

“We must be tolerant and patient. Even if somebody insults me, I forgive that insult,” he was quoted as saying. More than a dozen Israelis died during the Gulf War because of accidents with gas masks, half of whom suffocated because they failed to remove the seal before putting the mask on.

“They thought they were dying of nerve gas,” Jack Sawicki, an expert in protective clothing at Geomet Technologies in Germantown, Maryland, said. “But they just hadn’t taken the plug out.”

Heat Seeker #2001
Thou shalt not vie the secret archives:
www.geocities.com/theopeneye

Still available from The Open Eye:

Heat Seeker #23, half-sized zine, \$1.50
The Complete Works of Heaton Seeker, full-sized zine, \$3.00
Heat Seeker T-shirt, invisible ink on white, XL only, \$10.00
Suck Your Own Cock, subliminal script, cassette only, \$15.00
Send well concealed cash to:
The Open Eye c/o
P.O. Box 5841, Eugene, OR 97450

Nancy G. From Seattle, WA says:

“My boyfriend has been using Heat Seeker for four months now and WOW our sex life is great! Not only his his penis size increased, but his staying power is amazing. I whole heartedly recommend this product to women who are looking to turn the man they love into Superman!”

Lee J. From Chicago, IL says:

“Heat Seeker has changed my life. I could say a thousand words about what a great product you guys offer, but I decided to include a before and after picture. The before picture was taken March 2, 1999, the after picture was taken 5 1/2 month later on August 11, 1999. You can see the amazing difference! Before Heat Seeker, I was 4 3/4” erect. And while I never had any complaints, I always felt a little inadequate. Since being on Heat Seeker, I have gained 3” in length erect, making it 7 3/4”, and also another 2” in girth. Please feel free to utilize my photos if you want. “ (Lees before and after photos are included in your order)

Paul F. From North Arlington, NJ says:

“I always felt uncomfortable in the mens room at the urinal. My penis was a full 6 inches long.. but I still felt smaller than most men. My girlfriend used to date a 6’5” man and I always to feel she is used to a larger penis than mine. When I herd of Heat Seeker, I secretly gave it a try and boy am I glad I did. Today I am topping 8” and I’m still growing. I plan on taking Heat Seeker until I get to 9” or 10” My entire life has changed too. I went from a shy man, to somebody who will go after whatever I want. I just got a promotion at work and I owe it to my new found confidence from Heat Seeker.

Terrorific Literature

HEAT SEEKER

pire. May they die with it. I'm just going to sit here. finish my third cup of joe and then be off to wander in the light rain.

*Office of the Secretary of State
Bill Bradbury
Secretary of State
Suzanne Townsend
Deputy Secretary of State*

*October 20, 2000
Heaton Seeker
PO Box 5841
Eugene, OR 97405*

Dear Mr. Seeker:

This office has been made aware of a poster with the name of "Heaton Seeker" and the above address. The poster was on a telephone pole and is titled "Vote for Sale." A copy of this poster is enclosed. The text of the poster discusses this coming November 2000 general election in what is apparently a satirical manner. It then states,

"My absentee ballot is in mint condition, unpunched, unsealed and properly signed by me, ; Heaton Seeker. Absolutely no fraud is needed... Does the right to vote offer more freedom than \$40? if so, please mail your bid today. Initial offers must be received by November 10th. Serious inquiries only, please."

We note that the date of November 10th is listed. Since the election date is November 7 the "deadline" listed may have been intentionally after the election date to lessen the serious intent of a ballot to use after an this "offer." This is because there would not be much purpose in "buying" election was over, as ballots must be received by the election", official by 8 p.m. on election day in order to count.

Oregon election law prohibits a person from selling or offering to sell a ballot. It is a Class C felony violation for a person to do so. ORS 260.715 (9) states,

"No person shall sell, offer to sell, purchase or offer to purchase, for money or other valuable consideration, any absentee ballot or any ballot mailed to an elector in an election conducted by mail."

