LAPHAM'S QUARTERLY

VOLUME XXXI, NUMBER 1 WINTER 2032

ANARCHY

LAPHAM'S QUARTERLY

LAPHAM'S
QUARTERLY

ANARCHY

Political rights do not originate in parliaments, the are, rather forced upon parliaments from without. And even their enactment into law has for a long time been no guarantee of their security. Just as the employers always try to nullify every concession they had made to labour as soon as opportunity offered, as soon as any sings of weakness were observable in the workers' organizations, so governments also are always inclined to restrict or to abrogate completely rights and freedoms that have been achieved if they imagine that the people will put up no resistance. Even in those countries where such things as freedom of the press, right of assembly, right of combination, and the like have long existed, governments are constantly trying to restrict those rights or reinterpret them by judicial hair-splitting. Political rights do not exist because they have been legally set down on a piece of paper, but only when they have become the ingrown habit of a people, and when any attempt to impair them will meet with the violent resistance of the populace. Where this is not the case, there is no help in any parliamentary Opposition or any Platonic appeals to the constitution.
– Rudolf Rocker

https://www.nobelprize.org/prizes/peace/1995/rotblat/lecture/

The Shape of Anarchy To Come

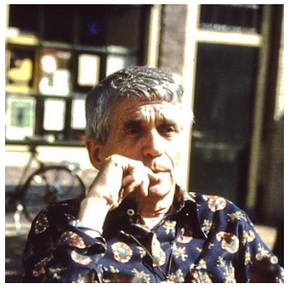
The left arm of that fierce honesty is a defense of the sacred.

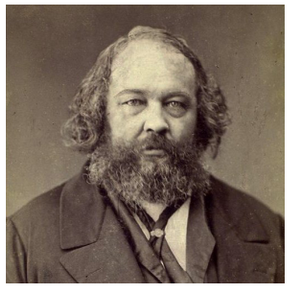
Well known that anarchy doesn’t recede into empty

The anarchists expand how we live by showing us the ruts within we reside. The

It is utterly unrelated to collectivism and individualism.

Among The Contributors





1984: Pen

THE INVASION OF

Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair.

I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men. I have wished to know why the stars shine. And I have tried to apprehend the Pythagorean power by which number holds sway above the flux. A little of this, but not much, I have achieved.

Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upward toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to Earth. Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart. Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be. I long to alleviate this evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.

This has been my life. I have found it worth living, and would gladly live it again if the chance were offered me.

I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy - ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next, because it relieves loneliness - that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss. I have sought it finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the prefiguring vision of the heaven that saints and poets have imagined.

This is what I sought, and though it might seem too good for human life, this is what?at last?I have found.

I had supposed until that time that it was quite common for parents to love their children, but the war persuaded me that it is a rare exception. I had supposed that most people liked money better than almost anything else, but I discovered that they liked destruction even better. I had supposed that intellectuals frequently loved truth, but I found here again that not ten per cent of them prefer truth to popularity. (?)

As a lover of truth, the national propaganda of all the belligerent nations sickened me. As a lover of civilization, the return to barbarism appalled me. (?)

He asked my religion and I replied "agnostic.? He asked how to spell it, and remarked with a sigh: ?Well, there are many religions, but I suppose they all worship the same God.? (?)

I have lived in the pursuit of a vision, both personal and social. Personal: to care for what is noble, for what is beautiful, for what is gentle; to allow moments of insight to give wisdom at more mundane times. Social: to see in imagination the society that is to be created, where individuals grow freely, and where hate and greed and envy die because there is nothing to nourish them. These things I believe, and the world, for all its horrors, has left me unshaken.

Bertrand Russell, British philosopher, logician, mathematician, historian, Nobel Prize Laureate in Literature (1872-1970), The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell (1967), Routledge, 2000, Prologue, p. 240, 241, 257, 466, Postscript. See also: ? Bertrand Russell?s message to future generations

The Negro Speaks of Rivers
By Langston Hughes
I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

"what do you do when a child is on fire, we saw children on fire, what do you do when a child is on fire, in a war... that was a mistake"
-Michael Doyle

2003: __Location here___

ON VAGABONDING

In reality, long-term travel has nothing to do with demographics- age, ideology, income- and everything to do with personal outlook. Long-term travel is not about being a college student; its about being a student of daily life. Long-term travel isn't an act of rebellion against society; its an act of common sense within society. Long-term travel doesn't require a massive "bundle of cash"; it requires only that we walk through the world in a more deliberate way.

This deliberate way of walking through the world has always been intrinsic to the time-honored, quietly available travel tradition known as "vagabonding."

Vagabonding involves taking an extended time-out from your normal life to travel the world on your own terms.

But beyond travel, vagabonding is an outlook on life. Vagabonding is about using the prosperity and possibility of the information age to increase your personal options instead of your personal possessions. Vagabonding is about looking for adventure in normal life, and normal life within adventure. Vagabonding is an attitude a friendly interest in people, places, and things that makes a person an explorer in the truest, most vivid sense of the word.

Vagabonding is not a lifestyle, nor is it a trend. Its just an uncommon way of looking at life- a value adjustment from which action naturally follows. And, as much as anything, vagabonding is about time- our only real commodity- and how we choose to use it.

