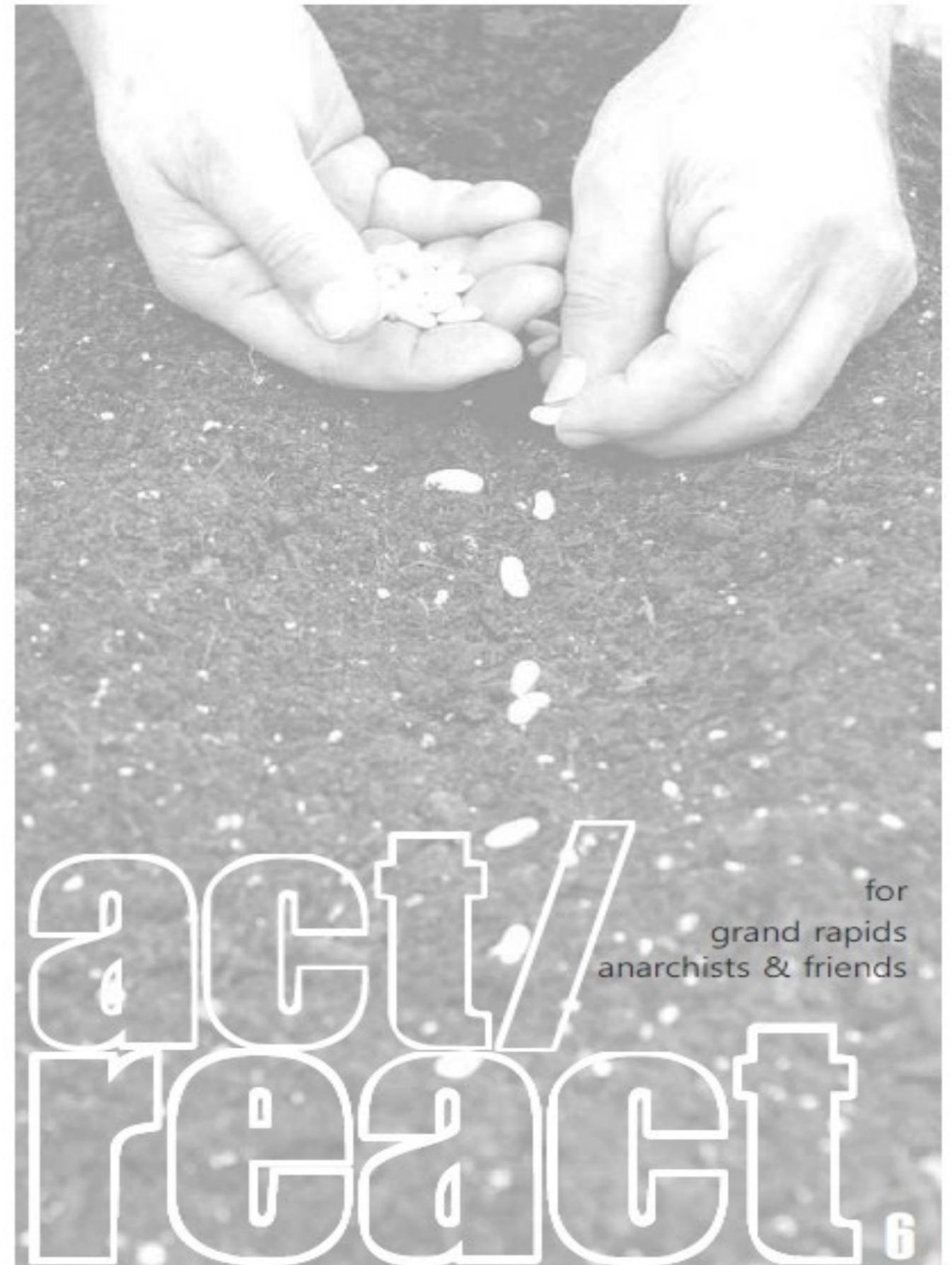


“To revolt is a natural tendency of life. Even a worm turns against the foot that crushes it. In general, the vitality and relative dignity of an animal can be measured by the intensity of its instinct to revolt.”