Therefore, we strongly advise on or any person who is responsible for this posting, to not post or otherwise distribute an more of these posters. In addition, you must not take any actions on any possible "offers" you have received that would constitute a violation of election law. We suggest you notify any person who has contacted you in this regard of the illegality of such an action.

The Good Neighbor

Jim was getting ready for bed when the car alarm went off. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. He pulled back the curtain and looked into the parking lot behind his apartment complex, but he didn't see any burglars or vandals or anyone at all. Just the car, which he didn't recognize, wailing away like an abandoned baby. It was a late 80s sports car in silver paint that didn't really look worth stealing anyways. what could have set it off? It was parked in lot five, which belonged to the apartment of the same number. Apartment five had been empty for a month and a half, and the extra parking spot was often used by visitors. He imagined it to be a friend of Nick and Pete's, in apartment four, directly above his.

He changed into his bed clothes to the steady, obnoxious beat of the bleat, bleat, bleat. He laid down in bed. He was tired, but he didn't close his eyes. He just waited and listened. He was a patient guy, but he didn't have much choice. The car was no more than 50 feet from his head.

Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. It was loud, certainly louder than Nick and Pete's stereo. They were college boys and had once thrown a loud party with lousy classic rock that had kept him up much too late, considering that he started work at 6am. Jim was perfectly aware that he could have gone up and complained, or he even could have called the cops. A noise complaint would cost the offender about \$120, but he was much more patient and neighborly than that. He had gone to work the next day a little tired, and after work he had knocked on the boys' door and told them that it had really been too much, and could they not throw parties without talking to him about it first? They had apologized, and that had been the last noise problem they'd had. Solving your problems face to face was always the most effective way. It was the way of the good neighbor, and that had always been Jim's way.

Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Jim got out of bed and looked out the window again. The car had no busted windows. No one was stealing the stereo. No police cars were swooping down the alley to answer the car's pathetic distress call. So what good is a car alarm? Jim took a deep breath. Patience, he told himself. The owner will take care of it. He's probably looking for his keys right now.

The next morning, he woke up earlier than usual to the sound of the car alarm outside his window, Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. He showered, dressed and went to work early. As always, he walked to work. Who needs a car in a small town anyways? Two or three blocks later, the car alarm was no longer audible. He sighed, and the fist inside his head unclenched.

"You look like shit, Jim," the cook told him when he got to work. "What were you drinking last night?" Jim made the chocolate mousse as he calmly explained his problem.

"Well, sounds like a job for Mr. Crowbar," said the cook. "Pry the hood open and rip the fucking alarm right out. Those things will ring for days on a fully charged car battery. I know, I've got one."

COINTELPRO, White Vans and Coffee

Editor's Note: I met the author of this piece in Seattle at the WTO protests, where he made an impression by telling everyone how a man posing as a protester amongst the crowds had surreptitiously dosed him with an LSD/DMSO mixture. He later left this on our coffee table and split to". I renamed and edited it, removing about a quarter of the text. because. in his own words, 'as is usually the case with me, I begin by digressing.'

I'm sitting here at a fine cafe in Eugene, Oregon drinking clean water and coffee. After the mass media perpetrated slander about Eugene following the Third Ministerial Conference of the World Trade Organization, it might not need to be mentioned that Eugene is the anarchist hotspot of the northwest United States and is probably the central locale of anarchist activity in the whole of this wretched nation. These slandered anarchists here we many of the most decent. intelligent. sincere and kindhearted people that I've ever had the privilege to meet. Unfortunately, anarchists are not the only folks in town. and at least a brief word also ought to be said about the COINTELPRO agents. Talk about Big Brother! Who else would have a counter Intelligence PROgram? It seems that because Eugene attracts and breeds anarchist genius it also attracts and breeds government stupidity.

One of those damn COINTELPRO agents just sat down too close to me. Often they are rather obvious, as Kropotkin noted in his "Memoirs of a Revolutionist". Annoying is a more accurate description, so I swatted at some imaginary flies and left the booth facing his with that gesture.