Sierra Club founder John Muir used to express amazement at the well-helled travelers who would visit Yosemite only to rush away after a few hours of sightseeing. Muir called theses folks the "time-poor," - people who were so obsessed with trending their material wealth and social standing that they couldn't space the time to truly experience the splendor of California's sierra wilderness. One of Muir's Yosemite visitors in the summer of 1871 was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who gushed upon seeing the sequoias, "its a wonder that we can see these trees and not wonder more." when Emerson scurried off a couple hours later, however, Muir speculated wryly about whether the famous transcendentalist had really seen the trees in the first place.

Nearly a century, naturalist Edwin Way Teale used Muir's example to lament the frenetic pace of modern society. "Freedom as John Muir knew it," he wrote in his 1956 book (italics)Autumn Across America(end italics), "with its wealth of time, its unregimented days, its latitude of choice... such freedom seems more rare, more difficult to attain, more remote with each new generation."v

But Teale's lament for the deterioration of personal freedom was just as hollow a generalization in 1956 as it is now. As John Muir was well aware, vagabonding has never been

1968: Catonsville, MD

STATEMENT

Some 10 or 12 of us (the number is still uncertain) will, if all goes well (ill?) take our religious bodies during this week to a draft center in or near Baltimore. There we shall, of purpose and forethought, remove the 1-A files, sprinkle them in the public street with homemade napalm, and set them afire. For which act we shall, beyond doubt, be placed behind bars for some portion of our natural lives, in consequence of our inability to live and die content in the plagued city, to say "peace peace" when there is no peace, to keep the poor poor, the home—less, the thirsty and hungry homeless, thirsty and hungry.

Our apologies, good friends, for the fracture of good order, the burning of paper instead of children, the angering of the orderlies in the front parlor of the charnel house. We could not, so help us God, do otherwise.

For we are sick at heart, our hearts give us no rest for thinking of the Land of Burning Children. And for thinking of that other Child, of whom the poet Luke speaks. The infant was taken up in the arms of an old man, whose tongue grew resonant and vatic at the touch of that beauty.

And the old man spoke; this child is set for the fall and rise of many in Israel, a sign that is spoken against. Small consolation; a child born to make trouble, and to die for it, the First Jew (not the last) to be subject of a "definitive solution." He sets up the cross and dies on it; in the Rose Garden of the executive mansion, on the D.C. Mall, in the courtyard of the Pentagon.

We see the sign, we read the direction: you must bear with us, for his sake. Or if you will not, the consequences are our own. For it will be easy, after all, to discredit us. Our record is bad; trouble makers in church and state, a priest married despite his vows, two convicted felons.

We have jail records, we have been turbulent, uncharitable, we have failed in love for the brethren, have yielded to fear and despair and pride, often in our lives. Forgive us. We are no more, when the truth is told, than ignorant beset men, jockeying against all chance, at the hour of death, for a place at the right hand of the dying one.

We act against the law at a time of the Poor People's March, at a time moreover when the government is announcing ever more massive paramilitary means to confront disorder in the cities. It is announced that a computerized center is being built in the Pentagon at a cost of some seven millions of dollars, to offer instant response to outbreaks anywhere in the land; that moreover, the

government takes so serious a view of civil disorder, that federal troops, with war experience in Vietnam, will have first responsibility to quell civil disorder. The implications of all this must strike horror in the mind of any thinking man.

The war in Vietnam is more and more literally brought home to us. Its inmost meaning strikes the American ghettos; in servitude to the affluent. We must resist and protest this crime.

Finally, we stretch out our hands to our brothers throughout the world. We who are priests, to our fellow priests. All of us who act against the law, turn to the poor of the world, to the Vietnamese, to the victims, to the soldiers who kill and die, for the wrong reasons, for no reason at all, because they were so orderedâ€”by the authorities of that public order which is in effect a massive institutionalized disorder.

We say: killing is disorder, life and gentleness and community and unselfishness is the only order we recognize. For the sake of that order, we risk our liberty, our good name.

The time is past when good men can remain silent, when obedience can segregate men from public risk, when the poor can die without defense. We ask our fellow Christians to consider in their hearts a question which has tortured us, night and day, since the war began. How many must die before our voices are heard, how many must be tortured, dislocated, starved, maddened? How long must the world's resources be raped in the service of legalized murder? When, at what point, will you say no to this war? We have chosen to say, with the gift of our liberty, if necessary our lives: the violence stops here, the death stops here, the suppression of the truth stops here, this war stops here.

We wish also to place in question, by this act, all suppositions about normal times, about longings for an untroubled life in a somnolent church, about a neat time-table of ecclesiastical renewal which in respect to the needs of men, amounts to another form of time serving.

Redeem the times! The times are inexpressibly evil. Christians pay conscious, indeed religious tribute, to Caesar and Mars; by the approval of overkill tactics, by brinkmanship, by nuclear liturgies, by racism, by support of genocide. They embrace their society with all their heart, and abandon the cross. They pay lip service to Christ and military service to the powers of death. And yet, and yet, the times are inexhaustibly good, solaced by the courage and hope of many. The truth rules, Christ is not forsaken.