this is a submission-based zine.
we want to hear what you have to say!

send submissions to:
actreactgr@riseup.net
and we'll publish it in the next issue.

we do not share authorship information.
you do not have to be an anarchist to write for act/react,
but there is a running theme of radical politics.
submissions are due by the 25th of june.
all topics are welcome, as are fiction and poetry.

we will not publish fucked up shit.
no sexist, racist, homophobic, or any other
oppressive language or ideas.
check yo self.

next issue's (optional) theme is community.
what does an anarchist community mean to you?
how do you create, or sustain one?
what does it look like?
does one exist locally, or no?

research facility and sabotage of logging equipment. She was sentenced nearly 22 years. Eric McDavid was arrested in 2006, after a federal informant coerced him into agreeing to plan illegal acts. He was charged with conspiracy and sentenced to 19 years in prison.

And so for one day (at least this ONE day), we call for solidarity with these prisoners. Solidarity is not rhetoric. It is not a Facebook group. It is not a “tweet” or a blog post. Solidarity is action. Solidarity means a direct attack against the powers responsible for harming the folks that we claim solidarity with. Solidarity means continuing on with the struggle against environmental destruction and abuse of animals. Let’s not forget our comrades, and let’s not let the State forget that we are still fighting.

Disclaimer:

Act/React and its facilitators are not responsible for the ideas or opinions expressed within its pages, nor does it reflect the views of every anarchist in Grand Rapids.

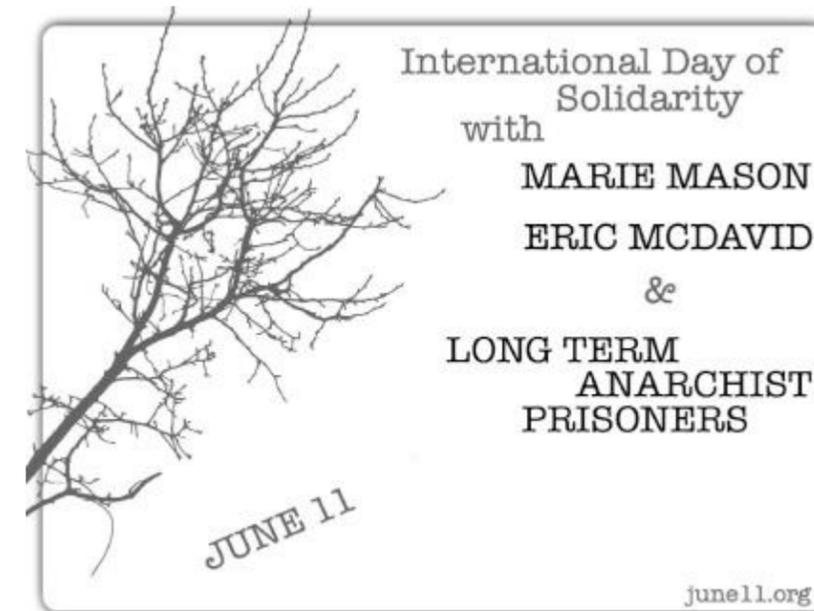
Act/React is for informational and educational purposes only. This zine in no way encourages or supports any illegal behavior in any way. This magazine looks only to provide a forum for conversation and news. All news mentioned was found as public information and later compiled or re-organized for this magazine, and any attempt by anyone to connect this publication to any illegal behavior is a complete fabrication by forces looking to impede the spreading of information such as this.

Obviously, we wouldn’t encourage people to create any real change by directly impacting their lives and their world.