Now I'm in mother café. It's ten after two, I have mother refill, and I my poke around here until Food Not Bombs serves at one of the nearby parks. On previous visits I've been informed that this particular cafe is constantly surveilled. There's mother clean cut cat who has been all too often in my vicinity today. They do swam like gnats to shit. Also, around here, it's probably not a big secret that the bastards drive white vehicles, often white Ford vans (good old Henry would be proud.) often with advertisements on them. But, no matter what they drive or wear anywhere. the damn counterintelligence agents will always stand out to the intelligent more than vice-versa. Anyway. I know about the white van that's often parked in front of my Arcata. California home.

Another day has now passed, and I'm back at the original cafe again. It's Sunday, and I fancy that perhaps some of the villains are resting. Have I mentioned how despicable COINTELPRO and its agents are? And dammit! Another agent just slithered in. I have a nose for them, and the most telling looks from the most innocent people give these agents away. And even without such looks they're easy to spot. People whose only business is to drive white vans, look shady, glare with curious smiles, talk into their shirt collars, and who have no lives of their own to improve (having oathed away their souls) are easy to spot as they inconspicuously peer from behind newspapers and stupid dime-store

Jim fell into a tentative sleep. He had a new alarm clock, and for no reason at all it began beeping, beep, beep, beep, a blunt and unintelligent electronic noise like an amplified mosquito buzzing in his ear. Beep. Beep. Beep. He grabbed the clock and pushed the button, but it didn't work. It just kept beeping and beeping, stupidly, annoyingly, pointlessly. He slammed it down a couple of times and then grabbed the instructions, thick as a phone book, off of the night stand. He began flipping through the book, but there was no index, and he found the pages he needed had been torn out. Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. It was more than annoying, it was unnerving, a stiletto or a long thin metal Q-tip being rhythmically shoved in and out of both his eardrums, drumming, pounding, beeping out the cruel a-musical beat of a microchip molesting a speaker. Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. Shut up! he shouted at the alarm. Shut up! He grabbed the thing and hurled it at the concrete with all of his strength, but it just bounced and kept on beep beeping. He jumped up and began to stomp the stupid thing, first in tennis shoes and then in boots, big steel toed boots, but it did no good. Finally, he went to his tool box and grabbed a hammer, and nailed the thing square in the face, and then again harder, and again, and again, hammering and hammering the beeping and beeping and beeping box, but it didn't stop, no matter what, it just kept on whining beep, beep, beep, beep, beep, beep and then beep, beep, beep...

Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Jim showered, dressed and went to work early. After walking two or three blocks, the sound of the fucking car alarm was no longer audible, and the fist inside his head unclenched.

The cook took a long look at Jim and said, "Oh man, you gotta be kidding me."

Jim grunted.

"Just call the cops, man. Make a noise complaint. That's what they're there for."

"It's my neighbor," Jim said. "My new neighbor. I can't call the cops on him. I've never even met him. It wouldn't be... It wouldn't be neighborly." Jim started to make the whipped cream. "I have to live next to the guy, for years maybe. I can't just stab him in the back like that. I gotta do this myself. The right way."

The cook just shrugged.

After work, Jim decided to walk to the dentist's office and make that appointment he'd been putting off. Then he went to the library and read the paper in his batter-smear work clothes. Then he went and rented a video. Then he walked home very, very slowly.

Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Jim knocked on the door of apartment number five. No answer. He went around back and starred at the car. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Linda from apartment six, came out.

“I’m not stoopid,” I said to the TV. “The TV can’t go off.”

Dang, my feet hurt, but everybody’s gotta work. Nothing’s free.

I closed my eyes and listened to the TV.

Then I falled asleep watching the lights flicker on the insides of my eyelids.