In a time of death, some men—the resisters, those who work hardily for social change, those who preach and embrace the unpalatable truth—such men overcome death, their lives are bathed in the light of the resurrection, the truth has set them free. In the jaws of death, of contumely, of good and ill report, they proclaim their love of the brethren. We think of such men, in the world, in our nation, in the churches; and the stone in our breast is dissolved; we take heart V

written by Dan Berrigan, S.J.

On May 17th, 1968, Nine people, including Father Daniel Berrigan and his brother Father Phillip Berrigan, entered a draft board and removed draft files of those who were about to be sent to Viet Nam. They took these files outside and burned them with home-made napalm, a weapon commonly used on civilians by the U.S. forces. They then awaited their arrest by authorities. The following is the statement Dan Berrigan read in court during their trial.

MOOR
EMPRESS

NOT A
THREAT

BEAUTY MART
THE SALVATION ARMY
DISASTER SERVICES

POLICE

2018: Portland, Oregon

BEING HUMAN?

I am the voice you never hear

If I spoke would you listen?

I am the ugly duckling

Visible in your pretty little world

I am the criminal when I try to sleep

I am the nuisance

Trying to keep dry out of the rain

I am the homeless person

Looking for dignity and a safe secure place.

Leo Rhodes

Columnist, Street Roots

1993: _____

ON LIVING

I

Living is no laughing matter:
you must live with great seriousness
like a squirrel, for example--
I mean without looking for something
beyond and above living,
I mean living must be your whole
occupation.
Living is no laughing matter:
you must take it seriously,
so much so and to such a degree
that, for example, your hands tied behind
your back,
your back to the wall,
or else in a laboratory
in your white coat and safety glasses,
you can die for people--
even for people whose faces you've
never seen,
even though you know living
is the most real, the most beautiful thing.
I mean, you must take living so seriously
that even at seventy, for example, you'll
plant olive trees--
and not for your children, either,
but because although you fear death you
don't believe it,
because living, I mean, weighs heavier.

II

Let's say you're seriously ill, need
surgery--
which is to say we might not get
from the white table.
Even though it's impossible not to feel
sad
about going a little too soon,
we'll still laugh at the jokes being told,
we'll look out the window to see it's
raining,
or still wait anxiously
for the latest newscast ...
Let's say we're at the front--
for something worth fighting for, say.
There, in the first offensive, on that very
day,
we might fall on our face, dead.
We'll know this with a curious anger,
but we'll still worry ourselves to death
about the outcome of the war, which
could last years.
Let's say we're in prison
and close to fifty,
and we have eighteen more years, say,
before the iron doors will open.
We'll still live with the outside,
with its people and animals, struggle and
wind--
I mean with the outside beyond the
walls.
I mean, however and wherever we are,
we must live as if we will never die.

III

This earth will grow cold,
a star among stars
and one of the smallest,
a gilded mote on blue velvet--
I mean this, our great earth.
This earth will grow cold one day,
not like a block of ice
or a dead cloud even
but like an empty walnut it will roll
along
in pitch-black space ...
You must grieve for this right now
--you have to feel this sorrow now--
for the world must be loved this much
if you're going to say "I lived" ...

Trans. by Randy Blasing and Mutlu
Konuk (1993) Nazim Hikmet

All living beings, things that move, are equally important, whether they are human beings, dogs, birds, fish, trees, ants, weeds, rivers, wind or rain. To stay healthy and strong, life must have clean air, clear water and pure food. If deprived of these things, life will cycle to the next level, or as the system says, ‘die’. - John Africa

1993: P

(SOMETHING INSIDE) SO STRING

The higher you build your barriers
The taller I become
The farther you take my rights away
The faster I will run
You can deny me
You can decide to turn your face away
No matter, cos there's....

Something inside so strong
I know that I can make it
Tho' you're doing me wrong, so wrong
You thought that my pride was gone
Oh no, something inside so strong
Oh oh oh oh oh something inside so strong

The more you refuse to hear my voice
The louder I will sing
You hide behind walls of Jericho
Your lies will come tumbling
Deny my place in time
You squander wealth that's mine
My light will shine so brightly
It will blind you
Cos there's.....

Something inside so strong
I know that I can make it
Tho' you're doing me wrong, so wrong
You thought that my pride was gone
Oh no, something inside so strong
Oh oh oh oh oh something inside so strong