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June 11th: International Day of Solidarity for Marie Mason and Eric McDavid



Top officials in the FBI have stated that the greatest threat of domestic terrorism comes from animal and environmental rights activists. In lieu of such assertions, they have been monitoring the communications of activists and radicals, infiltrating their social spaces, issuing investigative subpoenas, attempting to intimidate, expanding legal punishment for related direct action, and redefining terrorism to include any support of animal and environmental rights. These repressive tactics of the State have become known as “The Green Scare.”

June 11, 2012 will mark the 9th annual international day of solidarity with eco-prisoners. Beginning in 2004, this day of solidarity was initiated by folks in support of political prisoner Jeff “Free” Luers; an anarchist prisoner sentenced for more than 20 years for sabotaging vehicles at a car dealership. Jeff was released in 2009, but many Green Scare prisoners, like Marie Mason and Eric McDavid, remain in jail.

For folks who don’t yet know, Marie Mason was arrested in 2008 when a former partner acted as an informant for the FBI. She was charged with arson of a GMO

I am only suggesting that, when utilized in excess, these devices consume us and gradually alienate us from what is happening within the hundreds of thousands of square miles around us: the earth, the world, and the universe. Happiness is not at your fingertips, on the glowing screen inches from your retinae, in your pocket, or within whatever may be charging in that electric outlet in the kitchen or in the bedroom. It's in the back of our cerebrums and on the tip of our friends' tongues.

A new Grand Rapids Anarchist Platform

TRIGGER WARNING: This article discusses rape, manipulation, and contains heavy usage of the word 'penis' and its synonyms.

I feel that, fortunately or not, it is time that we anarchists who exist in or around the city of Grand Rapids follow the trend of Russian anarchists a century ago, and create for ourselves a set of accepted rules and guidelines to mediate our behavior with each other and society; a platform. Don't worry I'm not suggesting anything like NEFAC (or whatever they call themselves now). I have nothing by contempt in my heart for the idea that human beings need to have a set of constraints set upon their associations. I believe that through our own autonomy as individuals we can voluntarily associate with each other, and through which maintain civil, passionate, and respectful relationships. But things are whack as fuck right now, and I don't trust half of y'all as far as I can throw you.

It would appear that many of the people who were born with penises that identify with my beloved anarchy are acting, hmmm how shall I put this, like fucking piece of shit assholes. Similar to how toddlers need to be given constant structure and rules from their guardians, these shitty assholes apparently need a rulebook for how to live their lives. So warm up some soy milk, set up the time-out gate, and get the baby powder ready, because I am proposing the following rules for my new revolutionary platform:

1. All sexual relations must, I say **MUST**, be completely honest. No lying, no manipulating. This means that if you want to sleep with someone but have no intention to become their friend, you have to be fucking clear on that beforehand. Oh I know this will have many of you penis people whining and crying, how else will you feel validated without manipulating people into trusting you to have sex? My answer: spit up and cry yourself to sleep if you must, but deal with it.

This also means being 100% honest about your previous or current sexual relations. If you're in a monogamous relationship with someone, are having unprotected sex based upon that monogamy, but are lying about having sex with someone else, I consider this a form of sexual assault. I don't believe in hitting children, but in your case I might make an exception.

2. If you want to have sex with someone, be up front about your intentions. Don't play to their emotions or vulnerabilities. Don't make them pity you by telling them how depressed you are. Don't pretend to care if you 'went too far' in making a move so you look better. Don't put on a persona of any kind that would make someone more apt to sleep with you. Don't act like you want to be their friend, or that you're interested in them when you're not. Be respectful at the same time, some people find being very forward a form of harassment. Feel the situation out and look for cues before flirting. If they seem uninterested, go home



Don't be a dick

tion of their social interaction via Facebook. Herein, lies the snafu. Simply because an individual adds another individual to an electronic list of profile pictures accompanied by names entitled: "Friends," and a meter next to the arbitrary title of the meaningless list counting the number of these "Friends" goes up one number, should not honestly mean that an individual has gained a friend. When John Doe displays to the Facebook universe that he has x amount of friends, it does not mean that he really has x amount of friends. Out of John Doe's plethora of Facebook friends he, perhaps, physically interacts with only a few. Physical interaction defined as speaking and maintaining an actual conversation with someone tête-à-tête, rather than thoughtlessly smothering words towards a person along the avenue of the World Wide Web with a keyboard or touchscreen.

