its populist message has elicited instances of backlash aimed at appropriating the day to obscure or change its meaning. In 1958 President Dwight D. Eisenhower sought to do this by declaring May 1st to be Law Day in the United States. The day was intended to be an occasion for nationwide reflection on the role of law in the foundation of the country and as Eisenhower stated, “In a very real sense, the world no longer has a choice between force and law. If civilization is to survive it must choose the rule of law.”

May 1st is a national holiday in over 80 countries and is unofficially celebrated in many more. Over the last hundred-plus years May Day has waxed and waned as a lightning rod for struggle. While countries in Europe and Latin American generally have large demonstrations called for by unions and other left wing groups, turnout in the United States has been smaller. While some unions in the United States have kept a tentative connection to May Day, one might say their observance of the holiday is enacted more out of a sense of pageantry than of militancy. Starting in 2006, many have seen a revival of May Day led by immigrant rights groups that have focused attention on immigrant labor across the United States. During 2006, a series of demonstrations against the racist legislation H.R. 4437 led up to a very large turnout across the country on May Day.

This year occupiers across the country are calling for a general strike on May Day 2012. Coming out of Occupy LA in December, the call has grown with occupiers across the country and the world looking to participate in one form or another. Occupy Wall Street calls for “no work, no school, no housework, no shopping, take the streets!” on May 1st. The call is indicative of the possibilities of non-action but is by no means the limit of possible action.

What is the Radicle?

The Portland Radicle aims to stimulate discussion of anarchist thought in our communities. We seek to disseminate diverse ideas of autonomy, self-determination, and mutual aid in order to encourage constructive resistance against political, economic, and social forms of domination in our lives.
On May 4, 1886 workers met at the Haymarket in Chicago. Scores of police were there.

August Spies spoke:

There seems to prevail the opinion that this meeting has been called to inaugurate a riot, hence the war-like preparations of so-called ‘LAW AND ORDER’.

The day before police had killed six striking workers. Hence the rally.

On May 1, hundreds of thousands had marched nationwide for an eight-hour workday.

An unknown person threw a bomb. The explosion and gunfire that followed left seven cops and four workers dead.

Mass Meeting To-night at 7:30

at the HAYMARKET, Randolph St

Police moved to disperse the rally.

Eight anarchists were accused in the bombing. Mass hysteria pervaded their trial.

No evidence linked any of them to the bombing, yet they were found guilty. Seven were sentenced to die. Two sentences were commuted to life imprisonment.

Louis Lingg killed himself with dynamite while in custody. Four were hanged.

At the gallows Spies said:

THE TIME WILL COME WHEN OUR SILENCE WILL BE MORE POWERFUL THAN THE VOICES YOU STRANGLE TODAY!

The system that killed the Haymarket anarchists has exploited and genocided millions.

May Day is a time to stand together and fight.

It pits us against one another for the profit of the few.

It pillages the earth endlessly.

It wants nothing more than our labor and compliance.

A BETTER WORLD IS COMING.