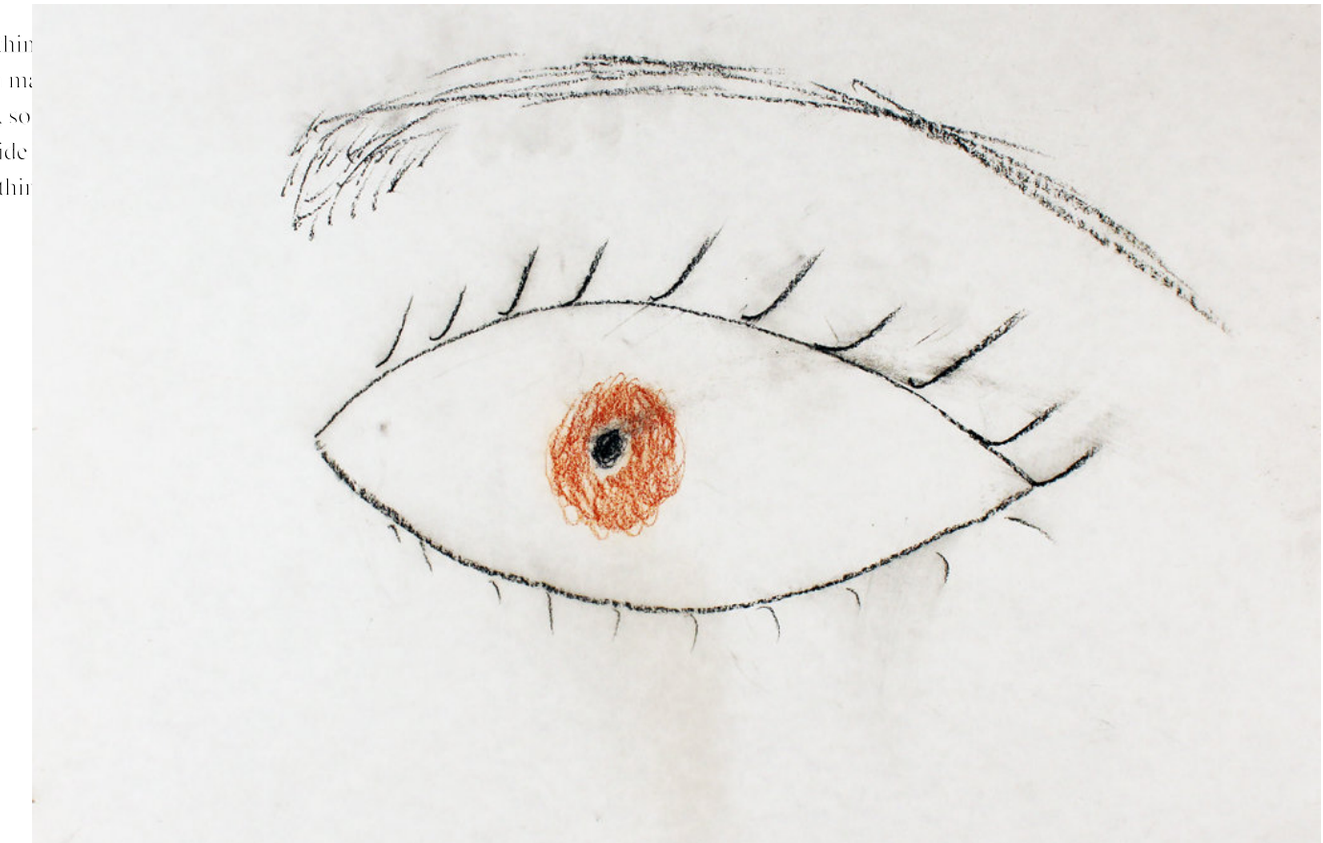
Brothers and sisters
When they insist we're just not good enough
When we know better
Just look 'em in the eyes and say
I'm gonna do it anyway x 4

Something inside so strong
And I know that I can make it
Tho' you're doing me wrong, so wrong
You thought that my pride was gone
Oh no, something inside so strong
Oh oh oh oh oh something inside so strong

Brothers and sisters
When they insist we're just not enough
When we know better
Just look 'em in the eyes and say
I'm gonna do it anyway x 4