We ("we" being people residing in "developed countries" with the means to attain and own technologically superior mechanisms) have been so reliant, especially as of late, on these things--these contraptions, these sources of endless amounts of thin, flat information—for we have had a taste of its possibilities. We are like fish blindly floating through the sea, looking for something to bite on to. Something trivial like when will the iPhone 5 be released is interesting to us because it's the birth of an entirely new entity before our eyes, a contraption developed for us to consume. And what do we love more than consuming? How fulfilling it is, for a lot of people, to show up to work or school with the latest model of Ipad. We crave that which is seemingly impossible and Orwellian.





seven tables—including myself and my table. Six of these nine students were on something electronic, one student was studying or doing her homework, one student was sedulously watching the other two students at his table fidget with their laptops, and I read from Henry Miller’s *Tropic of Cancer*--a book that I read for leisure when I was a teenager, a book that I would be surprised if more than two of the professors at this college has read, let alone any of these students. What is so compelling about these machines, whether they be cell-phones, IP-od’s (any other Mp3 Players), laptops, or tablet computers, that steers them away from anything of remote intellectual value? People (not just the students from my light anecdote) are overwhelmingly enveloped in lifeless, unresponsive, objects. In the midst of a technological revolution, I feel that the more important things in life are being forgotten and unnoticed as a result of our excessive and gross dependence on these recent advances.

The most significant chunk of the sustenance which has been feeding our appetite for connection comes from Facebook. I have come refer to this as the Facebook Dilemma. It is really a social networking conundrum in general. It only appears to be problematic through the eyes of someone similar to myself, someone who doesn’t possess or facilitate an artificial, intangible, shallow, electronic reflection of myself. The number of active users of Facebook is roughly 721 million--a little more than “10% of the global population.” Thus, a collection of people twice the size of the population of the United States does a large por-

and throw a tantrum in your room or whatever helps, but ultimately just move the fuck on.

3. Consider the feelings of others. If someone you’re intimate with compliments your personality, don’t compliment their body in turn, especially if you’re male-assigned and they’re female-assigned. Don’t issue sexual ‘commands’ or talk dirty unless you know your partner wants you to. Don’t cheat on your partner. Don’t act like a manipulative asshole and assume you’ll get away with it.

4. Deal with your own life. If you can’t pay your bills, fucking find a way to do it besides manipulating self-conscious women into paying them for you. If your partner has a car and you need to get somewhere, ask nicely if you can use it and offer gas money; if they seem reluctant because they wanted to use it or for any other reason, find another ride.

5. Don’t give your partner curfews. This is self-explanatory, but the fact that this is a problem we have to talk about makes me want to vomit. If your partner is staying at your house but doesn’t want to come home at a certain time, don’t guilt them into coming home so they can get you off and you can forget about them until you’re horny again.

6. Don’t steal your roommates’ food. If you’re hungry and can’t afford food, ask your roommates for an accommodation, I’m POSITIVE they will be receptive, especially if you are trying to find other ways to get food at the same time. I know we all don’t like working, and finding a job is difficult, but if it appears the only way you can live without leeching off your friends is by getting a job, at least fucking try.

7. Don't use political/anti-political events to mack on people. AKA don't be a mackivist/manarchist. Radical scenes and events are supposed to be safe spaces, places where people can go an escape the violence of patriarchy, heteronormativity, capitalism, and the state. You using these spaces to 'pick up' women is predatory, and makes people feel very unsafe.

8. Rape jokes aren't funny, don't tell them and don't let others tell them. If someone punches someone else in the face for making rape jokes, they don't need to apologize. Further, if you have a penis and are friends with another penis person who makes rape jokes and you don't confront them, you are helping perpetuate patriarchy and misogyny, and ultimately leaving women to clean up the work YOU should be doing.