Playing With Authority *The True story of the Eugene Anarchists*

I was there. I saw it all, and it wasn’t like they said on the TV. The truth is we just wanted to play and have some fun, but you wouldn’t know that from reading the newspapers. Reporters might be experts at grammar and punctuation. but they know nothing about us and the games we were playing. In fact, they brag about their ignorance and outsider status. claiming this is what makes them “objective”. Don’t be fooled. Privately, in their journalism schools and trade magazines, they admit that objectivity is impossible and nothing but a scam to sell papers to people who disagree with their biases. Journalism is just a job, and every job description in the world is the same: Do what the boss tells you. Reporters are about as objective as the guys who write the advertisements, but what you’re reading right now carries no ads. I’m not being paid to write this, not even in kindness, so, if you can ignore the occasional misplaced comma or dangling modifier, you can learn the truth about the “violent anarchists” from Eugene, Oregon. whose reputation was born on November 30th 1999 at the antiWTO protests in Seattle, Washington and then grew with a series of home games that culminated in the epic Cops Vs. Anarchists basketball game on June 18th. 2000.

Really, the whole “violent anarchist” thing was a myth. We weren’t anarchists, and we were never violent. That is, the games we were playing were no more violent than any other games people play. Take football for example, which is perfectly respectable despite people getting tackled and smashed, even broken bones. Six U.S. high school students died in 1999 as a direct result of football injuries, while we never tackled. smashed or killed anyone. And even though we had no leader, it’s not fair to call us anarchists, because we followed all the rides of the game. Of course, it was a game of our own making, and we wrote our own rules, but it would be absurd to ask us to follow the rules of checkers, for example. if the game we’re playing is chess, right?

And that’s what I want to stress. It was all a game. We were just having fun. Our game in Seattle was called Breaking The Spell, and it grew out of our weekly session of Dungeons & Dragons. D&D, as you may know, is a role-playing game that involves sitting in a dark basement rolling dice and discussing armor class and saving throws. It’s fun, but a little lethargic. One week, our Dungeon Master, John Zerzan. didn’t show up. and without

“I’m sorry.” she said.

There as a long silence a on the line. Jim hung up.

Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat.

Jim pushed the redial button.

“Ashland Police Department.”

“Hello, this is Jim Walker again. This car alarm has been ringing for 48 hours now. Can’t you just have it towed away or something? Please?”

“It’s legally parked,” she said.

“Yes, but I have to, it’s been ringing. my neighbors are-”

“I’m I sorry” she said

“But-”

“There’s nothing we can do.”

Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat.

Jim hung up.

Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat

Finally, he went to his tool box.

He hit the driver’s side window with one steady stroke of his wrench and the glass made a satisfying crash. He unlocked the door and found a switch marked “hood”. With the hood up the bleating became even louder and more insistent and Jim’s hands trembled with outlaw adrenaline as he adjusted the wrench and unscrewed one of the battery cables. Carefully, he used the wrench to pry the cable up and knock it off of the battery.

Silence. Silence. Silence.

For once, the absence of a car alarm was evidence of a crime. It suddenly occurred to him that he wasn’t wearing gloves. As he hurried across the parking lot he saw an upstairs curtain being drawn back and a face looking out at him. His heart froze. It was Nick, apartment four. Nick smiled and gave Jim the thumb’s up. Jim felt like a good neighbor.

I’m Not Stoopid

I’m not stoopid I know all about valuable commodities and stuff. People need blood, that’s why. If you want food and air and stuff, that costs money.

Apologies for All Occasions

- I'm awfully sorry that happened
- I'm sorry we made that error
- I'm sorry to hear that.
- I apologize for the inconvenience
- I regret that we misinformed you
- I understand how you feel. I'm sorry.
- I'm very sorry that you missed out. Our Customer Service Department can help...
- No wonder you're upset; I'm sorry that happened. Can I help?
- I apologize for that error; I'd like to make it up to you.
- I'm sure I'd feel exactly the same way and I'm sorry that we weren't able to get that gift to you as promised. May I connect you to a Customer Service Representative to make it right?
- Of course you're right and I apologize for the inconvenience.
- I'm sorry that happened. Thank you for letting me know so we can make it right!

The One That Got Away

"Cops!" shouts Jason.

We all panic and bolt into a full sprint. Jason and Ron outpace me by a yard, then two, then five. Shit! I'll be caught! Arrested! Jailed! Wait... Why am I running from the cops?

"Stop!" shouts the cop behind me as I slow, wheezing. He sprints right past me shouting, "You can go," over his shoulder. I hadn't done anything. None of us had.