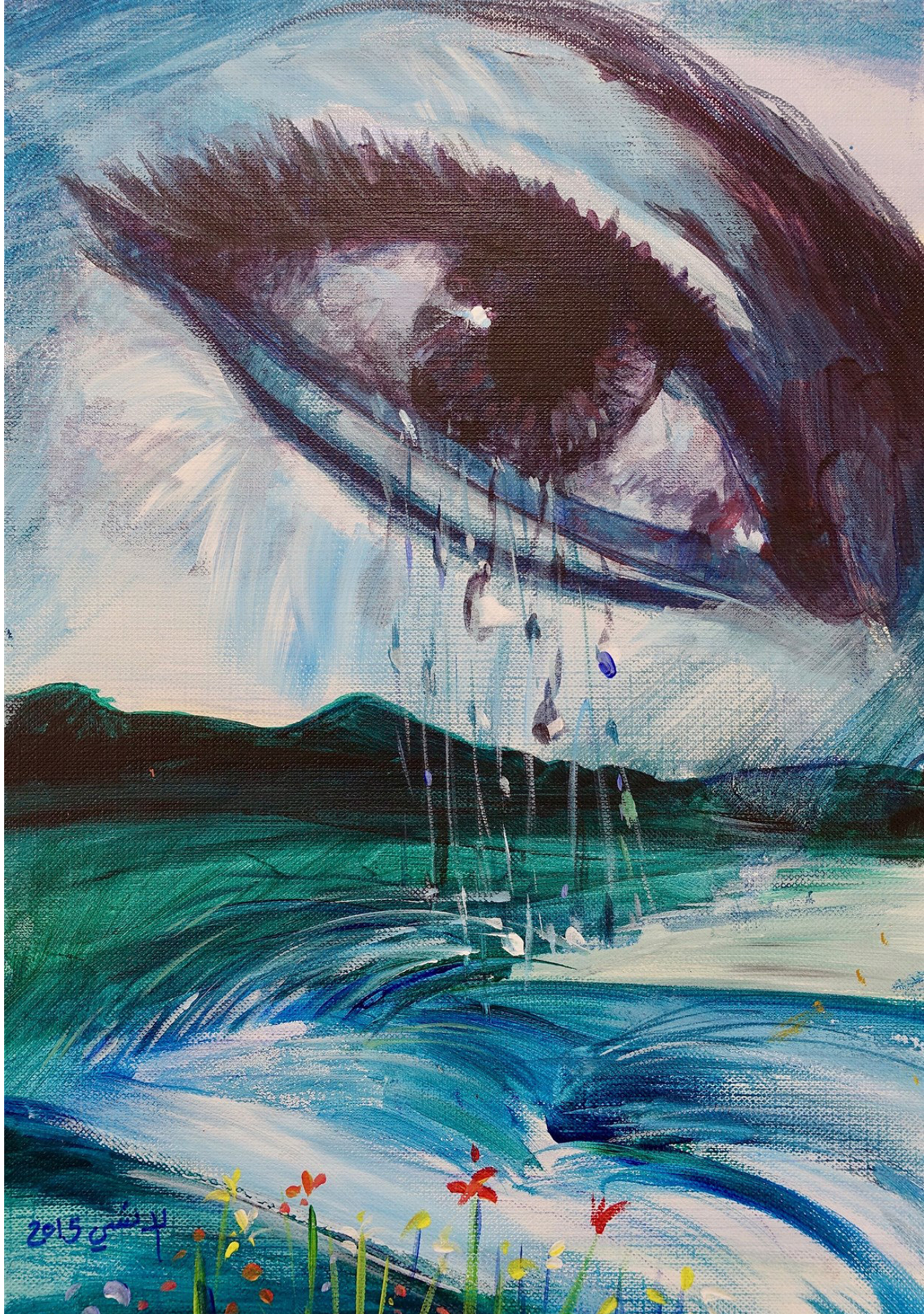
Because there's somethin
And I know that I can ma
Tho' you're doing me, so
Oh no, something inside
Oh oh oh oh oh somethin

Labi Siffre



GRAPHIC ABOUT TIMELINE OF PRISON NOTES HERE

GRAPHIC ABOUT PEOPLES TRIBUNALS



2005: Miami

HOLD FAST

Bernard ____, a French sailing mystic, also entered the 1968 Golden Globe Race. After seven months at sea, he was the front-runner and expected to win. France was ready to receive a national hero.

A fleet of French yachts was marshaling to escort him back across the English Channel from the finish line where he would be awarded the Legion of Honor. _____ was not happy with the prospect though. He wrote in his logbook:

"Leaving from Plymouth to return to Plymouth feels like leaving from nowhere to return to nowhere."

He didn't have a radio but he'd report his position by slingshotting film canisters with notes on them to passing ships who would then radio in his messages. After crossing under Keith Warren, _____ hurled a note onto a passing ship which read:

> *'My intention is to continue the voyage still non-stop toward the Pacific Islands where there is plenty of Sun and more peace than in Europe. Please do not think that I am trying to break a record; record is a very stupid word at sea. I am continuing non-stop because I am happy at sea and, perhaps, because I want to save my soul.'*

He was essentially saying, fuck you people, fuck your newspapers, your races and your prizes. And so, he just kept sailing around the world. He later wrote:

> *'I am a citizen of the most beautiful nation on earth. A nation whose laws are harsh yet simple. A nation that never cheats, which is immense and without borders, where life is lived in the present. In this limitless nation, this nation of wind, light, and peace, there is no other ruler besides the sea.'*

He lived out the rest of his life as a citizen of the sea.

2005: Miami

HOLD FAST

Bernard ____, a French sailing mystic, also entered the 1968 Golden Globe Race. After seven months at sea, he was the front-runner and expected to win. France was ready to receive a national hero.

A fleet of French yachts was marshaling to escort him back across the English Channel from the finish line where he would be awarded the Legion of Honor. _____ was not happy with the prospect though. He wrote in his logbook:

"Leaving from Plymouth to return to Plymouth feels like leaving from nowhere to return to nowhere."