9. Don't assume every person without a penis is a potential sex partner. Just cuz you find someone attractive doesn't mean you have to sexualize them or pursue them sexually. Again, this creates a situation where people don't feel safe in the spaces we rad folks occupy. Thinking someone is cute or being attracted to their demeanor is one thing, talking about it after you meet a new person constantly makes other people without penises feel uncomfortable, like they are always being judged sexually.

10. Don't make excuses for being an ass. If you fuck up, don't say "well I was socialized as a male what do you expect?" Say something along the lines of "wow, that was shitty of me, I guess I have a lot of work to do on myself" and actually mean it. We all mess up; it's not the end of the world. Understand that patriarchy is the REASON we all mess up, not your EXCUSE for doing so.

The Epoch of Technological Overload:

Intellects Grow Thin and Memory's Turn Arid

While I sat outside of a campus coffee shop by myself, I read the introduction to Henry Miller's great 20th century semi-autobiographical novel: Tropic of Cancer written by Karl Shapiro. The introduction was comprehensive and wholly interesting. Shapiro, in the introduction, makes references to Leaves of Grass by Whitman, Ulysses by Joyce, Nietzsche and many other great literary works and prominent figures in the realm of philosophy or literature that Henry Miller saw as influences. As I paused briefly from my perusing to take a sip of my coffee, I quickly glanced at the students seated at the tables that were around me. There were students sitting at each of the other six tables in the area: one table sat three men and the other five tables sat one individual each. Immediately, I began to detect that something was significantly peculiar and odd about the other students (I presumed they were students of course). Unnatural and insincere, they all seemed. As I continued to glance around me, my jaw parallel to my brow, I recognized that each of the three individuals sitting at an isolated table by themselves were isolated in their own right, while engrossed in the electronic and technologically fantastical (and most likely unimportant) phenomena of whatever may have been occurring at that moment within those inanimate machines. I continued to rotate my visage, still with brow and jaw parallel. I was startled to find that the table seating three people total contained two men deeply entrenched in their laptops--all the while the third person at the table (the alien--or the living, eating, breathing, anachronism without a laptop directly in front of him) bounced back and forth between the screens of the laptops of the other men that were at his table, entirely and wholeheartedly amused. Now, I thought, this is unhealthy. I turned my body, hoping to find someone doing homework or, god forbid, reading a book as I was doing, and I found directly behind me another man, not with a laptop, but with a cell-phone! He masticated a bagel while joyfully, with a tiny grin on his face, tinkering with his cellular phone. Nevertheless, I counted nine individuals total at the

minority in the radical community I've chosen, like I'm disrespected, thought less of, and left in the dust when I've got a relationship-related problem, because it's not the right kind of relationship and not the right kind of problem.

Let us have each other all to ourselves if that's what both of us want. Don't shit talk us or call us oppressors. Don't say we're insecure. Don't act like you know us. And when it comes to our romance, stay the fuck out, and don't cry foul when you get your just desserts for disrespecting us. Respect us and the way we do our relationships the same way we respect you and the way you do yours. Be mature enough to let us have problems without insisting that imperfection is evidence of futility, and for the love of god, don't swoop in and try to take advantage of us when those problems arise. Let us be.

And if you do respect us, stand the fuck up and show it, because, so far, we just haven't been feeling it.

Much love,

keekeejeejee

11. Don't assume your penis enables you to accomplish tasks better. I see this all the time, guys will assume women don't know how to do basic shit like building a bonfire or cooking food or fixing a bike. There's a huge and obvious difference between being friendly and taking over the task, so don't give me that "well I was just trying to help" bullshit.

12. Last but not least, if you have a penis and see this behavior in your penis-having-friends, SAY SOMETHING. We are at the point where if someone were to fuck up, we couldn't even talk to them about it because so many other dude bro's have gotten away with their shit, that it would almost seem hypocritical to only focus on one person. This is not because nobody has spoken up, it's because the people with penises have given their cock-comrades a pass. To this I say no more, this amnesty is dead.