But we would have, and that's the key to punk rock psychology. We had a kind of guilty conscience for opportunity crimes we hadn't yet found the opportunity for. If you shout "Cops!" at punks they will run. Pure criminal instinct.

At the other end of the parking lot I can see Ron slowing. Too many cigarettes and not enough guilt. "You can go," shouts the cop as he sprints past Ron. If you run you're guilty, and if you stop you're not. Pure police logic.

It's the one who doesn't stop, that's the guilty one. Probably has warrants or a pocket full of dope or something. Yes, something, definitely guilty of something. The cop disappears down an alley after Jason. If a punk runs he must be pursued. Pure cop instinct.

Worried, Ron and I walk home, but Jason is already sitting on the couch smiling. "I hid in a dumpster," he says, and we all laugh ourselves silly, rolling on the floor.

"Let's go back out and do it again." says Jason. Pure punk logic.

In conclusion, at this time this office plans no further action on this matter unless a written complaint is filed or further evidence of such activity is found. However, we alert you that this matter is of serious concern and could result in an investigation by the Attorney General's office if any further such activity is indicated. Please contact this office if you have any questions. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Norma J. Buckno
Program Representative

VOTE FOR SALE

How much would you pay for a Vote in the 2000 election for President? Anarchists and cynics may scoff and offer pennies, but patriots and loyal Americans value their votes. The right to vote is a pillar of freedom and democracy, the Constitutional right to choose your own masters. Yet, this November a sizable number of eligible citizens will not be registered to vote, or they will register and still not vote. Is this because the right to vote is not worth exercising? What is the value of the vote, exactly?

Only that other pillar of democracy, the free market, can prove the value of the vote. I am offering to sell my ballot to the highest bidder. George Bush, Al Gore and the other candidates are spending millions and millions and millions and millions of dollars to acquire my vote, but how much of that money will I ever see? It would seem that elections are held for the enrichment of advertising agencies, public relations wizards and push-poll firms, but not the average citizen. If votes are valuable then the profits should go to those who own the votes: the voters themselves.

My absentee ballot is in mint Condition, unpunched, unsealed and properly signed by me, Heaton Seeker. Absolutely no fraud is needed. For \$40 one could buy an eight-hour day of minimum-wage life back from one's employer. Does the right to vote offer more freedom than \$40? If so, please mail your bill today. Initial offers must be received by November 10th. Serious inquiries only, please.

Heaton Seeker, Box 5841, Eugene, Oregon 97405

Crossword Puzzle

Across

1. Only the ----- can see it.
4. A cop with no gun.
6. The punishment before the trial.
3. You're against air pollution, but you still breath it.

Down

2. When the slaves get to elect their own master.
3. When there's no one left to kill.
5. The science of exploitation.
7. Like college, but for dumb guys.

Jim didn't even chuckle at the thought. Not only would such an approach be illegal, it would be wrong. Surely the owner of the car was an irresponsible clod, but from the relative peace and quiet of the kitchen, smashing up the property of a complete stranger seemed even worse. Since the car was obviously parked illegally, the police would certainly be willing to tow it, but even that was too underhanded. Rather than call in armed goons, Jim would take the moral high ground. He would solve the problem himself, in a respectable manner. Besides, the car's owner, whoever it was and wherever he had gone, had probably already returned and turned the damned thing off.

After work, he was two blocks from home when he heard the bleat. bleat. bleat. He headed straight to the parking lot and found Opal, from apartment eight, standing in front of the silver sports car scratching her head. she was wearing her flower print bathrobe.

"Oh, I barely slept last night," Opal told him. "The arthritis and all, but now this. At first, I was worried about Mr. Carmine, that something had happened to him. But this is really too much. I need to get some rest tonight."

Jim was puzzled. "Mister who?"

Mr. Carmine. Our new neighbor."

"New neighbor?" said Jim.

"Why yes. Haven't you met him? I figured you would've been the first to introduce yourself, Jim. He seems like a nice enough fellow, but really, I don't know what's happened to him."