He didn't have a radio but he'd report his position by slingshotting film canisters with notes on them to passing ships who would then radio in his messages. After crossing under Keith Warren, _____ hurled a note onto a passing ship which read:

> *'My intention is to continue the voyage still non-stop toward the Pacific Islands where there is plenty of Sun and more peace than in Europe. Please do not think that I am trying to break a record; record is a very stupid word at sea. I am continuing non-stop because I am happy at sea and, perhaps, because I want to save my soul.'*

He was essentially saying, fuck you people, fuck your newspapers, your races and your prizes. And so, he just kept sailing around the world. He later wrote:

> *'I am a citizen of the most beautiful nation on earth. A nation whose laws are harsh yet simple. A nation that never cheats, which is immense and without borders, where life is lived in the present. In this limitless nation, this nation of wind, light, and peace, there is no other ruler besides the sea.'*

Political rights do not originate in parliaments, the are, rather forced upon parliaments from without. And even their enactment into law has for a long time been no guarantee of their security. Just as the employers always try to nullify every concession they had made to labour as soon as opportunity offered, as soon as any sings of weakness were observable in the workers' organizations, so governments also are always inclined to restrict or to abrogate completely rights and freedoms that have been achieved if they imagine that the people will put up no resistance. Even in those countries where such things as freedom of the press, right of assembly, right of combination, and the like have long existed, governments are constantly trying to restrict those rights or reinterpret them by judicial hair-splitting. Political rights do not exist because they have been legally set down on a piece of paper, but only when they have become the ingrown habit of a people, and when any attempt to impair them will meet with the violent resistance of the populace. Where this is not the case, there is no help in any parliamentary Opposition or any Platonic appeals to the constitution.

– Rudolf Rocker

He lived out the rest of his life as a citizen of the sea.

Two Responses

Facing It
By Yusef Komunyakaa
My black face fades,
hiding inside the black granite.
I said I wouldn't
dammit: No tears.
I'm stone. I'm flesh.
My clouded reflection eyes me
like a bird of prey, the profile of night
slanted against morning. I turn
this way—the stone lets me go.
I turn that way—I'm inside
the Vietnam Veterans Memorial
again, depending on the light
to make a difference.
I go down the 58,022 names,
half-expecting to find
my own in letters like smoke.
I touch the name Andrew Johnson;
I see the booby trap's white flash.
Names shimmer on a woman's blouse
but when she walks away
the names stay on the wall.
Brushstrokes flash, a red bird's
wings cutting across my stare.
The sky. A plane in the sky.
A white vet's image floats
closer to me, then his pale eyes
look through mine. I'm a window.
He's lost his right arm
inside the stone. In the black mirror
a woman's trying to erase names:
No, she's brushing a boy's hair.

1984: Pennsylvania

THE INVASION OF GRENADA

I didn't want a monument,
not even one as sober as that
vast black wall of broken lives.
I didn't want a postage stamp.
I didn't want a road beside the Delaware
River with a sign proclaiming:
"Vietnam Veterans Memorial Highway."

What I wanted was a simple recognition
of the limits of our power as a nation
to inflict our will on others.
What I wanted was an understanding
that the world is neither black-and-white
nor ours.

What I wanted was an end to monuments.

Torture
Alice Walker

When they torture your mother
plant a tree
When they torture your father
plant a tree
When they torture your brother
and your sister
plant a tree
When they assassinate
your leaders
and lovers
plant a tree
Whey they torture you
too bad
to talk
plant a tree.
When they begin to torture
the trees
and cut down the forest

The People's Trial of Goldman Sachs -

Free me!!, Kevin Cooper

2011: Liberty Square, NYC

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE CRUCIFIED MY LORD?

The Occupy movement is the force that will revitalize traditional Christianity in the United States or signal its moral, social and political irrelevance. The mainstream church, battered by declining numbers and a failure to defiantly condemn the crimes and cruelty of the corporate state, as well as a refusal to vigorously attack the charlatans of the Christian right, whose misuse of the Gospel to champion unfettered capitalism, bigotry and imperialism is heretical, has become a marginal force in the life of most Americans, especially the young. Outside the doors of churches, many of which have trouble filling a quarter of the pews on Sundays, struggles a movement, driven largely by young men and women, which has as its unofficial credo the Beatitudes:

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the earth.
Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for justice, for they shall be satisfied.
Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons and daughters of God.
Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

It was the church in Latin America, especially in Central America and Augusto Pinochet's Chile, which provided the physical space, moral support and direction for the opposition to dictatorship. It was the church in East Germany that organized the peaceful opposition marches in Leipzig that would bring down the communist regime in that country. It was the church in Czechoslovakia, and its 90-year-old cardinal, that blessed and defended the Velvet Revolution. It was the church, and especially the African-American church, that made possible the civil rights movements. And it is the church, especially Trinity Church in New York City with its open park space at Canal and 6th, which can make manifest its commitment to the Gospel and nonviolent social change by permitting the Occupy movement to use this empty space, just as churches in other cities that hold unused physical space have a moral imperative to turn them over to Occupy movements. If this nonviolent movement fails, it will eventually be replaced by one that will employ violence. And if it fails it will fail in part because good men and women, especially those in the church, did nothing.

Where is the church now? Where are the clergy? Why do so many church doors remain shut? Why do so many churches refuse to carry out the central mandate of the Christian Gospel and lift up the cross?

Some day they are going to have to answer the question: "Where were you when they crucified my Lord?"