With that I lay out my platform. If you want to stop being treated as a child, prove me wrong that you don't need it.

IN DEFENSE OF WHAT SHOULDN'T NEED DEFENDING

I'm going to fuck this up. I'm going to misrepresent certain people and ideas, I'm going to be one-sided, and I'm going to forget extremely important points. That's how this kind of thing works. Just a warning.

There's a dearth of reading material in defense of anarchist monogamy. Non-monogamy, like other radical status symbols, feels like the de facto relationship norm in the anarchist community (whatever or whoever that may be). As a monogamous person who celebrates and seeks to protect all kinds of consensual affection, I feel very much in the minority and, occasionally, disrespected.

The thing is, I don't give a flying fuck what anybody wants to do with anybody else, so long as it's entirely consensual (and I think there are cultural and societal elements that have to be considered when we say "consensual" that go far beyond the word "yes" in the moment). I'm all for people acting on their wildest fantasies, having as many partners as they can fit in their squat or biodiesel bus or whatever, and implementing whatever elaborate props and role-plays they like into their romances. I'm totally supportive of (and have tried to help people feel more comfortable with) fucking with (or utterly destroying) gender roles, trying far-out kinks, and consensually messing with power-play dynamics for fun. I've always been right there with a big "fuck yeah" in defense of whatever gets people off in mutually satisfying, relatively safe ways.

So please, can I have my freedom to be intimate with just my partner?

Wait; that's not what I meant.

Fuck off.

I'm here, and I'm monogamous whether you or your partners or CrimethInc. or the swinging couple down the street or the people who try to shove their way into my relationships like it or not.

Monogamy, like pansexuality or heteroflexibility or whatever else, is my sexual ori-

My point: Just as monogamous couples who have suffered infidelity need to discuss what happened, what they want, what problems may have preempted the infidelity, whether they should stay together, what steps can be taken by the victim and the cheater to fix things, etc. amongst themselves; so must communities at large openly discuss the third party's(ies') behavior and the painful consequences it brought about, they must confront these perpetrators of emotional violence and either shun them or help them grow out of their cruelty.

What does this have to do with my defense of monogamy? People don't want to deal with this stuff because a. they're lazy and afraid of confronting problems or, possibly worse, b. because they don't respect the legitimacy of monogamy. Dogmatic non-monogamists will use the suffering brought about by infidelity as leverage for their ideas, torturing the victim while they're on their knees. Maybe it's because I'm monogamous and I know how it feels to be cheated on and subsequently discarded by my community, but I would never just continue with business as usual if I found out a friend had been the third party in an infidelity. I know this is hurtful behavior, and I would call them out on it and demand a fucking answer. I would never let that kind of disrespect and emotional violence go unchecked, because I care about the feelings of those in my community.

Have you ever seen GayTown? It's a stupid YouTube video series about a town where the (generally white, male, economically high-up) "gay community" is the majority, and a straight man is oppressed and excluded. The story flips a majority versus minority problem around to show how ridiculous it is. Sometimes (not always, and major props to the many non-monogs who are supportive) I feel like that guy in GayTown; like my "mainstream" sexuality is the

Being cheated on is one of the worst feelings you can suffer at the hands of another person without actually being touched by them. It can make you feel hurt, enraged, worthless, friendless, stupid, ugly. It leaves a wound on your heart that takes a herculean effort to scar over. The pain of infidelity is not the pain of a master watching their slave escape. It's not the pain of an oppressive regime tumbling. It's fucking real. Cheating is incredibly antisocial behavior because at least one person generally ends up extremely hurt as a result.