Jim excused himself and went to knock on the door of apartment five. The curtains were drawn and nobody answered.

Jim went home, changed out of his work clothes and left again. He went to the library to return a book and read the paper. Then he walked downtown and did some very, very early Christmas shopping. Then he did some slow, careful grocery shopping, giving his new neighbor all the time he needed to return home and turn the damned car alarm off. Apparently the guy wasn't all the way moved in yet. He just needed time. When it could be avoided no longer. Jim took the bus home, back to that horrid and heartless sound of the endlessly bleating car alarm.

Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. He turned the stereo on, loud, and then off. No sense in making the racket any worse. Bleat. bleat. bleat. bleat. He made himself dinner. bleat. bleat. bleat. bleat. Then he tried to watch TV, but he had to plug in the headphones to hear it.

Then it was time for bed. bleat. bleat. bleat. bleat. He lay down and closed his eyes. Bleat. bleat. bleat. bleat. bleat. bleat. bleat. An hour or two later,

novels. When they speak. their insidious line of questioning gives them away with tone or demeanor.

Watch out for deep cover agents. They've struck me as hollow. cold and stupid. They talk the talk. but it's obvious they don't get it, even when being mom actively hardcore than those with solid hearts of tiny grey stone. They want to bait you, and they often work within flocks. If you trust one, you'll be prompted to trust mother. Don't be footed. There are lots of them.

For the benefit of the reader, I'll now stoop to tell about the depravity that led to my sexual encounters with a couple COINTELPRO she-devils. The first show of overt violence and readiness. Within ten minutes of meeting her the first time she bluntly accused someone of being FBI. and within ten minutes of being in her room she had pulled up some pointlessly gruesome internet game and was joyfully killing symbolic innocents with a click of the mouse. She was completely lacking sincere emotion, even during frequent sexual encounters. and she only released canned laughter at the bad jokes made by her comrades. She was well connected around Arcata and heavily involved with Earth First!

The other, whom I spent a few nights with in a white van, was an innocent fairy princess. Believing her claims of virginity. since we didn't actually it seemed like she was neglecting the potential joys of her supple body as a member of the Anti-Sex League. We met with her seriously stroking my ego. but by the time she took me back to Arcata her brain proved to be as worthless as her vagina. No good for anyone was to come of either. In the worst possible sense, she could not hold on, even for a moment, to logic or rational thought. Then. when I ditched her in Arcata's town square, rather than at my place, she wound up at my coffee shop haunt where she would, with all too frequent occurrence, meet up with long lost and clean cut acquaintances. even though she'd never been to California. She stayed around them about three days before "heading back to Texas." Then a couple months later at the WTO protests in Seattle I saw her from across the street walking down the sidewalk near the hotel where President Clinton was staying. Perhaps I'm making too much of all this. Maybe there is such a thing as coincidence.

Still. I must admit. quite seriously, that I have even suspected my Arcata roommates. But what can . soul do? I'm telling you. the COINTELPRO agents and informants are thick. One of our best hopeful bets is that they'll turn on themselves and each other. In a lopsided war. defectors and infiltrators for the anarchist side could prove to be a great boon to the cause. and some of the COINTELPRO bastards my even be capable of learning and having a change of heart.

I would bet dollars to donuts that three more of them are now sitting in the booth across from e, the "me booth the other agents who have been at this cafe annoying me. I lack words to even begin searching for the words to describe these fucks. They are soulless and all too willing to serve the em-

“This is absurd.” she said. “Becky won’t sleep at night. This thing is driving me nuts.” Jim grunted. “This Carmine fellow, I haven’t met him yet, but he’s gonna get a piece of my mind whenever he decides to show up.”

Jim grunted.

“This is no way to introduced yourself to the neighbors,” she said.

Jim went and cleared his bathroom with even, less enthusiasm than usual. He took a shower, which actually helped. He cooked dinner. He got out his headphones and watched his video, which was about gangsters who kept shooting people between the eyes and then having to dismember die bodies in the bathtub in order to hide the evidence of their crime. Then he watched the TV news by headphone. Somewhere in the midwest some psycho had snapped and killed his neighbor with a shovel. He then castrated the corpse with the shovel, “to prevent him from spawning more aliens.”