Let me tell you on this first Sunday in Advent, when we celebrate hope, when we remember in the church how Mary and Joseph left Nazareth for Bethlehem, why I am in Liberty Square. I am here because I have tried, however imperfectly, to live by the radical message of the Gospel. I am here because I know that it is not what we say or profess but what we do. I am here because I have seen in my many years overseas as a foreign correspondent that great men and women of moral probity arise in all cultures and all religions to fight the oppressor on behalf of the oppressed. I am here because I have seen that it is possible to be a Jew, a Buddhist, a Muslim, a Christian, a Hindu or an atheist and carry the cross. The words are different but the self-sacrifice and thirst for justice are the same. And these men and women, who may not profess what I profess or believe what I believe, are my brothers and sisters. And I stand with them honoring and respecting our differences and finding hope and strength and love in our common commitment.

At times like these I hear the voices of the saints who went before us. The suffragist Susan B. Anthony, who announced that resistance to tyranny is obedience to God, and the suffragist Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who said, "The moment we begin to fear the opinions of others and hesitate to tell the truth that is in us, and from motives of policy are silent when we should speak, the divine floods of light and life no longer flow into our souls." Or Henry David Thoreau, who told us we should be men and women first and subjects afterward, that we should cultivate a respect not for the law but for what is right. And Frederick Douglass, who warned us: "Power concedes nothing without a

> I believe that the biblical teaching is clear. It always contests political power. It incites to "counterpower," to "positive" criticism, to an irreducible dialogue (like that between king and prophet in Israel), to antistatism, to a decentralizing of the relation, to an extreme relativizing of everything political, to an anti-ideology, to a questioning of all that claims either power or dominion (in other words, of all things political), and finally, if we may use a modern term, to a kind of "anarchism" (so long as we do not relate the term to the anarchist teaching of the nineteenth century).
>
> - Jacques Ellul

A memorial to Jan Palach and Jan Zajíc, Wenceslas Square https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wenceslas_Square

demand. It never did and it never will. Find out just what any people will quietly submit to and you have found out the exact measure of injustice and wrong which will be imposed upon them, and these will continue till they are resisted with either words or blows, or both. The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress." And the great 19th century populist Mary Elizabeth Lease, who thundered: "Wall Street owns the country. It is no longer a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, but a government of Wall Street, by Wall Street, and for Wall Street. The great common people of this country are slaves, and monopoly is the master." And Gen. Smedley Butler, who said that after 33 years and four months in the Marine Corps he had come to understand that he had been nothing more than a gangster for capitalism, making Mexico safe for American oil interests, making Haiti and Cuba safe for banks and pacifying the Dominican Republic for sugar companies. War, he said, is a racket in which newly dominated countries are exploited by the financial elites and Wall Street while the citizens foot the bill and sacrifice their young men and women on the battlefield for corporate greed. Or Eugene V. Debs, the socialist presidential candidate, who in 1912 pulled almost a million votes, or 6 percent, and who was sent to prison by Woodrow Wilson for opposing the First World War, and who told the world: "While there is a lower class, I am in it, and while there is a criminal element I am of it, and while there is a soul in prison, I am not free." And Rabbi Abraham Heschel, who when he was criticized for walking with Martin Luther King on the Sabbath in Selma answered: "I pray with my feet" and who quoted Samuel Johnson, who said: "The opposite of good is not evil. The opposite of good is indifference."

And Rosa Parks, who defied the segregated bus system and said "the only tired I was, was tired of giving in." And Philip Berrigan, who said: "If enough Christians follow the Gospel, they can bring any state to its knees."

And the poet Langston Hughes, who wrote:

What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up
Like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore—
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over—
Like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
Like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

And Martin Luther King, who said: "On some positions, cowardice asks the question, 'Is it safe?' Expediency asks the question, 'Is it politic?' Vanity asks the question, 'Is it popular?' And there comes a time when a true follower of Jesus Christ must take a stand that's neither safe nor politic nor popular but he must take a stand because it is right."

Where were you when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there to halt the genocide of Native Americans? Were you there when Sitting Bull died on the cross? Were you there to halt the enslavement of African-Americans? Were you there to halt the mobs that terrorized black men, women and even children with lynching during Jim Crow? Were you there when they persecuted union organizers and Joe Hill died on the cross? Were you there to halt the incarceration of Japanese-Americans in World War II? Were you there to halt Bull Connor's dogs as they were unleashed on civil rights marchers in Birmingham? Were you there when Martin Luther King died upon the cross? Were you there when Malcolm X died on the cross? Were you there to halt the hate crimes, discrimination and violence against gays, lesbians, bisexuals and those who are transgender? Were you there when Matthew Shepard died on the cross? Were you there to halt the abuse and at times enslavement of workers in the farmlands of this country? Were you there to halt the murder of hundreds of thousands of innocent Vietnamese during the war in Vietnam or hundreds of thousands of Muslims in Iraq and Afghanistan? Were you there to halt Israel's saturation bombing of Lebanon and Gaza? Were you there when Rachel Corrie died on the cross? Were you there to halt the corporate forces that have left working men and women and the poor in this country bereft of a sustainable income, hope and dignity? Were you there to share your food with your neighbor in Liberty Square? Were you there to become homeless with them?

Where were you when they crucified my Lord? I know where I was.

Here.

With you.