It's our responsibility to address antisocial behavior. We're radicals, aren't we? We don't let shit stagnate. I've seen firsthand radical communities refuse to acknowledge the hurtful, antisocial behaviors of people involved in cheating. Big holes get ripped in communities because of what we conveniently label "drama" and sweep under the rug. I've been a helpless casualty of ostracism-by-being-cheated-on before, being unofficially ousted for being the victim of infidelity. People fear "awkwardness," they stick by the person they've known longest, or who they see most often, or who they want to stay in a band with, even when they know that that person played a part in viciously violating and hurting another person. I've been that hurt person. It's bad enough to have your relationship torn apart, it's salt in your wounds to lose friends who don't want to admit that their friend (whether your partner or the third party) did a no-no.

We shouldn't just shun everybody involved in monogamous infidelity. But the refusal to acknowledge the wrongness of this kind of antisocial behavior is fucked up. We need to confront and confer and figure things out any time somebody is hurt by somebody else's actions. I've seen communities torn asunder, but I've also seen these things fixed with discussion, apology, vocalizing, etc. I've been there personally, hugging my friend(s) as they sincerely apologized for hurting me and swore to never do it again and never did do it again. I love them for it.

entation, or at least an element of it. Do you demand that people who have sexual desires different from yours explain themselves? Do you publish literature attacking sexual orientations like lesbianism or bisexuality on the grounds that yours is more liberating?

"Monogamous people are oppressed/oppressors and if they would just break out of their insecurities and try non-monogamy they'd find they like it" is too much like "If she'd just fuck a real man she'd stop this lesbian bullshit." Just saying. Sexual freedom means everyone, not just the ones who look the most anarchist.

I'm under no delusions of ownership as far as my relationships go. Romantic and sexual exclusivity is simply what feels best to me; I don't demand this in a partner, I seek partners who crave the same thing. Monogamists aren't just a bunch of kidnap artists pulling non-monogamists off the streets and forcing them into romantic servitude. Like everybody else (who desires partner/s), we seek what we are attracted to.

Yeah, there are people in monogamous relationships who are abusive/abusers, who lie/are lied to, who isolate/are isolated. The same happens in non-monogamous relationships. We'd do much better to abandon status quo-imposed monogamy. There are people for whom "cheating" would be an unheard of idea rather than a painful memory if non-monogamy were the norm.

But show me a blissful, absolutely perfect, totally amicable non-monogamous relationship in which the participants and people around them are always perfectly satisfied, unhurt, and happy with the relationship. I preemptively give up on my side; I know I'm not going to find a monogamous example of that any



time soon. My point is that non-monogamy is not some sort of panacea for all the woes of relationships any more than monogamy is, nor is it even desirable for many. Non-monogamous relationships don't automatically last forever or come without assault or abuse any more than queer relationships do. Non-monogamous relationships are flawed, imperfect, and potentially very satisfying, like so much else.

I'm not sitting in the dark, chewing my nails and rocking back and forth in self-denial, nor have I ever been. I like monogamy. The same way I like the smell of my partner's warm armpits up close. I can't satisfactorily explain it with earthly words and I don't think I should have to. I like sharing an entirely unique bond with one person for a relatively long period of time. It's just how I roll. Maybe I'm in the biological minority because I've never been seriously tempted to cheat or be with more than one partner at once. Yeah, I find other people attractive, but there is quite a distance between that and wanting to actively pursue and be with multiple people at once, and I'm just not into it, the same way I'm not into Rudy Giuliani or whipped cream fetishism. If people want to lick whipped cream off of posters of Rudy Giuliani, I'm right there to support them. I don't think I'm better than them.

As for cheating, it happens. It happens for a lot of reasons. It doesn't only happen because we're all meant to be non-monogamous. That's narrow-minded as fuck. People cheat because they crave other partners, sure. They also cheat because they are unsatisfied with certain aspects of their relationships but unsure of how to address them, because they are angry or want to get even with their partners, because they want out of the relationship but are too afraid to say it outright. Sometimes they're emotionally manipulated. Sometimes it's a combination. Sometimes relationships fall apart because of an infidelity, sometimes they stay in tact. There is no cut and dry qualification.