Then it was time for bed. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Bleat. Jim changed into his bed clothes . Bleat bleat. bleat. bleat. bleat. Jim laid down in bed. bleat. bleat. bleat. jim closed his eyes. bleat. bleat. bleat. bleat. bleat. fuck. fuck. fuck! fucking bullshit! what stupid fucking bullshit! What a stupid fucking invention! What’s the point of car alarm? To alert car owners to wind storms? To wake your neighbor every time a chipmunk drops an acorn? To deter car thieves by annoying them? To drive your neighbors crazy, to push them over the edge and into the abyss of psychotic backstabbing feuds that end in wailing sirens and apartment blocks on fire? Fuck cars, fuck car alarms and fuck Carmine! Fuck the good neighbor, moral high ground, passivist, masochistic martyr game! It was time for war, a dirty war. It’d be better to be a bad neighbor than put up with this shit for even one more minute!

Jim got up and went to the phone.

“Ashland Police Department,” said a woman’s voice.

“Hello,” Jim said calmly. “This is Jim Walker at 45 Morton Street, apartment two. I would like to file a noise complaint. My neighbor’s car alarm-”

“Yes, we’ve already received several calls,” the police operator said in a bored drawl. “The owner of the vehicle isn’t answering his telephone, so there’s really nothing we can do about it.”

“But... I have to go to work in, the morning. I work early. I could barely sleep last night, and-”

“There’s nothing we can do,” she interrupted.

“But-”

a leader to tell us what to do we were forced to rely on our own creativity. Someone suggested a live-action role-play, something outdoors that would circulate the blood a bit. Quite spontaneously a scenario began to develop: A group of evil wizards was meeting to perform dark rituals that would menace the entire world, but all of the turtles and squirrels and faeries and elves were rising up to smash their evil plans. It was nearly perfect. The only problem was the distinct lack of goblins and kobolds in our little Whiteaker neighborhood. But then we heard about the antiWTO protests coming to Seattle, just a few hours drive up the freeway.

Tens of thousands of people. everyone from Pat Buchanan to the Communist Party, were planning to bloc the streets, and hundreds and hundreds of villains in storm trooper costumes would be available for play. It wasn’t hard to agree on a simple set of rules. An over turned Government is not reason; it is not eloquence, it is force! Like fire, it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master.

Block by block, police fired canisters of gas into the crowds with a terrifying boom. Then they shot rubber bullets into the backs of protesters even as they ran away.

Police advanced in a line, clubs raised. They were backed up by a tank-like armored vehicle.

A Sound Strategy for Volatile Markets

The Bank never “goes broke”. If the Bank runs out of money it may issue as much more as may be needed by merely writing on any ordinary pap.

Basic Behavior & Obedience

The riot baton is never raised above the head to strike adversary in club fashion. Not only is this likely to cause permanent injury, it also projects an unfavorable image of the control force.

IT IS UNLAWFUL FOR ANYONE TO FAIL OR REFUSE TO OBEY AN ORDER PROCLAIMED BY ME

- a confrontational behavior
- business activities in support of repressive regimes
- achieve more powerful thrusting ability.
- manufacture of weapon systems
- acts that appear to violate civil rights
- operation of gambling casinos
- threats against persons or property
- production, or the manufacture of equipment, to produce nuclear energy
- develop a truly “muscular” looking penis
- manufacture of alcoholic beverages or tobacco products
- acts that could lead to disciplinary, civil or criminal action
- a pattern and practice of violating the rights of indigenous people.
- arrests made by police

Nothing's free. Everybody's gotta work and pay for their keep somehow. That's what Jack says.

I've got a good job. I clean stuff. Cleaning stuff is hard work, and my feet always hurt real bad at night. I wake up early, put on my uniform and go upstairs to the cafeteria for breakfast. Then I get my cart with the brooms and mops and garbage bags, and I start cleaning stuff. I clean the floors and the stairs and the windows. Sometimes there's an accident, and I gotta clean the walls too. Sometimes one of them slips out of the restraints and tries to get out of bed. The needles get all jerked out of them, and the blood just goes spurting out everywhere. it's a real mess.