. by Randy Blasing and
ı Konuk (1993) Nazim
et

1993: _____

ON LIVING

I

Living is no laughing matter:
you must live with great seriousness
like a squirrel, for example--
I mean without looking for something
beyond and above living,
I mean living must be your whole
occupation.
Living is no laughing matter:
you must take it seriously,
so much so and to such a degree
that, for example, your hands tied behind
your back,
your back to the wall,
or else in a laboratory
in your white coat and safety glasses,
you can die for people--
even for people whose faces you've
never seen,
even though you know living
is the most real, the most beautiful thing.
I mean, you must take living so seriously
that even at seventy, for example, you'll
plant olive trees--
and not for your children, either,
but because although you fear death you
don't believe it,
because living, I mean, weighs heavier.

II

Let's say you're seriously ill, need
surgery--
which is to say we might not get
from the white table.
Even though it's impossible not to feel
sad
about going a little too soon,
we'll still laugh at the jokes being told,
we'll look out the window to see it's
raining,
or still wait anxiously
for the latest newscast ...
Let's say we're at the front--
for something worth fighting for, say.
There, in the first offensive, on that very
day,
we might fall on our face, dead.
We'll know this with a curious anger,
but we'll still worry ourselves to death
about the outcome of the war, which
could last years.
Let's say we're in prison
and close to fifty,
and we have eighteen more years, say,
before the iron doors will open.
We'll still live with the outside,
with its people and animals, struggle and
wind--
I mean with the outside beyond the
walls.
I mean, however and wherever we are,
we must live as if we will never die.

III

This earth will grow cold,
a star among stars
and one of the smallest,
a gilded mote on blue velvet--
I mean this, our great earth.
This earth will grow cold one day,
not like a block of ice
or a dead cloud even
but like an empty walnut it will roll
along
in pitch-black space ...
You must grieve for this right now
--you have to feel this sorrow now--
for the world must be loved this much
if you're going to say "I lived" ...

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

I'm sitting in prison- I'm in my cell. It's dark, someone took all the light bulbs in the cells. So, I'm sitting close to the door, so the light from the corridor outside can allow me to see what I'm writing.

I've been here a week, but it feels longer. In Ecuadorean prisons there are no books, no TV, no media. We go outside 5 hours a week and can have max 2 visitors during three hours on Saturdays. The minutes pass by quite slowly. So I think and I write.

Many years ago, a friend told me (and he has said this many times to many people): What is the most important thing you could do? Are you doing that? If not, why not? This has stayed with me as an important guideline. Indeed, our time is short, we should do the most important thing.

I was born with a lot of privilege. And during my life, mostly through luck, I've acquired even more. Let me be clear, I don't deserve privilege over anyone else. In my opinion, no human being deserves privilege. However, I have it, so what do I do?

One option is to ignore it and act like it doesn't exist. To me, this is an abhorrent option. No, privilege for me means responsibility. I hate something I don't deserve and I can't get rid of it. Thus, I have to use it for the improvement of the world. It's really that simple. Privilege means responsibility, power means responsibility.

Then, what is the responsible thing? Like my friend told me, logically, the most responsible thing you can do is to work on the most important thing you could ever do. It follows logically.

Of course, it's not as simple as that. You have to choose something where you can have -or can acquire- the right skills. You have to choose something where you have a chance of success. You must be able to access the right resources. All these considerations are embedded in the original questions.

Sitting here in my cell, I ask myself the question. The same way I've asked myself the same thing hundreds of times over the last year. I'm still not sure of the answer.

Obviously I'm not very productive sitting here. But maybe me being a martyr, kidnapped by the Ecuador government, will serve to start discussions, catch attention and open new ways of fighting. Maybe it will serve to wake some people up.

Of course I don't have much choice in my current situation, but I can apply the question to my previous life and I can start thinking about what should come next. These thoughts are taking most of my head space these days.

So, about my previous life, I decided many years ago that the field of privacy is both something extremely important and also something where my specific knowledge and connection would allow me to do something important. So, I've worked on privacy enhancing tools. To me, privacy is something that is absolutely necessary for human beings to be free and the rise of surveillance is

Cryptoanarchy - a branch of anarchist philosophy and action that focuses on the use of technology to protect privacy as a means to assert autonomy from government and non-state actors interference with applications in communications, currency, commerce, and information security.

Words and definitions page

rthghfghfghfghgf
hfhfghfhfghdghdf

Oregon

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United_Nations_Art_Collection#/media/File:Schwerter_zu_Pflugscharen_-_Jewgeni_Wutschetitsch_-_Geschenk_der_Sowjetunion_an_die_UNO_-_1959.jpg

Let Us Beat Swords into Plowshares by Yevgeny Vuchetich, 1959.

1959 gift of the Soviet Union to the United Nations - garden of the United Nations Headquarters in New York City

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United_Nations_Art_Collection#/media/File:UN_art_1.JPG

LAPHAM'S QUARTERLY

Let Us Beat Swords into Plowshares, a sculpture by Evgeniy Vuchetich, 1959.

AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS

DEVIN ALLEN • NAZIM HIKMET

JAMES CONE

DANIEL BERRIGAN

MOXIE MARLINSPIKE

ALICE WALKER

CHRIS HEDGES