Plus, I gotta collect all the garbage bags and take them down the elevator to the basement, where I put them down the chute to get burned up. It's called an incinerator. I clean the elevators too, sometimes, and Jack's office. It's a hard job, but everybody's gotta work. My feet hurt real bad, so at night I like to take my shoes off and lay in bed and watch the TV. I like those nature shows. I used to get all angry cuz the bleeders, they got easy jobs. They lay in bed all day everyday watching the TV. But they only get one channel, and I get 52. Plus, sometimes one of them has an accident, and, well, at least it ain't my blood spurting out all over the place.

And sometimes they die. When one of them dies, I gotta clean that up too. I put them in a special garbage bag with a zipper and take them to the cold room where we keep all the blood. The trucks come and take them away. Then I gotta clean the bed up and take all the sheets and clothes to the wash room where they get washed.

One time when it was a woman who died, there was a box under her bed. Down in the basement I looked through it. There were all kinds of papers and letters and pictures and stuff. I don't like to read much, but I did look at the pictures one by one as I put them down the chute. They were pictures of people standing and smiling or laughing and stuff. Some were of the dead woman when she wasn't old yet, holding a baby or sitting with little kids, eating cakes and stuff like that. Sometimes the woman was with a man who had red hair. There were lots of pictures of him, always smiling and looking nice. Inside one of the letters was a picture of the man in a mirror. He was pointing a camera at the mirror and taking a picture of himself. I wondered who he was. Maybe he was her boss at her last job. I used to have a different job cleaning stuff at a different factory. My boss there was real nice, but I don't keep no pictures of him.

When one of them dies, then we get a new one. When we got the talker, I asked Jack, "Why ain't this one all old and wrinkled up like the others?" Most of them, they got all white hairs, and they're all old and wrinkled up. But Jack just said, "Don't worry about it. Just do your job." So I did. I've got a good job, and I do it real good.

So I was cleaning the talker's room, and he starts talking. I didn't hear him at first cuz of the TV, but then I heard him. In a real quiet voice he said, "Off." I just looked at him, cuz I didn't know they could talk. But this one was different. I looked at him, and he looked back at me, so I said, "What?" He looked up at the TV on the wall. It was a game show. Then he looked back at me, and he said, "Off," real quiet like. I looked at the game show and then back at him. "Off?" I said. He kinda bobbed his head a little. I thought he must be stoopid or something, so I said, "Don't be stoopid. The TV can't go off." He looked at me some more and said, real quiet, "Why?" He really was stoopid, so I had to explain it to him. "It doesn't go off unless it's broken. You don't want a broken TV, do you? Don't be stoopid." But he just looked at me some more and said, "Why?" After that I just did and quit talking.

That night my feet hurt real bad, but instead of going to my room I went upstairs to Jack's office. Jack was there looking at the computer on his desk.

"What is it, Martin?" Jack said, not looking up.

"The TVs," I said, "Why don't they turn off?"

He looked up at me real angry like. "What?"

"Why don't the TVs go off?"

"Don't be stoopid," he said. "if there's no TV, what're they gonna do all day? They'd get bored."

"Why?" I said.

"Because they're just laying there all day doing nothing. Making the blood."

"Why?" I said.

"I already told you, dammit! People need blood. It's a valuable commodity. Someone's gotta make it." I just looked at him. "Listen," he said. "Nothing's free. if you want food and air and stuff, that costs money. Everybody's gotta work and pay their keep somehow. And these people, they're just too old for any other kind of job."

"But the new one," I said. "He ain't old. He talks."

"A talker?" said Jack. "Don't worry about it. I'll take care of it. You just do your job, Martin. You've got a good job. Don't be stoopid."

I went to my room and took off my shoes. My feet hurt real bad. A comedy was on my TV. I picked up the remote control and changed the channel to a nature show, but I couldn't find no button to turn it off.